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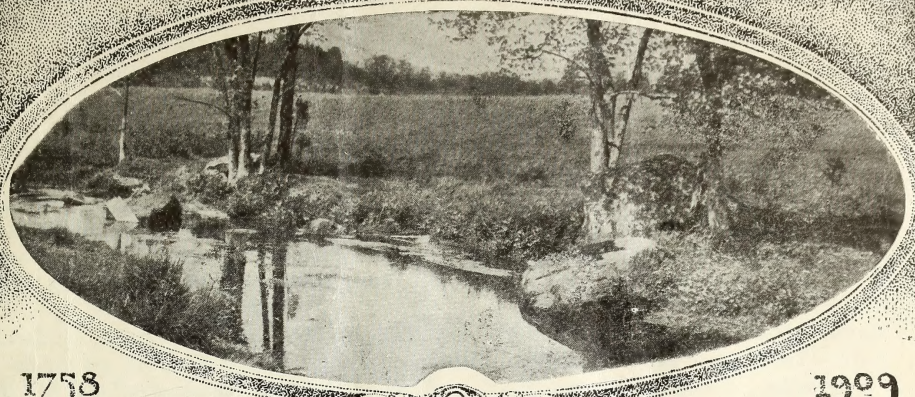

1758 1909

New England Magazine

An Illustrated Monthly

NEW SERIES, VOLUME XL

MARCH, 1909—AUGUST, 1909

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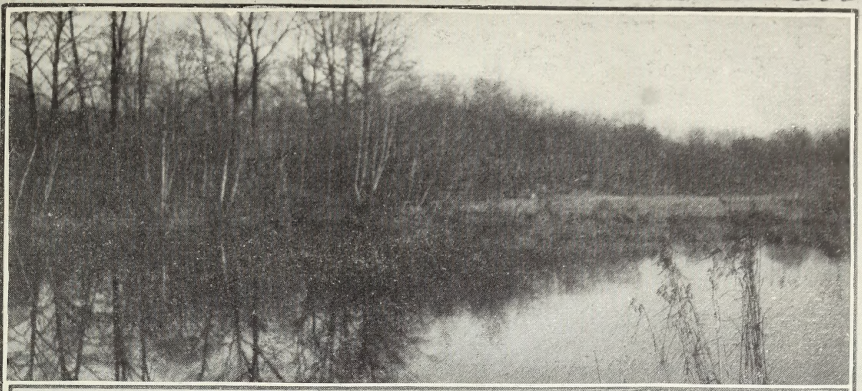
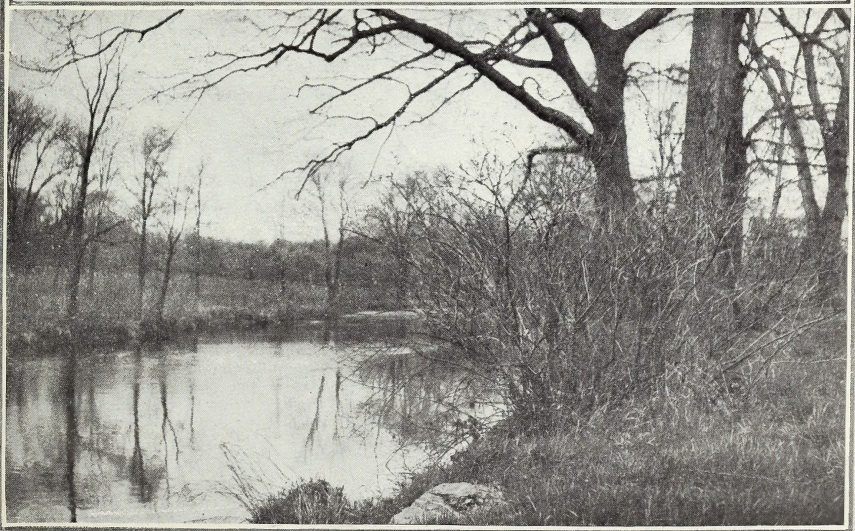


Beautiful New England



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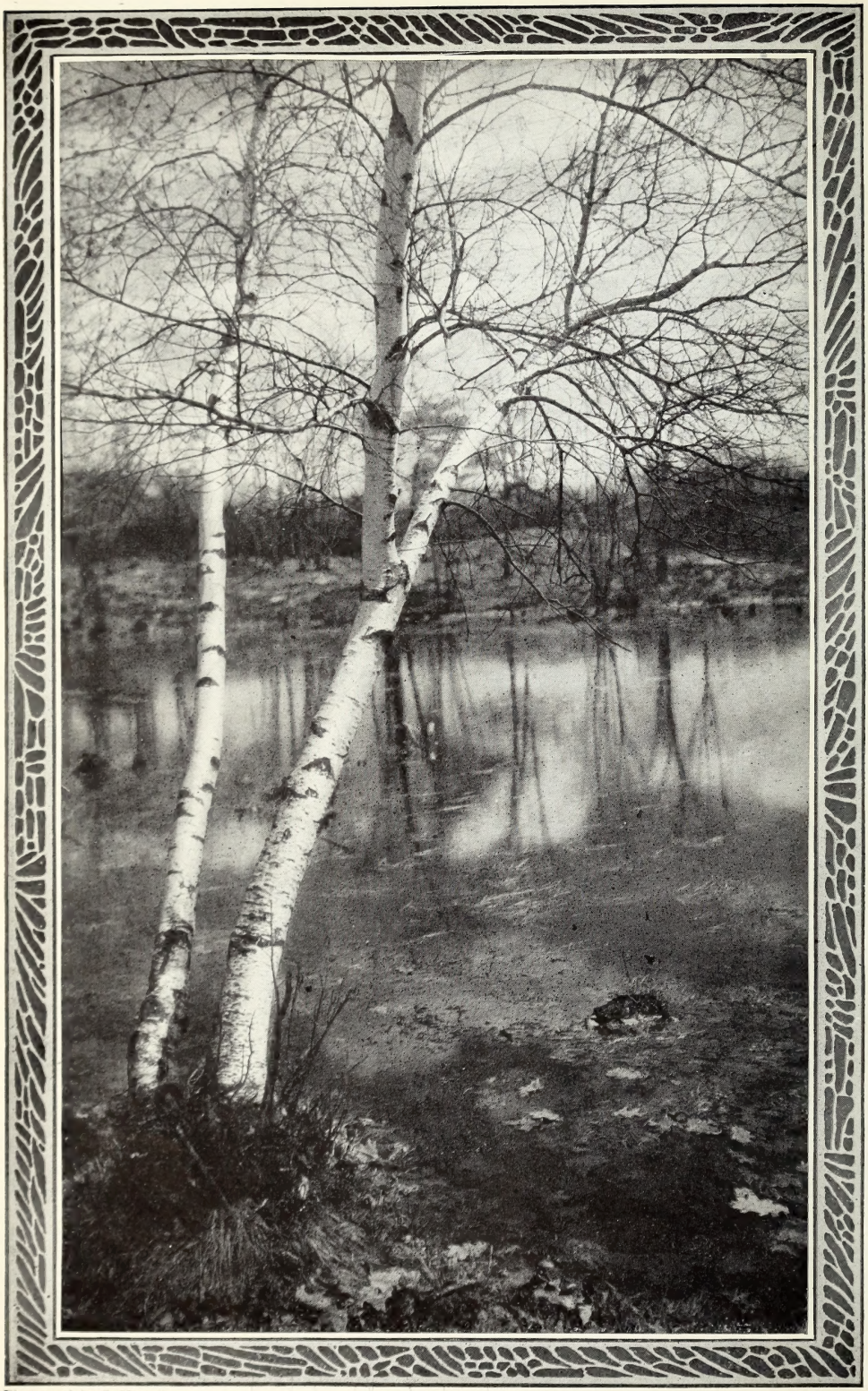

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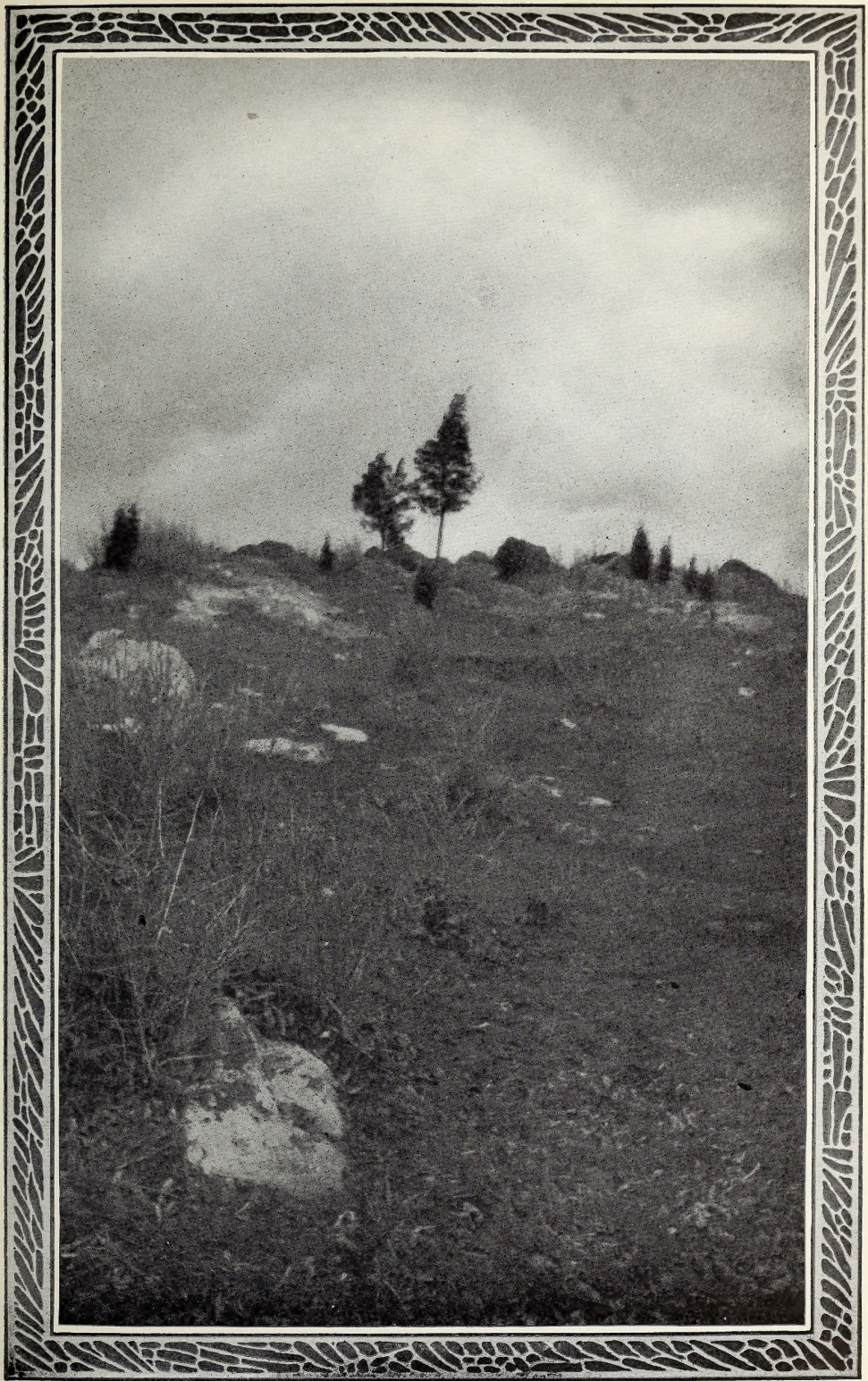
A March day, Middlesex Fells



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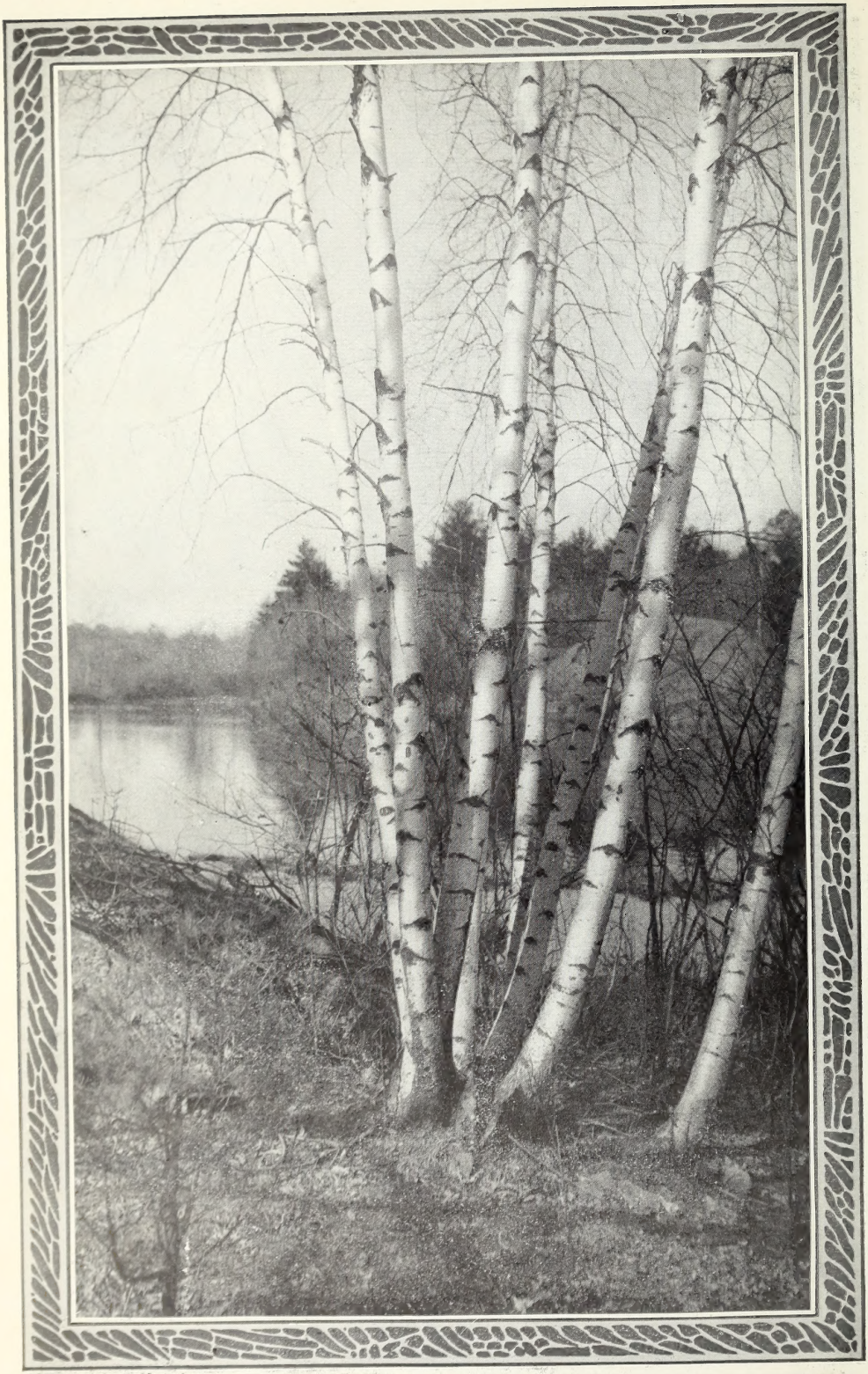

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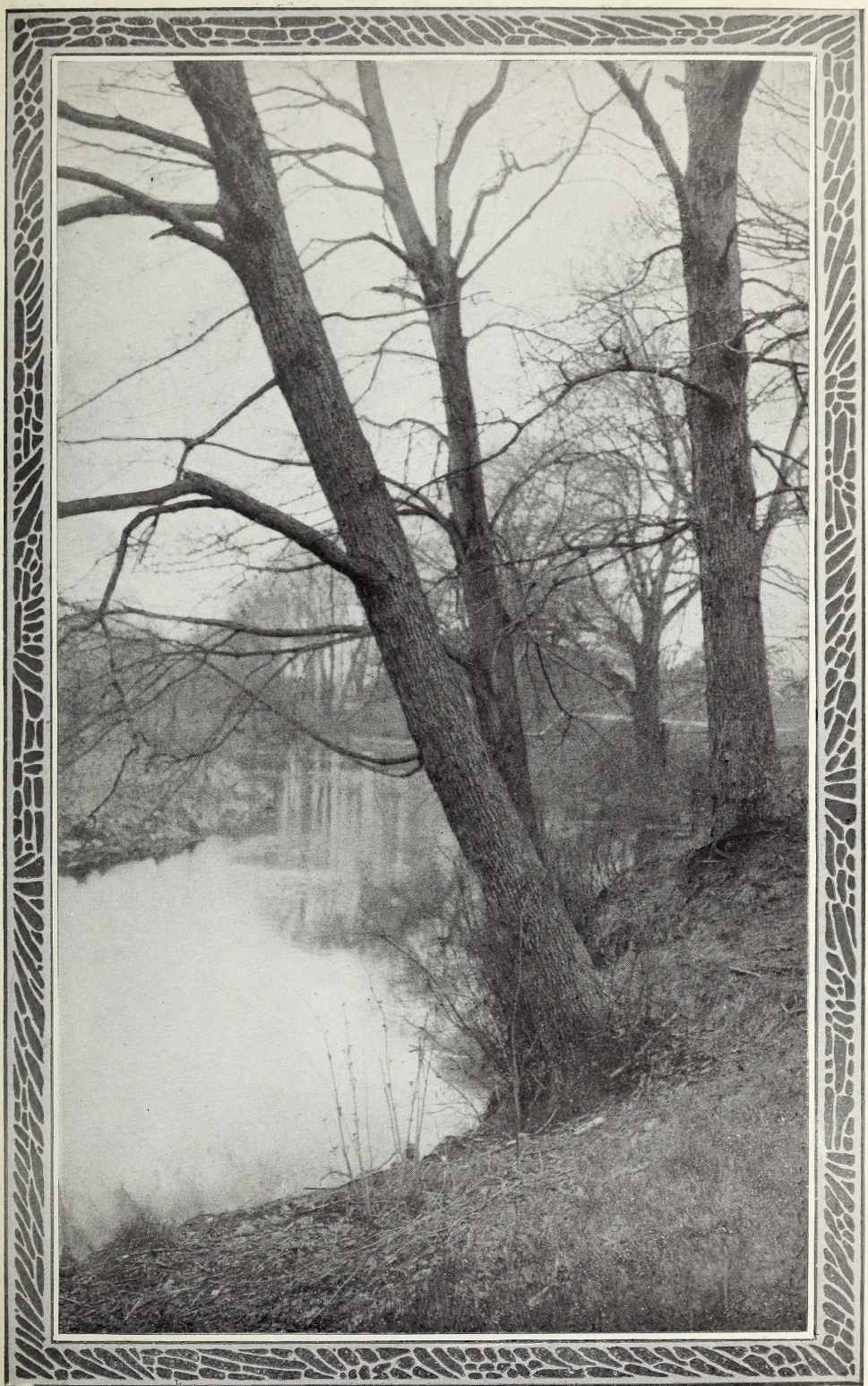
SAUGUS RIVER



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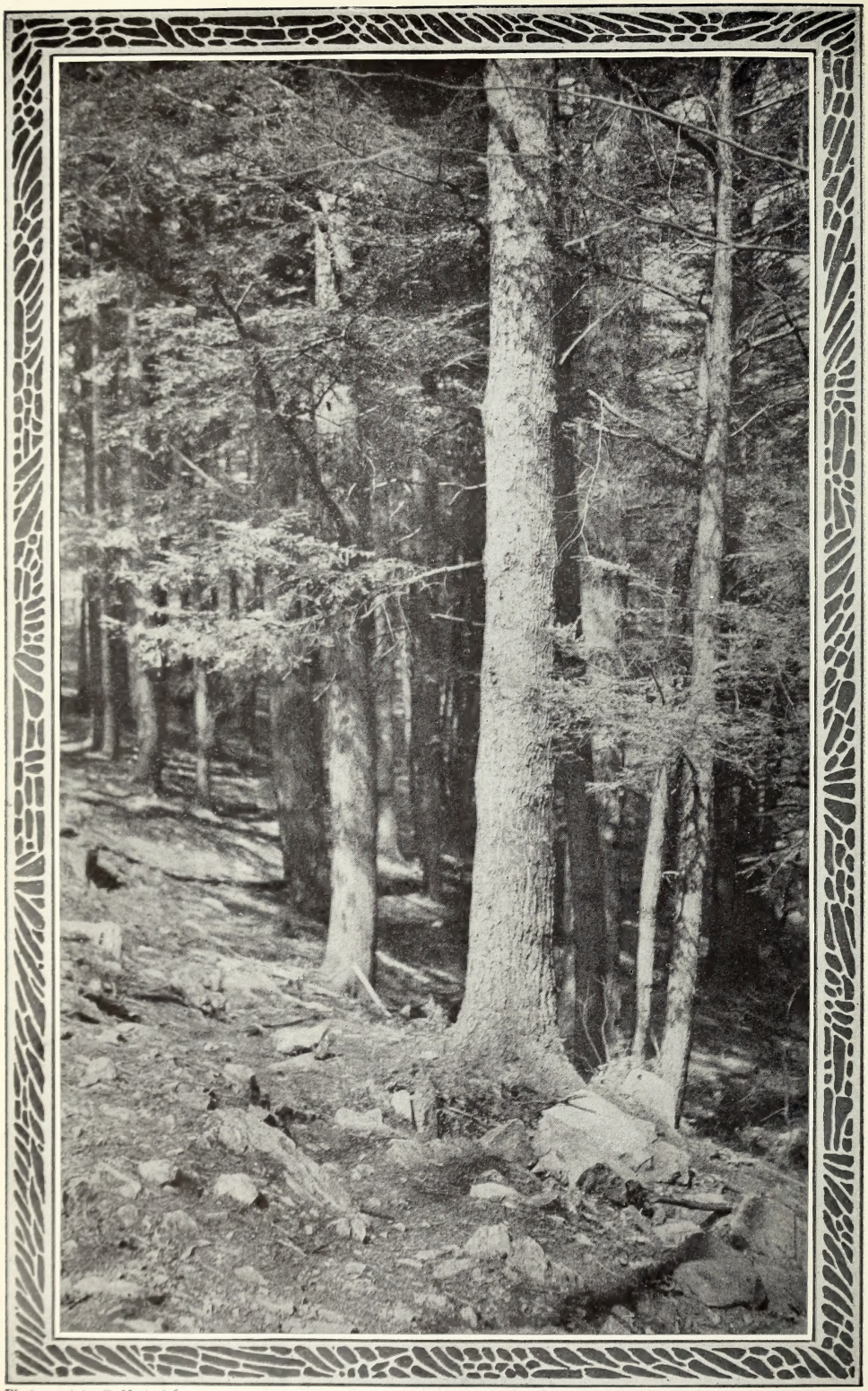

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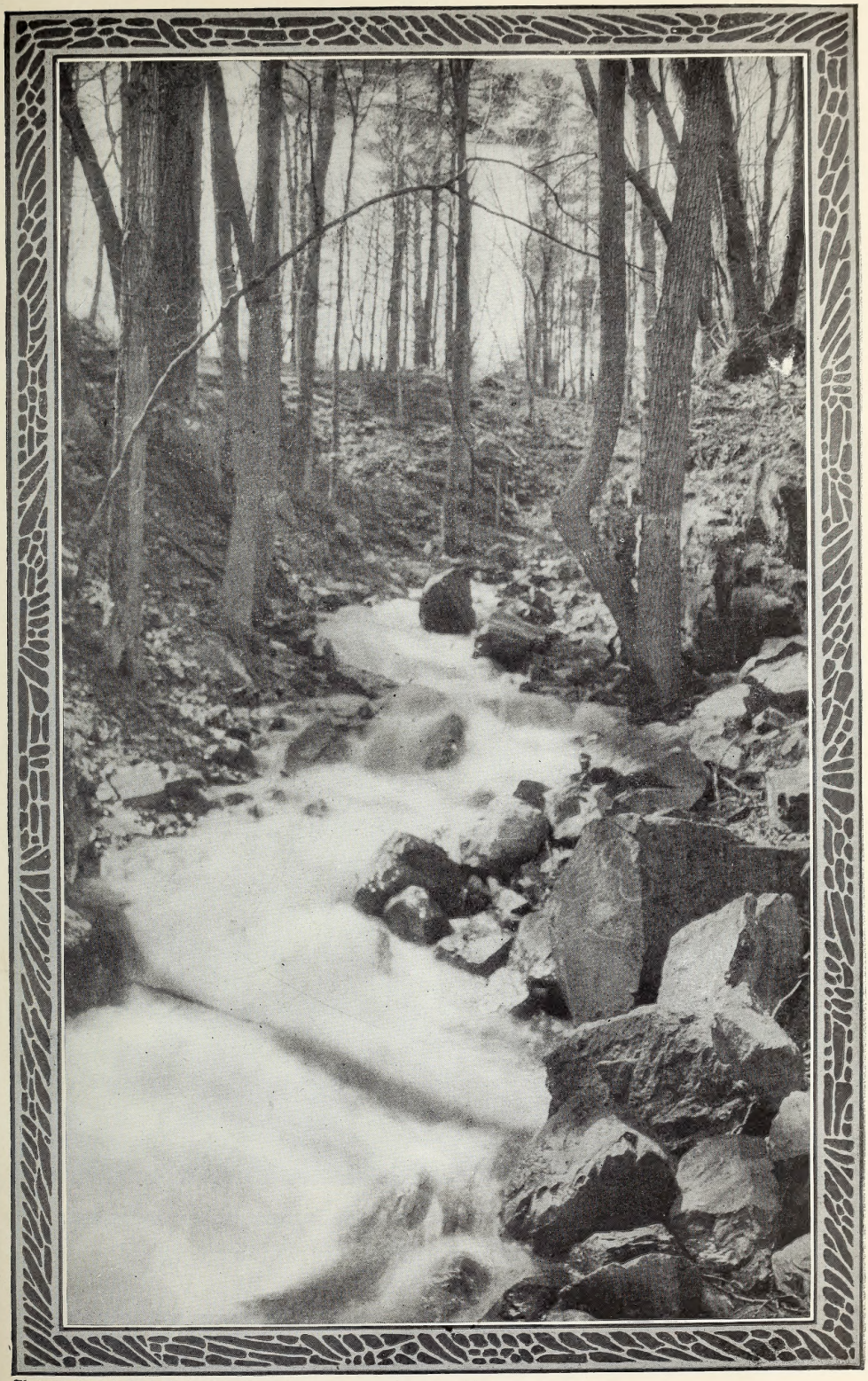
THE VIRGINIA WOOD, MIDDLESEX FELLS



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THE RED MILLS BROOK, MIDDLESEX FELLS

THE QUEEN OF NAPLES AND HER CHILDREN, AS PAINTED BY FRANCOIS GERARD

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

VOL. XL MARCH, 1909 NUMBER 1

STRANGER THAN FICTION

Memoirs of an American Diplomat's Wife

By ZITELLA COCKE

ONE needs but to read the history of nations,—their rise and fall,—their triumphs and defeats,—their achievements and failures,—to realize that fact is stranger than fiction, and the history of no country holds such irresistible and undiminishing fascination for the ordinary reader as the history of France.

At every epoch, in every century, her heroes and her heroines interest, startle, and bewilder us, to a degree far beyond the strongest characters that move upon the pages of the most sensational novel. Of her tragedies and comedies, the world seems never to tire, and to-day a new life of Napoleon Bonaparte, or a new version of the French Revolution, is as cordially welcomed by the student in search of truth, as by the curious and superficial, who have no other desire than to hear some new thing. Indeed, so vivid, so full of charm is the narrative of individual life in France, that most of us must willingly endorse the sentiment of one who said: "If I were marooned on a desert island, and allowed only one class of books, I should choose a box of French memoirs."

Perhaps none of Napoleon's generals or aides elicited more interest or admiration from the common people of every land, than did Joachim Murat. He did not rise so high as Napoleon, but quite as much, as his beginning was humbler. He was born in Gascony, the son of a cooper, whose highest position was the office of postmaster. His early education was for the church, but a youthful escapade finally landed him in the ranks of a cavalry regiment, where he proved himself quite as rebellious to military as to theological discipline, and was dismissed from the army for insubordination. The Revolution found him an ardent patriot, and four years later he became colonel of the 21st Dragoons, and attached to the first army which Bonaparte commanded. At the battle of Mondovi, Saliceti, the *representant du peuple*, observed his capable and brilliant command of the regiment, and at once had him promoted to the rank of general. His exceptional ability as a leader of horse was quickly recognized by Napoleon, and thus began one of the most dramatic and picturesque careers ever recorded by the pen of the historian.

The man who leads cavalry must ride in full view of his men, and Murat's striking person was soon familiar to every trooper of the French army. With only a switch in his hand, but gorgeously attired — his hat surmounted with tufts of feathers clasped with rubies and diamonds, and long lines of splendidly equipped horsemen behind him,— sitting his steed with an ease and grace unsurpassed by any hero of the Crusades, it is not wonderful that the extraordinary, glittering figure of Joachim Murat not only won love and admiration, but soon inspired the story and legend of every camp fire. So exceptional was his

courage, so attractive his personality, that the Czar Alexander is reported to have issued orders that no Russian soldier was to fire at him, and like the beloved hero of America, George Washington, the rank and file of the army was accustomed to declare that this gallant soldier bore a charmed life. Yet so irresistible was his instinct for charging any and every force of the enemy, and too at all hazards, the French officers nicknamed him *le boucher de l'armée*, and the Empress Josephine remarked at one of her receptions, that Murat positively reeked of gunpowder, and would have the audacity to sabre the Eternal Father himself — a speech so foolish and so irreverent that Murat's better judgment must have condemned it.

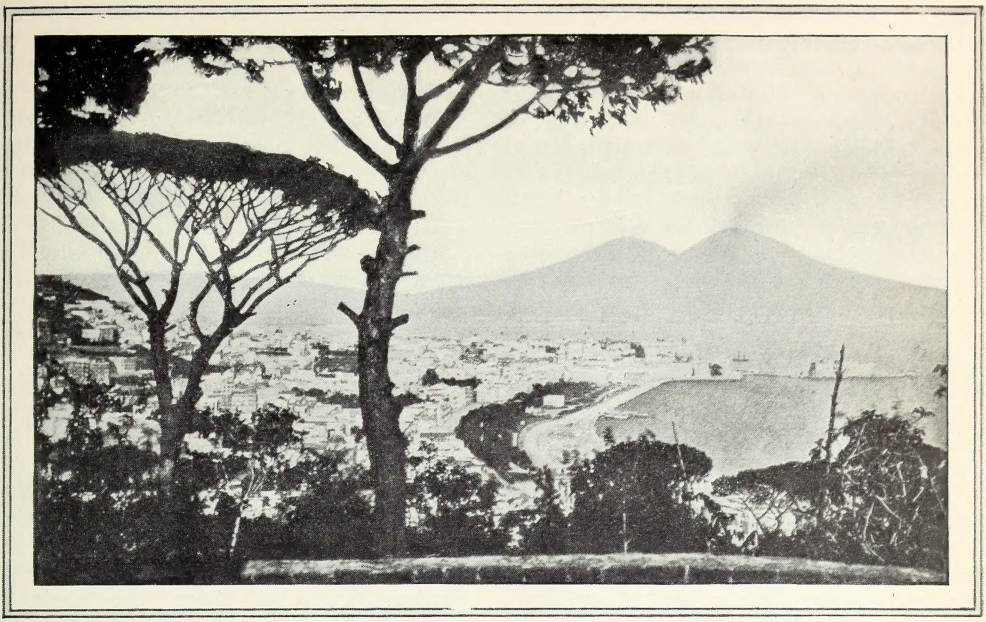
That this hero who held the heart of the army in his hand should become one of Bonaparte's most esteemed and most trusted subordinates is easily inferred. He followed his commander to Egypt and crossed sabres with the veteran Mameluke cavalry. He was one of the few who were selected to return to France with Napoleon, and when the dictator faltered before the storm of furious anger that greeted him in the Council of the Five Hundred, it was Murat's arm that supported and protected him from their rage; it was Murat who brought his grenadiers into the Hall; it was Murat who at that critical moment rent the existing constitution with his bayonets, saved Bonaparte from the fate of Cæsar, and rendered possible the consulate and the empire.

Not an unimportant factor in the destiny of Murat was his marriage with Caroline Bonaparte, the youngest sister of the First Consul. Beautiful, as were all the women of the Bonaparte family, Caroline resembled Napoleon in character more than any sister or brother, and he was accustomed to say, "In my sister Caroline is much stuff, much character, and unbounded ambition." The marriage of these two picturesque personalities was said to have been a love match. "She is as lovely as an angel, he is superb in figure, in features, and in strength," wrote General Thiebault, in his Memoirs. But whatever might have been the most powerful incentive or the governing motive of this marriage, Murat had in his accomplished wife a bold and scheming, if not an unscrupulous agent. She made friends everywhere, with the congenial and the antagonistic, and it was even said that Caroline considered the possible opportunities of her hero, if, perchance, her brother emperor should be killed in battle.

At this time the grant on the part of Napoleon of the crown of Naples to Murat and Caroline was the satisfaction of an ambition the two had long cherished, and on the sixth of September King Joachim made his formal entry into his capital. Two weeks later Caroline arrived, her handsome presence and gracious bearing exciting an enthusiasm among the impressionable Neapolitans which was beyond her fondest expectation. As for Murat, the inhabitants of Naples were completely dazzled by his picturesque personality, and won to loyalty by his affability, as they pronounced him a second Charles XII.

From the windows and terrace of the Palazzo Reale, that the new king and queen now occupied, was seen one of the most beautiful and majestic views in all Europe. The Bay of Naples stretched its calm blue waters from the arsenal toward the long, curving sweep of coast, over which Vesuvius reared its smoking crest. The distant cliffs of Sorrento, distinctly visible through the clear and balmy atmosphere, lent an enchantment to the scene. Where the coast curved, further and further toward the open mouth of the bay, long rows of white villas flashed back the rays of the setting sun, and the rocky shore of Capri, like a slumbering dragon of the waters, seemed to guard the peaceful haven. It is said that for days after he took possession of this palace of unsurpassed beauty, Murat, or King Joachim, as he was now called, paced the terrace, often pausing in his march to gaze through his telescope at beautiful Capri, and finally resolving to capture the historic spot, which had been so long the heart's desire of many a monarch and conqueror.

The gayety and brilliancy of the new court, and withal the charm and fasci-



VIEW OF THE BAY OF NAPLES

nation of manner which marked every political act and social function of the new king and queen, so far eclipsed the dull routine of ceremony which characterized the Court of Ferdinand and Mary Caroline, that the pleasure-loving Neapolitans soon became quite willing to forget the past in the enjoyment of the present. Old things had passed away — all things had become new, and went as merry as a marriage bell, and the court of Naples was almost as conspicuous in the eyes of Europe, as the Court of Paris. Indeed, the *beau monde* did not hesitate to declare Caroline Murat a more royal queen than Josephine, and Joachim Murat appeared to France and to Italy a man of such extraordinary possibilities that Napoleon began to suspect and to fear that the world might soon behold another emperor, who, like himself, was his own ancestor.

But with the destinies of the new king and queen of Naples were linked the life and fate of two young persons who were to know as much of the vicissitudes of fortune as the crowned heads whom they now served with such unquestioning love and confidence. Like Caroline and Joachim, this bride and bridegroom often gazed from the windows of the Palazzo Reale upon that beautiful bay, which nature and history have endowed with all the fascination of the wonderful and the romantic, and which can never lose its charm for the eye or the imagination. Though young and without experience, this newly wedded pair were neither uneducated nor unlettered, and found unfailing interest and delight in the scene which they beheld from day to day, — Capri, the beloved haunt of the Emperor Tiberius; Misenum and Baiæ and the wide, desolate fields where Virgil meditated the Æneid. Little did they dream that this charming landscape, now so eloquent of the glory of the past, was to receive an added picturesqueness from the dethronement of the king and queen whose gay court was attracting the attention of all Europe, and far less did they discern the cloud, much smaller than a man's hand, which ere long was to vent its fury in a Waterloo and the dark tragedy of Pizzo.

It was while Murat was a general in Bonaparte's army that he selected his private secretary, a young man from

one of the provinces of France, brave, capable, and faithful. Murat's personal magnetism soon won this young man's affection, and his unswerving loyalty to his employer, through good and ill report, in prosperity and calamity, tested the sterling qualities of his heart and mind. His wife, a Parisian by birth and education, proved herself, through the chances and changes of fortune, a most worthy choice, a beautiful example of fidelity as a wife and as a subject. Younger by several years than Queen Caroline, this wife of the secretary, in times of danger and disaster which put the strongest characters to test, was friend, comforter, and counselor. Already, while the Court of Naples seemed to present one continuous scene of festivity, events were gathering and shaping themselves into issues which finally culminated in positive antagonism between Murat and Bonaparte. The emperor of France had determined to divorce Josephine, that he might provide an heir for the empire, a resolution which King Joachim opposed, and when at last the intention became a fact, Joachim bitterly resisted the choice of an Austrian alliance, and strenuously advocated the policy of choosing an empress from Russsia. But the Austrian Archduchess Maria Louisa was chosen, and thus the hopes and ambitions of the king and queen of Naples were destined to humiliating disillusion. Other disagreements rapidly followed, in which Bonaparte's mother and sisters naturally shared, and when, on a visit which Madame Mère and her daughter Pauline made to Italy, King Joachim sent to his mother in law a present of a coach and six handsome horses, the equipage was returned to the royal donor without one word of explanation, whereby the insult might have been mitigated. Evidently, the force of resentment could no further go, and both Murat and Caroline were compelled to realize the fact that the estrangement from their interests and ambitions on the part of Bonaparte and his mother was beyond hope of cure. Caroline's sister, Princess Pauline Borghese, did not hesitate to applaud her brother's choice of an alliance with Austria, and already, Murat and Caroline had been wounded to the quick, when Napoleon, the emperor, commanded his sister Caroline, Queen of Naples, to assist in bearing the imperial mantle of the new empress during the magnificent religious ceremony at Notre Dame. A subsequent menace appeared in the birth of a son to the Emperor of France,— the King of Rome,—already threatening the dispossession of the King of Naples.

No logic is so unanswerable as the logic of events. Elba and Waterloo told in no unmistakable language that the days of King Joachim were numbered, and the restoration of the Bourbons a conclusion, which was only a question of time. In all these stirring and startling happenings the secretary and his wife, Monsieur and Madame Clouise, were stanch and valuable friends to the king and queen of Naples. They had shared the triumphs of their prosperity, and refused to desert them in the day of adversity. At the grand ball given by the Austrian ambassador, Prince Schwarzenberg, the conclusion of a series of magnificent entertainments in honor of the nuptials of Napoleon and Marie Louise — the secretary and his wife were welcome guests, and danced upon the same floor with the Queen of Naples and Prince Esterhazy,— Princess Pauline de Schwarzenberg, the daughter of the ambassador, and Prince Eugene de Beauharnais. In the disastrous fire which occurred at this memorable ball, and which resulted in the death of so many persons, it was Madame Clouise who assisted in hastening her queen from the scene, and the secretary's presence of mind which saved the lives of many who were too terrified to perceive the means of escape. When King Joachim accepted the command of cavalry, and Queen Caroline became the regent of the kingdom, Madame Clouise was still her faithful friend and counselor, and when, at last, revolution and the return of the Bourbons seemed inevitable, it was the capable and fearless wife of the secretary whom the brave Caroline selected to ride with her through the crowded streets of Naples. In a state carriage, drawn by six horses, these

women, pale, but calm and undaunted, drove slowly and serenely through the city, and their very presence allayed the excitement of the emotional Neapolitans. But the inevitable must come. The King of the two Sicilies was already in exile, and in vain did the queen struggle against the ever-increasing strength of the Bourbons. Forced to leave the Palazzo Reale, Caroline, with her faithful friend, the secretary's wife, took refuge upon the English vessel, The Tremendous, and from its deck beheld the entrance of the king who was to take her husband's throne.

"My brother, the emperor, will reinstate my husband and myself in two weeks," said the dethroned but still undaunted queen.

But this expectation was destined to the most humiliating disappointment. Never again did the brave queen enter the Palazzo Reale, and upon the thirteenth of October, 1815, the Marshal of the French Empire, Prince and Grand Admiral of France, Grand Duke of Berg, and King of Naples, Joachim Murat, was condemned by a court martial and shot at Pizzo.

When the great luminary Napoleon had disappeared, his satellites could no longer shine, and the beautiful and brilliant Queen of Naples, Caroline Murat, was forced to seek a home in the environage of Vienna, bearing the title of Countess of Lipona — the anagram of Napoli. Only one year before her death the Bourbons granted her a pension. Her majesty, however, had privately married the officer who had served on the staff of the King of Naples, and had accompanied her into exile,— General Macdonald; but what bitter experiences, what strange vicissitudes awaited the young secretary and his wife!

San Domingo still retained its wonderful fascination for Frenchmen, notwithstanding the defeat and the death of Le Clerc. Extraordinary infatuation, which led French soldiers and the French government to believe that a re-enslavement, as well as a reconquest of the fruitful island was not only possible, but an inherited right. The barbarities and brutalities of previous massacres — the horrors of wholesale murder — did not deter them from making another effort to regain the opulence which was once theirs, and among those who sailed for this land, torn by dissensions, social and political, in the forlorn hope of retrieving fallen fortunes, was the secretary of Murat, and his wife, the faithful friend of Caroline. To many officers and soldiers of the French army, France without Napoleon was not France, and *chauvinism*, not unmixed with animosity toward the new regime, or the restoration of the old rulers, expatriated many a Frenchman who sought fame as well as fortune in the new world. But the wonderfully productive and beautiful island of San Domingo, bright with perpetual bloom, and teeming with sources of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, presented to the unhappy refugees only another field upon which misfortune expended her slings and arrows, and from what had seemed a land of promise, the secretary and his wife sailed for the United States. Here at last was a haven of rest for the tortured souls; here were peace and plenty for the homeless wanderers.

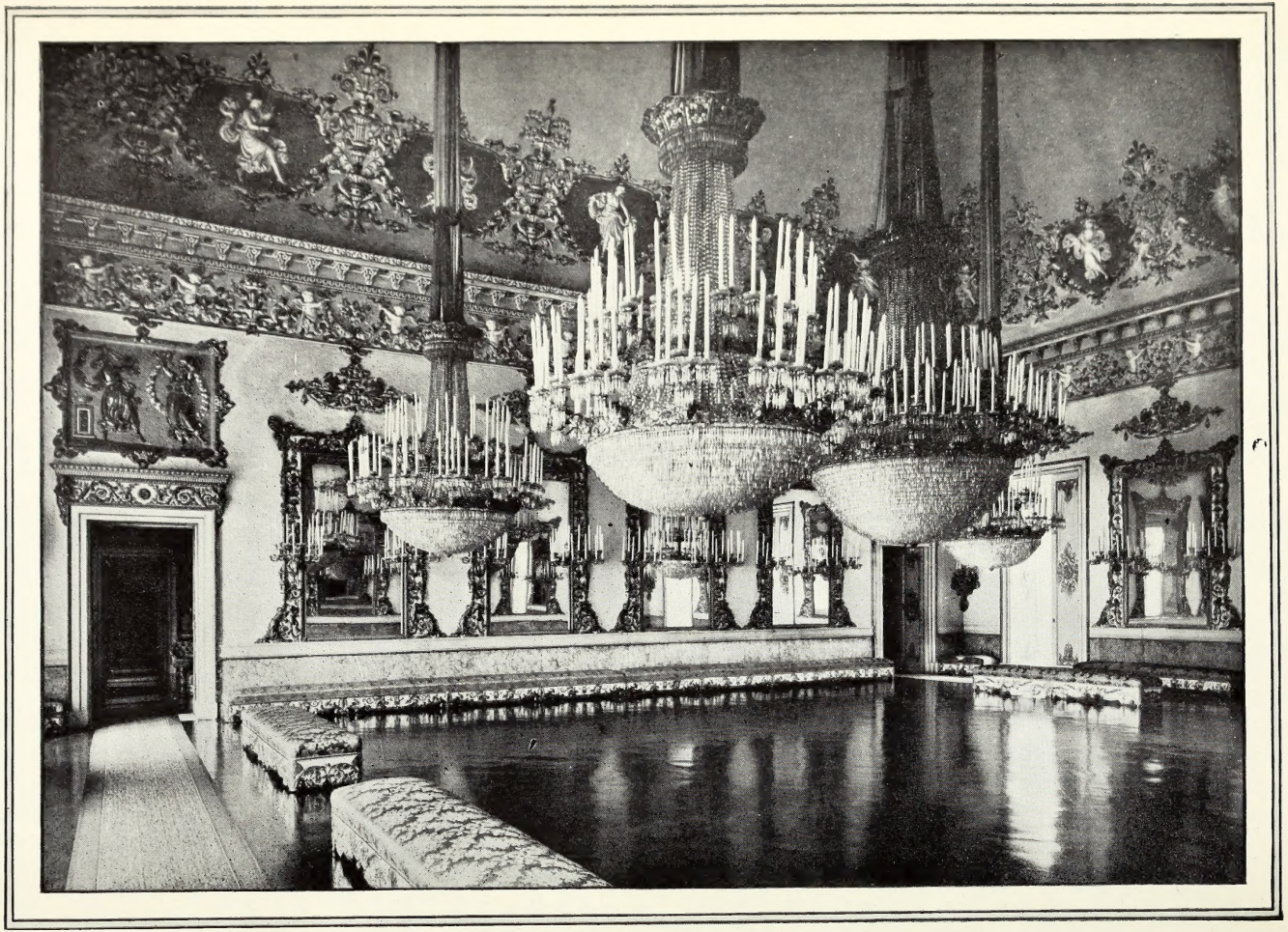
But, indeed, was this land of the free a home of unalloyed happiness? Were there no more difficulties to face, no more ills to encounter? Had not Fate done her worst? Alas:

> "Time passes and much change doth bring,
> And sets a bound to everything."

Under the Ægis of the Great Republic of the West discord had dared to lift her monstrous head; beneath the very wings of the American Eagle,—the Emblem of Liberty,— red-handed war had hidden her cruel shafts!

Two years had passed since the conclusion of the strife between the states of North America. The South lay in ruin and desolation,— all lost, save the honor and indomitable courage of her people.

Early one bright Sunday morning in June, out of the door of a cathedral, situated in the heart of the beautiful Gulf City, stepped an old lady. She was quite infirm, and her step was deliberate, and not a little timorous, as she made her



Palazzo Reale, la Sala da Ballo

way along the sidewalk, with the aid of a small cane. After walking several squares she entered a yard where a group of children, girls and boys, laughed and talked and romped within a vine-covered arbor not far from her house. The old lady smiled graciously upon the lad who opened the gate for her, and taking his hand, accompanied him to the arbor, which held the merry gathering.

" Ah," said she, as she seated herself on a bench inside the arbor, " I am not too old to talk and laugh with little girls and boys. I was once a little girl — long, long ago, and where I was born the rose and the jessamine bloomed as beautifully as they bloom here," and she plucked a flower which hung from the leaf-covered trellis. " Yes, my children, far more beautiful than they bloom here, and so will you say of these flowers and your own home, when you are in a distant land, and are old,— old, my dears. It is something to be young — it is another to be old — old and sad."

" But, aunt," said a bright-eyed boy, " are the flowers of France as beautiful as the flowers in Italy,— are you speaking of Italy? "

" France, always France, *mon cher*, — that is *la belle patrie* — the whole world has not the roses of Provence, and *les violettes de Paris*, nothing is like them on the whole earth." She spoke with a marked French accent, relapsing into French every now and then, notwithstanding the fluency of her English.

" I thought Naples was the most beautiful spot on the earth," said a studious-looking girl, sitting on the bench opposite the old lady. " See Naples and die, do not people say? "

" Aye, aye, and the bay is so lovely from the windows of the Palazzo Reale, but even there I was homesick for France. A Frenchwoman's heart is always in France. So many homes, so many lands, but there is only one France, and I shall never see it again."

"Oh, but, aunt, you love this land, don't you? I do, I was born here, and your little grandchildren were born here, and your son, too," said the bright-eyed boy.

" Oh, yes, *mon cher*, I love the land where my son was born, the land for which he died at the battle of Fredericksburg — Oh, *mon fils, mon fils*, it is your *patri*, your *chére patrie*," and the tears came to the dimmed and careworn eyes.

" Oh, dear aunt," exclaimed the boy, springing from his seat, and throwing his arms around the old lady's neck, " we won't make you cry. No — no, and aunt knows so many pretty things, too," continued he, turning to the other children. " She has seen Bonaparte and Josephine and the other queen, too, Maria Louisa, and Murat and Murat's wife, Caroline, and all the great men and women who ever lived in France, and —— "

Whatever else he intended to claim for his beloved aunt was not uttered, for the old lady put her hand over his mouth, laughing heartily, as she replied: " I am very old, *mon cher*, but not old enough to have seen all the great men and women of France, but I have seen many,— brave men and lovely, lovely women."

Eagerly now the children crowded around her, with caressing hands on her shoulder and arm and lap. Many a time had the old lady told the story to her little kinspeople and their comrades, but it was always new — it never lost its charm, for it dealt with the real experience of men and women. It was the truth, which is stranger than fiction!

" Was Maria Louisa nice? " asked the studious girl.

" Nice? " repeated the old lady, laughing aloud. " I should say a queen of France ought to be nice."

" I mean, was she beautiful and ladylike?" said the girl.

" A daughter of the House of Hapsburg ladylike? " again repeated the old lady, much amused, and now thoroughly in sympathy with her little questioners. " She was of many centuries of ladies, she was *nice*, as you say, and very good — very good, but she was not so beautiful or graceful as Josephine. I was at the ball in Paris given in her honor. She was very kind and dignified; after that ball I never saw her again."

" But Caroline, the wife of Murat, was very handsome, was she not? " asked the studious girl.

" Very, very handsome, with the walk of a queen and the mind of a man,— and a great man, too," and the old lady's voice and manner took on a tone and air of exultant pride.

" Show her your ring, aunt, the beautiful ring which the Queen of Naples gave you," said the bright-eyed little boy, seizing the hand of the old lady,— " and, oh, she has such a lovely belt buckle and shoe buckle, too, which the queen gave her, but they are put away in a chest of drawers upstairs, and we can see them next Mardi-gras and next Christmas, can't we, aunt? "

The children crowded closer for the coveted sight of the ring, which shone right royally upon the old lady's finger,— a massive gold band, set with precious stones of different colors. "Ah," said she, musing, and relapsing into French, " *Je m'en souviens* — the day her majesty gave this ring to me — then she was a queen in all her glory — misfortune had not come, and he, Murat, *mon* brave Murat, was a king indeed."

The young eyes and hands around her seemed never to tire of beholding and touching the wonderful gift, fraught with such extraordinary memories. The studious girl looked as astonished and as lost in thought as if she had seen a great mystery. The old lady was not a little pleased with the girl's thoughtful and wondering expression. It was the unspoken respect for those events and those personages who were so dear to her own heart.

" And this brave man was executed," said the girl, solemnly.

" Aye, aye, shot at Pizzo, *mon* brave Murat, shot at Pizzo. Ah, was it not from that vile spot came the cruel soldiers who nailed the dear Lord to the cross,— aye, *vraiment,*" answered the old lady, referring to a long cherished superstition of the Italians that the Roman soldiers who mocked Jesus Christ and performed the details of the crucifixion were natives of Calabria, in which Pizzo is situated. " Aye, *mes enfants — soldat et roi, meurtrè au Pizzo* — but he died bravely, in the Christian faith,— *vraiment, il sut vaincre,— il sut regner — il sut mourir!* "

These last words she was repeating over and over as if she found consolation in the very utterance of them, when the eldest boy of the little company interrupted her. " Oh, dear aunt can say by heart the letter Murat wrote to his wife just before he was shot,— can't you, aunt,— tell us, please tell us about it again."

" Oh, please," urged the studious girl. " I have never heard it; let me hear it, and I will remember it always. Oh, how thankful I shall be to hear it."

The tender-hearted old lady could not resist this appeal, and as religiously as though she were reciting an article of faith, she repeated the letter, word for word. " While they went for a priest, *mes enfants*, he wrote this letter, the great Murat:

Ma chère Caroline: — Ma derniere heure est arrivée: dans quelques instants j'aurai cessé de vivre; dans quelques instants tu n'auras plus d'epoux. Ne m'oublie jamais, ma vie ne fut entachée d'aucune injustice. Adieu, mon Achille, adieu, ma Laetitia, adieu mon Lucien, adieu ma Louise; montrez-vous du monde dignes de moi. Jevous laisse sans royoume et sans biens au milieu demes nombreux ennemis; montrez-vous superieurs à l'infortune; pensez à le que vous êtes et ce que vous avez été, et Dieu vous benira. Ne mandissez pas ma memoire. Je declare que ma plus grande peine dans les derniers moments de ma bie, est de mourir loin de mes enfants."

Most of the children were accustomed to hear French spoken, and the studious girl understood the language quite well enough to comprehend the letter.

" Ah, *mes enfants,*" continued the old lady, " from that time, always war for me — war followed me everywhere, war in Italy — war in France — war in the West Indies — war in the United States, ah, it is only *au ciel* I shall find peace."

The dinner hour was announced, and the children escorted their beloved and venerable friend into the house.

Another Mardi-gras and another Christmas came, and doubtless some of the little company who had listened to the dear old lady saw the treasures bestowed by the gracious Queen of Naples, but when another June brought bloom to the rose and the jessamine she who had cherished them so faithfully lay in her grave,— the widow of the secretary had found peace at last.

THE FUTURE OF OUR COUNTRY. IV

The Roosevelt Creed

By THOMAS W. LAWSON

FOR the fourth part of a century The Few had ruled the land and The Many were as slaves, toiling in their sweat, and yielding up their harvests to The Few. They knew the land to be prosperous, prosperous to the limit of God's bounty, and they were told that all this prosperity was theirs. Yet they saw the fruits of this richness possessed by The Few.

They were told that they made the laws and administered the laws. Yet they saw that the laws were made and administered for the benefit of The Few. They were told that all were free and all were equal, yet everywhere was the evidence of their bondage. And the people were sorely perplexed. Then God spake and he whom the people had chosen as their ruler was taken from them and in his stead they found another.

Then came the wondrous change. For he whom God had sent struck the scales from their eyes and swept the mist from their understanding, and the people saw themselves and their land in true light. They harkened to him whom God had sent, and, as one inspired, *he commanded*:

FIRST. The land shall be ruled by the people and not by The Few, as it has been writ by the fathers of the land.

SECOND. The result of the efforts of the people shall be for the people, and not for The Few, who by trickery, and by might bred of trickery, have taken unto themselves the fruits of the people's efforts.

THIRD. The people shall make the laws, and they shall adminster the laws, and the laws, and the administration of the laws shall be for the benefit of the people, and not for the benefit of The Few.

FOURTH. Justice shall be everywhere, and shall protect the poor and the humble, and shall control the rich and the great.

FIFTH. The dominion of Almighty Dollar over the ballot box, the halls of legislation, and the courts of justice, shall be terminated, and its voice shall avail not when the people speak.

SIXTH. The instruments which have been created by the laws for the people's benefit shall be the implements of the people, and not the weapons of The Few; what they reap from the prosperity of the people shall belong to the people, and they shall always and everywhere bend to the people's will, in acknowledgment of their servitude to the people's laws.

SEVENTH. The transgressor of the laws of the people shall be branded with the scar of his transgression, and the greater the transgression, the deeper shall be the brand.

EIGHTH. The dollar kings of the land, at all times, and in all places, and under pain of forfeiture and disgrace, shall stand ready to show honest title to their kingdoms.

NINTH. Of all things the most sacred shall be the laws of God and the laws of the people, and they shall be most honored who most cherish and best exemplify these laws.

TENTH. In the defense of these commandments death shall be held lightly, and punishment shall be equal and heavy to all who shall disobey them.

For seven years this ruler whom God had sent to the people fought as one inspired, ever and without fear, and for seven years he labored as a God-made giant, that all should obey the commandments.

And as he fought the people were aroused to a sense of their true condition, and to the nobility of their ruler, and to the magnitude of the fight he fought for them, and for their unborn. And they cheered him on, and brought to him their wreaths of laurel, and their prayer for the success of his sacred fight and ——

But to every man comes the day and the end, and when that day comes he must say to his God and to his people, " Another must take up the cross and wield the sword."

And when the man whom God had sent to lead the people from their plight saw that his day and his end had come, his eye swept the land for one who would carry his commandments on into the beyond, and from amongst all the people he chose one, and he said to the people:

" What I have tried to do I know he will try to do," and the people, with faith and without fear, made his choice their choice.

Hark throughout the earth a voice!

What he did that will I do; what he tried to do that will I try to do. As he did not falter neither will I falter, and as ye trusted in him and he had faith in me, so, too, may ye trust in me, so help me, Almighty God.

And time, whirling, swirling, on-rushing time, heard, and ere a sliver of its eternity has passed, its stylus will have written for all infinity to read:

What Roosevelt began, Taft ——

And in the writing will be found the answer to that question of questions of all humanity:

Can a republic endure?

(*To be continued.*)

Photograph by Thomas E. Marr

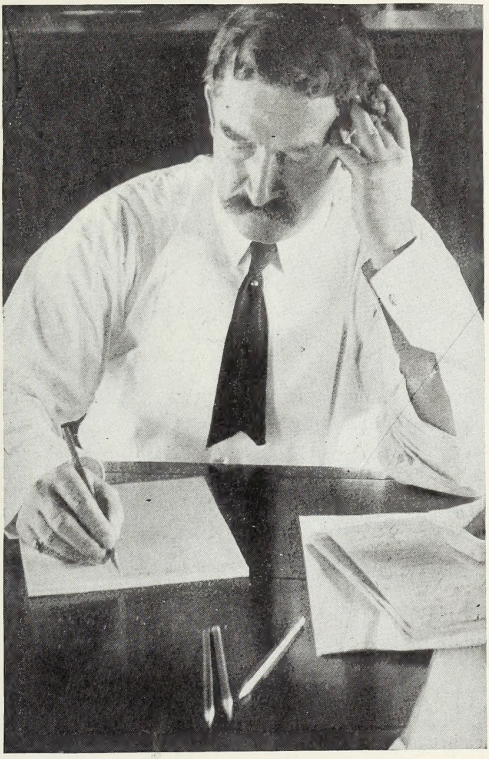
MR. LAWSON IN HIS PRIVATE OFFICE AT YOUNG'S HOTEL

How Lawson Writes

By EDWIN J. PARK

IN a considerable acquaintance with persons who write, I recall none who produces copy with such facility as Thomas W. Lawson.

There is no hesitancy in Mr. Lawson's movements in business matters, and there is never the slightest uncertainty or hesitancy in his flow of thought when he sits down to write. Like many men who have made names in the field of letters, he finds his happiest means of expression in a pen or pencil held in his own hand.



MR. LAWSON WITH HIS TABLET AND PENCILS

Mr. Lawson never dictates his first draft of a story. The activity of his mind is so great and his continuity of thought so sustained that his hand never falters in its rapid movement over the sheets of paper whether he sets himself to the composition of essay or novel.

Physically constructed as the popular mind conceives the ancient gladiators to have been, and active as an athlete, the mind which dwells within Mr. Lawson's robust body is the keenest, the most ceaselessly active, the most versatile, and the most brilliant I know. It is never at rest, in the sense that it is not being used. It rests through a multiplicity of uses — the rest which is found in turning from one kind of work to another. It is the mind which has enabled him to accomplish so many things in so many divergent fields of activity.

It is the mind which can turn from consideration of a financial problem which has Wall and State streets sitting up nights, to write limericks for the entertainment of his friends; or from the composition of a philosophical treatise to the construction of two chapters of a novel. It is that sort of a mind which, as Mr. Lawson's friends know, can turn quickly from leading the repartee at dinner to a contemplation of and dissertation on Wilde's De Profundis.

I have had exceptional opportunities to observe Mr. Lawson while engaged in his literary work, and he has been and is a never ending marvel to me. He is less influenced by environment in his work of writing than any man I have yet met.

When Mr. Lawson sets himself to writing he has the happy faculty of shutting out all the world and losing himself in the work before him. I have witnessed demonstrations of this absolute concentration of mind on many occasions, and have envied him this remarkable ability.

Photograph by Thomas E. Marr

MR. LAWSON AT PLAY WITH HIS DAUGHTERS

In 1905 I had the pleasant experience of accompanying Mr. Lawson on his speaking tour of the Middle West and Northwest, a tour, by the way, which was of epochal interest in that part of the country, and from which they still date things there. Daily, almost hourly, for two weeks, Mr. Lawson gave us who were with him a living object lesson of physical and mental energy in its highest state of development. Every one was amazed at his mental versatility and tireless bodily energy. He not only averaged to attend two receptions, a luncheon, and at least one dinner, and sometimes two a day, to make one address of two hours and several short speeches, to be hauled around seeing the attractions of the town or city from a carriage or an automobile, but he managed also to inquire about the natural resources of the places visited, to find out who bred the best horses and cattle, and to see them, too, to entertain his guests with recitations, stories of his experiences, and give them imitations of renowned actors until it was a late bedtime,— and after that to spend hours writing chapters of " Frenzied Finance," which was then running in a serial form.

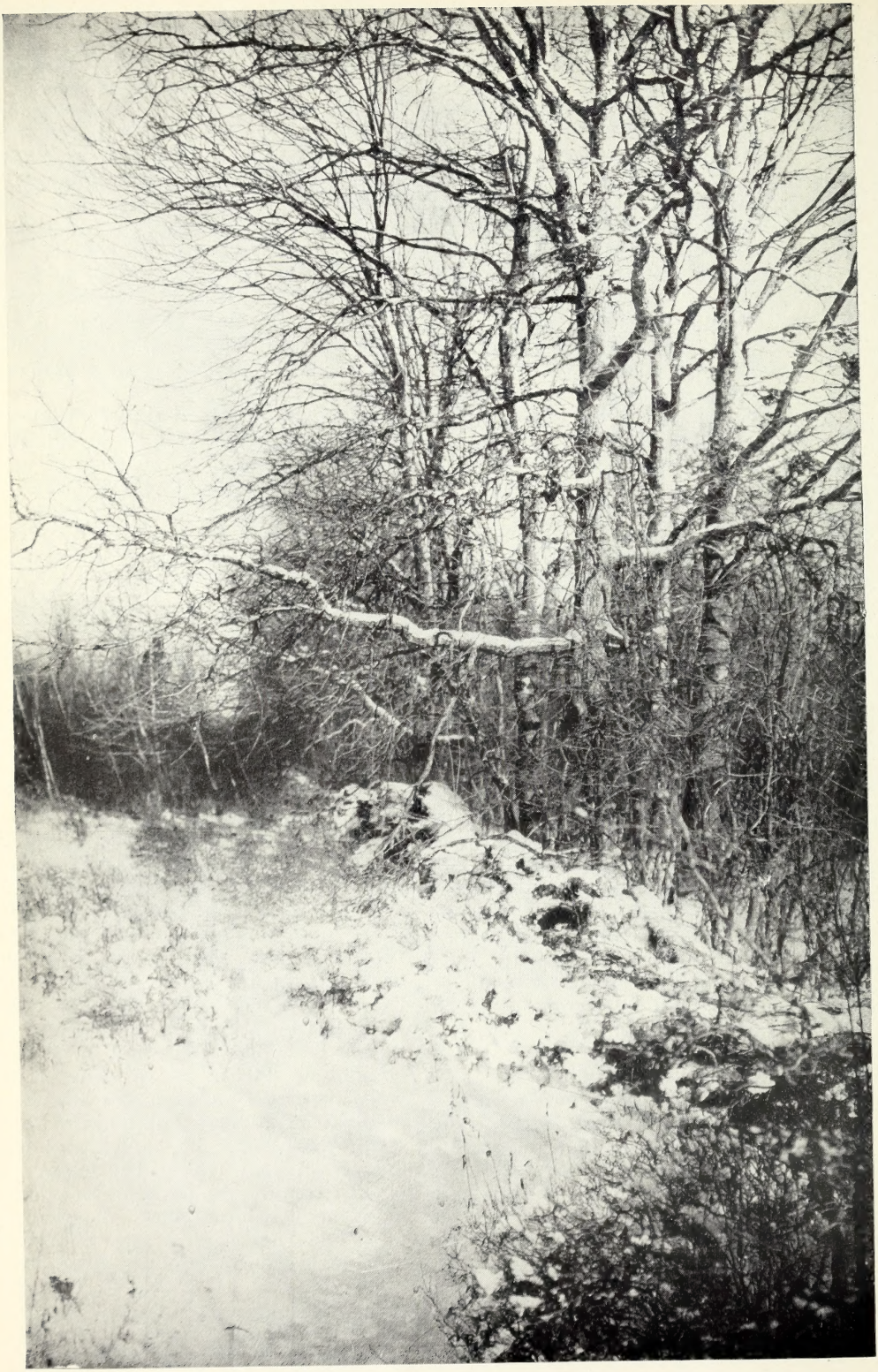
Mr. Lawson's mind is so finely and actively constructed that four hours of sleep a day is all he requires, and from midnight, when his guests usually went to their rest, until four o'clock in the morning, Mr. Lawson sought mental recreation in writing out in long hand chapter after chapter of his marvellous expose of stock gambling methods, alternated, occasionally, with a few chapters of his entirely dissimilar work, the romance widely known as " Friday, the Thirteenth."

At four o'clock in the morning, feeling sufficient mental relaxation from the production of several magazine pages of copy, Mr. Lawson would place his manuscript in a certain place for his typewriter to find it later in the morning and turn in for four hours of sleep, all that he required, and at eight o'clock he would appear at the breakfast table, with the inevitable carnation in his buttonhole fresher and more cheerful than any of his guests who had had eight hours' sleep.

Night after night I have looked from my berth at one and two and three o'clock in the morning and watched Mr. Lawson sitting at the dining room table, a cigar in one hand, and the other flying rapidly over the paper as he wrote down what he had to say, and have marveled at the physical and mental strength which enabled him to keep it up day after day, without showing the slightest indication of physical weariness or mental fag.

That he did not require seclusion was demonstrated one day in the Middle West when an unexpected demand was made upon him for an instalment of " Frenzied Finance." Mr. Lawson wrote that book an instalment at a time, dismissing it from his mind until the editor began sending relays of telegrams beseeching him not to fail to have more copy ready at such and such a time.

On this occasion Mr. Lawson, called upon without a moment's notice, to take up the thread of his story where he had left it off the previous month, announced to his guests at dinner that he craved their indulgence for a couple of hours that evening, as he must provide the copy for which his editor was clamoring. Mr. Lawson asked the gentlemen not to pay any attention whatever to him, but to talk and enjoy themselves in the car, just as though he were not there, and then he sat down at the end of the table, about which half a dozen men were talking and smoking, and, as the train rushed across the prairies at fifty miles an hour, wrote as calmly and rapidly as if he had been alone in his rose-embowered " nest " at Dreamwold, and when he had completed that instalment of the story, several thousands of words, Mr. Lawson looked up, smiled, and lighting a fresh cigar, read us the chapters he had written under such circumstances. Two months later those chapters appeared in the magazine word for word as he had read them to us.



WIND AND COLD WHIP THE SPIRIT TO NEW FREEDOM

Notes from a Winter Diary

By MARY C. DICKERSON

Illustrations by the Author

MARCH 3.— The sound of the woodcutter's axe rings through the woods along the river, and echoes from the hill opposite. But the sound will not continue many days, for already the river channel is difficult to locate, the water — now blue, now gray, like the sky — is far above the muskrat's burrows, and beginning to fill the valley.

March 10.— How many deceptive sights and sounds are to be encountered in a walk through the woods!

Here is a white pine (five feet high) with three of its main branches and its central shaft looking as if gnawed off by the sharp teeth of some animal. More careful observation shows the mutilation to be the work of a load of shot probably discharged at some grouse or rabbit in the line of the young tree.

Listen! There certainly is a squirrel gnawing a hard nut near. The grinding sound is too familiar to deceive. It is quite at hand. There seem to be no holes in the near trees, no squirrel in sight. The sound stops as we approach. Now it continues, and is nearer still. It is immediately before us! A curled chestnut leaf is rubbing its strongly projecting ribs against a twig, as the breeze blows. That is all.

There are many strange trails in the snow. Here are irregular tracks at irregular distances, where the wind swept a fallen dead leaf; everywhere are mysterious circles — autographs of weeds or grasses bent by the wind and whirled about. Curious trails, each tiny footprint quite distinct, lead down hillsides and roadside cuts, only to tell where small particles of dislodged snow rolled down.

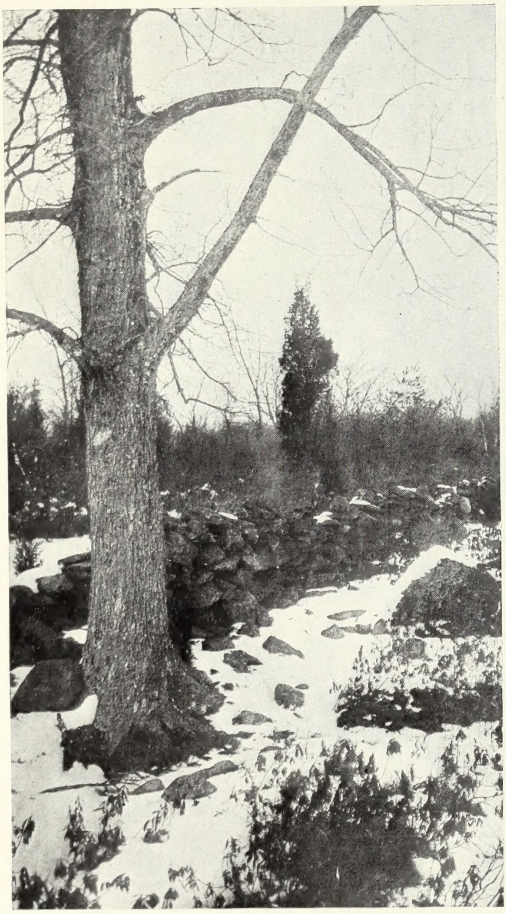
Imbedded in moss and melting snow yonder lies a boulder at the foot of a hornbeam tree. It looks as if split lengthwise into three parts; all three of the same gray tone and texture apparently, and the two deep crevices separating them perfectly normal. Yet the middle portion is a large branch of hornbeam root wedged in between the two parts of a split boulder.

March 14.— A woodchuck was caught to-day in a trap set for skunks. So the earthy fellows are awake after their long hibernation! It is amusing to see this one eat snow, and to see him easily move large stones from the stonewall, using his head as lever.

He hibernated in a burrow at the edge of the woods. There are many woodchuck burrows in the fields between the woods and the river, and woodchucks were common in these fields in summer; but it is probable that all lowland burrows have been deserted during the winter. We dug three open (in December), two at the edge of the ploughed ground, the third in grass land. All ended blindly after a distance of from eight to twenty feet. The burrows had firm earth walls, and were curved and branched. Two were filled with water.

March 21.— A chipmunk sat out on the stonewall to-day. He was torpid, and so was captured before he returned to his burrow. Why did he venture out this gray day, when the world is buried in snow? When taken into a warm room

he became more active, drinking water and eating corn. Later the cage in which he had been put (with food and material for a bed) was set into an unheated room (above freezing, however), which, it seemed, would give him more nearly the temperature to which he was accustomed. At the end of an hour's time he was hibernating so profoundly that he seemed dead. His head was curled underneath, and his tail was wrapped closely about. There was no sign of life as we moved him from hand to hand, believing him dead. The body was rigid and cold to the touch, the sides were contracted, and without a trace of breathing movements. But removed to a heated room, under the influence of the warmth there, he slowly proved himself alive. There was a faint spasmodic movement of the sides, another movement several seconds later, and then another. A slight vibration of the whiskers! These two signs of life continued irregularly for minutes, until finally the breathing became rhythmic. At last the body relaxed. He was alive, awake! But the strain had been too severe; the changes in temperature probably too great and at too short intervals. He wakened only to stretch out his slender body in a sleep that was no longer a semblance of death; he opened his eyes, only to have them become momentarily less wild in expression, then unseeing.



WINTER DAYS WITHOUT SUNSHINE

March 27.—This morning a south wind and a moist air are enervating, and there was what could well be called a bird chorus (6–6:30 A.M.) — a chorus with genuine spring ardor in it.

However, coldness is still locked in the pine woods, from whose border we look through sunshine from hill to hill, across the tops of trees; and winter yet lingers in the white cedar swamp, in that vast maze of curving aisles of ice.

It were well not to enter this swamp without a compass, for nowhere in the place, as far as the eye penetrates, can anything be seen but the dark, straight trunks of cedars towering from green sphagnum mounds, and those endless connected small areas or broader reaches of white ice. Any piece of woods is cathedral-like, a cedar swamp eminently so. Outside there are the voices of birds, sounds of the wind, and warm sunshine; but here no hint of sound reaches, and only narrow, unwarming rays from the sun touch moss and ice.

How a part of nature man feels in the woods! It is always so. There, he is as old as life itself, as the ages which make him one with the trees. Yet he is as young as life itself, a child from whom every regretted bias of thought or action drops like a heavy garment, while mysterious power fills him till he wonders at his soul's strength.

Such is the influence of nature, that

WINTER LINGERS IN THE CEDAR SWAMP — IN THAT VAST MAZE OF CURVING AISLES OF ICE

the life-weary man even, on entering the gates of the woods, has the reverent heart of a child with the strong will of a God, and to an involuntary prayer feels in himself the answer:

In thy own heart, forgiveness lies;
In thy own thought, thy weakness dies.
Forget thyself and live again,
Knowing thy strength.
Thou hast God's strength!
Then conquer self and prove the length
Of God-like power in man.

AFTERTHOUGHT

By MARY C. BALL

What wonders that our eyes have never seen,
What shadows and what lights, what low reflections still,
Oh, quiet stream, dear Afterthought, what sheen
Of unsuspected truth thy silent twilights fill!

THE "WHITEFIELD ROCK"

GREAT FIGHTS IN EARLY NEW ENGLAND HISTORY

By H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

II. THE SIEGE OF BROOKFIELD

FOR nearly forty years after the Pequot War of 1637 there was peace between the Indians and the settlers of New England. The terrific punishment inflicted on the Pequots had instilled in the minds of the other tribes a lively respect for the white man's prowess. And added to this, as a factor making for peace, was the influence exercised by Massasoit, the grand sachem of the coastal Indians, who had early concluded a treaty of amity with the Pilgrim fathers. Although Massasoit was nominally the head of only the Wampanoags, a tribe inhabiting the peninsula between the sea and the eastern shores of Narragansett Bay, he also controlled the policy of all the Massachusetts Indians. So long as he lived, and he lived to be a very old man, he faithfully observed the provisions of the treaty he had made, and Pilgrims and Puritans alike were left free to plant and prosper. But after his death, and the succession of his son Philip to the headship of the Wampanoags, it was not long before the English were made to feel that trouble was brewing.

Massasoit had been what in these days would be called a practical politician. In making his treaty of peace with the whites he had been influenced by the consideration that they might prove useful allies in case of war between his Indians and the more powerful Pequots and Narragansetts. The fate of the Pequots had confirmed him in this view, and he was unwilling to do anything that would disturb the existing friendly relations. Philip had all of his father's shrewdness and cunning. But he was far more statesmanlike. He perceived that as the English increased in numbers they became less considerate of the rights and feelings of the Indians, treating them with open contempt, seeking to compel them to adopt the white man's institutions, and punishing them severely for the slightest offenses. What alarmed and angered him most of all was the constant territorial expansion of the whites. He saw plainly that this would ultimately mean the complete ousting of the Indians from their primeval homes, and he resolved to unite the different tribes, if possible, for an organized and merciless war to offset the threatened danger.

What undoubtedly helped him greatly was the fact that a new generation had grown up since the days of the Pequot fiasco, a generation of ardent braves for whom the lessons of the past had no meaning, and who chafed under the restrictions imposed on them by their English neighbors. But unfortunately for the complete success of his scheme, information of his intentions was carried to the authorities at Boston and Plymouth by Christianized or praying Indians, as they were called. Measures were at once taken to nip the uprising in the bud. Philip himself was warned that things would go hard with him if he did not maintain the peace. An envoy was sent from Plymouth to ensure the friendliness of the Saconet Indians inhabiting the territory bordering on the country of the Wampanoags, Philip's own tribe. Commissioners from Massachusetts persuaded the Narragansetts to promise neutrality. And finally, about the middle of July, 1675, an Indian trader named Ephraim Curtis was dispatched from Boston to visit the tribes of central and western Massachusetts and make certain of their good will.

Of these tribes the most important

were the Nipmucks and Quaboags, whose villages were scattered through the hills and valleys of the beautiful region about the present city of Worcester. Worcester itself was then little better than a trading station, but a few miles to the west, in the very heart of the Quaboag country, the English had a promising settlement called Brookfield. This was a typical Puritan frontier outpost. It had sprung up about ten years before, and consisted of some twenty rude dwellings scattered around the usual wooden meeting-house which, as was always the case in those days, was the center of the social, political, and religious life of the community. The first settlers, men from the coastal town of Ipswich, had been careful to recognize the Indian title to the land, and had acquired it by purchase from the natives with whom they remained on the best of terms until within a few weeks of the coming of Ephraim Curtis on his peace mission.

Then, though in a passive way only, the Quaboags showed themselves hostile to the people of Brookfield. They complained bitterly of damage done to their growing crops by the settlers' cattle; and, although their largest village was almost within a stone's throw of Brookfield, on a bluff at the southerly end of beautiful Wickaboag Pond, they cut off practically all intercourse with the whites. In fact, when Curtis arrived he found that the Quaboag warriors, leaving their women and children behind them, had removed some miles to the north, and were holding a conference with the fighting men of other tribes. Although considerably disquieted by this discovery, Curtis bravely visited their rendezvous and endeavored, with but partial success, to secure from them a promise to return to, and remain quietly at, their villages. The utmost to which they would give consent was to send some of their sachems to Boston, within the next few days, for a consultation with the officials there.

Meantime Philip and his Wampanoags had taken the war path, and were harrying the settlers in the country at the head of Narragansett Bay. Fearing that the news of his doings might spur the Massachusetts Indians to similar deeds of blood, the Governor and Council decided not to await the coming of the sachems, but to send out an expedition to wring from them a treaty of neutrality. Troops had already been dispatched to join with a force from Plymouth in putting down Philip. Now a company of cavalrymen was ordered from Concord to serve as escort to Captain Edward Hutchinson, who was instructed, in language that was a strange mixture of menace and boastfulness, to compel the Indians not only to promise to keep the peace but to deliver up any of Philip's men or his allies who might seek refuge with them.

For such a mission at such a time, the escort provided for Hutchinson was ridiculously inadequate. It consisted of but a score of volunteer soldiers, none of whom had had much, if any, experience in the field. Their commander was a Concord man, named Wheeler, brave enough but quite unused to Indian warfare and absolutely lacking in the prudent caution which was so conspicuous a factor in the success of Captain John Mason's campaign against the Pequots. Hutchinson himself had had a wide experience among the Indians, particularly the Nipmucks, in whose country he owned a farm. But he had known them only in times of peace, and like Wheeler he scarcely appreciated the peculiar dangers of his present undertaking. To both Hutchinson and Wheeler, indeed, as to their superiors, the sending of the expedition was simply a precautionary measure which would bring about the desired result without any great difficulty. So, on the twenty-eighth of July, the troopers mounted their horses for the long ride to Brookfield, and started off in full expectation of a successful journey and a safe return.

En route they made a discovery that might well have shaken their confidence, though it does not seem to have done so. Scattered along the road from Cambridge to Brookfield were several Indian villages. Without exception all were silent and deserted. The natural inference was that the inhabitants had been apprised of Philip's declaration of war and had abandoned their homes for the purpose of

THE OLD "JUDGE FOSTER PLACE," WEST BROOKFIELD

co-operating with him. And, to sustain this inference, was the further fact that one or two Indians, whom they chanced to meet, fled precipitately at sight of them. But instead of returning to Boston for reinforcements or pressing forward to Brookfield with all speed, the soldiers jogged leisurely along, and it was not until the first of August that they reached their destination. There they found Curtis, and received the information that the Quaboag and other warriors were still in the swamps to the north. At once Hutchinson sent Curtis to them to arrange for a meeting with the sachems, and on his return the trader reported that they had agreed to treat with the English at eight o'clock next morning, the meeting place to be a meadow three miles from Brookfield. At the same time, Curtis warned Hutchinson and Wheeler that while the older Indians seemed friendly the younger ones were surly and threatening.

This, naturally enough, put a damper on the spirits of the Concord volunteers, who now began to appreciate the possibility of there being some serious work ahead. But the commanders, after a brief consultation, decided that it was clearly their duty to meet the Quaboags. Bright and early a start was made. Accompanied by three Brookfield men and three praying Indians, whom they had brought with them from Boston to serve as guides and interpreters, the soldiers galloped past the now completely abandoned Indian village on the shore of Wickaboag Pond, and out into the open fields between the surrounding hills. It was a splendid summer morning, and as they rode their confidence returned. But, arrived at the appointed meeting-place, not an Indian was to be seen. The morning grew old, and still they failed to come. Fuming and fretting, Hutchinson angrily declared that they must be found and brought to terms. The native guides, suspecting treachery, begged him to go no farther, but to return to Brookfield and send for more troops. But the three Brookfield men opposed this wise suggestion, and insisted that the Quaboags would be restrained from violence by the counsels of their sachems, who had always shown themselves well disposed to

FOSTER HILL, WEST BROOKFIELD

the English. Moreover, they pointed out, Curtis had not been molested in his repeated visits to the sachems, so it was absurd to suppose they would be. Their opinion prevailed, and the order was given to remount and advance.

For several miles the way led through an open, if rather rough, country. Nearing the upper waters of the Ware River, in the northwesterly part of New Braintree, the soldiers found themselves in a region of thickly wooded hills and swampy meadows. The farther they proceeded the more difficult travel became, until at last they were compelled to fall into single file and pick their way gingerly along a narrow trail, flanked on one side by an impenetrable morass and on the other by a steep and rocky hill. To-day, as the visitor will find, scientific drainage has robbed this spot of much of its gloomy grandeur, but it still possesses impressive scenic features. In that distant period, nearly two hundred and fifty years ago, it was an ideal place for an ambuscade. And no sooner had Hutchinson and his escort entered it, than there burst upon them, from the dark grass of the swamp and the thickets on the hillside, a rain of bullets. Then, springing out on every side, there flashed a horde of Indians, their faces hideous with freshly daubed warpaint.

The surprise had been complete. The three Brookfield men and five of Wheeler's troopers toppled from their horses and fell crashing to the ground. Hutchinson himself received a wound which a few days later proved mortal. But he was still able to sit his horse, and spurred it up the hillside, crying to the others to follow him. There was no thought of attempting to make a stand. That would have been madness. Wheeler, though, as he gained the top of the hill, looked back at his fallen soldiers and could not resist the impulse to seek to avenge them. He was all alone, the rest of the survivors being in full retreat, but he recklessly plunged down. The Indians, who had now reloaded, met him with a fusillade. A bullet fleshed him, another killed his horse. Staggering and stumbling he fled to cover, under some friendly bushes. There, before the savages could climb up the hill to dispatch him, he was found by

his son who had missed him from among the fugitives, and, although himself severely wounded, had heroically galloped back to rescue him if he were still alive. Dismounting, the brave lad lifted his father into the saddle, bade him ride for his life, and then fled on foot, pursued by a handful of Indians. As good fortune would have it, he met in his flight a riderless horse. And thus both father and son fared in safety back to Brookfield.

They found its people in an indescribable panic. Notwithstanding the strange actions of their Quaboag neighbors and the unfavorable reports brought by Curtis, the settlers had not for a moment anticipated an actual outbreak of hostilities, and had made absolutely no preparations for defense. As the exhausted troopers rode in by twos and threes, and gasped out the story of the tragedy in the defile, the true state of affairs was for the first time borne in on them with paralyzing suddenness. None seemed to know what to do. Men instinctively leaped for their guns and powder horns, while women ran here and there, in search of hiding-places for their most precious belongings. Everything was chaos, confusion, and terror. Had the enemy come then, the settlers would have been utterly at their mercy. But, as the absence of immediate pursuit had indicated, the Indians were without horses, and Brookfield was thus sure of a respite for at least a couple of hours. Wheeler determined to make the most of every moment. His first care was to see that Hutchinson and the wounded troopers received proper attention; his second, to order the settlers to leave their homes and take refuge in Brookfield's largest dwelling, the house of a man who had perished in the ambuscade.

This building was admirably situated for defensive purposes. It stood on an eminence — known to-day as Foster's Hill — and overlooked the plain on which the village of West Brookfield has since been built. But its timbers were by no means stout enough to resist bullets, and it had already become tragically evident that the Indians were well armed. Wheeler accordingly set men to work piling up logs about its walls, and at the same time lined it inside with feather mattresses hurriedly brought, with every available pound of food and ammunition, from the different cabins. Of course, preliminary to all this, messengers should have been sent to the nearest settlement. But it was not until the preparations for defense had been completed that the possibility of obtaining aid dawned on any one. Then it was too late. Curtis and a man named Young, who volunteered for the dangerous mission, were met at the end of the village by the approaching Quaboags, and were forced to return at full gallop.

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Now began one of the most arduous sieges in the annals of Indian warfare. Following furiously after Curtis and Young, the Quaboags poured a volley into the walls of the house in which eighty-two men, women, and children were crowded together. Strangely enough, not one of the defenders was hit, and they responded with such an effective fire that the Indians quickly retreated out of gunshot, and for some hours confined themselves to plundering and burning the cabins on the outskirts of the settlement. That they were on the alert, however, for the least unwary move by the besieged was shown late in the afternoon, when a young man ventured out, in the foolhardy hope of securing some valuables from his home nearby. From an unseen point a musket cracked, and he fell with a bullet in his brain. A few minutes later, as though to notify the settlers of the terrible fate awaiting them, the Quaboags were kicking his severed head about the roadway. After which, wearying of this bloody sport, they set their ghastly plaything on a pole and left it in full view from the house on the hill. Towards evening, too, when one of the Concord volunteers chanced to expose himself at a garret window, an Indian marksman found him and dropped him with pitiless aim.

As night set in the anxiety of the despairing garrison increased. So long as daylight lasted they could at least keep watch on the foe, but in the darkness the chances were all in favor of the Indians overwhelming them by a sudden assault. Luckily, the Quaboags, less warlike than

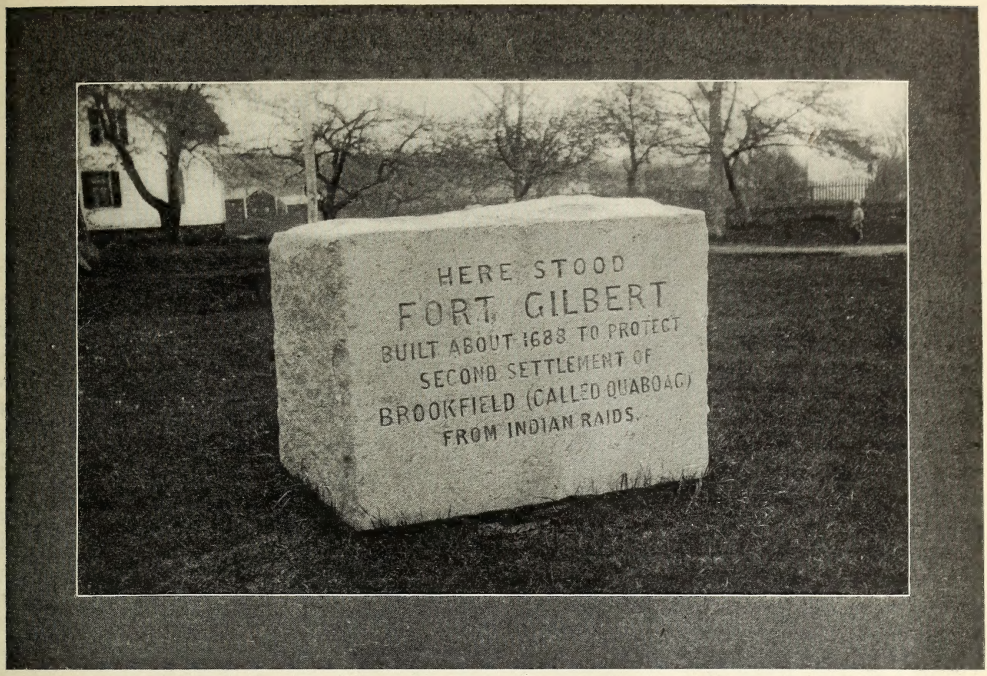
some of the more southerly tribes, preferred to rely on strategy rather than on prowess. At three o'clock in the morning, having masked their purpose by repeated volleys, they piled a great mass of hay against a corner of the house and set it afire. Wheeler, whose wound had grown worse and had practically incapacitated him, called for volunteers to put out the flames, and put out they were by a brave company that sallied forth, buckets in hand, under cover of a protecting fire from the rest of the garrison. And while they fired, and the valiant bucket brigade labored, one of their number, Simon Davis, who had taken Wheeler's place as commander, in language of true Puritanical fervor spurred them to deeds of even greater daring. "God is with us and fights for us," was his cry, "God will deliver us out of the hands of these heathen." Nor when the door was cautiously opened to admit the returning fire-fighters, could the plucky settlers and their faithful wives doubt that God was indeed fighting for them. Not a life had been lost in the daring and completely successful attempt to spoil the Quaboags' cruel stratagem.

Now, however, Wheeler begged Curtis to try once more to summon help. Willingly the trader consented, but in a few minutes he crept back to the house with the news that the Indians were so numerous that he could not possibly pass their lines. Try again, urged Wheeler, and to his urging was added the pitiful pleading of the women of the settlement. Mayhap, who knows, they nerved him to greater resolution by silently pointing to a bed in one corner of the smoke-filled room where, amid the turmoil of the battle, four helpless infants were catching their first glimpse of the world. For two women became mothers during the siege, and twins were born to each. Whatever the arguments used, Curtis bravely disappeared into the darkness again, and this time he did not return.

Morning brought with it some rest for the besieged. Beyond firing an occasional shot, the Indians passed the day in merrymaking, and found their chief diversion in crowding into the village meeting-house for mock religious services. But after dark they once more essayed to burn the settlers out, this time by shooting against the roof of their crude fort arrows to which blazing rags had been attached. Only by cutting holes through the roof and beating out the flames was this device foiled. They then tried the scheme of the night before, supplementing it by massing themselves about the door to prevent the passage of another squad of fire-fighters. But the garrison again outwitted them by chopping an exit through the back of the house and smothering the fire. Thus dawn found the situation unchanged, the Indians still baffled, and the settlers resolute as ever, though wellnigh worn out.

On this, the third day of the siege, the Quaboags indulged in no merrymaking. Instead, they made preparations for the night with an ominous thoroughness. Cabins which had hitherto been spared from the torch were destroyed, and excepting a barn or two there were left standing in all Brookfield only the meeting-house and the battle-scarred house on the hill. The meeting-house, which was within gunshot of the garrison, the Indians now fortified strongly, and afterwards turned their attention to building rude but formidable wheeled fire-machines. It was evident that they were making ready for a supreme effort, and the besieged, understanding this, spared no pains to strengthen their defenses, at the same time praying devoutly that deliverance would come. As if in answer to their prayers a heavy shower fell just before dark, rendering the fire-machines useless; and with renewed confidence the brave little garrison replied to the first discharge of bullets directed against them from the shelter of the meeting-house.

For upwards of an hour the fusilade continued without result. But the end could not be far off. Red-eyed, groping for balls and powder, and gasping for breath in the choking smoke, the defenders had almost reached the limit of their endurance and their ammunition. Suddenly, the Quaboags ceased firing, and at the same moment the sound of flying hoofs was heard. More Indians, was Wheeler's first thought, and he bade



FORT GILBERT MEMORIAL STONE

his men prepare for a last stand. But then a cheery English shout rang clear in the night, and the cry, —

"Are you still alive?"

Sweeping gallantly down the road came a company of horse, fifty strong, at their head a gaunt, grizzled, mud-bespattered old man. Wheeler knew him well — Major Simon Willard, of Groton, a veteran of seventy years, and as bold-hearted a Puritan as ever took part in the founding of New England. With a fervent "Thank God!" he threw open the door, and called, —

"This way! Come on! Come on!"

Now from the meeting-house rose a wrathful roar, followed by the spiteful cracking of muskets. Two men reeled in their saddles, but only from flesh wounds. A minute more and the relief party were dismounting and tying their horses in the yard of the improvised fort. Another minute and they were safe within its walls. Hurriedly Willard explained his timely arrival. Curtis, it seemed, had eluded the Indians and reached Marlborough in safety, and from Marlborough messengers had been rushed to Lancaster whence it was known Willard and his company had been ordered to march against some Indians who were threatening hostilities in that part of the colony. Rightly deeming this enterprise of less importance than the relief of Brookfield, he had changed his course. And now let the Indians do their worst.

Not until morning did the Quaboags acknowledge that the siege had failed. All night they worried the garrison with a desultory fire, which did no damage beyond killing a few of the horses. Shortly before daybreak they burned the meeting-house. Then they silently stole away, to unite with Philip and his Wampanoags in a bloody and relentless war against the helpless settlers in the more westerly valley of the Connecticut.

A Bundle of Cheerful Letters II.

UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE OF WENDELL PHILLIPS

With an Introduction by NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

DEAR FRIEND: Ah, I shan't tell you the honors I got in Portsmouth nor the oysters! nor the *Charleston*, S. C. people!! I met there. I only wonder you don't subscribe to the Portsmouth papers which have found out what a great man Tom Thumb is — but don't suppose I shall buy them and cut out the compliments.

Am I not good to write you this when I am to preside at Miss Dickinson's lecture to-night and yet I behave just as modestly as any common man!!

I did tremble to think (on the basis that "no world could bear two Suns") of writing to *you* the same day that I presided, but how one gets used to greatness and takes it all as matter of course, flowers and fruit and elections.

Best respects to the Major.

Yours,

"THE EXALTED."

MRS. STEARNS, FROM PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SEPT. 4, 1901

July 5th.

Dear Mrs. Stearns: Don't forget me — no — I know you won't do that. Don't misunderstand me. No — that's just as much not your way. Well, believe I've been the greater loser in being away from Oak Hill, or Oakside, which is it? It must be one or the other since R. W. E. planted an oak there.* I know all I've lost without your reproachful eyes impressing it on me. And truly I've paved every day with good intentions. But what with my rôle as husband, quarter-editor, marketman, abolition lecturer, "*member* of *half* the committees G. L. S. gets up," and other duties I have been just smothered — then 30 or 40 letters a day left me just this, to write you when I was fagged out or not at all. Now I've a rule never to write to one I like when the flavor of the thing will be distasteful and associate the *writer* with disagreeable recollections. I would never write a friend except when mind and hand were willing, yes eager. So, thus, accordingly and therefore weeks have clambered over weeks, strawberries have come and gone, and I have never penned a line to you — nor got that ride which G. has so often promised me. He is so busied with engineering half a dozen newspapers and superintending a small army of clerks in every sort of room and work that he misses no one. If he did he'd merely organize four new committees, one in Phila., one in Cambridge and one in Nashville, and scrupulously attend every session of each! How does he put 48 hours into each day? Steal the art and teach me, and I'll promise to bore you 6 hours out of those 48.

Did he tell you what a nice time we had at Framingham — the only thing I missed was coming home with him, but in the hurry of getting the train which I had to do to reach Reading before my substitute left, I was unable to find him.

By the by, my excuse about no time to

*Emerson planted an oak at "The *Evergreens*."

write you is not strictly true. Alcott is partly to blame. Once, when detained for a train I might have used the 3–4 hour to scribble something, but opening the drawer the gem, unique, pet book that A. wrote and you set up looked up at me and seduced me into wast — no, *spending* that lull on it. Yes, on the whole, it was your fault! an ordinary setting might have been resisted — and that hour fitly used. So I'm wholly spotless and you are the criminal for tempting a well-meaning, *weak-eyed* man into misusing his minutes. Retire into your oratory, "close your Emerson, open your Goethe," and repent, eschew æsthetics and take this for your penance — forgive me and write me a long letter!

Goodbye — I've no doubt your punishment will be greater than you can bear, and I'll have to come out and graduate it, which I'll do soon.

CARS

Dear Mrs. Stearns: Did I mention the giant I sat near in the cars? Well that reminds me that your native state gives us the largest bodied men. Sitting in the cars the last time I was there I saw five men walk through who had to stoop as they passed along. None were soldiers. Capt. Cuttle-like I made a note of it — either tall men do not volunteer or the draft does not blow up on their level. I've met with one youth who shared one of my virtues; he slept all the time. I only wish I shared one of his: He rose every time a lady entered and so risked losing his seat. The mother was impatient of both his virtues and rebuked them in so strong a voice that, if I had dared, I should have ventured to suggest something in his behalf, but one glance at that mother — but not motherly face, disarmed me. Whether this disarmament came from fear, policy or other motive I refuse to avow. When you will tell me who wrote ——— I'll tell you my motives. Till then they rest with Dr. Johnson's reasons — "In drying orange peel" "unknown to my best friends" — Oh there is a man descending hawklike on me. He has alighted. Oh — He's gone — gentle and soon-leaving hawk, blessed be his absence.

MAINE.

CAR THOUGHTS

Poor old woman she forgot where she was to stop. Conductor wont bite your head off though he roars like it. See he snips a bit out of my ticket as if he were biting me and seems to enjoy it almost as much. How angrily he snips the nippers together. Poor man! that ham this morning was tough and he suffers in consequence. *So do we. Mem.* Railways should supply conductors with the tenderest meats and French cooks for our sakes. Suggest to Twitchell.

See that gloomy young man! He has been depressed ever since we stopped at Pittsfield and two pretty school girls got out and were swamped in the frolic kisses of three other school girls — envious, unenterprising young man! Who knows what his pretty moustache might have done had he tried!

Sweet baby *hasn't uttered a sound the whole way!* Angel! perfect. But that old man, just to make court to the smiling mother, must talk baby talk to him. Dignified baby sees through the cheat, will be courted for his *own* sake or not at all. Takes no note of the old hypocrite. Railroad travel is delicious just now. *Peanuts* are not; and apples at five cents apiece are rarely bought, so one's neighbors don't see one crazy champing and chewing.

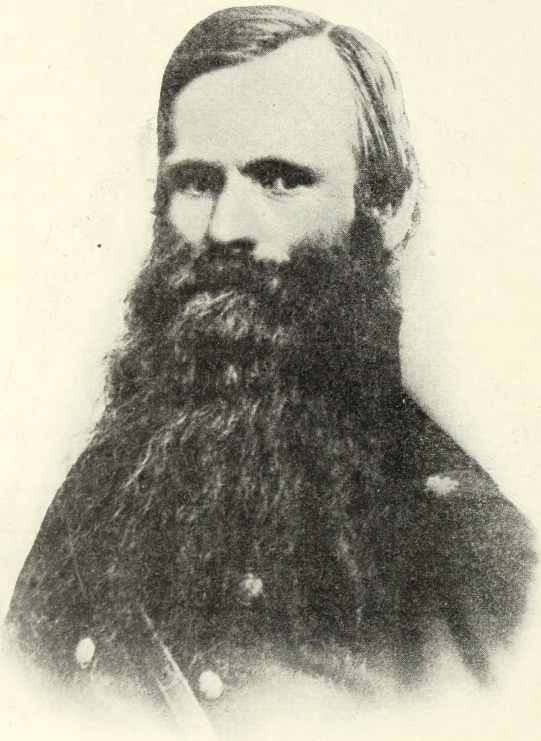
"No broad axe to be bought in Palmer?" "No, sir, I've got to go to Springfield!" "Don't say" — "How's wood?" "Well, Squire Nash has sold jist the nicest lot you ever seed." "But it's cruel the way Sam Lott is hacking it down. A cruel shame." I sympathised; and we denounced the cruel Lott.

Nov. 1864

Maine notes
not wood notes
nor bank notes
but car notes.

I promised, dear friend, a photograph of my ramblings, and meant to have

begun it yesterday. But an ardent Yankee conscientiously opposed to wasting a moment of life, employed me as a questio*nee* — was anxious to know how tall Lord John Russell was — whether "Brougham was really as ugly as Punch painted him" — how "the feeding was in England" supposed "we were about the biggest nation I'd ever read of" — and guessed I "had once in a while had some disturbance in my meetings." I assured him that the best picture I had ever seen of a human face was Brougham's face by Gambadella now in the Athenæum — that two Lord John's one atop of the other would slightly exceed his stature and that *I* once came very near being mobbed. He seemed content and retired to another seat to munch peanuts. Disliking the odor I sought refuge in another distant seat where the floor was perhaps covered an inch deep with apple parings — reminding a fast young man, like your humble servant, of a small room occupied all night by gamblers who using a pack of cards only once sit up to their knees in waste cards by the time the sun rises. Sleep folds me in her welcome arms, and I dream of "smiling meadows, tufted groves." Can these last have any association with *Tufts* College and its neighborhood! One thing I *know*, the oaks down here don't look half as vigorous as two I saw planted in the vicinity of Boston.



MAJOR GEORGE LUTHER STEARNS — 1863

Well, I had a crowd to talk to and the President assured me the few empty seats would have been filled but folks were scared with the idea that I should repeat my awful attack made on Lincoln in N. Y. So you see how much harm associating with the Commonwealth and getting reported in the Herald does an innocent young man! ! After Lecture one of the officers bestowed his fascinating society on me. He too had been bitten by the mania of question asking. He exhausted the Gamut — from

I love my love with an A
Because she is amiable.
I took her to the sign of the Antelope
And treated her to Apples.
I love my love with a Z
Because she is zealous.
I took her to the sign of the Zebra
& & & &

After an hour's torture he graciously burst out "The pity is, W. P. *nobody* minds what you say because *you* say it." Then he bade me goodbye, leaving that for comforter and night-cap! I was never so much impressed with the gentle Sir-Philip-Sydneyism of your native State — and I went to bed settled in my conviction that it was an exceedingly wholesome thing for both speaker and hearer to interchange the exact *truth*. All hail the Sunrise State! !

Don't say you know me without a signature by my bad writing — the Cars joggle one. Hold them responsible and recognize me by my *good letters*.

If any part of the scrawl is more stupid and unintelligible than another, attribute it to my wonder at a young married lady just in front who fondles a superb setter dog with $2 kid gloves — whose husband buys fruit of every boy's basket and she is now finishing her fourth large pear as an appendix to two apples or three, for I believe looking away a moment I lost the count of one apple. There now she throws the last stem and core after the others into the central passageway. I don't believe she was born in Maine, judging by other Maine products that I've seen. What havoc her diamond-ringed fingers would make at a dinner table dessert that I know of and how sure she would be to die in the afternoon. Then imagine the Coroner on your piazza and the verdict, Died from insanity brought on by sight of Mrs. S's fruit.

Did Dr. Hedge teach you Latin enough for you to see the application of the phrase "*fruges consumere nata?*" Well, it circulates currency.

Doors open, "Newburyport!" Higginson lived there once. The air smells foul and Cushingish.* Amesbury is off there. Well, we don't catch any breeze from it.

Oh, I forgot one angry Englishman who remonstrated at my injustice to Father Neutrality!

Here's Ipswich where lived once five maiden great-aunts of mine, and all died as the old record says, "of a languishing." So should I if I lived in such a flat place. Welcome Beverly, Rantoul's home,— and Salem, home of Fossils — every third man looking so home-ish and cozy and old fashioned with his patches one on each knee and his shoes cobbled. Good old town of fast young men — famous women — centenarians and murders. Don't you smell leather? This is Lynn. Listen to the click of the sewing machines. Then we sweep on — swamps, saw-mills. There's the monument. Well, isn't that far-famed Tufts?

*Caleb Cushing.

What a sweet scene it frowns over! I seem to smell roses.

Goodbye.

The lady has just exhibited three more apples! ! ! which she had laid up in case the cars should be delayed! ! They are not to be eaten! ! Oh! Ah!

(In pencil, in cars)

Wednesday 8th, 1865

My dear Mrs. Stearns: Don't think I've forgotten you. How could I such days as those just gone when we ought to have met under your classic, patriot, fanatic roof and to the superb tones of that Hungarian, with the unspellable, unpronounceable and unrememberable name, have shouted our *Amen* to the grand Amendment! But I've had no moment, journeying about, all these glorious days to talk black suffrage into, I am glad to say, welcoming ears.

Then those rosebuds that greeted me when for a few hours I saw my own mantel, telling of the thoughtful kindness which never forgot my baby lonelily watching for me at home. But I did not *need* those as reminders.

So sorry as we've been to hear always of your continued illness. Can't the Jubilee even enable you to Brutus-like, throw away the "Kerchief?"

I'm not on Maine cars now where common folks munch apples and crunch (oh everlasting disgust!) peanuts!

(If I am ever King I shall make the selling of peanuts a felony, punishable with imprisonment for life — and the eating of one within five hundred yards of any person, not deaf or smell-less, without consent in *writing* first obtained — a capital crime.)

No — I'm not on any such vulgar conveyance to-day, but in N. Y. Express train where ladies in diamond rings take up French Refreshment Baskets overflowing with dainty spoons and quaint knives, and glasses, not tiny, to drink the Claret from. No indeed — no vulgar or offensive peanut or gross merely natural apple for such cars! One diamonded lady actually urged me to share her claret and succeeded in lifting me to the grand height of her sandwich and dainty sugar which *Mounseer* calls *cake!*

THE STEARNS MANSION, FROM THE GARDEN

Won't you think more loftily of me after being permitted to put my hand inside the crimson Fayal Basket?

But alas! how near neighbors splendor and barbarism are! The cars stop and leave me at a squalid Station where I share what of a barroom tobacco smoke leaves for human beings (not, alas, such smoke as G. L. S. and R. W. E. sit wreathed in!) and hear only oaths and negro spelt with 2 gs, and eat, if I eat at all, dried apples soaked in molasses, doughnuts, and drink garden herbs which never robbed the Govt. altho' they never paid tax at the Custom House. I indignantly refuse such degradation and sup on the rich juicy soul, tho' not body, sustaining memories of diamond rings and Fayal Baskets. My lecture that evening was, in consequence, not quite so animated as it might have been had the soul been able wholly to forget the body.

Well, "I declare" as my old nurse used to say, that bundle is actually a baby! Why, it has been lying there for hours on that vacant seat and I really supposed it a roll of shawls!

Did Mr. S. meet Butz? He seemed a first rate fellow.

Palfrey was with me the other day en route for Washington. We discussed the "Pilgrims." It almost took my breath away to go back so far in these last days.

Was it not good W. C. Bryant saying "that dying was the only natural thing Everett ever did?"

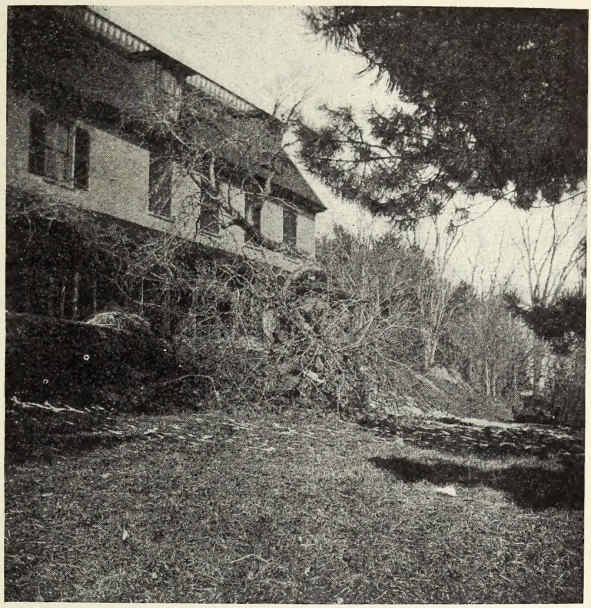
Goodbye,
Oak Tree 2nd.

La Pierre Hotel,
Saturday Evg.
Dec. 17, 1864,
11 P. M.

Dear Mrs. Stearns: Carl and I are left alone, your military husband having gone off to inspect his old subordinates. So I will tell you some little about our journey.

I got slowly up half stifled with bad air this morning and found G. L. S.

waiting in Pimlico trim for his breakfast. But I was in no state to eat. So I adjourned upstairs again and left him and Carl to eat each other. An hour put me on my eating basis, so I began the day — then to save you a couple of dollars to spend on some of your many protégés we bumped down Broadway in an omnibus and found "virtue was its own reward" for the jolting ministered to digestion and set us on bright and jolly. In the cars one kind husband brought his sick wife in his arms, poor pale darling — she looked as happy as in the next seat the handsome girl who slept on her neighbor's shoulder very cunningly. And they behaved so well that we could not determine whether he was a very much loved brother just home from the war or a lover who had just popped the question — or a husband just married. As George would not ask them and I dared not (not being a Major) we shall never know! Then the prettiest boy with such dark eyes who politely insisted on the Major's taking *his* seat. Even the imperturbable Major had to observe *those* eyes. Then Carl would put his head out of the car window and add another color, black, to his red cheeks. How he starts up when candy and apples approach and there is a chance for trade! A smart time he has had, eyes wide open seeing *every*thing.



THE "OLD LEANER" APPLE TREE

You'd have smiled to see him and me, deserted by the fashionable Major, taking our supper at *eleven* o'clock at night like fast young men! weak coffee and cold bread and exquisite Phila. butter, almost as good as yours. Here he sits talking to me all the time, letting out his first impressions of travel — speculations on hotel keys, fires, bed alcoves, hard coal fires — wonderful impressions on the boy mind! Then the maple candy! that was a treat — and stewed prunes for tea, that was home-y!

Gorgeous theatre I spoke in to-night perhaps 1800 or 2000 for the audience — like a few rats in a parlor — there being room for 4000.

Good house this — capital servants — good cooking — pleasant altogether — Major says "Seceshouse" — he chose it feeling the Southerners always knew where the best houses are and he follows their lead — cunning fox! That's how he keeps in such good case! I, honest man, follow good Yankees, and pine away! I have only learned one other thing this trip. A regular army soldier told me he had seen mustang horses in Mexico with tails sweeping the ground, and manes *three* feet long. How I'd like to see that!

When slavery's abolished, women vote and working [men] get their rights, I mean to keep a riding school. Will you come and ride?

A man invited us to a League Party and then withdrew his invitation hearing we were not Lincoln men! !

Goodbye,
Guess who I am.

(Cars in pencil)
Thursday, 1865.

Dear Friend, Eight and a half A. M.

— bag packed, — breakfast despatched — Start. Young lady very politely salutes me — find it is Mrs. Stowe's married daughter — good talk to Framingham — no peanuts on the train — comfortable of course — detect G. W. Curtis hiding away as lecturers will, from bores. At risk of being one, I salute him — good talk — he ratherish distrusts the President*— I find he has changed his lecture on that point since I saw him in Rhode Island. He tells me of their hissing R. W. E. and leaving the hall at Albany, at any rate treating him very discourteously — all the worse for them.

Rejoin the Stowe child — share lunch with her i. e. she shares her lunch with me — good talk about her English experiences. I'll tell you sometime; too long to write. Drop her at Pittsfield. Sleep to Albany — tea at the Delevan with Gerrit Smith — talk to 2500 folks — pitch into Johnson — get hissed the *second* time this winter in forty lectures. Home to hotel — negro waiters *very* attentive and get my meals promptly while my neighbors scold all in vain for theirs. Splendid weather; up at five this morning, February second, paid $1 being ridden across the Hudson — awful cheat! Cars half full — couldn't get to sleep though I read through four old Tribunes, melancholy — never knew such an opiate to fail before. Oh, for an *Advertiser* to take refuge in!

Make George *rest*, we want him *strong* for the opening battle. If he is too wakeful make him read my speech in this week's Standard — I'll guarantee its soothing effect. Splendid snow up here. Goodbye till something happens.

UTICA, Wednesday.

My dear Friend: To continue my humble and painful memoirs in this mental vacuum of Deutshland — for I am determined that

> No pent up Utica
> Shall contract our powers
> While the whole boundless
> Medford-thought is ours.
> (Addison improved.)

Well, after finishing that instructive paper for your perusal I was afflicted with a most intolerable headache. When you think of my *conundrum* you will see that this was caused of course by that intense intellectual effort; for I will not so degrade myself as to suppose that having nothing to eat that day had anything whatever to do with it. However, subsequent facts I confess somewhat conflict with this lofty theory, since on arriving at the Delavan, talking some hours with an editor of the New York *Herald* and sleeping one hour, the ugly visitant left. I love to consider the favorable magnetic influence of the *Herald* as the cause; on homeopathic principles, that is, since the *Herald* being embodied illness a little of it cures illness.

My detention having lost me three trains and all hope of getting to my next lecture was gone unless I could move the flinty heart of a democratic superintendent of the New York Central to allow one of the express trains to stop at a station which it was not advertised to do, I approached him with all that blandness peculiar to the Hub when it wishes to pick the world's pocket. Above compromise however I determined to show my horns at once and began by telling my name, then stated my business and wish. "Certainly Mr. Phillips, I would not have an Oneida audience lose such a pleasure as hearing you. It shall stop."

I stood astounded. He was blander even than the Hub. Becoming quite boyish in my admiring astonishment I stammered out my thanks. Probably his education having been neglected, he was not aware of Shakespeare's remark that you can pick a welcome out of the stammering tongue of gratitude better than out of audacious oratory. I concluded not to attempt to complete his training in this particular, and we parted, he vanishing into space, I crushed into a crowded car with four babies, two ax handles, a painted pail, a jug of rum, a man six feet five, three captains' caps and coats (whether real captains were in them I don't know). There being no vacant seats I sat on my square valise

and held the other, not finding any place innocent of our national institution. Thus emparadised I determined to look on the bright side and thank my stars that I left my headache at the Delavan. Really I shouldn't have found room for it.

Arrived at Oneida the whole population had turned out to see the cars that usually did not stop, *stop* (for I had been merciful and relieved the hangdog anxiety of the committee by telegraphing the wondrous exhibition of superintendent softness); then to see the lecturer,— unshaved, sleepy, hungry, dirty, his ventilated hat knocked into the five points. The great man alighted. Was received by one of the proud descendants of Elizabeth's favorite,— a Devereux — petted, succored, washed, welcomed; though the fatted calf was not literally killed, it was metaphorically, there being tender peaches done in something sour on the table with other good things. Then a sleigh — a ride — a hall — hundreds crowded in, lecturer somewhat hoarse, whether from peaches or sleepiness no telling. Compliments — young girls, old men, doctors, doctors, colonels, bank cashiers and squires mingled in beautiful confusion — then BED.— Oh, how delightful —.

I thought I laid the first stone of my monument of good works, but begin to doubt. It was thus. Seeing one of the four children hankering after an illustrated Harper's which exhibits somebody doing something with a crowd before him and the United States capitol behind, and her father refusing to buy as he had spent all he had in apples which all the six including the baby in arms, were munching. I bought the paper and gave it to the little longer with her fine eyes. The mother immediately gave me an apple. I have it yet. But considering that the somebody doing something is old Abe I beg to doubt whether I may not have contributed to form the child's mind in an admiration of that equivocal character, and so I conclude to postpone commencing my monument till another time. The apple is at your service, having played its great part in this historic scene. And I will go see my corner!

Yours,

THE CONUNDRUM MAKER.

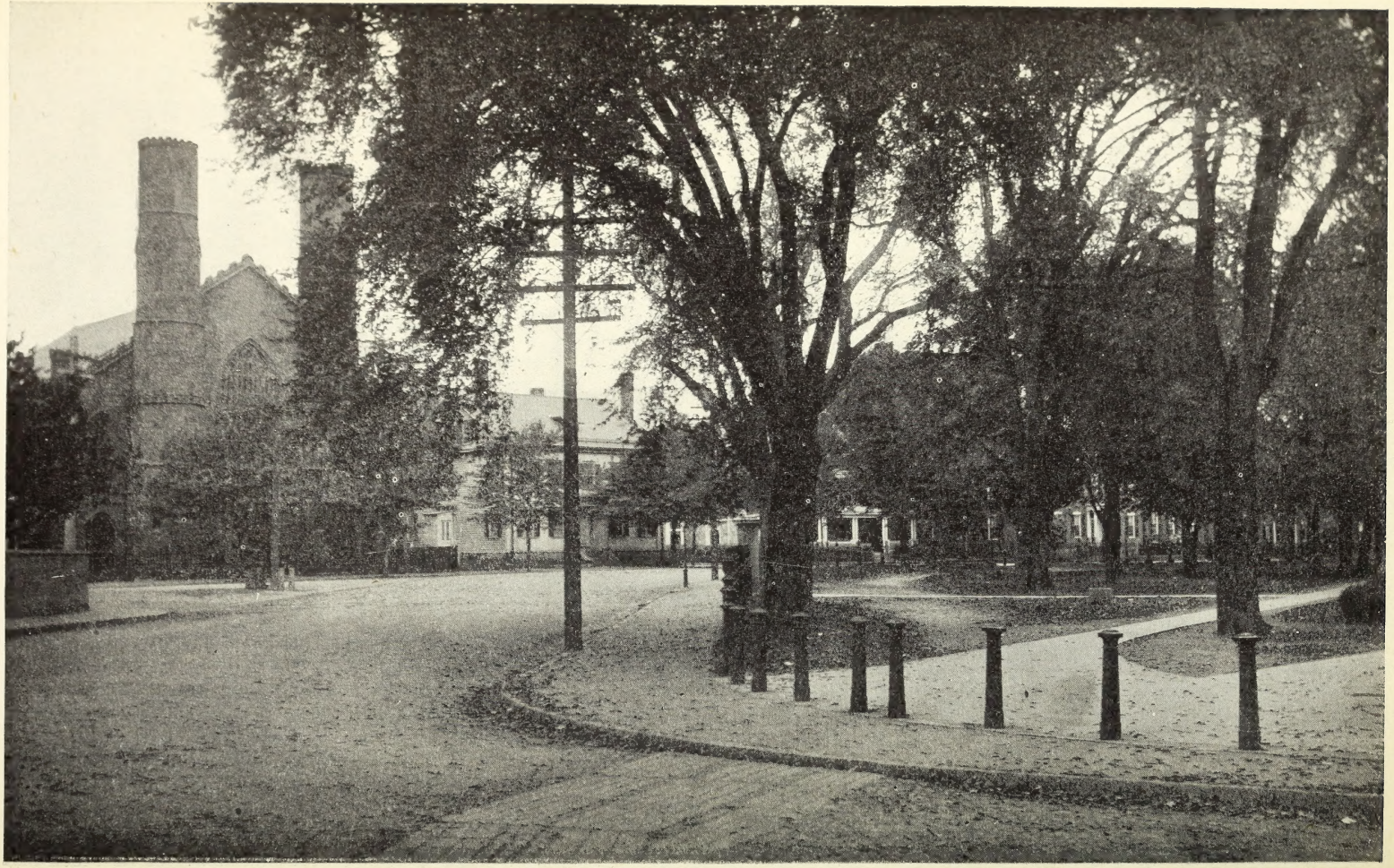
AN OLD DAGUERREOTYPE

By W. LIVINGSTON LARNED

A faded little picture in a faded little frame,
But for all the years in passing that fond likeness is the same,
Eyes that look through love upon you, and, in looking seem to say:
" Ah! my precious little fellows would I knew your kiss to-day."
And, as tears start in the twilight we may feel the mother charm
As we nestle down, safeguarded in the circle of her arm.

Gray the hair about the temples in a haloed strand of snow,
And the brow serene with beauty is the same we used to know.
If the casement of the heavens had been opened wide to-night
Never better face nor sweeter than the portrait and its light.
Just a half-smile and a love-thought as an echo of the past
And the mother-lips are reaching for the cheeks she knew the last.

Plush the case, and time has marked it with a none too gentle hand,
Still it guards a priceless treasure from that better, greater land.
Memory is swift in bringing all the dear days back again,
All the Old New England flowers that were wet with summer rain,
There's a pathway through a garden and the tilting of a rose
And the mother-step, soft-sounding, down the sunny path it knows.



ONE OF SALEM'S MANY ATTRACTIVE STREET SCENES

The New Salem

Remarkable Evolution of the Historic Massachusetts City from Puritanism to Progressiveness

By THOMAS FENWICK

MANY years ago, Nathaniel Hawthorne, whose name will ever be associated with the ancient city, wrote in "The Sister Years," "Old Salem now wears a much livelier expression than when I first beheld her"— (he was speaking of the change that came with the advent of the railroad).

"Strangers," he continued, "rumble down from Boston by hundreds at a time. New faces throng Essex Street. Railroad hacks and omnibuses rattle over the pavements. There is a perceptible increase of oyster shops and other establishments for the accommodation of a transitory diurnal multitude. But a more important change awaits the venerable town."

More than one change has taken place in Salem since the author of "The Scarlet Letter" penned these lines, and they have not all been social changes, such as the one he was predicting then.

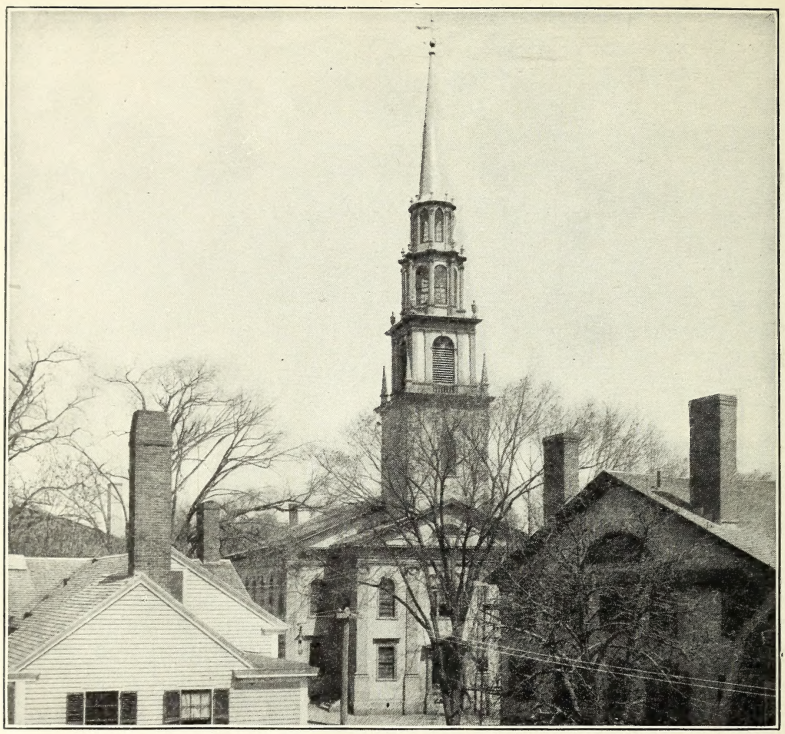
In a certain sense Salem epitomizes the new world and the old, for in the olden days its commerce reached out to the ends of the earth, and to-day there are to be found in its museums and collections mementoes and curios from every clime. Looking upon these, and remembering its past maritime glory, even the Bostonian may understand that which every Yankee sailor once knew, that Salem was far better known in foreign lands than Boston itself.

This is no longer true, for Salem, like other American seaboard cities, has seen its once splendid ocean commerce vanish into nothingness, while shoe factories, cotton mills, and foundries have risen in its place. The final chapter has not yet been written, however, for Salem aspires to have its full share of the twentieth century American commerce, as will appear later.

"Burning ambition finds its fuel here," wrote the city's great novelist more than half a century ago. He meant political ambition, but the phrase has a broader application and distinct timeliness to-day, for Salem burns with the ambition to once more be a great port and a great industrial center as well.

To this end its energetic Board of Trade and Merchants' Association has caused to be drawn preliminary plans for a harbor improvement scheme which contemplates the erection of five great piers, one thousand feet long and two hundred feet wide, equipped with modern sheds and freight-handling appliances, and with plenty of space between them to accommodate the largest steamships that would ever be likely to enter a port of its size.

Salem possesses unusual advantages for receiving and shipping merchandise by water, with direct rail communication to all parts of the country, and the utilization of them will bring to the city a new era of commercial prosperity. With direct rail communication with the great manufacturing cities of Lawrence, of Lowell, of Nashua, and of Manchester, the raw material could be handled without any of the disadvantages that are encountered at Boston, where the freight that comes from the south to the mills of Massachusetts and New Hampshire must be rehandled and in many cases lightered across the harbor. This extra handling could be saved in Salem, with the resultant saving of expense, while the product of the factories can be shipped to market with equal facility. If this subject can be properly placed before the business interests it can be carried out with great



THE SOUTH CHURCH SPIRE

benefit to our historic city, and bring back a portion at least of her commercial supremacy.

Salem already possesses the manufacturing industries that make such a plan of water-front improvement desirable and practical, and its wideawake business men realize that, once such an improvement is carried out, the number and diversity of these industries will rapidly be increased.

In the palmy days of the clipper ships—swift cargo carriers that needed no forty-foot channels or hydraulic hold emptiers—the merchants and ship owners of Salem laid the foundations for many a fair family fortune, and in some of the existing old houses and estates one may still find reminders of them.

The commercial prestige of the town may be said to date practically from its foundation, for it was almost contemporaneous with the establishing of the early fisheries of the place. Salem ships, commanded by Salem captains, plowed the billows of every ocean, and did their full share in the pioneer work of opening up to American trade, India, Africa, Japan, China, and the scattered islands of the Pacific.

It is over this fascinating period of Salem's history that the atmosphere of romance, so inseparable from everything that smacks of sea traffic, hangs most heavily; for the romance of its earlier days of Puritanism and the witchcraft delusion is, after all, of a rather somber tinge.

But many years have passed since Salem's glory as a shipping center began to wane. Even in Hawthorne's day, its earlier maritime triumphs were but a memory, and the novelist, in his introduction to "The Scarlet Letter," wrote sadly of the period before the last war with Great Britain, "when Salem was a port by itself; not scorned, as she is now, by her own merchants and shipowners, who permit her wharves to crumble to ruin, while their ventures go

to swell, needlessly and imperceptibly, the mighty flood of commerce at New York and Boston."

Salem, though it has seen its commerce rise and decline, has not stood still, by any means. It has slowly but surely created for itself an industrial prosperity which, to some extent, at least, has filled the gap caused by the loss of its commerce.

For one thing, it has grown to be a shoe manufacturing center of great importance, and in some respects it is better situated for the successful prosecution of that business than either Lynn, Brockton, or Haverhill; for immediately adjoining it is the famous leather-manufacturing town of Peabody, while across the river is Beverly, the seat of the largest plant for the manufacture of shoe machinery in the world.

Here, then, is an industrial triumvirate with unlimited possibilities; so that Salem has a certain future to look forward to as a shoemaking city, if nothing else. A " community of interest " entered into between three such centers as these would seem to be invincible.

A recent writer has truthfully said of the place: " For a city so generally regarded by those who have never visited it, as a quiet and austere place, whose chief industry is the entertaining of tourists and curiosity seekers, Salem has a surprisingly large amount of commercial and industrial life, and unbounded possibilities for future advancement."

The people of Salem, never elated over the part their town played in the unfortunate persecution of the alleged witches in 1692, and anxious to attract the attention of the outside public to something of more practical importance, naturally have welcomed this gradual transformation of their community from

View on the estate of J. Endicott Peabody, Esq.

a mere tourist resort to a great manufacturing center, and the city possesses a number of individual manufacturing enterprises of which its citizens have every reason to be proud.

Salem is known in every part of the United States, and in many foreign countries as the home of the jewelry house of Daniel Low & Co. They are pioneers in the business of selling fine gold and silver goods by mail, and have been very successful. They have been established here for over forty years, and for the last fifteen years have published a very extensive catalog of jewelry, in fact, the most extensive one published in the United States. This has an immense circulation and brings a large amount of business to Salem.

In the Naumkeag Steam Cotton Company (named for the ancient Indian appellation of Salem), for instance, it can boast of one of the largest and best plants in the country manufacturing sheetings, drills, sateen, and shirtings. It is capitalized at $1,500,000 and employs a large number of workers. The famous Pequot sheetings are made by this company.

It is the product of this and the one hundred and fifty or so other establishments there that Salem hopes to export, in part, in big steamships sailing from its own wharves.

In shops and factories devoted to the manufacture of tanned, curried, and finished leather, boots and shoes and various accessories, including boot and shoe cut stock and findings, the city makes a splendid showing, for there are more than half a hundred of these. If old Cotton Mather, whose pernicious activity at the time of the witchcraft "scare" had so much to do with starting Salem on the wrong track, historically, could return to the vicinity of Gallows Hill to-day, he would be amazed to find that footwear is now being fashioned in the shoe shops of Salem "while you wait."

Still greater would be his astonishment when he learned that a pair of shoes finished in Salem in the afternoon could be tried upon the feet of the customer, in a retail store in New York, the following morning. Even Hawthorne, romancer that he was, might balk at this statement; but it is literally true, for such are the modern express facilities furnished by the railroads which serve the industrial centers of Massachusetts to-day.

Salem, too, profits from the fact that it is located within half an hour's ride of Boston, the greatest leather center in the entire world. Its proximity to Lynn, the great shoe manufacturing city, is another factor in its favor, industrially speaking.

Moreover, its railroad facilities (it is on the main line, Eastern Division of the Boston & Maine railroad, and has direct lines to Lowell and to Lawrence, which are great coal-carrying roads), are unexcelled, for its manufactured products can be loaded into box cars and sent with expedition to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, where standard gauge rails run, without transfer.

Another thing that has done much to transform the Old Salem into the new is the splendid street car service of which it is the nerve center. Through this far-reaching and admirable electric system of transportation, Salem is brought into direct and quick touch with a score of outlying cities, towns, and villages, and this one factor alone has done much to make the city the leading purchasing center of Essex County.

Quick to see the business possibilities here, the alert and enterprising storekeepers of Salem some time ago organized the Salem Merchants' Association, under whose auspices a semi-annual buyers' carnival or merchants' week is held.

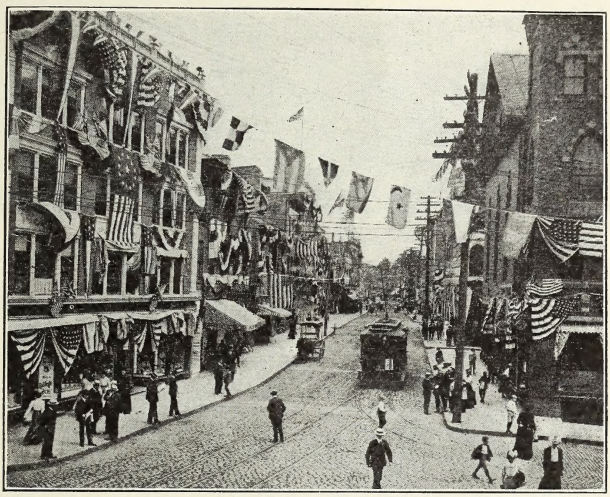
This event is carried out in a dignified but interesting manner, and it invariably attracts large crowds of shoppers from the outlying communities, even Boston sending a delegation.

The streets and stores are specially decorated for the occasion, free concerts by the crack Salem cadet band are given, free trolley and theater tickets are given to patrons by the merchants, and parades far different from the melancholy ones that used to wend their way toward the hanging place of the "witches" are held.

This feature, of itself, is enough to

prove even to the spirit of the immortal Mather that the Salem of the twentieth century is a live and progressive city. Certainly the stores that line its business streets are about as up to date and attractive as one will find in any American city of Salem's size.

There is considerably more than $10,000,000 invested in Salem's industries, for that was the figure given in the 1905 census returns, and the old city has been moving along some since then. From something like $8,000,000 of raw materials these busy factories, shops, and foundries turn out a finished product valued at about $12,000,000 or $13,000,000. Not less than six thousand wage earners are employed, about one thousand of whom are represented by the leather manufacturing industry and two thousand by the boot and shoe shops.



TOWN HOUSE SQUARE DURING A MERCHANTS' CARNIVAL

The twenty leather concerns are capitalized for about $3,000,000 and turn out a product valued at about $3,500,000 annually. There are fourteen or fifteen boot and shoe factories and shops, representing $1,500,000 capital, and producing about $4,000,000 worth of goods.

The larger industries of the city also include a number of foundries and machine shops and lumber and planing mills, and in the miscellaneous category are represented games, lasts, woven wire brushes, carriages, wooden packing boxes, cement, glue, knives, grate-bars, lead, drugs and compounds, potato chips, steam fittings, flavoring extracts, heating apparatus, rag carpets, mucilage and paste, boats and men's clothing and novelties.

Some of Salem's products, like games, find a market all over the continent, and have done much to attract favorable attenion to the city.

In addition to the Naumkeag Steam Cotton Company, there are a number of other incorporated manufacturing companies, capitalized at from $5,000 to $250,000. There is a machine company with $250,000 capital, a shoe company with $100,000 capital, and a toy concern capitalized at $50,000, and so on. It doesn't seem very difficult to induce capitalists to invest in Salem industrial enterprises, and but few of those who have done so have had any occasion to regret it.

As for banking facilities, it would be difficult to find an American city of forty thousand population more fortunately situated. There are five national banks — the Merchants, Mercantile, Asiatic, Naumkeag, and Salem, with an aggregate capital of more than $1,000,000 and surplus and profits of about $700,000. In addition to these institutions there are two savings banks, with aggregate deposits of about $16,000,000, one of them having twenty-two thousand depositors. Two co-operative banks, with capital of $1,000,000 each, and a safe deposit and trust company with $200,000 capital, and surplus and profits of about $150,000, complete Salem's splendid financial facilities.

While the city has wisely retained most of the old buildings which have done so much to draw visitors to the place from every part of the country, and many foreign lands, one cannot look in any part

WASHINGTON STREET

of its territory without finding some evidence of modern growth and architecture.

A magnificent new high school building, costing $400,000, a splendidly equipped hospital just rebuilt, a $250,000 armory to house its celebrated military organizations, and a new probate court and registry of deeds building for Essex County, erected at a cost of $300,000, are among the more notable of its recent acquisitions, and a pretty convincing evidence that Salem is not going backward. Add to these expenditures the $500,000 which has been put into the construction of a new trunk sewer for Salem and Peabody, and we have nearly $1,500,000 invested in modern public improvements in a city about whose future even Hawthorne was pessimistic half a century ago.

The two determining factors in the "success" of an American community are its industrial or commercial possibilities and its attractiveness as a place of residence, plus the possession of a certain degree of public spirit on the part of its inhabitants.

Salem, fortunately, possesses all of these requisites. Its public spirit has always existed, even if somewhat obscured by the atmosphere of history and tradition that has always enveloped the place. To-day it is more militant than it ever has been since the days of Elias Hasket Derby and his associates.

The business men of Salem, as represented by their business organizations, are to-day able to see the commercial and manufacturing potentialities of their city with clear and far-seeing vision, and they have not forgotten to impress upon the powers that be in Washington the particular possibilities that lie along its water front.

To speak of Salem's attractions as a residential city would be almost a work of supererogation. With nearly three centuries of history behind it, with social traditions that have made their impress upon the life of the entire country, and with such an ideal location upon the picturesque and famous North Shore of Massachusetts, how could it possibly be other than a most delightful place to live in?

Its well-kept, tree-shaded streets blend into the magnificent country highway for which this section of the state is noted. Parks and other breathing spaces, some

of them washed by the waves of the Atlantic, abound. Its public schools are without superiors in any city of its class. Its churches are numerous and prosperous. Its social life is delightful, with just enough of the old-time aristocratic flavor remaining to give the city an individuality without making it "exclusive." Although it has become to a certain extent, an industrial city, with an army of wage earners in its mills and shops, no New England community has a better reputation for orderliness.

The "saving remnant" of the old Puritan spirit has been, after all, a tangible and valuable asset for Salem.

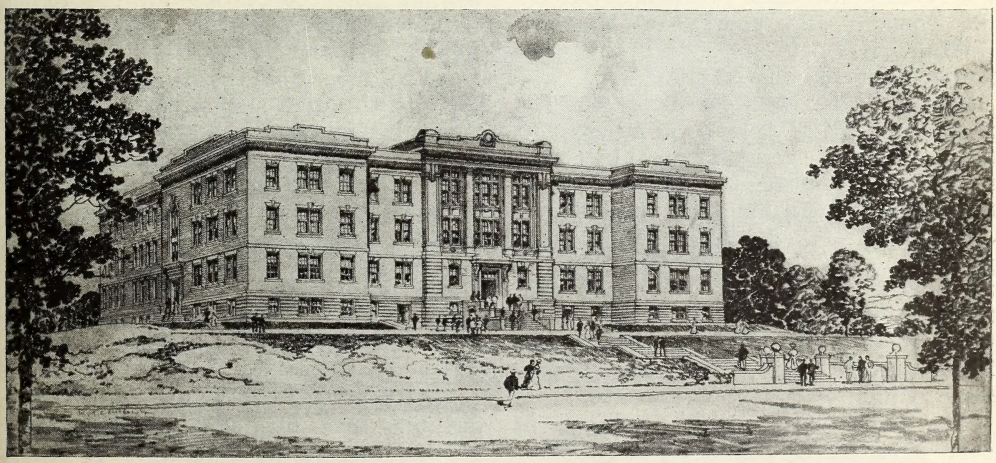
With a state normal school, a classical high school, a half dozen grammar schools, some fifteen primary schools, and a number of kindergartens and evening schools, all administered in conformity with the highest educational standards, Salem's needs in this respect are admirably taken care of. The Curwen Industrial School and the Plummer Farm School are other educational institutions in which the city takes deserved pride.

For a business training there is the finely equipped Salem Commercial School, and George P. Lord, its president, has made it one of the best known of any in the country and one of the highest educational value.

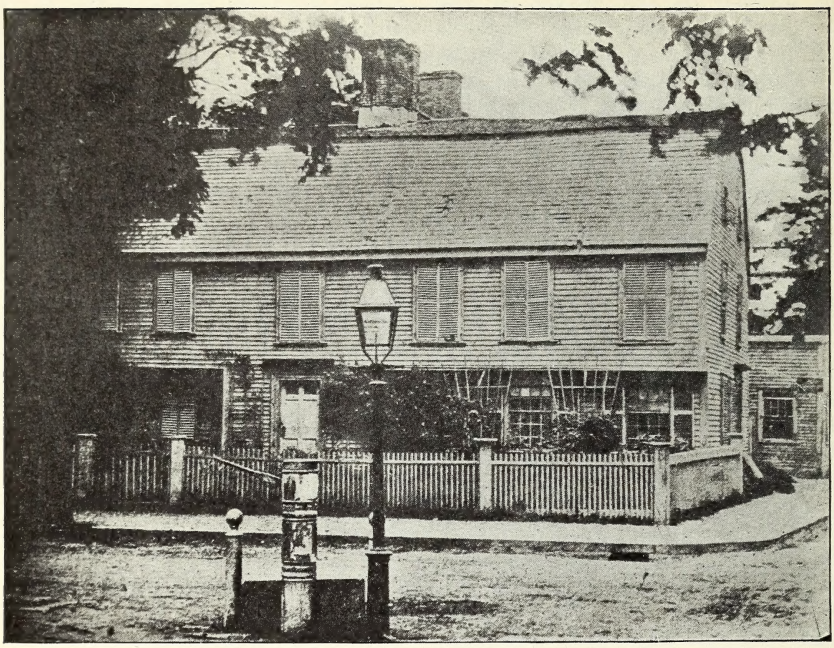
It is scarcely necessary to remark of Salem that its religious life is vigorous and representative. If all else should fail it, this old Puritan city, now reborn, would still remain a stronghold of religion. There are thirty-two churches, representing all the principal denominations, and their influence upon the philanthropic and social life of the community is great and constant.

As to the fraternal organizations that flourish in Salem, to name them would be to publish a list of practically all of the important orders in the United States, from the Masons and Odd Fellows down to the most recently formed. In addition to these are a score or more other organizations covering a wide range of social, charitable, and educational activity.

These include the Grand Army of the Republic, Women's Relief Corps, Daughters of the Revolution, Sons of Veterans, Young Men's Christian Association, Salem Board of Trade, Civic League, Salem Real Estate Exchange, Salem Woman's Club, Young Men's Catholic Total Abstinence Society, Salem Oratorio, Samaritan Society, Young Men's Hebrew Association, Salem Seamen's Orphan and Children's Friend Society, Boston & Maine Railroad Mutual Benefit Association, Women's Friendly Society, Working Women's Bureau, Salem Century Club, and the Essex County District Medical Society. The latter is one of the oldest branches of the Massachusetts Medical



SALEM HIGH SCHOOL



FRONT OF THE OLD WITCH HOUSE IN THE EARLY DAYS

Society, and has numbered among its members some of the country's most noted physicians and surgeons.

The building of the Salem Young Men's Christian Association is the finest in the city and is provided with every modern appliance for carrying on the work of the association, which has been wisely extended and broadened out by the wisdom and energy of Matthew Robson, its president, and Christian Lantz, its efficient secretary.

This by no means completes the list of Salem's societies, lodges, and associations, for there are twenty-five or thirty social clubs in the place, prominent among them the Salem Club and Colonial Club. Several active temperance organizations are also on the roll, and there are a score of influential labor organizations, including the Boot and Shoe Workers' Union, the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, and the Loom-fixers' Union.

The Salem Fraternity, organized in 1869 "to provide evening instruction and amusement for working people," is one of Salem's most useful institutions, and maintains both indoor and outdoor departments, including handcraft classes, stamp savings bank, and reading-room.

To care for the physical or intellectual needs of the people not otherwise provided for, there are the Essex Institute, the Peabody Academy of Science, the Salem Athenæum, the City Orphan Asylum, the Association for the Relief of Aged and Destitute Women, the Bertram Home for Aged Men, the St. Mary's Educational Institute, and others.

From the earliest days of its history, Salem has given a good account of itself, by land and sea, in all the wars in which this country has been involved. To-day it possesses several of the "crack" military organizations of the state, including the Salem Light Infantry, over a century in continuous existence, the Salem Corps of Cadets (dating from 1785), the Salem Light Infantry Veteran Association, and the Veteran Cadets. Like Boston's First Corps Cadets, the Salem Second Corps shines conspicuously in amateur theatricals. Its occasional balls and dramatic productions are among the great social events of the city, and

are usually graced by the presence of the commander in chief of the state forces, or at any rate by members of his gold-lace staff.

The Essex Institute, like the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, lays claim to the interest of the entire nation. It was formed in 1848 of a union of the Essex Historical Society, organized in 1821, and the Essex Natural History Society, organized in 1836. The promotion of the arts, sciences, and literature are among its objects, and it possesses a magnificent library of 430,000 volumes and pamphlets, covering nearly all departments of literature. Field meetings are held in different parts of the country, and the proceedings of the Institute are published.

No less interesting is the Salem East India Marine Society, dating from 1799, and one of the most remarkable organizations of its kind extant. Its principal objects are to assist widows and children of deceased members in need, the collection of such facts as might lead to the security and improvement of navigation, and the forming of a museum of curiosities such as deep-sea sailors have been in the habit of picking up during their globe-girdling voyages since such voyages began.

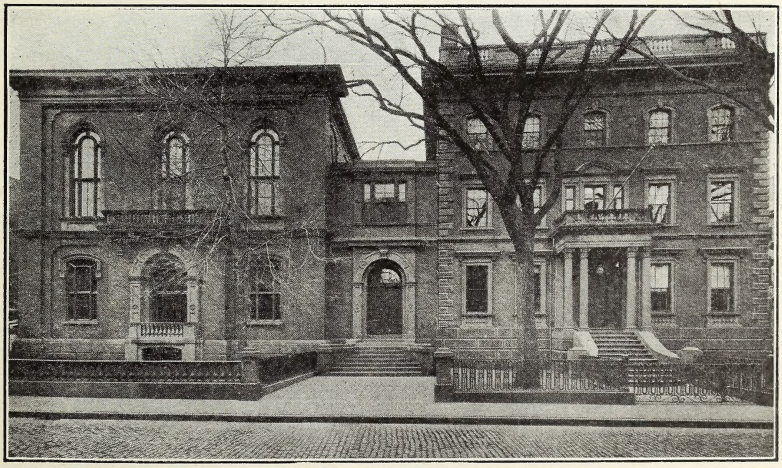
Combined with this interesting collection, under the same roof, is the famous museum of the Peabody Academy of Science, established in 1868 through the generosity of the famous philanthropist, George Peabody, of London. A complete ethnological department is only one of many valuable exhibits here, and the portraits of the old-time Salem ship owners and captains that adorn the walls of the building ought to be an everlasting source of inspiration to the inhabitants of the city.

Salem's fascinating history is more than a "twice-told tale," and as this is the story of the New Salem, it need not be gone into again here. Every school pupil knows it, at least in outline.

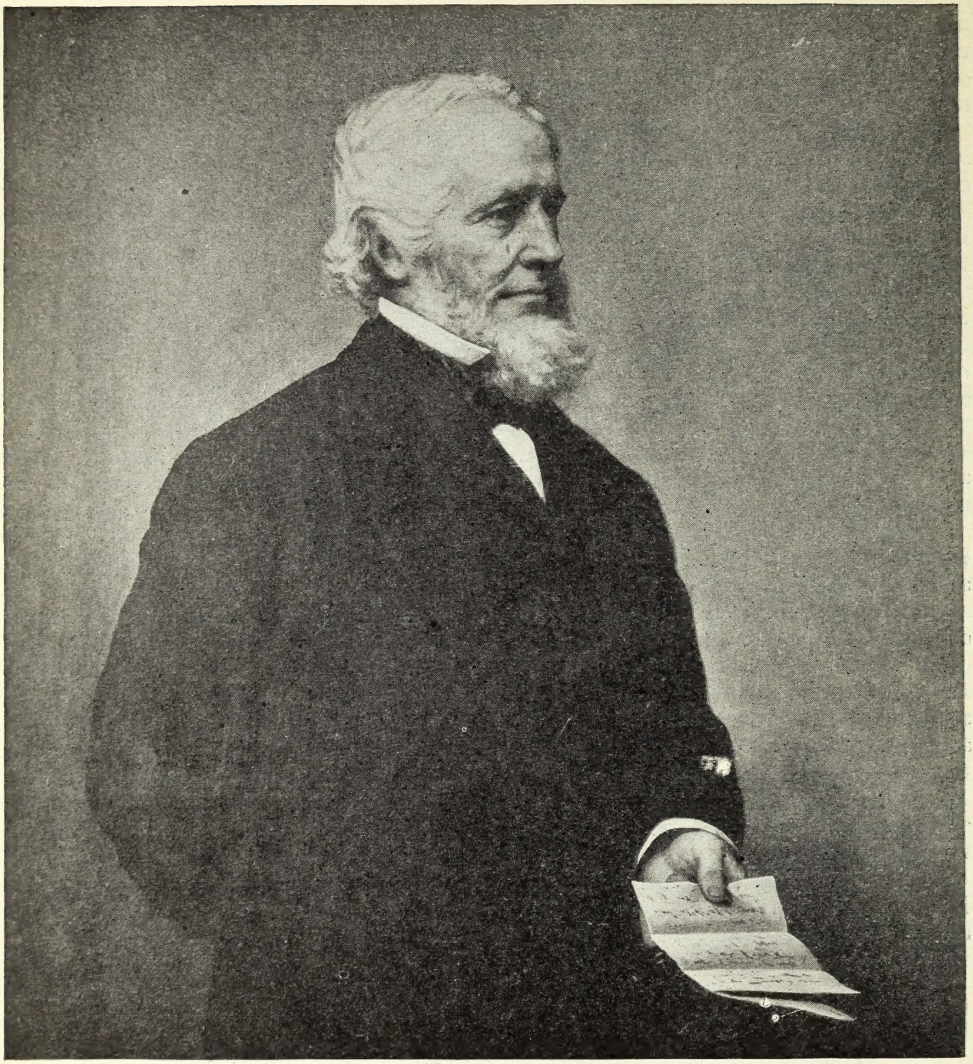
Its history, indeed, is written in its ancient buildings, still extant, in its main business thoroughfare (Essex Street), which, tradition says, was once a part of the old Indian highway, in its Gallows Hill, its quaint old burying grounds and the remnants of its old fortifications.

There is yet to be mentioned another important phase of Salem's many-sided life — its parks. In its magnificent marine pleasure ground known as "The Willows," it possesses one of the most attractive summer resorts on the Atlantic coast — a spacious, park-like reservation fronting on the ocean, where happy excursionists from Boston, Lynn, Beverly, and other nearby centers may enjoy the toothsome fish dinners that are served nowhere with such success as along the North Shore of Massachusetts.

Salem's great benefactors are by no



Essex Institute



Photograph by Frank Cousins

JOHN BERTRAM, FROM A PAINTING BY EDGAR PARKER

means all of the distant past. We are glad to use a portion of the space of this article for a brief account of the many noble philanthropies of Mr. John Bertram.

The Bertram family came to Salem in 1807, and the son John, as did all Salem boys of that day, followed the sea, serving as a privateersman in the War of 1812, and retiring from the sea in 1832.

He left the city of Salem, in trust, a large sum of money for the purchase of food for the poor. He was also the founder of the Salem Hospital, established the Bertram Home for Aged Men, and left a legacy to the Children's Friend Society. He died at the age of 86, leaving three daughters, Mrs. Caroline Kimball, of Boston, Mrs. Annie Bertram Webb and Mrs. Jennie Emerton, of Salem. Mrs. Kimball is the donor of the Bertram chair to Harvard, and Mrs. Emerton has purchased the House of Seven Gables for settlement work in Salem.

The Civic League of Salem was organized on April 3, 1905.

We cannot better conclude this article than with the following interesting statement from the pen of Mr. Harlan P. Kelsey, president of the League:

"Salem's lost commercial supremacy can never be fully regained for reasons patent to all; yet with a beautiful harbor capable of wonderful development and being the natural center of a very populous district, its possibilities for business expansion may hardly be measured. It is with another aspect of development, however, that we are chiefly concerned. If the development of its shipping and other great commercial progress means the narrowing of streets, greater congestion in our already overcrowded tenement districts, an increase of dirt, smoke, and noise, the obliteration of old and beloved landmarks and an overwhelming of the quiet, sane home life — her people's most prized heritage — then far better let her bigger neighbors claim the barter and traffic with its clanging turmoil, darkened alleys, and shriveled citizenship.

"Still it need not and will not mean this, for a worldwide impulse for sound, healthful living conditions for all human beings alike has happily not passed Salem by; and in all the future this humanizing impulse will be more and more evident and potent in results. New docks may follow the notable example of seaports such as Hamburg and Bremen, and a dozen others where business and the people's health and pleasure are cared for simultaneously — the one below, the other by way of an overhead boulevard, from whence the activities of trade or the blue water beyond may be enjoyed by old and young, safe from mechanical dangers.

"With other communities Salem is coming to realize that the health, convenience, and happiness of its citizens are its most valuable assets and that the greatest commercial prosperity is only attainable where due attention is given these fundamental principles.

To this impulse may be traced the existence of the Civic League of Salem, now nearly four years old, with its motto, 'To work for better conditions in the civic life of Salem.' In 'A Message to Salem Citizens,' just published, is outlined what its work has been and what its members plan for the future, and who can say that all the good things therein hoped for may not come to pass!

"Last year, in its third 'home and school garden contest,' no less than 16,250 penny packets of flower and vegetable seed were distributed to nearly 1,800 children, with the result that hundreds of dirty, littered up back yards were transformed into bowers of fragrance and beauty.

"The tardy, haphazard growth of the past which produced so many picturesque as well as undesirable features in Salem's physical aspect is giving way to more rapid development, in which the disastrous results of leaping before looking are borne in on its citizens with startling force; for within a year, three notable permanent public buildings costing upwards of a million dollars, and of which any city might well be proud, have been completed, while in the case of two, at least, if not all, little or no thought was given as to their proper location with reference to adequate setting, perspective, or grouping, with results lamentable and to a large extent irremediable. Other public buildings will come, but it may be confidently expected that the comprehensive city plan will precede them. That sturdy business insight and inherent integrity that made Salem citizens of past generations a power in the business world is by no means lost and will yet mold present conditions into an even finer product than the old. For the social keynote to-day is one's duty to his neighbor as well as to himself.

"Instead of hoping for better things, why not hope for the best? If not commercial supremacy as of old, why not civic supremacy? Salem's pride in its splendid public institutions may then be correspondingly increased. This is surely possible, yet not possible without a highly developed individual citizenship that persuades each one to do his and her whole personal duty and public service. And just this is Salem's greatest civic hope."

VANDERBILT AND LINCOLN

AN ANECDOTE OF THE CIVIL WAR

By F. P. STEARNS

JOHN TUCKER, of Philadelphia, was one of the best spokes in the government wheel, during the war for the Union. He was assistant secretary of war, with both Cameron and Stanton, and acted as secretary of war himself during several intervals. He was the man above all others whom the administration depended on in any sudden emergency. He succeeded in obtaining possession of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad when the rebel rioters held possession of Baltimore, without firing a shot; and he quelled a later riot of Pennsylvania miners by a single interview with their leaders. He was a quiet, grave, keen-eyed man, who claimed no credit for himself, and has received much less than he deserved.

I heard the following incident related by Mr. Tucker at the house of my father's old friend, Henry C. Cary, of Philadelphia. After the battle between the Merrimac and Monitor in Hampton Roads, in which the farmer had much the worst of it, the administration was in a good deal of anxiety as to the result of a second conflict. The Merrimac, though injured, had been able to escape. The Monitor had the heaviest guns; but the Merrimac had the advantage of a ram, and experts in the navy greatly feared the effect of a shock on the bow or stern of the Monitor. The Monitor was also the slower craft of the two, and if the Merrimac once escaped into the open sea, she could raise the blockade along the whole Atlantic coast, besides doing immense damage in New York harbor.

A few days after the sea fight at Hampton Roads, Seward and Welles came into the war office and had a long discussion with Stanton on this subject, but without coming to any definite conclusion. After they had departed, Tucker said to the secretary: "Mr. Stanton, I know a man who I think is worth consulting on this matter, and that is Commodore Vanderbilt. He is well versed in nautical affairs and always succeeds in his object. I think he will undertake to destroy the Merrimac by contract." "Send for him at once," said Stanton, in his impulsive manner. "Tell him that I will give him a million of dollars to smash the Merrimac." "I will telegraph for him," replied Tucker, "but I would suggest that you keep the million dollars in your pocket until you hear what he has to say." Mr. Tucker had been president of the Reading railroad and was a man of business.

Commodore Vanderbilt always had a telegraph wire at his elbow, and he replied immediately that he would order a special train and come as soon as it was ready. Early the next morning he appeared at the war department full of life and energy. Stanton explained to him the occasion of their sending for him, and after musing a while, the commodore said: "Anything can be done with money enough to do it. I think I can assist you. I should like to see that cursed iron-clad Merrimac sunk, but first I want to go over to the navy department and find out all I can about her."

So Vanderbilt and Tucker went to call on "Uncle Gid," as the secretary of the navy was termed in Washington, and came back in about an hour.

"Mr. Stanton," said the commodore, "I have found out all about the Merrimac and she is not great as a steamer. Now I will tell you my plan. It will not do to put a ram on the Monitor, and at any rate she cannot leave the place where she is; but you can put a ram on another steamer to act in concert with her, and for this purpose you want the most powerful

vessel that is to be had. Now, there is the "Cornelius Vanderbilt" which I built for a race across the Atlantic, and she is the fastest steamer afloat. Her tonnage is fifteen hundred above that of the Merrimac and her engines have twice the power. Now if you will put a steel ram on her bow and surround her engines with bales of cotton, and place an officer who fears neither man nor devil in command of her, I will guarantee her to sink that rebel craft."

Stanton and Tucker exchanged looks of approval, and the former said: "Any expense you may incur in this matter, even including the loss of your steamer, will be reimbursed; but if you succeed you may expect a handsome reward from the government in addition."

Commodore Vanderbilt drew himself up as straight as an arrow; "No!" said he, "Mr. Secretary, I am much obliged to you, but I don't want any remuneration. I am only too proud to serve the government in a crisis like this.

"Well, we shall see," said the secretary. "Meanwhile I wish you would dine with me this evening, and if there is any way in which Mr. Tucker or I can serve you while you are in Washington, please let me know.

"I will come to dinner, Mr. Secretary," replied the commodore, "unless you expect me to appear in a swallow tail, for I came in a hurry; but there is only one thing I want to do in Washington now, and that is to see old Abe, I mean President Lincoln, and if Mr. Tucker will take me over and introduce me to him, I shall be greatly obliged."

"I will also go with you," said Stanton, "for I wish to inform Mr. Lincoln of this arrangement as soon as possible."

So all three walked over to the White House, and Stanton presented Vanderbilt to the President, who said: "I heard you were in town. Mr. Welles has just been here and said you were at his office inquiring about the Merrimac."

"Yes," said Stanton, "we sent for Mr. Vanderbilt to consult with us on that subject, and he has a plan for sinking the Merrimac."

"Well, now," said the President, "how could any man do a better thing? I am interested in this subject myself, and I should like to know how you propose to act in the premises."

Vanderbilt accordingly made a statement similar to the one already related, adding, however, this to it: "I intend to give to her commander directions to station the Vanderbilt somewhat in the rear of the Monitor, and when the Merrimac attacks the Monitor to circle round and ram the Merrimac at full speed. My ship may go to the bottom, but I'll be d —— d if that rebel craft doesn't go down with her."

"That is a very bold scheme," said the President; "much like fighting a duel over a handkerchief; but I think the urgency of the case justifies it."

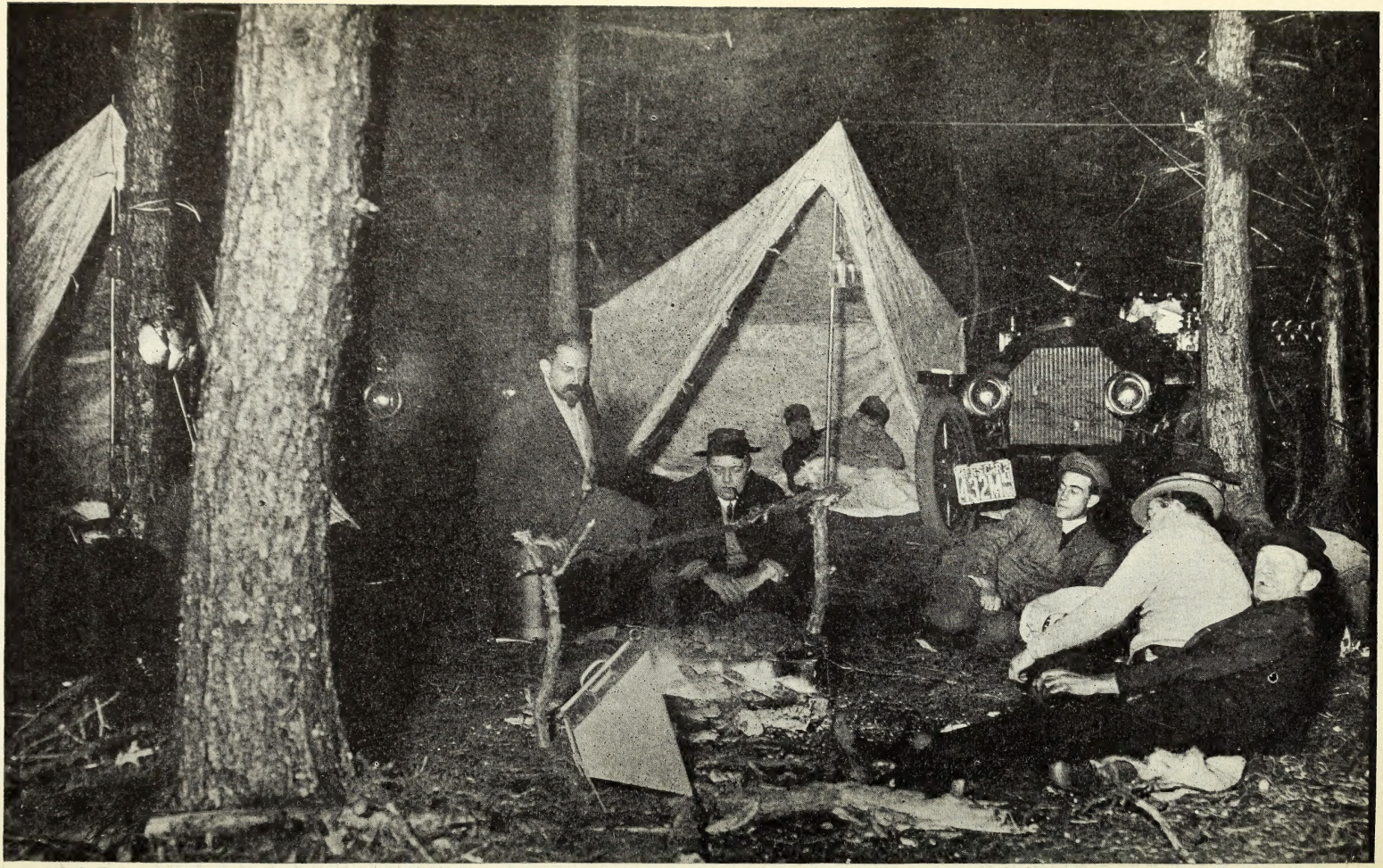
Here Tucker interposed to explain that Vanderbilt declined all compensation for this exceptional service.

"Does he, though?" said the President. "Tucker, I wish you would bring more such men to my house. I see enough of the other sort. Is that the way you do business in New York, commodore?"

"No, it is not the way we do in New York," replied Vanderbilt; "but it is the way I do business in Washington. I built the Cornelius Vanderbilt for a race across the ocean, and I think as much of her as I do of my own children. Now I am going to sacrifice her for the good of the country, and to think of taking any compensation for it kind of chokes me."

President Lincoln turned to the secretary of war and said: "How does that make you feel, Stanton? We have often heard of Mr. Vanderbilt's mercantile ability, and I have wondered what he was like in other respects. Now, I think we know him, and that there is good stuff in him."

Vanderbilt's plan, however, was never put to the test. A short time after this, General McClellan captured Yorktown, and as he predicted beforehand, the Confederates were obliged to evacuate Portsmouth, blowing up the Merrimac before they left. Commodore Vanderbilt, as is well known, made a present of his favorite steamer to the government.



A QUIET SMOKE AROUND THE CAMP FIRE

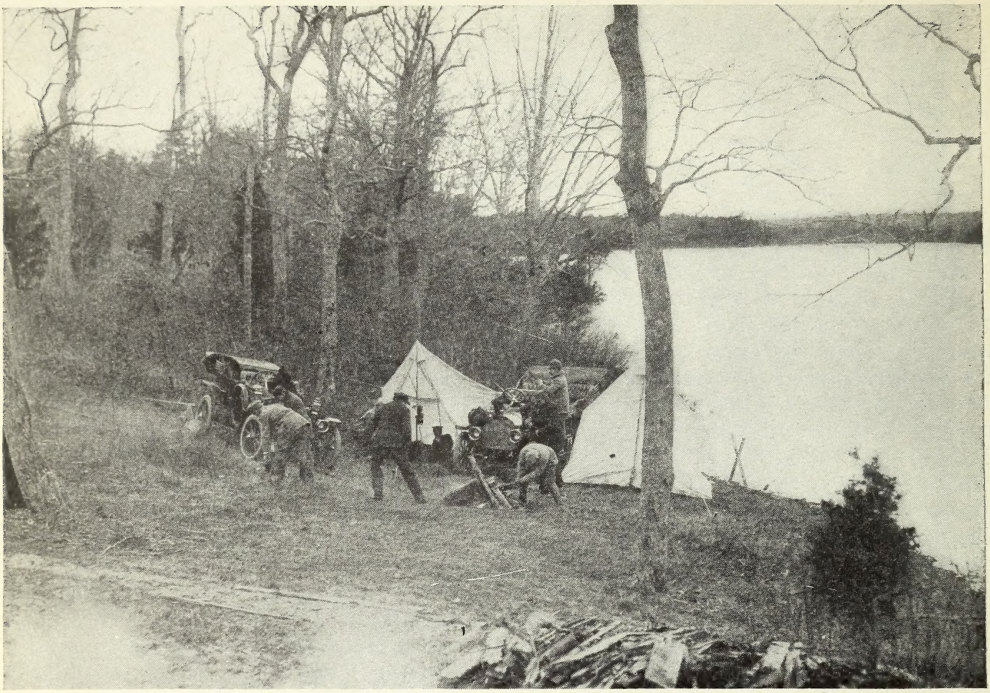
Hunting by Motor Car

By EZRA H. FITCH

TO the thoroughgoing sportsman any hunting is good hunting. The bred-in-the-bone enthusiast will tramp over the same acreage day in and day out, year after year, so long as there remains fur or feather to bring home as a trophy. The man who hunts for the sake of hunting, and not mere killing, gets to have an affection for a well shot over cover, though game may be scarce and its approach most difficult. He gets on friendly terms with every stone fence and briar patch, with every big tree and sandy gulch, and there grows upon him a love of mere tramping through the woods with a gun always ready, that discounts in advance the disappointment of returning homeward with an empty bag.

The Nimrod who dwells within easy striking distance of good hunting country is fortunate indeed, for his is the real sport of kings. But for every one of these there are fifty good, quick, hard shooting guns who have been drawn city-ward by the loadstone of business affairs, and who live in brick and stone far from the woods and fields where they rammed home their first gun wads and spilled their first percussion caps. These fellows are apt to consider their shooting days over, or nearly over; they are apt to place innumerable obstacles between them and a day's royal sport among the birds, merely because those obstacles did exist a few years ago. An obstacle once existant seems to loom ever larger until it is proven to have completely disappeared, and this is the case with the city men. They are finding out now, slowly it is true, to what extent the obstacles have disappeared, and in constantly increasing number are going back to the woods and fields, making again the music of rifle and shotgun, accumulating new hunting stories and bringing back new trophies to prove the efficacy of smokeless powder, soft-nosed bullet, and choke bore. The leveler of these obstacles has been the motor car. This year, more than ever before, it has proven its efficiency in enabling the car owner to go 'way off yonder — to revisit the places which he thought were closed to him forever — its wonderful mobility, its carrying power, its use as an easy, speedy, sure means of transportation from one place to another, has revolutionized the life of the city man. It has made things possible for him, and on and about Manhattan Island alone over one hundred thousand motorists are finding out its true inner possibilities. They are finding out that a motor car makes possible an infinite variety of other sports, among them hunting, and this is the story of seven men who tried it.

Five men sat at lunch in a smoky little downtown café. They were hunters drawn together by kindred tastes and a mutual knowledge of shooting countries from the everglades to the great northwest. They called themselves ex-hunters rather than hunters, for with the exception of a stolen week once every third year, not one of them was able to enjoy a day of squinting along the sights or following the dogs. The best they could do to indulge their love for the greatest of sports was to meet occasionally at lunch and tell all the old stories over again, to listen enviously when a more fortunate friend brought back tales of moose and caribou, of grouse, quail, or prairie chicken. Of late three of them have been motor car enthusiasts, and the gasolene flavor had crept into the brisk, fresh air of the big out of doors which usually marked these impromptu hours of harking back. The tie which bound them was the fact that all three owned the same make of car and the talk this day turned upon the efficiency of the motor car over country roads and in



THE CAMP AT BARNEGAT BAY

almost unbeaten paths. The stories on this subject were fewer, but ample enough to arouse enthusiasm in the owners themselves, and envy on the part of the two less fortunate members of the party.

"Well," said the major at length, "if your blessed old cars can take us to a good hunting country and cart us around from cover to cover so that we can get a crack at some birds, I might concede them to be good for something."

"Fine business," agreed Darling; "the mission of a gas buggy is, as I see it, to take you somewhere, and if it cannot take you somewhere worth going to, what's the use of it, anyway?"

"Well," snorted Page, "my car can take you somewhere worth going to. My car can climb trees. My car knows its name and comes when I call it. My car can point a covey like the best Irish setter you ever saw, and I can prove it. I tell you fellows that we can get our cars together, start to-night, be on the ground at one o'clock, get six hours of good sleep, and get at the birds by eight o'clock, have a good day of real, rip-roaring sport, shooting through two kinds of big timber cover, and then get some salt water duck shooting, all you want, in fact.

"This is Friday, we can get thirty shots apiece easily on Saturday, camp out in the midst of things Saturday night, have a glorious old woods dinner such as the major used to cook, and start home Sunday morning after a good, long night's rest. We can have a camp fire dinner along the road at Sunday noon, and be back at our own firesides by five or six in the afternoon."

"Balmy in the crumpet, poor chap," said Darling, commiseratingly. The rest smiled, but just the same everybody felt it was true, and oh, how they hoped it was true, and immediately a discussion of ways and means began. The complement of the motor car is the telephone, it aids in making all things possible. We sought the 'phone and invited guests. We called up a little hotel one hundred and fifty miles away, ordered a midnight luncheon and beds for nine, and arranged with mine host

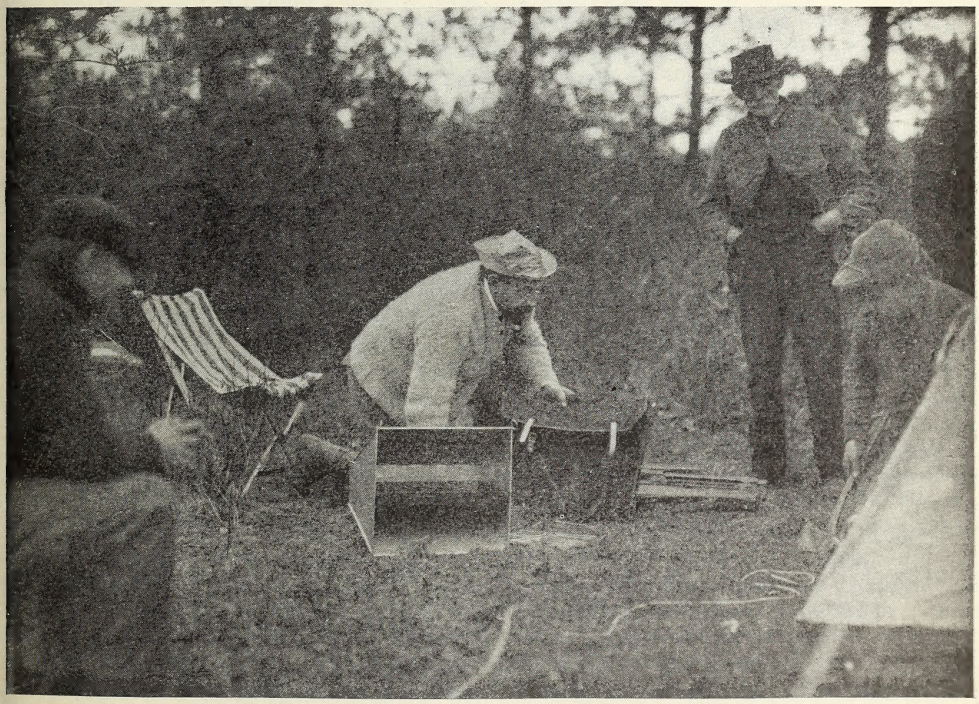
to have a guide and dogs ready against our sallying forth at sun-up.

We dined at our respective homes. We looked over our outfits. We loaded them on the cars. We picked up our guests at the meeting place — Columbus Circle — and at nine o'clock leaned back and left it to the chauffeurs who headed for the country of open air and good hunting.

Just to start was in itself the keenest sort of pleasure, just to roll down the deserted streets headed for the place where we knew the fun to lie, the birds to hide, was better than anything which the city days had brought forth in many a month. A short ferry trip and we were in Staten Island, over the island, over the ferry to Jersey and far away. We flew on our way, sure enough headed for Lakewood, and beyond, into the big pine country, into the soft sand, on the Great Adventure. For the next four hours it was just a glorious ride, the air snapping and crackling with frost and the long fingers of the searchlights weaving a golden path in front, down which we flew, faster and faster and faster, as the hour became later and it became evident that the beautiful wide, white Jersey roads were deserted except for us and our speed engines. The mobility of the motor car is indeed a wondrous thing. Our three Chalmers-Detroits rushed along like locomotives, and without the hampering lines of track or right of way. We were annihilating space, we devoured mile after mile of roads which even two years ago would have been as far beyond our reach as the road to Mandalay, but now we were on them and we were going, still going into a country made possible for us at least by the motor car.

The four hours into Lakewood were all too short. The two minutes spent in rolling through the town gave us a glimpse of the village and the pines, and an hour later we threw out clutch and clamped on brake before a quaint little inn, the Forked River House, in as quaint a little town of that name — the hour was one, as our watches told, and we knew that dinner was ready for us and we for it.

Standing on the doorway of the little

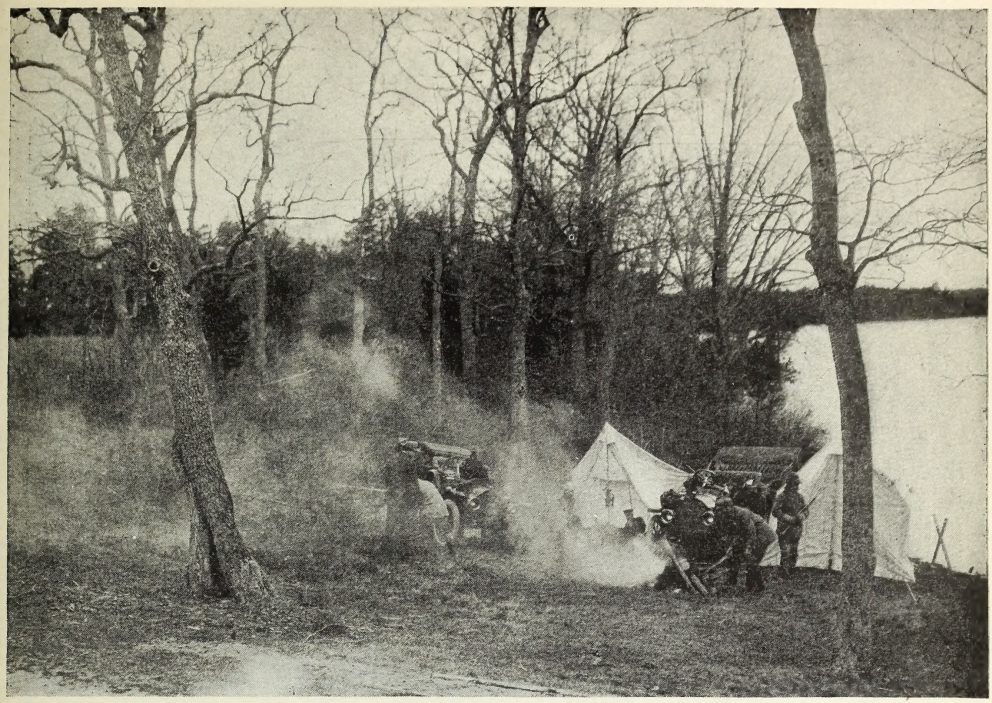


SETTING UP THE AUTOMOBILE OVEN

inn was the host, he and the telephone had done their work well. Everything was ready, a meal piping hot waited for the motor sportsmen. A double row of loungers peered out over his head at the city folks who were crazy enough to venture so far from Broadway on a cold winter's night. The guide and his dogs were there too. It was almost too good to be true. There we were in the heart of the shooting country, and after a ride, all too short for us, over floor-like roads, accomplished with no trouble, with no fuss, no flurry or preparation, so easily that it seemed almost too easily — it seemed like a foreboding of trouble yet to come. It was so easy that we had never thought of it before, no more had fifty thousand other car owners, neighbors of ours. Even though we were sleeping under the shelter of the old-time feather beds of the country inn, it was a vast improvement over city sleeping quarters. After our ride in the wind and through the frosty darkness of the night, we slept like the dead. Morning came all too soon, and breakfast was another endorsement of the value of our inspiration. Long before we were through with the old-time country menu, ranging from oatmeal, through grilled steaks, and *such* steak! fried eggs, brown-fried potatoes, to preserves, pie, and coffee. Captain Jenks, our guide, was poking inquiringly about the big brown canvas bags, large as a man's body, which the cars bore on either side, strapped fast to their running boards.

Into the cars we piled, the captain and his dogs into the leading machine, as befitted the position of guide. The real bird country three miles away across an expanse of heavy Jersey sand would have taken a good half hour to reach on the usual shanks mares, the equippage of the ordinary hunter, but the automobiles covered it in fifteen minutes. Another example of the motor car mobility, and its application to the hunter's needs. The modern car seems able to go anywhere, although we traversed very country roads, through patches of big timber, right across country at times, penetrating a forest of young pines, it was almost as easy for the big machines as touring along any dirt bottom thoroughfare, and twenty minutes after leaving the hotel we parked the cars a half mile from the road on the very edge of the heavy timber. Out we piled and went at the straps and buckles. Off came the big brown bags — more unbuckling and out came the tents. Darling fished in the tonneau of the big Chalmers forty, and extracted the collapsible steel tent poles — long telescopic tubes which shot out to a stretch of over ten feet, while taking but a tithe of this room in their collapsible form. Two of us flirted out the stretch of canvas, not just plain tents, but regular automobile tents, designed and made for automobile touring and camping, by Abercrombie & Fitch Co., of New York. They went up with one motion, the guy ropes at the back were lashed to the cars, the steel tent pegs were thrust into the earth at all points of the compass, and camp was pitched, time less than ten minutes from the stopping of the cars.

Then came the guns, each man stacking his impedimenta in his own tent corner, and breaking open his box of shells, and now for the first time the dogs understood what was intended. They had been completely bewildered by the ride, although pardoning our eccentricities with canine courtesy, but now seeing the guns, forgave us all, and were eager to lead the way into the forest. The captain was impatient, and each man was given a brief description of the cover to be penetrated, and we were off. Before we had traversed fifty yards through the cover, guns began to crack. We were in the bird country, sure enough. The glorious exhilaration of the next two hours defies my power of putting it into words. We had been promised thirty shots each and the promise was well kept. I am tempted to make a hunting story out of this, but the knowledge that this one chapter of our day's sport would require a space at least twice as long as that allotted to me prevents my even starting a description of the joy that cover afforded this crowd of cloyed, blasé, joy-proof city men. The country is as fine a cover for grouse, woodcock, quail, and partridge as ever sportsman was



CAMP WORK

offered. The dogs worked beautifully, they were indeed a credit to the old captain, our guide. Around in a semi-circle we swung, through three kinds of cover, with a trail of empty shells behind that told volumes of the fun we were having. We struck a tangent toward camp at noon, getting into the rabbits, and threshing through a ten-acre briar patch worked back to the tents by one o'clock, feeling that even if our sport stopped there, we were already repaid for the last five years of work and grubbing in the money marts, that made this day's relaxation possible.

And now came another gasolene flavor of our enterprise. Behold the major unpacking the automobile kitchen. That sounds nice and modern, does it not? It is more than a modernity — it is a miracle. Folded up, the automobile kitchen looks like a little nail keg, and weighs fifteen pounds. It fits into a brown canvas bag and lashes easily onto the running board. The major extracted a whole family of pots, pans, kettles, broilers, knives, forks, plates, spoons, cups, saucers, and kindred utensils. Then came Page with the automobile dinner table and the folding chairs, and lo, we were ready for the feast. Then came my humble share with the automobile pantry — the storehouse of the eatables. Darling had been busy for some minutes with a select few of the fat birds, but just in case we hadn't been able to get birds we had brought along our automobile pantry stocked with regulation automobile campers' outfit — enough to last four persons for two weeks, and easily multiplied by three, the number of our cars,— had not economy forbidden. The old captain had a roaring fire — the chauffeurs had accumulated a stock of wood like a log cabin. It took a bare half hour to prepare that dinner and a full hour to eat it, hungry as we were. We gorged and gorged and gorged, the menu made gorging almost a necessity. There was soup made with rice and lentils and flavored with onions. There were hoe cakes made of cornmeal in our own oven, boiled potatoes, steak, grilled quail,

AUTOMOBILE TENT INTERIOR, WITH FOLDING CHAIRS AND TABLE

crisp slices of pork and bacon all grilled over live coals on our automobile broilers, flapjacks, beans, coffee, with condensed milk and sugar, and for desert, luscious evaporated apricots, served with a sauce of whipped cream, or rather beaten up evaporated milk, which amounts to the same thing.

We really should have started off at once, but no one had the heart to move after that feast. For a half hour we sat and smoked and threshed the whole thing out again, telling of our shots, telling of our misses, of the points the dogs made, of the flights the birds made, of the way our guns performed, glorifying the powder we used, anathematizing our loss of skill at squinting along the sights. Oh, it was a fine time, that half hour, a glorious sequel to the tramp that had tired our city accustomed legs just a wee might in the forenoon.

We got up with reluctance, although the best was yet to come, and then twenty-two hands got together at breaking camp. Guy ropes were loosened, the tents collapsed, the tent poles vanished within themselves. Tents were rolled up, slipped into their brown canvas bags, dishes were washed in a jiffy in a large dish washer of scalding hot water. Everything seemed to collapse within something just a trifle larger than itself. In less than ten minutes the scattered camp impedimenta that looked too large to go into a dozen cars, had condensed itself, case within case, into five big brown bags, which were speedily strapped on the fenders and running-boards of our cars. Then it was crank up, pile in, let her go, with Page in the lead with the captain beside him, and off for the next happy hunting ground.

One sort of shooting would be enough for most sportsmen, but not the motor sportsman. He has been made difficult to please by the mobility of the motor car; he can crowd experiences of a lifetime into a month with this wheeled accessory. Two days was the limit of our vacation, and we were crowding a month's good fun into that tabloid space. Canvas back, mallard, teal, snipe, and, perhaps, goose,— we wanted them all.

On foot we could not have hoped to reach their country that same day, but in the cars it was simplicity itself. Away off yonder, over bumpy, jolty country roads lay Barnegat Bay. A good twenty miles and a good five hours' tramp, but the cars made it in less than an hour, and again it was out and off gun covers. Then we were ready for the ducks, and in lots of time, for the short winter afternoon had not yet begun to fade to twilight, and there was a respite and time for another smoke before the ducks would begin to come in.

But when they did begin to come, it was bang — bang bang — and bang again, and then from the other side the roar of Darling's big brute of a pump gun, and near at hand the crisp pop, pop, pop of the major's little automatic, and then they came in a stream, oh, it was too good to be true, it was just impossible, more — it was incredible. The thought that we had let all these years go by, and when it was so easy and when it boiled the essence of the sportsman's blood in your very marrow, to see them pouring out of the gray sky toward you as if there were an inexhaustible supply of ducks up there in the sky — you, and the other fellows who had stolen away from the city in the hope of getting two or three shots. What's the use of living if you can't have fun like this?— that's the way you feel when you get a taste of it. What fools we had been not to take the taste long ago, and what incredible asses we shall be if we fail to keep at it now and do it often! No use making a long expensive trip to some famous duck ground, there are lots of good places near enough at home, easily reachable if you have a car.

And then the dusk came on, but still the flight continued, it was too dark to shoot, almost too dark to catch the front sight against a ball of bronze and green feathers flying overhead. Well, we had enough, anyhow, we had been overgreedy as it was. It was time for camp, time to gather up the slain, time to let yourself realize that you were grinning from ear to ear, that you felt as though you had grown five feet and broadened six feet across the chest. Oh, what demigods we were, to think that we alone out of the whole big city, way back there behind us, should have been the only fellows with sense enough or inventiveness enough to come down here and get the ducks this way! This is indeed self-congratulatory, but, oh! gentle reader: it is not a tithe of the chestiness we felt then!

The captain guided us to a camping place about four miles away, where between two pine-covered hills there nestled a sheltered, warm, wood-covered spot, that was big timber country too — no underbrush, but fine towering pines and stately hemlocks. Our headlights stretched long fingers adown the gathering dusk. We went slowly, feeling our way carefully, running down a long wood road, easy enough, and then cutting gently across country, although without mishap, until we came to a carpet of soft pine needles and a big cathedral-like opening in the majestic timbers, which stood in ranks and battalions all about.

That was a camp indeed. Our little park thirty yards across wore a majestic solemnity which was not lessened by the gathering nightfall. We were in no mood for reverence, and out we piled, lugging out the axes and starting at the branches for firewood, for the air was getting keen. In a few moments up blazed a camp fire that sent a grateful warmth to the very edges of our little clearing and illuminated the semicircle made by the tents and parked cars with a grateful rush of light that showed nine of the hungriest men creatures that ever sabed a hind sight or pulled a trigger. Off came the bags again, the shelters went up and then out came the epitome of all our motor car experience — automobile sleeping bags.

These automobile tents are not mere coverings straddling a space of hard and frosty ground. They have floors, thick canvas spreads that keep out the cold — they have doorsills six or eight inches high, that, when the flaps are closed, aid in defying the elements and keeping out the draughts. On the floors of these tents then, we spread the sleeping bags, and oh, how good they look. Still appetite forbade that we avail ourselves

of their downy softness at once, supper was the thing just then. Over the glowing embers of a portion of our camp fire we straddled a portion of our folding automobile grate and our folding gridiron. We rigged up our folding broilers and put our automobile oven in place, then I produced my bag of *oysters* — oysters? — Barnegat Bay oysters — great big double-jointed fellows, the sort for roasting, not the baking, frying, or stewing commonplaces that you city people know, but real roast oysters, roasted in the woods way, over live embers. They were roast oysters, crisp fellows, mellowed with their own juice, tasting like heavenly butter balls, flavored with the expectations of seeing them cooked before your own eyes. Try and imagine how they taste, and then try and think of the second course, roast duck — roast wild duck — that's the automobile oven for you. We could have grilled the duck or broiled it or even fricasseed it if we liked, for we had the milk in automobile milk tubes, and the flour and other ingredients. We could have fried it, but be hanged if we would, we wanted roast duck, roast, fat wild duck, and we had it. There is a pile of duck bones there that tells the story of city appetites sharpened by a taste of real nature and real good hunting.

The camp is the thing — and the automobile camp the real thing. Those sleeping bags, and the luxury they afforded, exceed my power of description, or rather my lack of it. They are windproof and waterproof, those bags, made of soft warm Hudson Bay blanketing. They are a whole series of bags, one within the other, and still more within each, they are pure wool and they defy the entrance of cold or wind. With them, to use at your option, is a cute little rubber mattress, small enough to almost fit in your coat pocket. This you can inflate and blow it up like a tire. It is an automobile mattress, and a few strokes of a tire pump do the trick. At the bottom of the sleeping bag is a flap which you can button around the mattress. It is an air mattress indeed, and for rocking has the bosom of the deep "beaten to a frazzle," to paraphrase an expression of our chief executive. You can put that air mattress on a pile of sharp-pointed stones, crawl into your sleeping bag, and then laugh at a feather bed with all its claims to supremacy.

Sunday morning and getting up time. "Who would get out of the sleeping bag? Not me, not Page, not Darling, not the major, nobody — and then that guileful, crafty old campaigner, the captain, had the temerity, the duplicity to put the coffee pot on the fire. Have you ever smelt coffee made almost under your nose, after you have slept in the cold, crisp outdoors? If you have, you got up and got up *then!* The first whiff of that coffee emptied every sleeping bag. All we had for breakfast was oatmeal with cream, real cream, thank you, produced also from the automobile tubes, fish cakes, fried potatoes, scrambled eggs, sliced bacon, flapjacks, and coffee.

It was not my turn to wash the dishes, not by a thundering sight. I wanted to smoke, and I intended to smoke, so did Page, so did the major, so did Darling — the captain had to wash the dishes. Oh, it was hard to leave that camp, it was hard to think of leaving and turning our faces cityward. The only crumb of consolation was that we could come again, that there were other places, other days, other week ends, and then the great big glowing, burning, glorious thought of how we would tell the story when we got home and put it all over those smug, worldly wise, pleasure-sated, sceptical fellows whom we had invited to come along, and who did not have the woods sense, the imagination, and the knowledge of the motor car mobility and the completeness of easily getable motor car accessories which make a camp a paradise.

For the convenience of motorists whom this story might fire with the spirit of emulation, I include a list of the articles carried with their weights.

1 Tanalite automobile tent, with attached ground cloth, 17 pounds.
1 Noepel telescope steel tent pole, 4 pounds.
12 Steel tent pins, 4 pounds.
5 A. &. F. No. 1 air beds, 45 pounds.

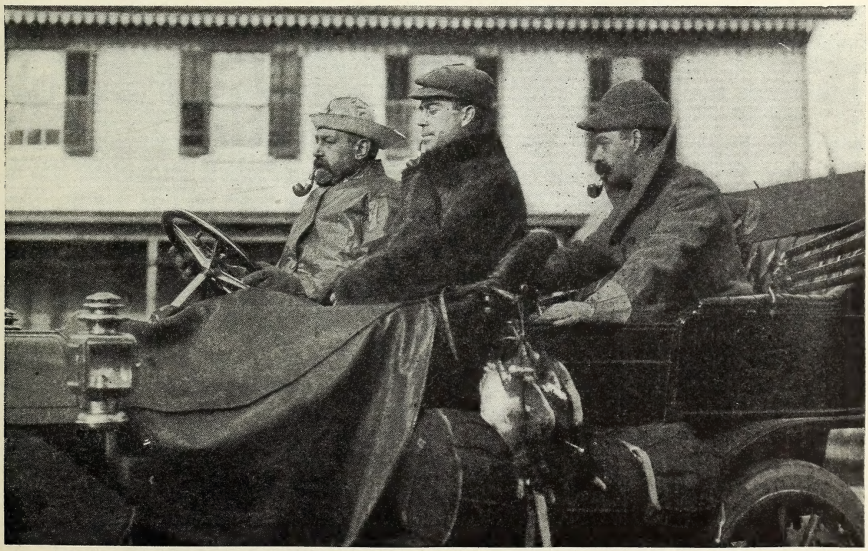
5 Fitch combination sleeping bags, 60 pounds.
5 Air pillows, 6 pounds.
1 Aluminol cooking outfit, 13 pounds.
1 Aluminum folding baker, 5 pounds.
2 Porto collapsible buckets, 2 pounds.
2 Porto collapsible wash basins, 1½ pounds.
1 Porto Hudson Bay axe, 3 pounds.
5 Folding chairs, 20 pounds.
1 Folding table, 15 pounds.
1 Military night marching compass, ½ pound.
1 Shot gun and shells, 100 pounds.
1 Rifle and cartridges, 15 pounds.
2 Touradif fly rods, 1 pound.
2 Ayanefco lines, fishing tackle, etc., 1 pound.
1 Radcliffe folding grate, 3½ pounds.
1 Darling medicine kit.

The foregoing articles are packed in Porto duffle bags, with handles on bottom and side, and strapped to the car.

In addition to this, foods, as per the list below, for five people, for two weeks, packed in waterproof five-pound and ten-pound bags in the regular brown waterproof nine-inch bags:

Flour, 24 pounds.
Corn meal, 10 pounds.
Beans, 6 pounds.
Erbswurst, ½ pound.
Boullion capsules, 1 pound.
Lentils, 2 pounds.
Sugar, 9 pounds.
Royal baking powder, 1 pound.
Butter, 6 pounds.
Pork, 10 pounds.
Shredded codfish, 1 pound.
Peerless evaporated milk, 5 pounds.
Pepper, spice, mustard, shaker full.
Oatmeal, 2 pounds.
Rice, 6 pounds.
Julienne, 1 pound.
Soup tablets, ½ pound.
Evaporated apples, 2 pounds.
Evaporated apricots, 2 pounds.
Salt, 1 pound.
Chocolate, Borden's, 1 pound.
Tea, 1 pound.
Bacon, 6 pounds.
Dried potatoes, 4 pounds.
Shelled nuts, 1 pound.
Dried eggs, 1¼ pounds.
Dried onions, ¼ pound.
Liebig's Extract.
Borden's condensed coffee and chocolate in tube.
Borden's Malted Milk tablets, 1½ pounds.
Total, 111 pounds.

There are many other light and compact automobile camp luxuries which may be conveniently carried, information concerning which will gladly be furnished upon application to the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.



DETAIL OF LOADED CAR SHOWING HOW TENTS AND SLEEPING BAGS ARE CARRIED

A Tandem Courtship

By MARY TALBOT CAMPBELL

Author of "The Apple of Discord," "Happy Returns," etc.

AT sound of his daughter's coming, Josiah Markham hastilypocketed a new ring which he had been admiring, and fell to polishing his spectacles. Lifting a placid look of vague nearsightedness to Anne's face, he distinguished only a pleasing blend of colors.

"I'm sorry to be late, father, but ——"

Her voice hung undecided upon the last word, leaving explanation to the fancy of the listener.

"It don't matter, child, if you ain't overheated yourself hurrying."

Through the lustrous lenses Josiah saw a brightly flushed face, past its earliest youth, but bearing the arrested bloom of a girl reluctant to pass on to sober womanhood. At her father's words, Anne pressed her hot cheeks, and he noted the young shine of her eyes.

"Anne, you look mighty like your mother when we were courting!"

Again the glasses were absently rubbed, while back from the mists of the years reminiscence brought clearly to view another face, though the woman at his side was dim.

"Mother was the prettiest girl I ever saw."

A pleasant lingering of tone loitered through the words, but Josiah was jerked back into the present by the tightening of Anne's arms about him. The girl knelt beside his chair, misreading his dreamy revery, a rush of excited speech appealing to him through her mother's accents:

"I know how you must ache for her, father, but we'll never forget her, you and I, *never!* You couldn't give your name and heart to another, or I turn to a new home, leaving you to fight it out alone, could we, father?"

Josiah tried to readjust his glasses before speaking, but Anne captured his hands, stroking them with quick little motions, while looking up through her tears, she saw a little better than her father, whose face reddened like a winter apple, sun-kissed. The young-old man cleared his throat and forcefully freeing one hand, placed his glasses out of harm's way on the table at his elbow. But before he could speak, the daughter crowded closer, snuggling her face between her father's arm and the smooth coolness of the leather chair, her words coming with muffled earnestness:

"I've done the best I could for you, daddy, haven't I? And I shall to the end, but oh! it would break my heart if you ever married again, and you know I shall never —— "

"Anne ——! "

"No, daddy, please wait! Say after me, just for fun, the childish pledge I made you take when old Mrs. Smith gossiped about you and widow Melville. You know it goes like this, 'Anne, I will never marry again, cross my heart!' —And I'll say, 'Father, I'll never marry at all while ——' "

Her chin was tilted up and lips closed by his hand.

"Stop! That's all wrong. You are no longer a foolish little girl to be pacified by some rigmarole, but a young woman, with her life unlived and all before. I refuse to be towed around any longer like a useless wreck, by my energetic tug of a daughter, for I want her to make a cruise of her own in matrimonial waters. I reckon you'll think it the conceit of second childhood, Anne, but I'm not quite out of commission yet, and flatter myself that I'm still young enough to steer a straight course unaided. My girl, man never had a better daughter, but you've done enough and I want you to open your heart to the coming of some

strong, manly fellow, who will love and care for you when I am gone. Mother would want us to be happy, wouldn't she, child? "

Anne's answer trembled mutely through her. Josiah caressed the bowed head in silence, pondering this passion of sacrificial devotion in one so young, when his old heart was turning to the sunshine of a new love after the withering loneliness of years, made solemn by religious zeal for remembrance, of which Anne was the vestal virgin.

" Let's just be happy in a natural way, Anne, recalling mother with smiles as well as with tears. Didn't you *ever* have a sweetheart, child? " A frank suspicion lighted his thoughtful expression. " But perhaps that's where the shoe pinches, you little old woman before your time! People often rush to sign the pledge when they feel the big thirst on! "

Hopeful humor glinted up at her, as Anne sprang to her feet, a prey to a war of colors, her heart beating in her throat in choking protest against his playful attack. A voice, victor and vanquished by turns, replied, " Have I deserved this? Have I ever encouraged any callers except the girls? Didn't I have to bear the name of ' old maid ' even in my teens? Oh! it hurts to have you doubt my loyalty to you and to mother and to our compact! Of course your life lies buried with her and you can't deceive me with your scheming for what you fancy *my* happiness. Why, you dear old dad, I wouldn't be released from our compact any more than *you* would! My happiness is found in duty well done, and you may be sure that you can count on me as long —— " her voice broke, a gentle hand seeking rest on his gray head, with its fresh-colored, perplexed face — " as long as you need me! "

Turning away with quickened breathing, Anne did not see her father's mouth agape, disclosing unsuspected years and a cavernous disappointment. Rising, Josiah fussily rearranged everything on the table, pocketing his glasses and striving to put the case astride his nose, before he replied, " Mother never made you promise not to marry, but just said to ' look after father.' Now it would make me a sight happier'n any lookin' after to see you some like other girls! Why can't you have your singin', courtin', and nestin' time like your kind, stid of eternally chantin' dirges and roostin' in the past! "

Josiah advanced on her excitedly, feeling a doughty exhilaration as he tasted his worded thought at last, his gentle nature thoroughly intoxicated with revolt.

" Don't you reckon *I'd* like to have some grandchildren, like other men of my age? "

He glared at Anne with all the ferociousness of a cornered sheep, into whose belligerent eyes a softening mirth was creeping.

" O father! "

The astonished man found himself strangled for a heart beat as he peered at a radiant blur which faded behind a banged door, just as his groping fingers closed on the elusive glasses.

. . . . . .

" It's an absurdity, of course, at our time of life, Marthy, but we've got to elope! "

Miss Martha Leland chuckled comfortably, the firm plumpness of her flesh creasing.

" Won't daughter give us her blessing? "

Fun blurred her utterance, rejuvenating the wholesome, middle-aged face. Josiah worked up a shame-faced grin.

" Do you reckon I'd reverse the order of nature and ask permission of my own child, even if it is the modern way to put a man on the shelf at forty and call in the youngsters to run things? "

The prospective bride sobered with suspicious alacrity:

" Then why not tell her the day is set, and ask Anne to be bridesmaid? *I'm* to be married on the twenty-ninth! If fifteen years couldn't soften her to the thought of your being happy with some one else, there's no use in our sneaking around this way any longer, like we was ashamed of each other! "

Josiah, a composite of pleasure and pained perplexity, studied the enforced seriousness of Martha's face, finding it

very live and changeful. "Good! After the twenty-ninth we won't wander about like ancient babes in the woods, but just go openly *home*. But, Marthy, it ain't so all-fired easy as it sounds, to shout that message up to the heights of self-abnegation and martyrdom, where Anne stands like a signpost, one hand pointed loyally to the past and the other directin' my totterin' steps along the single file way I should take to the grave."

The woman's lips smiled, but tenderness lurked in the corners, as boldly settling herself nearer to Josiah on the park bench, she ejaculated, "You dear old henpecked boy! *I'll* tell her, if you like. A woman always likes to tell of her engagement, you know."

Josiah straightened, shaking his head with vigor, as mentally he pictured the scene between the two women. Sliding an arm along the back of the bench he gave her as near an approach to a caress as the publicity of the spot would permit. Dreading telltale tongues, these two usually met in some park, or as by chance, in library or church, seeking by a variety of innocent artfulness to evade Anne's vigilance. The man spoke with dignity: "You needn't think, Marthy, that even Anne could separate me from you! But I hate a row more than any one on earth, I reckon. Now, my idea is that when a thing is done, words can't change it, and soon die out. Ain't the easiest way to do a thing, just to do it and then tell?"

His arm pressed against her along the bench.

"'And least said soonest mended!'" quoted Martha, in non-committal tone, leaning hard against his elongated embrace while watching with absent interest the strolling approach of two figures across the grass. Josiah, absorbed in the arguments he was bringing to bear, saw only Martha, as with the close scrutiny of imperfect vision he leaned toward her eagerly:

"You wouldn't want the fuss and feathers of a flare-out wedding, anyhow, would you, Marthy, at our time of life?"

A faint flame found its way up to her brow from the burning rebellion of Martha's long-suffering heart, which had meekly allowed every feminine desire for the sweet, yet half-revealed mystery of courtship to be quenched by the cold water of Anne's threatened displeasure or superior censure.

"Maybe not, Josiah Markham! But you'll please to remember that you've had your cake, icing and all, and are even taking a second helping before I've had any. Besides, we ain't at the same time of life, and this being my *first* wedding I'm free to say *I'd* think white the prettiest even if I was old as you! I wonder how it would seem to be considered first for once!"

The man, stirred by the shaky nature of her laugh, sensed some unfathomable emotion, and knew himself out beyond his depth. But Martha, softened by the humbled sweetness of Josiah's look, beamed back at him, though rising to escape an audacious hand which crept forward from bench to rounded arm.

"I think, Marthy girl, that when the time comes you'll find you're first!"

Sensitively doubtful on this point, Martha was keenly alive to the dangerous proximity of the couple before noticed, though a mass of greenery screened them from view. Her reply was studiedly light. "That'll all settle itself, Joe; but won't it be cooler over there in the summer house?"

They gained the shelter of vine-draped shadow, safely hidden from prying eyes. The old lover, suddenly unmanageable, and detecting a surplus value, hitherto unsuspected in this woman treasure of his, claimed his own, releasing Martha at last with a heartfelt sigh of satisfaction. Her face bloomed with a transient girlishness, only to fade again at Josiah's next words, as he consulted his watch.

"Plague take it! I'll have to be goin' right soon, for I've got to go to the cemetery and back before supper."

She sidled away, coolly stripping a green spray bare of leaf and tendril. "*Got* to?"

"Well, Anne expects it. I always take flowers to mother's grave on the tenth."

"Then it's time we're starting, if we want to catch the four o'clock car."

Marth rose, brushing her lap free of its green litter.

A comical dismay faced her, open mouthed. "*You* ain't a-goin'?"

"I certainly am."

Her tone was final, a wave of determination to end or change the course of this funeral courting, and to terminate daughterly domination, tumultuous within her.

"Marthy, I should think the eternal fitness of things would teach you it ain't the place for you!"

She bridled with becoming spirit: "I don't see how it's any more fitting for you than for me, unless you belong more to the dead than to the living. But I'm willing to share grief as well as joy with you, Josiah, for I don't know but I mourn her much as you do! You see her death put me in a fix where I get just a third of a man, the other two thirds going to a grave and a daughter. Now, I think a whole man ain't none too much to serve up to a good woman, 'specially if he's warmed over. Ain't it 'bout time to quit personal care of a mound, when you leave off hugging another woman with a 'Plague take it!' that the decorating has *got* to be done?"

Josiah Markham felt himself swept from all his moorings by a gale of silent mirth, though he controlled his lips, only to have the fun sparks fanned into dancing flame in his gentle old eyes. Before he could turn away, Martha saw and her heart sang, for she had been bravely afraid.

"Of course, if you prefer graveyard visits alone to life with me, here's your ring; for from now on, where you go, I go, if we are to travel together in the future."

The intake of a sharp breath sobbed laughingly, the restored ring cutting into the flesh as Josiah vigorously shoved it over Martha's dimpled knuckle, and locked his arms about her. Victory inspired his dear foe to a new daring.

"And I'm going to have a white wedding dress, for it's all made!"

This passion of self-assertion trembled away into silence, Martha's head stubbornly turned aside from her lover's amused inspection. An access of pleased bravery wreathed Josiah's smile.

"You're right, my girl! dead right, and I swan! you can just do as you eternally please, and *I'll* do as you say. We old duffers like to put every one else in our own class; but you're a skittish filly compared with your runnin' mate, Marthy; for, by gum, this ain't goin' to be any tandem affair from now on, but just you and me to the finish. Ez for that dress, I was only scairt you'd look too young for me."

Lifting a misty smile, Martha suddenly blazed into a glory of sunshine: "Sh-h-h! Look!"

With touch and tone she cautioned him to utter quiet, while parting the leaves for his near-sighted vision. Dizzy from the emotional whirl of things, Josiah found himself sucked into the vortex of jubilant excitement, as an undreamed of Anne burst upon his view.

His daughter stood, girlish and glowing, her heart in eyes fixed in grieved devotion on a stalwart young fellow, who with voice and gesture made virile protest against some dictum of hers. Indicating the deserted bench with a dominant gesture, he swept aside her hesitation by forcefully drawing Anne down beside him, where the older pair had been.

"I won't stand for it! No one but a cad or a molly coddle would! You love me and you've *got* to marry me!"

"Rob, I can't! Don't make it harder for me!"

"Tommyrot! You've been on a debauch of self-obliteration till you can't see things straight. I shouldn't be surprised if he'd be glad to get rid of you. Have you told the old man of my valuable existence yet? And do you think this sneaking way of courting is filial in character or would meet with paternal approbation?"

The summer house was strangely agitated.

"No, Rob, I didn't dare to tell him anything. But I've promised father, and though he says he wants me to be like other girls and marry, I know he said it with a breaking heart!"

Martha clapped a silencing hand over Josiah's cave-like guffaw.

"And you put that selfish old fraud ahead of me, when he stands between you and the inborn right to be happy in the

natural way which *he* claimed without question, at your age! How about my life smashed to smithereens? Where do *I* come in?"

An older lover, choking, danced with his legs alone, the upper part of his body glued immovably to its peephole, while Martha's plump person undulated in a silent rapture. Anne, retreating behind concealing hands, grieved forlornly.

"*Do* you love him best, little Anne?" coaxed a seductive voice barely audible to the listeners.

The father gloried in youth's victory over age, exploding in gleeful chuckles, as Anne's slim body drooped toward Robert, the bowed head giving a decided though mournful negation.

"Then why in the name of — of — Cupid, do you put his happiness ahead of mine,— of *ours?*"

The girl's strangled answer was unheard in the summer house, but the man's retort was explosively clear:

"The devil! You make me wish he'd drop down dead this minute!"

An apoplexy of restrained merriment threatened a realization of the wish, though Martha softly patted Josiah's back to an accompaniment of whispered warnings.

"Do you think I'm going to wait till he sees fit to shuffle off before I claim the woman I love?"

Strange noises proceeded from the summer house, but the exasperated young lover heard nothing save his sweetheart's gulping sob.

"Cut it out, Anne! There comes a policeman."

At Robert's bracing words the girl lifted a distracted face in a vain effort at self-control, only to look off sightlessly. Secretly yearning to apply the sole comfort man knows for woman's tears, Rob spoke brusquely, hoping to steady her.

"See here! Stop making an exhibition of yourself. Come on over to the summer house and we'll settle this once for all."

There was panic in the leafy bower as Martha massed her forces, with heart beating the attack and eyes fired by the light of battle.

Brave with the courage of cornered fear, Josiah Markham prepared to meet this unfamiliar daughter, while shrinking from the faithful fanaticism of the child he had known.

As the walk's crunching gravel heralded the inevitable clash of arms with the advancing host, the newly emancipated father slackened his hold of Martha's waist, only to find his embrace clamped in its proper place by a tremulously bold hand, while a gray-tinged head shamelessly burrowed on his breast, the woman shaken by some inner force into this masculine initiative.

At the sun-flecked entrance two lengthening shadows sweetly blent into one with a sound of soft impact, only to fall apart in scorching embarrassment at sight of their older prototypes. With drawling humor, Josiah spoke: "What a pleasant start you gave me, Anne!"

"*Father!*"

Then it was Josiah proved himself of the quick rather than of the dead, as he felt the woman at his side shrink away timidly. Girding Martha close with one arm, he lifted the flushed face, touched by a shy sweetness, and kissed her on lips parted in breathless surprise at being first at last! Josiah turned to the stunned girl, the rebel flag of a new cause flaunting itself in his ruddy cheeks.

"Bein' an up to date father, I reckon I can't do better than follow my daughter's example. Anne, this is Miss Marthy Leland, my dear wife to be; and I may be a bit old fashioned yet, but ain't it 'bout time I was meetin' my future son in law, for I take it, from your way of enterin', that's what he is?"

Gallantly leading Martha forward, Josiah twinkled into the convulsed face of the younger man.

His radiant Martha extended her free hand to Anne, without a word of verbal speech, a mute appeal and promise in the gentle charm of her manner. The girl wavered, turning in bewilderment from teasing lover to roguish father, while the fire of fun burned the shadows away from her own life. The situation proving too great for her grasp, Anne fell back upon the commonplace:

"Rob, this is father."

THE GRAY DRESS

By NINA ELDRIDGE

The author of this story, which is based on facts that transpired in Edgartown, the county seat of Martha's Vineyard, is a native of that interesting locality where the scenes of "The Gray Dress" are laid.

Our April number will contain an article on Martha's Vineyard as a health resort, by Captain George W. Eldridge, the celebrated chart maker. Captain Eldridge has resided at Martha's Vineyard for thirty-three years. He has surveyed and charted the island, written its history, and published a work on the tides and tidal currents that are around and about it. He has kept a careful record of the meteorological aspects of the island for years. He made a daily test of the ocean waves that lave its beautiful beaches, and he declares that it is the bathers' Paradise. He is, therefore, able to speak with authority and give important facts in regard to the beauties and advantages of this wonderful island. The Captain wields a graceful and facile pen, and the readers of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE *may expect a treat from him in the April number.* — EDITOR

THE child paused in the hallway of the old house. It was not only the dry smell of unaired furniture, or the spider's webs hanging from the low ceiling and across the small window-panes that checked her eager footsteps,— rather a feeling of unoccupiedness, a sense of forbidding absence. But the afternoon sunlight slanted warmly across the dusty floors, and the haunting silence was full of possibilities to the soul of the child, so she kept on softly.

The door on her left opened into a large room that had once been a very nice place to live in. Such a queer door, too, with its knotted boards and big wooden latch. On the floor on each side of the fireplace lay a huge, pink-lined conchshell. Somebody must have forgotten to take care of the fire, though, for it had gone out when the logs were only half burned. It was a pity, for it would have been a lovely fire. On the mantelpiece above was a pewter candlestick, whose candle had burned to its very socket, and the sand in the hour-glass on the other end of the mantelpiece had all run out.

The child had never seen an hour-glass before, but she climbed up on a chair which was very rickety indeed, and reversed the glass to see what would happen. She clapped her hands in glee when the sand began to trickle through. With a new zest she resumed her tour of the rooms, hoping to find something else that would go if she started it.

But she found nothing else that she dared touch. She felt vaguely that whoever lived there must have gone out half an hour ago, and if she disturbed anything they mightn't like it when they got back.

The room directly across the hallway was a bedroom, and the bed was carefully made. But it didn't look a bit like the beds at home — it was fat and soft, and had a big post at each corner.

The best bedroom must have been, however, the one at the head of the "green spatter" staircase. Here was another bed like that downstairs, only there was a fringed counterpane on this one, and a rag mat on the floor beside it. Between the windows was a dresser with a cracked mirror above it, and over the door which led out of the chamber a picture of a full-rigged ship, which filled the child with wondering awe. The wooden latch of the door opened to her desperate tugging, and she saw, with the delight quite common to her age, that the rest of the second story was an attic. Here dust, spiders' webs, and hot mustiness abounded undisturbed. A few gowns of ancient make hung on

THE PRIDE OF THE SEAS

pegs at one side: a green and brown plaid, with short waist and fringes; a gray silk whose pretensions to stateliness were a much yellowed lace collar and a slight train. Beside it a Paisley hung in tatters from its peg.

For a minute the desire to dress up almost overcame the child, but ugh! the dust feels so horrid on your fingers. She looked about for something else as amusing but less dusty. Ah, that old chest in the corner! She pulled it out and shoved it before one of the two small windows, and cautiously raised the lid.

Did the silk dress rustle, as though the owner had stepped back into it? Only for an instant it seemed so, and then the child's attention was so lost in the depths of the chest that she forgot to look to see.

Letters! Bundles of them, with a date on each bundle. Excitedly she pulled them out. Wait a minute, she must put them straight. It wasn't a long task, for there were only five, two thin and three bulky. 1846, 1848, 1849, 1850, 1851. With shining eyes, she broke the thread which bound the pack of 1846. One big solitary fly buzzed on the windowpane, and a wasp lit on the sash, but the child was deep in her treasure.

New Bedford, Mass., May 21, 1846.
Miss Jane Ann Crocker, Edgartown, Mass.

My dear Friend: — I take my pen in hand to write you a few lines. The *Samuel B. Ripley* will sail from this port next week Wednesday, and the crew has been heartened up by the addition of three men who have shipped with us here. The rest are Edgartown boys, and they are as manly a set as will chase whales in the Arctic this year. As you may have been told, the *Ripley* is to be gone two years, and that brings me to the reason why I have presumed to address you thus. On account of the pressing of time I was not enabled to see you before I left to ask if you would fill my place as organist while I am away. I spoke to Deacon Small and Pastor Littlefield, and they both said that, while they were opposed to women holding office in the church, there seemed to be no one else who could play upon the organ so demurely as yourself, and lead in the worship of song. Therefore, I beg that you will either comply with their reasonable request, or state to them your refusal, that they may endeavor to find some other suitable person.

I am, my dear Miss Crocker,
Your obedient servant,
Johnathan Mayhew.

This was the only letter under date of 1846. The letter fell to the child's lap as she watched the fly and the wasp. Miss Jane Ann Crocker! Was she old and ugly, or might she be young and beautiful, even with such a prim name as that? The pastor and deacon had said she was demure. The child thought she knew what that meant, for she had overheard a caller tell her mother that "Carolyn was *so* well mannered, indeed, quite demure, and that is so rare nowadays, you know, my dear Mrs. Spurr."

But the next packet was lying unopened. Two years; 1848. The packet under date of this year contained three letters.

New Bedford, Mass., Sept. 3, 1848.
Miss Jane Ann Crocker, Edgartown, Mass.

Dear Friend:— It is with great pleasure that I take my pen in hand to inform you that the *Samuel B. Ripley* entered this port last Saturday. After discharging our cargo here we will come into Edgartown, where the larger part of the crew will be united again with their families. I take this occasion to thank you for your services as organist in the church, for I have heard good report of them even since I landed here. I beg also that you will continue to lead the worship of song after I resume my duties as organist, my dear Miss Crocker,

Y'r ob'd't servant,
Johnathan Mayhew.

The child picked up the packet labeled 1849, "Eighteen Forty-nine." It had a familiar sound, but she puckered her brows in the effort to remember.

Oh, yes,—

"Lived a miner,
Forty niner,"

and she recollected "Gold" and "California." She opened the top letter, which was postmarked New York.

On board ship Splendid, May 1, 1849.
MISS JANE ANN CROCKER, Edgartown, Mass.

My Dear Friend: — It is with a full heart that I take my pen in hand to write you a few lines. This leaves me in good health, and I hope it will find you the same.

My last memory of dear old Edgartown is the sight of the church spire, which recalled to me the services in which you and I have together, devoutly I trust, joined. For eight years your sweet face has lighted the dark corners of that old church for me, and has been the inspiration of my improvisations which you have been so good as to approve. And now that the path to fortune has seemed to open before my feet, and God in His providence has deemed best to call me into the wilderness, it is the thought of you which gives me courage. If I ever attain to wealth and the respect of men, it will be because the fairest maid in Edgartown has wished me godspeed. If it be not disagreeable to you I will write you of my adventures from time to time, and believe me when I say that a word from you will always put a new heart into the bosom of

Y'r true friend,
JOHNATHAN MAYHEW.

On board ship Splendid, July 4, 1849.
MISS JANE ANN CROCKER,

My dear Friend: — I take my pen in hand to let you know that we are pursuing our journey in safety thus far.

It will be August or September before we can hope to reach the land of gold, though we will hasten as much as possible, for first come, best served.

I have a very important question to ask of you, my dear Miss C., which time alone can determine the wisdom of my asking. We have never kept company, as is the wont of most men and maidens, but I trust I am not presuming when I ask you to accept the attentions of no other man for the present. If I might be sure of your sympathy and affection I would be greatly heartened.

Believe me then, Miss Crocker,
Y'r affectionate friend,
J. M.

Then the child looked past the buzzing fly and the lazy wasp, out through the dusty window, across the huckleberry fields, the harbor, and the blue waters of Katama Bay. Jane Ann was young and beautiful then. There were no more letters till October 1, and the letter under this date was postmarked San Francisco.

My dear Jane: — At last the weary journey is over, and we are relieved and grateful that so little of ill has befallen us. We encountered some storms on the Atlantic coast, and one serious one in the zone of the isthmus, on the Pacific Coast.

Our hearts were saddened, as yours will be, when I tell you of the death of one of our number from fever, on the isthmus. We were obliged to leave two more in Panama, on account of illness, they to be picked up by the next party which crosses. This is a very ugly town, and is full of a wild class of people, but there are also men of courage and sturdy character here. I expect to be located before long, and when I make my strike I want to ask you to come to me as my own dear wife. This cannot be until spring, for I dare not ask you to brave the dangers of the isthmus trip. But if your dear heart consents to become my cherished bride, you must engage passage on some good ship around the Horn, and come in safety and comfort. It is with great humility, my dear Jane, that I ask this great thing of you, for it means the sacrifice of home and dear friends; but if your heart responds to the great love in mine, it will not seem impossible to you.

Then there were pages of the beautiful things a noble man always says to his true love, and the child's heart grew big with hoping that the lovely and demure Jane Ann went round the Horn in obedience to her Johnathan's summons. Evidently she replied as the child wished

San Francisco, Nov. 30, 1849.

My beloved Jane: — The letter written from the depths of your dear heart has found its rest in mine. May God make me fit to guard the happiness you place within my keeping.

Then there were many letters containing descriptions of the wild life of California in '49 and the early '50s. Some of them the child read, and others she skimmed through, for she could not understand them all. But at last she came to this:

San Francisco, Cal., May 3, '51.

My beloved Jane: — All things are now ready. I shall expect you by the September packet. This wilderness will be heaven when you step from "The Pride of New Bedford." Let us thank God that the long separation is nearly over, and take courage for a new life of joy.

And much more to the same effect. That was all. Then she went. Oh! The child drew a long sigh of joy that Jane Ann had gone to make her Johnathan happy.

She peered into the chest to see if she could have overlooked anything that might shed further light on the story. A note book lay in the bottom. She lifted it carefully, and read what was written on the cover in faded ink:

The Personal Diary of Jane Ann Crocker
Edgartown, Mass., 1846

Wondering, she opened it and read the finely written entries.

May 22, 1846. I have decided to make a diary of my doings, for a new and interesting era has opened in my life, and no one knows what may happen. Yesterday I received the first letter I ever received in my life, and it was a very important occasion. It was from Johnathan Mayhew, who has been for a whole year the organist in our church.

He is not a native of Edgartown, but came here from Tisbury. The Mayhews here are relatives of his, so he has been invited to all our merrymakings. He plays rarely well upon the organ, so Pastor Littlefield asked him to play for worship on Sundays. He is six years older than I, twenty-four, so I may admire him without boldness. He is a fine figure of a man, taller than most, with blue eyes, which mother calls shrewd, but I only know that they are equally handsome, whether they are laughing or grave. Often in church he plays upon the organ what is in his heart, for the gift of music is his, and then I know that God listens and answers. But I had almost forgotten what I wanted to write.

Mr. Mayhew has gone for a two years' sailing voyage, and he has asked me to play in his place. That was what the letter was about. It is not thought seemly for a woman or maid to be thus before the people, so may the Lord guide me in the playing.

June 3, 1846. It is a fine Lord's Day evening, and His benediction is upon it, for the sunset light is very soft.

This afternoon I played upon the organ at the regular church service, at two o'clock. I dared not play what was in my heart, for I feared that I would become frightened, so I played from my book as discreetly as I knew.

To-day I wore my lilac dress with the white collar.

September 10, 1848. Two long years have passed since Johnathan Mayhew went away, and now he is back, and he has written, not to Pastor Littlefield nor Mrs. Coffin nor to anybody, but to just me. And I am to sing always, while he plays.

October 28, 1848. This year has been so happy that I do not want to see it pass. The flowers I planted in the spring, especially the hollyhocks, blossomed finely. I think I shall try petunias in the south bed this spring, and in the one by the gate a few love apples, for their pretty red fruit, which they do say is poisonous. I am taking lessons from J. M. on the organ, and he gives me much encouragement. He said a curious thing last Sabbath. After service he walked home with me. I remarked that he seemed quite wedded to his music. He

looked away off at the sea, and then said very soberly, "While the red rose of Edgartown still blooms I shall bide my time." Now what could he mean by that?

December 25, 1848. I am watching to-night by the side of my loved mother. The snow is very bright in the moonlight, as white as her purified soul, for to-night, somewhere up among the stars, she is looking down at her child. Oh, mother, mother, I thought it was all sunshine, but without you I can see none at all. There is still father. May the good God help me to forget my grief to make life a little brighter for him. Just now it is a relief to write a word or two, for I must not give way to my grief otherwise, for his sake.

January 1, 1849. A week ago my sainted mother passed away.

Mother, dear, do you know how hard it is for me?

Without the strength which my friends have given me I should have fainted by the way. Of them all there is none like Johnathan, so like a strong, true brother he is.

To-day after song practice when I thought that all had left the church, the thought of my grief overcame me, and I sobbed with my head on the pew rail. A gentle hand raised me, and it was Johnathan's voice which said: "Nay, child, it is not given to all to be strong; but you for your father, and, perhaps, I, too, for mother, must hold ourselves bravely"— so he comforted me.

February 18, 1849. My time of privilege has come. Johnathan's mother is dead and buried. I long to console him, but while he is gentle there is a light in his eye which I do not understand. It is restless, and as though a certain impatience were mingled with his sadness.

There is little other news except that several of the crew who had shipped on the "Star of Dawn" have thrown up their berths to engage passage on the "Splendid," for California. We hear that great fortunes are made hourly in the gold-fields there, and our men are mad over it.

March 8, 1849. Now do I know the meaning of the strange looks on Johnathan's face. He has gone with the party to California, and I believe in my heart, that while he grieved for his mother's death, he was yet glad that he was free to go with the others. He came to bid me good by, and talked about the church music, leaving it for me to arrange. But he broke off abruptly and grasped my two hands, bending his head so that I saw tears in his dear eyes. Then he craved my permission, which I gladly gave, to send me letters sometimes. Then he bowed his head on my hands, which I thought he would have kissed, but I only felt one teardrop fall. He strode away without one single word further, and I sank to my knees, for I suddenly lost all my strength. I cannot write the prayer that ascended to God from my lips, before I could rise and finish the churning.

October 20, 1849. It is no longer unmaidenly in me to write out the joy which is in my inmost soul. He loves me. I have written an answer to his noble letter, and in a year I shall go to him as his wife. How solemn it looks written.

Now I know that we have loved each other for a very long time, and I know that it was only his devotion to his mother, in obedience to his father, which forbade him to speak. The business left him to carry on has sufficed only for his mother's support, and he would not ask me to share his poverty. But now — ah, God is good. May I be worthy of him, dear Lord, of his and mine.

December 20, 1849. How troublesome a little thing can become. The cold which I took on the sleighing party to Holme's Hole, in November, has left me with a mean little cough. Dr. Worth thinks it will soon be well. Father has completed his plans for shipping on a whaler, in April.

June 10, 1850. I begin to fear that I shall make but a poor wife for my Johnathan, if I continue to lose my strength like this. I will be his white rose instead of red, as he once called me. The cough gets worse, although at times it seems better.

September 25, 1850. I have been obliged to give up the singing in the church, for I have not the strength for it any longer. The playing I can still do for him. This fall I shall buy a beautiful gray silk dress to take with me when I go,

that my love may be proud of his rose.

January 3, 1851. I have not written here for several months lest I should record my discouragement. Dr. Worth says that I have consumption, but that California is the very best place in the world to cure it.

April 10, 1851. As the spring gets green I am much better. Dr. Worth is an old raincrow.

My love has written to say that I am to come to him by the September packet, "Pride of New Bedford." If only I am not too tired to go when the time comes. Just to think that I am seeing an Edgartown spring for the last time. Can this season be fairer, even in California? The time is so slow till I meet my love. I wonder if he is as impatient as I.

August 25, 1851. Dr. Worth shook his head to-day when I told him that I had set my house all in order to go a week from to-day. The gray dress is ready, and I have put in the neck a real lace collar of mother's. My love shall not be ashamed of me.

August 30, 1851. The end has come. The ship sails to-morrow, but before the sun sets I shall be with mother. My love, Johnathan ——

The child looked up with a shiver to see that the fly and wasp were asleep in the shadows, for the sunlight no longer lay across the attic floor. Softly she closed the chest upon the letters and the personal diary of Jane Ann Crocker. As she rose from her cramped position, a sleeve of the gray silk brushed lightly against her cheek.

Swiftly she passed through the chamber, with the full-rigged ship, descended the stairs and passed out of the house.

The front door scraped on the sill, as if loath to let so much youth and sunlight pass out of its hoary embrace.

Back to the village she went, straight to old Billy Coffin, the former town crier, and chronicler of all town events.

"Who lived in that old gray house over there?" she demanded, without preliminary.

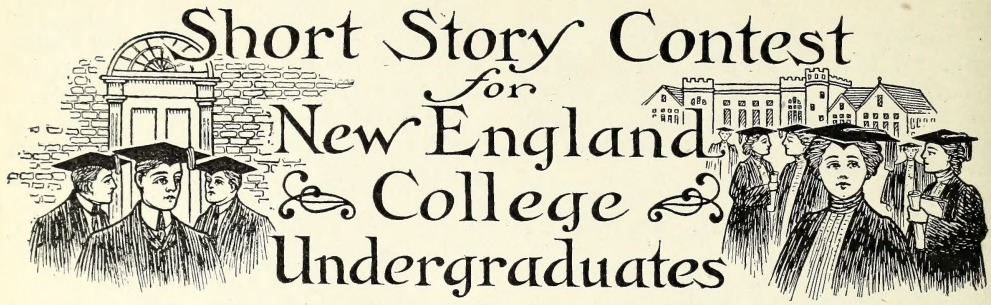
"Why, nobody, child," he blinked in reply.

"But who does it belong to?" she asked, impatiently.

"Now, now, Miss Spurr (it's soothing to be called Miss Spurr when you're not quite twelve). I'll tell you the truth. That's the old Forty-niner house. Nobody's ever lived in it in my time, and nobody knows who it belonged to, or why it's called Forty-niner house. Some say a girl was killed by the Gay Head Indians, and that her father went to California, in 1849, to drown his grief, but I dunno. The Indians is harmless enough now. Ever been up to Gay Head?"

And from no one else could the child elicit any further information, and neither would you if you went down there and tried all summer.

The only way you could ever find out anything about it, is to find the child and get her to show you the chest. But she would never do it.



Last June we announced a Short Story Prize Contest for the undergraduates of New England's colleges, and a series of articles on the opportunities and compensations of literary work. The articles, as they appeared, were, "Doing and Writing," by Dr. Edward Everett Hale, in July; "Present Day Opportunities in Literature," by John O'Hara Cosgrave, editor of Everybody's Magazine, in September; "First Steps in Literature," by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, in October — three as notable contributions as have recently been made to the subject.

It gives us great pleasure to announce the winners of the contest as follows:

First prize, One Hundred Dollars, Vernon Radcliffe, Amherst College, Class of 1911, *"Marcet's Race."*

Second prize, Fifty Dollars, Gladys E. Holden, Radcliffe College, Class of 1909, *"The Postlude."*

Third prize, Twenty-five Dollars, Arthur W. Peach, Middlebury College, Class of 1909, *"The Light on the Hill."*

Fourth prize, Twenty-five Dollars, Ruth Sapinsky, Wellesley College, Class of 1910, *"The Third Postal."*

The third of these stories appears below. The first and second appeared in February.

The Third Postal

RUTH SAPINSKY, *Class of* 1910, *Wellesley College*

FROM a bench near "the Scenic" Josephine watched the receding figure of H. Laurence Wells, corneter with Don Penti's band, watched it as it swung itself consciously past the admiring eyes of the blonde, who took tickets for the "Trip to the Moon" show, watched it as it paused debonairly to make way for two old cronies busily explaining to each other the workings of the "Loop the Loop," watched it as it left the gilded entrance of the park, and then was lost in the chaos of mothers and their progeny, pushing pell-mell into city-bound cars. Then Josephine turned to her companion, and in her eyes there was a hint of tears, or perhaps it was just a natural dimness caused by the strain of watching H. Laurence Wells until he was extinct.

"Fan," she asked, "ain't this plaid dress becoming to me?"

Fan would like to see a more becoming dress anywhere.

"Fan," in a pleading tone, "is there anything the matter with this hat?"

Fan would like to see a better-looking one, even in Murphy's, the swell lid-shop.

"Fan," in a more cheerful, yet far from hopeful tone, "ain't I attractive any more?"

Fan would like to see a better-looking girl in this park or any other.

"Then, Fan, why don't you think

Wells would take us to supper? I thought all those jollies of his were worth a club sandwich, at least."

Fan puckered her brows in thought, but she could find only one excuse that would cover the ignominious retreat of H. Laurence. "I guess the poor fellow 's hard up, Josie, honey," she said, consolingly, "else he never would have run away from the chance of taking the best-looking girl in the park out to supper, to say nothing of the best-looking girl's good-looking friend, meaning myself. That's it, I'm sure, honey, he's hard up."

Josephine grasped the excuse with the intuitive perception of one who has been in like condition. But she didn't want to believe. "He didn't look so unprosperous," she said, recalling a flashing ring she had naïvely thought to be a diamond.

"Well, he didn't look like the heir to a million, either. That suit of his was kind of seedy, and I can't say I was struck on the tie. I couldn't help thinking of Charlie all this afternoon, when I was facing that mud-colored tie. Dear Cousin Charlie! I bet he never wore a mud-colored tie in his life. Dear Charlie! I wish he was here"— this with a monster sigh.

"That's the fifth time to-day you've wished the same thing, Fan,"—Josephine answered the sigh with a laugh,—"and I bet he won't be back from Atlantic City a day before you're wishing him away again. I bet he'd shake us, too, worse than Wells did, if he didn't have a mind to take us to supper."

"Not Charlie," defended his loyal kinswoman. "Charlie's too polite. There ain't a politer man in this world than your Charlie, Josephine"— this with a deprecating glance in the direction whence H. Laurence Wells had disappeared.

"Don't call him *my* Charlie," said Josephine testily. "We're not married yet, nor even engaged. Besides, I bet he's taking some ribbon-counter girl out to supper this very minute, at Atlantic."

Fanny had no proof positive with which to deny the charge, so she took the conversation out of dangerous channels. "Are we going to stay out here this evening, Josie?" she asked.

"No, it's home for us," answered Josephine authoritatively. "I couldn't make a hit with my own mother to-night, I've got such a splitting headache. And you're not good for anything, Fan, since every man you see starts you asighing for Charlie. Come on, we'll catch that next car."

"There go the electric lights for to-night; let's stay a few minutes longer," begged Fanny, as the evening lights came on, swallowing up the fading afternoon sunlight in their brilliance and making it night all of a sudden.

Josephine was inflexible. The garish lights of the park, usually so attractive, had lost their charm to-day. So she started Fanny towards the cars, with an impatient little push.

But only a few feet from the bench the unwilling Fanny must needs find another excuse for loitering. "Look here, honey," she called out, "here's a postal card stand. We just must send some postals to the boys; we ain't sent a one since day before yesterday, and we've gotten three ourselves. Come on or the boys'll think we've forgotten them for sure."

Josephine yielded with a complaisance the enthusiastic Fanny had not expected. But the truth was, the girl had a weakness for picture postals, even greater than Fanny's own. So she paused right cheerfully before the giddy-looking stand.

Its owner was out for his evening meal, but there was a grinning boy, who might easily have been the subject for a comic postal, seated behind the postal-laden counter, watching for just such inveterate postal senders as Josephine and Fan.

"How much for postals?" asked Josephine.

"Five cents for two," answered the picture-postal boy, shortening his expansive grin into a smile.

"Five cents for two!" exclaimed Josephine, with a pretty pout. "Why, boy, they're only a penny a piece at the Five and Ten Cent Store, in town."

"Five cents for two is what we generally get here," said the boy, "but whenever a pair of black eyes and a set of dimples like yours comes along we give three for five."

Josephine smiled back her appreciation of the compliment. It buoyed up the high spirits the ignoble behavior of H. Laurence Wells had sunk. She had quite forgotten her headache as she turned to join Fanny, who, oblivious of all else, was anxiously revolving postal card holders and delving among heaps of dusty pictures, for all the world like some eager bookworm in search of a treasured volume. For a time there was silence, broken only by Fanny's exclamations of delight as this piece of far-fetched wit or that bit of highly colored scenery appealed to her fancy.

At last Josephine turned to her, holding aloft a card bearing the picture of an automobile, with the words, "You auto be here," written under it. "Here, Fan," she said, "here's a card for us to send to Charlie. See! it just goes right along with your wishes."

Fanny took the card with delight. "Now ain't that clever," said she, "and ain't it remarkable how it suits. Why, you could almost think the man who made that card had known my very own thoughts. Lend me a pencil, boy." And Fanny was off to pencil some of her own thoughts to add to that of the maker of the postal.

She had just finished the address when Josephine was at her side again. "Here's some scenery for Fred," she said, holding forth a vividly green stretch of wooded hills. "Fred always did like scenery. Now you pick out the third postal for me to send. I've had the fun of getting the first two."

Fanny, nothing loath, turned to the irresistible postals, selecting and rejecting at least five. At last her errant fancy settled on one that she declared to be "just the thing." On one side was a peach, perfect in outline, glorious in extravagant reds and yellows. Beneath the picture was the information that the reader was a peach.

"I suppose you'll send it to Billy," said Fanny, as Josephine admired the postal.

"No, not Billy," answered Josephine, "I ain't speaking to Billy since he took me to the Puddlers' ball and got in a fight, and left me to come home alone with Ned Jacobs."

"Big Tom, then."

"No, not Big Tom or Yeller or Little Jimmie. I'm disgusted with all of that bunch."

Fanny's eyes opened wide at this wholesale rejection of such desirable young men. "Then who?" said she.

Josephine was thinking. "Maybe one of the girls at Madame Scean's."

"A girl!" exclaimed the utilitarian Fanny. "No sir-ee, it's too cute a postal to waste on a girl."

"Well, I don't know who then," said Josephine, "unless"— she paused, half ashamed to tell Fanny her thought — "unless I send it to one of my old beaus in the country. He's got a fruit farm, the peach reminded me of it."

"All right, then, send it to the rube," said Fanny, content that the postal was not to be lavished on an unappreciative girl. "There's lots of writing space on that card. It'll give you a good chance to get funny. What'll you say?"

"I can't get funny with Ben," said Josephine. "He ain't exactly slow, but he wouldn't understand. Here, give me the pencil. I'll just write 'With best love.' He'll be tickled to death to get that; he liked me a lot once."

"Thanks," she said, as she returned the pencil to the postal boy, who gave her hand an unnecessary little squeeze, as he received his property. "And now let's make for that car, Fan. That ain't a bad-looking conductor on the back of it." And with a farewell look that included boy, postals, and gaily lighted park Josephine tripped towards the exit, followed at a few paces by the reluctant Fanny.

"There," she said, as she readjusted her hat and paid the fares and answered the admiring stare of the conductor with a downward droop of her eyelids, "There, the first day of my vacation hasn't been so bad, after all, though it didn't pan out just the way I intended it should"— this with a final regretful sigh for H. Laurence Wells. "Just think, Fan, two whole weeks of solid good times — it's a year since yesterday at Madame Scean's, and it'll be a year until I'll have to go back to dressmaking again. I'm going to have some great times, don't you think so, Fan?"

"Of course you are, Josie. You always do. You can't help it, you're so pretty. But as for me, I wish the next three days was over, and Charlie was here."

"Oh, bother Charlie!" said Josephine, with affected disdain. "We're going to have such a rattling good time the next few days that Charlie'll be back from Atlantic before we know it."

But nevertheless it was a most eager and impatient Josephine, who, clad in her most holiday attire, awaited the return of Charlie on the night of his expected arrival. The vacation had not gone well. Fanny laid the blame upon H. Laurence Wells, who, she declared, had started everything going wrong. Josephine acquiesced, but in her heart knew that the trouble was with herself. She had started out with too bold a determination to have a good time, and Providence, angered, had thwarted her efforts at every turn. It was cruel of Providence to interfere, when she had worked uncomplainingly and well for fifty weeks, and now asked nothing, except a good time for the remaining two. Well, at any rate, there were ten more days, and there was Charlie.

Charlie came. His attire was calculated to gladden the eye and frighten away the blues — a light-gray suit, with a purple-striped handkerchief hanging obviously out of one of the coat pockets, a purple tie, lavender shirt, tan oxfords. Fanny surveyed her hero-cousin with one burst of admiration, and then subsided into a corner, thoroughly happy, now that the wish of many days had been fulfilled.

Josephine was more effusive in her greetings. She ran into Charlie's arms, and saluted him with two saucy kisses, one on either sun-burned cheek. Then she held him off at arm's length and surveyed him with a pleased look. "You're great, Charlie, simply great. You sure did get your money's worth in sunburn, even if you never got anything else."

Charlie returned her compliment by a kiss full on the lips. Then he looked at her closely. "You're not looking so well yourself, Josie," he remarked. "What's the matter? not too much vacation?"

A worried look came into the girl's eyes. Charlie was going to be a failure, after all. "I don't know what's the matter, Charlie," she said, "I guess I need a rest."

"Yes, a nice quiet rest," Fanny vouchsafed from her corner.

Charlie scouted the idea with a boisterous laugh. "Why, Josephine couldn't rest any place except where there was plenty of lights and plenty of music and plenty of fellows to flirt with, could you, Josie girl? A nice quiet rest! You're crazy, Fan. You don't understand the little girl like I do."

The cousin of the politest man in the world was about to make an impolite remark, but was interrupted by the arrival of Little Jim, the Yeller, and Flossie Williams, a helter-skelter maiden in the best of good spirits.

The latter was usually forced into second place by the more attractive Josephine, but to-night she saw instinctively that that young lady had retired, yielding her first place carte blanche. So she, nothing loath, took advantage of her unusual opportunity, dancing about the room in gay abandon of spirits, laughing boisterously with the men, listening intently to Charlie's reminiscences of Atlantic City, posing herself gracefully on the arm of his chair, and interrupting his narrative now and then with deep regrets for not having saved up enough money for at least three days at the only summer resort on earth.

Charlie was just in the midst of an exciting board walk experience, when there was a knock at the hall door. The good-natured Yeller, glad of an interruption to Charlie's monologue, shambled out of the room to answer the door.

"Some one for you, Jo," said he, as he returned.

"For me?" asked Josephine, jumping up from the low ottoman, on which she had been sitting. "Don't you know him?"

"Never set eyes on him before," said the Yeller, ensconcing himself in the only Morris chair of which the room boasted, preparatory to a doze.

Josephine hurried out of the room, pulling the portieres together behind her, to insure privacy for the newcomer. She did not recognize him at first, there in the dingy hall light, but slowly, as her eyes became accustomed to the light, she made out his features. "Why, Ben Turner!" she exclaimed, "how on earth did you get here?"

"It *was* kind of hard to get here," said the big fellow, with a good-natured laugh, misunderstanding the exclamation, "since you forgot to put your address on the postal. But I got it from Matilda; she said she met you in town about a half year ago, and you told her where you was living. Did you know you forgot to put your address on the postal, little girl?"

"The postal?" asked Josephine, not understanding, "the postal?" And then she recalled the afternoon in the park. "Oh, yes, of course — I send so many postals all the time I lose all track of who I send them to. You mean a postal I sent you about three days ago?"

"Yes, Josephine."

There was a peculiar intonation on the words that made the girl look at the man in astonishment. "Well," she said.

"You haven't forgotten the postal? It was that brought me here."

"My postal?" striving hard to recall what she had written. "Why, Ben, I don't believe I remember a word I had on it."

"You're joking, Josie," said the man, pathetically, "you always used to joke with me because you knew I couldn't understand. And I can't understand any better now than I could five years ago."

"No, Ben, I'm not joking. I've got better sense now; I've outgrown the joking days in all this time since I saw you. I've honestly forgotten what was on that postal. Tell me, Ben?"

"Don't you remember?" pleadingly.

"No, tell me, Ben."

"You must surely remember."

"Honestly, Ben."

"It said, 'With best love, Josie.' I know you remember."

Josephine gave a relieved gasp. "Is that all?" she said.

"All, Josephine?" with a wounded look. "Are you laughing at your own words?"

"But they didn't mean anything, Ben. Don't you see they didn't mean a thing? Everybody writes 'With best love' on postals, when they can't think of anything else to say. Don't you understand yet, you funny, funny Ben?"

He was beginning to understand that he had made a big mistake, that in his simple, unthinking way he had read too much in the thoughtless scribbled words. And his voice was not quite steady, as he said, "But it wasn't only the words, Josie, it was the sending the postal I noticed most."

"Sending the postal? Why, Ben, surely you've gotten souvenir postals before."

"Yes," said Ben, "I've got three — one from Maude Smith and Henry Miller, when they was married and went to Niagara Falls, and one from my hired man last year, when he was here in town to the State Fair, and one from Teacher Dudley when he went to summer school at Chicago. But it was *your* sending the postal that made the difference, Josie."

"My sending the postal!" puzzled again.

"Yes, have you forgotten what you promised me that time when you wouldn't take me for a husband, Josie? You said you wanted to see the city first, and then if you changed your mind about me you'd write to me. I thought you had changed. I thought that was what the postal meant. That's why I put aside everything to come to town."

Josephine was beginning to see the gravity of the situation. Standing there in the dingy hall, a feeling of dizziness crept over her. Was this big fellow, standing before her in the half light, Ben Turner, or some impish creature with a diabolical mind that twisted her words all out of themselves, and would keep her explaining here until the boys and Floss and Fan came out and drove him away?

"Ben," she said, hysterically, wondering why the boys did not come, "a postal is not the same as a letter, it's not a half a letter, an eighth of a letter, a millionth of a letter, even. People never

mean what they say on postals. If I had changed I would have sent you a letter, a love letter, I would have ——" But the sentence was cut short.

Poked through an opening in the portieres Josephine had caught sight of a saucy nose and a pair of interested eyes that could belong to no one except the curious Flossie. The sight brought her to her senses in a moment. Flossie had been eavesdropping. Flossie had been witness to this entire crazy scene between her and her rustic lover. Flossie was a splendid mimic, and would "do" the scene for the boys. And they would laugh—Yeller and Little Jim, and Charlie would laugh loudest of all. And to-night would not see the end of it. It would be repeated for every fellow she and Flossie knew. And she would be laughed at, she whom they never dared laugh at. No! Let them laugh if they cared to, at simple Ben Turner, not at her. She would join in the laugh at him, and show them she didn't have an atom of regard for the awkward fellow.

"Such a joke," she called out, loud enough for all to hear. "Such a joke," pushing the portieres aside and half pulling Ben into the room. "Here's a man who has gone and misunderstood some silly words I put on a picture postal, and made a seven-hour trip just on account of it. Just because of one little postal. Have you ever heard anything so screamingly funny? Wake up, wake up, Yeller," this to the man who was still dozing on the easy chair, "and hear the joke."

"A seven-hour trip, because you misunderstood the girl's postal," laughed Charlie, slapping Ben familiarly on the back. "Well, it's too bad, old man, and right in your busy season, too. You surely ain't used to the postal game. That certainly is rich," and Charlie was off into fresh paroxysms of laughter. Then a thought came to him, and his laughter subsided all of a sudden. "But say, Josie," he called, "you've left out the best part of the joke. What were the words our friend misunderstood?"

"Oh, they're of no importance," cried Josephine, on her knees before a table. "Some silly words — I'll explain later. Right now I want to show Mr. Turner — that's his name, boys — some of these."

She pulled out two postal card albums, the first, a small dark one, belonging to Fan, the second, a fat, bulging one, belonging, undoubtedly, to her. "Look — look at them, Ben Turner," she cried, excitedly, turning the pages of the albums so quickly that the man caught only a rushing jumble of colors. "See, they're not love letters, though some of them do say some mighty sweet things. You don't put love letters in a postal card album for all the world to read, you tie 'em away with blue ribbon just to look at yourself, don't you, Charlie? Just see them, Ben! scenery ones and fancy ones and comic ones, for all the world like valentines, only they last all year. Ain't it funny, Ben? Is it new to you? No wonder you made a mistake about mine, if you're not used to postals. Such a good joke!" and she looked up at the crowd with a successful attempt at a laugh.

Ben was standing before her, blinking stupidly, either from the light or the utter strangeness of it all. Over in a corner Flossie and Little Jim were tittering openly, and the very polite Charlie was trying to conceal his too evident laughter by a piece of ragtime music held upside down. The Yeller had awakened, and was inquiring the particulars of the joke from the affrighted Fan, whose face was tragedy, not comedy.

Josephine directed a defiant look at the giggling Flossie, and resumed. "Sit down here, Ben, beside me, and we'll read the postals together, and I'll explain them to you. They're awfully funny, some of them; they'll just make you die alaughing."

The stupefied Ben seemed to be in no mood to die alaughing. He muttered something about having to go, and then sent an appealing look for help around the room. It was answered by Fan. "Mr. Turner says he has to go, Josie," said Fanny, silencing Josephine with a determined look. "He came to see you, not your postals. He'll be back again," she improvised for him, "he'll be back again when there're ain't so many joke-mad people calling at the same time."

This with a withering look at Flossie and Little Jim. "Come, Mr. Turner," as Josephine seemed unable to move, "come, I'll take you to the door."

Charlie, than whom there was none more polite, opposed their going. "Now must you really leave us, Mr. Turner?" he asked in his suavest tone.

Fanny answered for the helpless Ben, but in so low a tone that none except Charlie could hear. "I hate you, Charlie Moore," she said. "I wish you and that purple tie and all was at the bottom of the Atlantic City ocean." Then she turned and led the departing guest from the room.

On her return she found Josephine the center of the little crowd, incoherently explaining something they could not understand, but at which they all laughed because she laughed. She was wildly merry that night, was Josephine; she listened eagerly to little Jim's risque stories of his camping trip, and laughed hilariously at Charlie's more risque tales of his Atlantic City vacation, and contributed some gay songs herself and was all together in such enchanting spirits that before the evening was half over the men were all madly in love, and Flossie was madly jealous and Fan was badly frightened.

It was Fan who, when the fun had almost run its course, made the suggestion that the crowd break up. It was not met with approval by any one, except Flossie; but Fan insisted and soon had the pleasure of ushering the impatient Flossie and her reluctant companions from the house.

Josephine waved a merry good by from the window, but her good spirits went with her guests, for as soon as the merry crowd was out of sight, she sank to the floor, a poor dejected heap. Fanny, returning from locking up, found her thus, and was not surprised.

"To-morrow," said Fanny, with a look of gloomy foreboding, "you had better go to the country."

Josephine started. "To the country? Why?"

"Why? To rest, of course. What does any one got to the country for?"

"Oh, yes, to rest. Of course, to rest. Yes, I'll go in about a week."

"In a week! You can't rest then, your vacation'll be over."

"I'll have a day or so. There'll be time for it."

"For it — you mean for your rest?"

"Yes, for my rest."

"A day for a rest! You can't do it. You can't rest a year's tiredness in a day. Where are you going?"

"To Merrytown."

"To Merrytown? Why, that's where Ben Turner lives. You'll see him."

"That's what I'm going for, if you *must* know."

"And not for a rest?"

"No, not for a rest."

"You want to see Ben Turner? What will you say? I'd think you'd be afraid and ashamed to see him after to-night."

"I am afraid and ashamed, that's why I'm going to wait a week to get up courage in. Besides it'll take me time to get some things thought out straight, some things that have been buzzing around in a circle the last few days."

"You'd better not put it off, now that you've made up your mind to go. Go to-morrow; you'll be afraid in a week."

"Wait and see, Fan. You know I never back out. I'll go at the end of a week, and I won't be the least bit afraid."

And at the end of a week she did go, not unafraid, as she had promised, but shrinkingly, her drooping spirits scarcely concealed by the bold red dress she wore. She had only a hazy notion of what she was going to say to Ben in reparation for her shameless behavior. She tried to think of something definite, but the noise of the car wheels, not being conducive to consistent thought, she gave it up in despair.

Two traveling men, spying the red and black hat, and the pretty, pensive face beneath it, tried to begin a flirtation but so steadily pensive did the pretty face remain, that our two past masters in the art of flirting must needs retire, unsuccessful. But once, when the train passed a station, the thoughtful face did relax into one of its prettiest smiles, to gladden the heart of an awkward country youth, who reminded the girl of Ben Turner.

Merrytown came at last, Merrytown

unchanged in the five years she had been away. Only Josie had forgotten how pretty the little place really was. "Why, the grass is most as green as picture postal grass, and the leaves on the trees most as thick," said the girl to herself, as she walked along towards the Turner house.

She had decided to go to the house first, because it was the season when the grapes were ripe, and Ben would be away with the men on the hillsides — thus the meeting could be postponed a little. So she turned in at the big white gate, that had marked the Turner place long as she could remember, and walked up the road to the substantial-looking house on the hill, where lived Ben and his maiden sister, Matilda. Everything was so scrupulously neat and fresh that a deep longing came over the girl to sit on the shady porch indefinitely, and rest and rest. But she suppressed it, and advanced slowly to the living-room door that was standing invitingly ajar.

The exterior neatness of the house was only an introduction to that which reigned within. Josephine's eyes, unaccustomed to such immaculateness, hurried from one spotless object to another, and then paused at one side of the room, where, in a rocking chair, her back to the door, sat Matilda Turner, the spirit incarnate of neatness and industry, resting from its labor.

Matilda looked up from the Tri-County Gazette she had been reading, as the vision in red paused before her. "So you've come at last," said Matilda, complacently, not putting down the paper. "I thought you was about due."

Josephine sank wearily into a chair. "So Ben has told you everything," she said, in a tragic tone that accorded illy with the peaceful room and the calm-looking Matilda.

"Not nearly as much as I'd aliked for him to, being a woman and curious."

"So he hasn't told you all."

"Not all or even half."

"What do you know then?"

"Know? I know that Ben heard from you and went off to town right in the grape-culling season to get married, and came back a single man same as ever, and I naturally inferred from that that you had refused him again."

"And is that all you know?"

"Yes."

"Then what made you think I would come out here."

"I knew Ben Turner was too good a chance for any girl to miss."

"Matilda! You thought I'd come way out here to run after Ben!"

"Other girls have gone farther to run after worse. Ben's a real man — a little slow at understanding some things, that's because he's never growed up, but he's got genuine horse sense in business and things that count."

"But listen, Matilda," interrupting the sister's encomium, "Ben must hate me now. I treated him shamelessly when he came to town, just a purpose to see me."

"Ben'd be a big enough fool to forgive you."

"Matilda! Do you really think so?"

"Uh, huh."

"Matilda," after a pause, "suppose Ben and I would get married, what would you do?"

"I told you so," said Matilda, triumphantly, looking over her paper.

"Told me what?" questioned Josephine, and then she understood. "But what would you do?"

"I'd go on living same as ever," answered Matilda.

"Then it wouldn't be so — so terrible having me for a sister in law?"

Matilda scrutinized her closely before she spoke. "No, not as bad as everybody'll think. I don't think most of our country people will understand you, but you're just like all your mother's family, flighty at first, and calming down after a bit."

Josephine's distressed face brightened for the first time that afternoon. "It's grand of you to say that, Matilda," she said. And then there came a worried look into her eyes. "But suppose Ben won't forgive me this time. I've tried him pretty far."

"Well, I ain't so positive about that, now I think better of it — not knowing where he stands, or where you stand," said Matilda, afraid she had talked too

much. "But you might try your luck. You'll find him over on the hillside, where the purple grapevines are; he'll be about through with his work," glancing up at the clock that had been ticking out a musical accompaniment to the conversation.

"All right," said Josephine, and she would have kissed Matilda, but that lady had already taken up the Tri-County Gazette, and it made so formidable a barrier that Josephine could only steal away, with a backward glance of gratitude in Matilda's direction.

The vineyard was at a distance of a half mile from the house, but Josephine scarcely noticed the walk, so occupied was she in meditating on Matilda's words. She had passed White Grape hill, so named from the beautiful variety of white grapes that grew upon its side, when she suddenly paused, affrighted at the sight of a figure coming towards her. But it wasn't Ben, she saw to her relief, as the figure drew nearer, only a hired man going home from work, with a great basket of pinkish-white grapes swinging heavily from his arm.

At the next hill she paused under the first of the arbors. "I don't fit very well with this scenery," she said, as she looked from her defiant red dress to the great purple cluster of grapes hanging overhead, and the wealthy green leaves running rampant over the loose frame. She moved a tall step ladder out of a patch of late afternoon sunlight that had filtered through the leaves, and, seated on the lowest step, chin in hand, awaited Ben's arrival.

At last she saw him coming, a big mannish figure swinging easily along under the spacious arbor. He had put a bunch of grapes in one of the pockets of his overalls, and was eating the grapes one by one and throwing away the skins mechanically, as though thinking of something else. Once he paused to help a baby vine cling more closely to its new support, then he came on and caught sight of the figure in red sitting so dejectedly on the big work ladder.

"Why, Josie," he called, without embarrassment,—he was in his own element now,— "what are you doing here?"

"I — I came to ask you to forgive me, Ben," faltered the girl, "I ——"

"Of course, Josie."

Of course! She had not expected forgiveness so quickly; it was disappointing. It left her with nothing to say. "I — I was mad that night," she began again.

"Of course, Josie, but you and me have forgotten that."

"Fannie was the only one with any sense, wasn't she?" she persisted. "Fanny was good to you, Ben."

"Fanny's a good girl," he said. "I'm glad as long as you're going to stay in the city for good that you've got such a good friend as Fanny in it."

"Stay in the city for good, Ben! What made you think that? Why, I'm not, of course I'm not. I hate the city. I want the country — I suppose it's my ancestors calling me back. I'm done with the city."

"Yes?" in some surprise. He was admiring with critical eye the perfect bunches of grapes growing luxuriantly overhead; so he did not see the girl's eager expression.

Silly Ben! Why didn't he take his cue when she said she was done with the city. There was a pause in which the usually voluble Josie strove vainly for something to say. Two birds that had been chattering in the leaves overhead flew away, dislodging three grapes in their flight. They fell, rolling across Josephine's lap, and then tumbling merrily to the ground out of sight, like three little black imps coming and going all of a sudden to laugh at her in her awkward position.

"Ben," began Josephine slowly, as though afraid of her own words, "you remember my postal. You remember you read more in it than I had put. You remember you read that I had changed my mind. Well, I — I am willing for you to read that meaning, Ben. I *have* changed my mind."

"Josephine," with a tone of reproach.

But the girl scarcely noticed the tone. "I've been thinking a lot this last week, Ben," she continued. "I had Fan stand at the door and tell the fellows I had gone away, just so that I could get a chance to think. It's the first time I

had thinking space in five years. It keeps me so busy working at dressmaking fifty weeks out of the year, and working at having a good time the other two, that I don't get a chance for anything else. But last week I took time to think. And I compared you with the other fellows — Charlie and little Jim and Yeller, only he ain't so bad, because he like's Fan. The fellows laughed at you that night, but when I got through comparing I laughed at them, I can tell you — they were such poor weak specimens. So I've changed my mind about you, Ben, and now we can laugh at the fellows together."

She looked up at Ben, who was toying with a grapevine tendril, curling it and recurling it around his fingers. "That's all right, Josie," he said. "I don't mind about the fellows laughing. I must have looked a funny figure. Let's forget all about it. Have you seen the red grapes over by the orchard? They're grand this September; come on over and I'll get you the prettiest bunch to be had there."

"Ben," cried the girl, jumping up from the ladder and catching the man by the arm. "Why do you want to run away? Why do you change the subject when I'm promising to marry you. Please, please listen to what I am saying."

"But I know you don't mean what you say, Josie girl. My postal card experience learned me my lesson. But don't you mind about me; it's all right, it's all right — would you rather have these grapes than the red ones? Matilda likes 'em better."

"Ben, honestly, honestly I'm serious now. Please believe me."

"I'm afraid to, Josie."

"Ben, I'm really in earnest now."

"You always are serious, Josie, and then when I believe you, you cry out all of a sudden, 'It's a joke.'"

"But not this time, you silly fellow. I'm at my very seriousest. See," and she put her hands on his shoulders and shyly gave him the first kiss.

He had striven hard not to believe the girl, and thought he had succeeded, until the kiss came and upset everything.

"Are — are you sure you'll not say it's a joke?" expecting every minute to hear the happiness-destroying word.

"Positive, positive. And now let's go tell Matilda, she knows how serious I am. Or, no," as another idea came to her, "suppose we walk to Merrytown. I want to send a postal to Fan and some to seven, eight, nine fellows."

"Postals?" still distrustful of the cards.

"Yes, postals," with a laugh. "We'll send the prettiest one we can find to Fan, and invite her to come out here."

"And the boys, Josie, what will you say to them. Don't say 'With best love' — you know you said people wrote that when they didn't have anything else to say."

"No, Ben," with an effectionate squeeze of his arm, "I guess I won't say that. I guess I'll just sign my name and — and say good by.

How the News of the Battle of Lexington Reached England

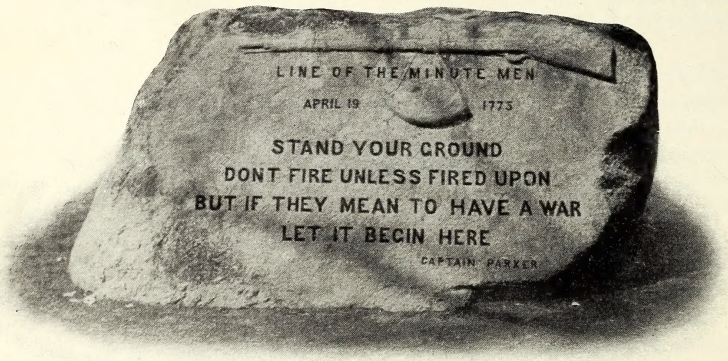
By ERNEST L. WAITT

IT seems strange, in these days of wireless telegraphy and aeroplanes and five-day ocean steamships, to hark back to the time of the Revolution, with its sailing packets and post riders. Now, when the news of an earthquake, at Messina, a diatribe against the president, or the assassination of a Russian police officer is read at the breakfast table on the following morning, we can hardly realize the length of time it took in 1775 for news of great events to travel across the ocean.

On the day of the battle of Lexington, April 19, 1775, there were no telegraph wires, no telephones, despatch boats, or "special correspondents with each regiment." A steam vessel had not then been dreamed of. As a consequence, it took a long time for the shot to be "heard around the world."

Journalism, in America, was yet in its swaddling clothes, but the great struggle for liberty was to develop its strength and give it an impetus, the effects of which we are to-day enjoying. The race of the enterprising journalist to outfoot fleet-footed Time had not then begun, and there seemed to be a similar lack of activity on the part of the editors in London.

The papers of Boston, and other nearby towns at that time, were published weekly, usually on Monday. News of sanguinary events, if they occurred during the week, was necessarily held for publication until the following Monday. It was not surprising, therefore, that the news of the battle of Lexington and Concord was not printed in Boston until April 25, for the idea of issuing an "extra" in emergencies was not then in vogue.



BOULDER WHERE CAPTAIN PARKER'S MEN STOOD AT LEXINGTON

The Essex Gazette, published at Salem, had by far the best report of the events of the day, with a nearly complete list of those killed and wounded. The news of this first encounter between the Provincials and his Majesty's troops was not long in reaching the other colonies, as post riders and expresses were started immediately for Hartford, New York, Philadelphia, and the South. In two days nearly all the scattered

THE CLARKE-HANCOCK HOUSE, LEXINGTON

peoples of the young nation had been informed of the result, and the magnetism of the hour had inspired the raising of troops and the promise of material assistance to the brave New Englanders.

To the King, the Parliament, and the people of Great Britain the days were filled with anxiety. This had been so for many months. The main question discussed was " How far dare the colonists carry their resistance? " and also, " Will the Provincials stand before British Regulars? " In the face of the steady inpouring of regiments, grenadiers, dragoons, and foot, from the mother country, and the rapidly increasing fleet of vessels of war, all heavily manned, it was believed that the Americans would be cowed and would not dare to strike a blow. The whole attention of Great Britain was directed to the rebellious children of hers across the seas.

Day succeeded day. March became April, and April in turn was left behind in the rush of Time. May grew old, with no word of decisive action from the Colonists. Not a single word from the conflict had reached England until the bright, clean page, labeled " June," was about to be brought into view, and King and subjects were leaving London to escape the summer heat.

It was on May 29, 1775, when the first sailing vessel to arrive from America, after the skirmish at Lexington, reached Bristol, England. Even at this early day journalism had shown its superiority over government methods, for the vessel which came brought copies of the Essex Gazette of April 25, containing the account of the engagement.

Post haste, they were carried to London, and on the following day the news was printed in the London Chronicle. Thus, forty-one days after the shot was fired, its reverberations were heard in distant Britain.

With but a simple headline — LONDON — the Chronicle printed the important news, prefacing it with the statement:

Tuesday, May 30, 1775.

Yesterday morning some dispatches arrived at Lord Dartmouth's office from General Gage, at Boston, brought by a ship arrived at Bristol, from that Province. They were forwarded by a messenger to his Majesty, at Kew.

These despatches contained no news of the skirmish, being dated several days before it occurred.

The Chronicle then stated:

"From the Essex Gazette, printed at Salem, in New England.

Salem, April 25, ————and reprints the Gazette's report of the fight, verbatim.

It filled nearly two columns of the little London paper and was published without comment, for editorial utterance was not then a feature of newspaper publications. At the end of the article, however, a fact illustrative of the feeling of the people was noted. The Chronicle stated: "Yesterday stock fell one and one half per cent on account of the above news."

The representative of the American Colony of Massachusetts Bay, in London, Mr. Arthur Lee, must have had the newspaper instinct for, in the same issue of the Chronicle, and at the top of the column, he had caused to be printed the following:

To the Public, Tuesday, May the 30th, 1775.

As a doubt of the authenticity of the account from Salem, touching an engagement between the King's troops and the Provincials in the Massachusetts Bay, may arise from a paragraph in the Gazette of this evening, I desire to inform all those who wish to see the original affidavits which confirm that account, that they are deposited at the Mansion House, with the Right Honorable, the Lord Mayor, for their inspection.

Arthur Lee,
Agent for the House of Representatives
of the Massachusetts Bay.

The affidavits to which Mr. Lee refers were copies of some half dozen sworn statements of eye witnesses to the Concord engagement, some signed by "an individual of prominence and of lawful age," others by six or more gentlemen collectively. Nearly all of these men declare that the Regulars fired the first *shots*, and one swears that at Lexington the Regulars fired upon

The old Belfry Tower at Lexington

CONCORD BRIDGE AND MONUMENT

Provincials whose backs were turned toward them. Numerous "Letters from New York," containing corroborative news of the fight, were also printed and, taken altogether, the various reports of the skirmish of April 19 filled the London Chronicle of May 30, to overflowing.

On the next day, as a postscript, another issue was run off the press, and this contained the following official statement:

Secretary of State's Office, Whitehall, May 30, 1775.

A report having been spread, and an account having been printed and published of a skirmish between some of the people of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, and a detachment of his Majesty's troops, it is proper to inform the public that no advices have as yet been received in the American department of any such event. There is reason to believe that there are dispatches from General Gage, on board the Sukey, Capt. Brown, which, though she sailed four days before the vessel that brought the printed account, is not yet arrived.

Here was a confession of governmental slowness, indeed. As the days went by, and still the Sukey, Capt. Brown, did not reach her native shores with the desired documents from General Gage, the officials were forced to palliate the public anxiety by declarations through the medium of the Chronicle, that the delay was due to treacherous winds, storms, repairs, etc. Finally, on June 10, the Sukey arrived with the coveted papers, and they were handed to the King as he was about to board his yacht for a cruise.

The days which intervened between the date of the Chronicle's first publication of the news, as it was clipped from the Essex Gazette, and that on which the official report from General Gage was received, were enlivened by the harangues in Parliament over the questions then at issue, and by the publication of lengthy letters from America, via sailing packet. To cheer the friends of America in England, at this time, there was much in these letters, particularly in some of those from officers of the British army and navy at Boston.

An officer on board the Somerset man of war, at Salem, refers to the fact that some of the marines were at Boston, guarding the approach to the town, and declares, "Our situation is daily more irksome. Our provisions which we brought from Europe are expended, and the supplies here are very irregular. Neither our seamen nor soldiers enter heartily on the service. Our marines are almost in arms, and of the whole which left the ship on the above service, eighteen have deserted. The General has given orders to prevent giving the smallest room for a disagreement."

On the other hand, the King's supporters were still further incensed against the fractious Colonists by letters containing such statements as these:

Extract of an authentic letter from an officer of the army at Boston to a friend in London, dated April 20:

"When we came to Concord the commanding officer assured the inhabitants that they need be under no apprehension of injury to their persons or properties; and the troops behaved with the utmost lenity, though the people were very sulky, and many of them were surly without provocation. One fellow had the impudence to strike Major Pitcairne of the marines, while searching for the stores according to his orders. We demolished and destroyed everything of that sort we could find.

"Upon our return we were fired upon from every house, barn, ditch, hill, and place that afforded cover, and though the whole country about us was raised, and they had every superiority which numbers and the knowledge of places could give them, the rebels never made one gallant or manly attempt upon our handful of men, which, notwithstanding every disadvantage, did great execution among them. We only wished them to stand forth, and not, like dastards, skulk behind hedges. Cowards are always cruel, and so it appeared here. The rebels fought like the savages of the country, and treated some that had the misfortune to fall like savages, for they scalped them and cut off their ears with the most unmanly barbarity. This has irritated the troops to a very high degree, and if in future contests they should

THE MINUTE MAN — LEXINGTON COMMON

meet with some severities from them, they may thank themselves."

And again, when in a letter dated April 23, from an officer, at Boston, who served in the expedition to Concord, though totally silent about scalping and cutting off their ears, there is an acknowledgment of two extraordinary facts:

1. "Our business was to seize a quantity of military stores, and — the bodies of Messrs. Handcock and Adams, who were both attainted, and were at that place enforcing, by all their influence, the rebellious spirit of the Provincial Congress."

2. "On the road, in our rout home, we found every house full of people, and the fences lined as before. Every house from which they fired was immediately forced and every soul in them put to death."

The letter concluded: "Horrible carnage; Oh, Englishmen, to what depth of brutal degeneracy are ye fallen," and is signed, "One who once thought it an honor to be a native of Great Britain."

General Gage was not averse to crediting the Americans with savage cruelty, even in his official *report*, for on June 10, the date of its receipt, the Chronicle contained the following:

WHITEHALL, June 10.— Lieutenant Nunn, of the Navy, arrived this morning at Lord Dartmouth's office, and has brought letters from General Gage, with his report of the battle. In this he says: 'Such was the cruelty and barbarity of the rebels that they scalped and cut off the ears of some of the wounded men who fell into their hands.'"

The Americans, however, had influential friends in London, and this was evidenced, in the same issue of the Chronicle (June 10), by the publication of the following interesting item:

King's Arms Tavern, Cornhill, June 7.

At a special meeting this day of several members of the Constitutional Society, during an adjournment, a gentleman proposed that a subscription should be immediately entered into (by such of the members present who might approve the purpose) for raising the sum of One Hundred Pounds, to be applied to the relief of the widows, orphans, and aged parents of our beloved American fellow-subjects, who, faithful to the character of Englishmen, preferring death to slavery, were, for that reason only, inhumanly murdered by the King's troops, at or near Lexington and Concord, in the Province of Massachusetts, on the 19th of last April.

Which sum being immediately collected, it was thereupon RESOLVED, that Mr. Horne do pay to-morrow, into the hands of Messrs. Brownes and Collison, on the account of Dr. Franklin, the said sum of One Hundred Pounds, and that Dr. Franklin be requested to apply the same to the above-mentioned purpose.

(Signed) John Horne.

The activity of Mr. Horne aroused the resentment of a doughty Britisher to the extent that he sent a long letter addressed "to the Printer of the London Chronicle, June 22, 1775."

SIR . . . The plain truth is, that the Americans have been so tenderly treated by their parent country, that like a spoiled child, what was at first only peevishness and ill nature, at length broke out in turbulence and disobedience. Their distance from Britain, and, as they conceived, from chastisement, not a little forwarded this disposition.

. . . Matters between us and the Americans are now brought to such a crisis as makes it the duty of every Englishman to interest himself in the success of his Majesty's arms, and, since the sword is unhappily drawn, not to hesitate whether it should pierce the sides of disobedience and ingratitude, or be turned into the bowels of our native country.

(Signed) One of the People.

The discussion, by means of letters, of the events which transpired on April 19, at Concord and Lexington, was not concluded even on June 27, 1775. On that date the Chronicle gave to the world the following: "Extract of a letter from Marblehead, May 25."

Since the cowardly attack of the Provincials of the 19th past, on his Majesty's troops, this country is in a great ferment, the Provincials having propagated a report that the people in Great Britain are in a civil war on our account, and, with the matchless effrontery, asserting his Majesty's troops wantonly fired first on the innocent Americans; the contrary, be assured, is the fact. Mr. L——, of Marblehead, who furnished the rebels with rum in order to spirit them up to fire, is since dead of the fright.

This letter was unsigned, nor was the name of the contributor mentioned.

Events were then moving so swiftly in America that the paper began to fill with news of other conflicts. But, withal, a delay of at least a month always ensued between the date of the occurrence on one side of the Atlantic and the receipt of the news on the other.

GLEN NOBLE

By WINSLOW HALL

CHAPTER XIV

THE preliminary hearing in the case of Glen Noble, charged with murder, was held before a justice, in chambers, that afternoon. Judicial procedure is not clogged in these peaceful localities with many disputes of man against man, or with man against the law. Under the statutes there really was but one conclusion to expect, and, there being no regularly authorized prosecutor in that judicial district at the time, the office having been allowed to lapse, Constancio Avallonea, Esq., the only available lawyer, he who had drawn the indictment, was deputized to represent the state.

There was no defense. Only a manly "Not guilty," which was echoed in the hearts of all who had known the prisoner since babyhood and of his love and devotion for the man whom the law alleged he had slain.

For the people, as the phrase goes, a professionally skillful web of circumstantial evidence had been woven.

There was the fact, bountifully adduced, of the two men supposedly alone in the depths of the otherwise tenantless forest that winter's night. A blood-stained sled-stake was produced in court and the man, a neighbor, Pasquale Badessiao, who had found it, as he swore, beneath Glen's barn, testified to the circumstances. And the stake, it was proven, fitted into a socket on Glen's sled to a nicety.

As for motive; the eloquent attorney for the prosecution furnished that — an altercation, there in that dim-lit sugar-house so vividly described, a hasty, angry blow, the fleeing of the old man down the lone forest road toward home and safety, and his overhauling by the younger man in the dark hollow, and more blows to still forever the accusing voice; then remorse and a crafty planning to carry the body home with a cunning tale and a bold front to allay suspicion.

Well the law's exponent played his part, and Glen was bound over, without bond, to answer to the March term of the Superior Court, which was to convene one week hence at Ludlow.

That trial day in the town of Ludlow was fully appreciated was manifest in manifold manners. Not only did the sitting there lend prestige to the hill town and inflate its citizens with becoming civic pride, but attendant upon the trial term came a multitude of people, drawn from many miles about, the men by vital interest in the legal battles to be waged, or by sheer curiosity, and with them wives, daughters, and sweethearts, who embraced the opportunity to visit "town" and "do tradin'."

The day set for the convening of the court dawned cloudless. One of those rare days of early spring so baffling to describe, so deceptive. Long before the tardy sun was up the first equipage of the oncoming throng arrived and chose a place of vantage on the long street, soon to be lined upon either curb with teams, secured to the many hitching posts and bars provided generously against such occasions.

Popular interest in the trial term centered naturally in the murder case, and the day upon which that was called saw an unprecedented inflow from the country round about the village.

Sunrise that morning was a splendid spectacle, but scarcely had Apollo's car left the gilded, fir-clad crests than thick vapory curtains fell athwart the picture, blotting it from view.

At first the snow melted at contact with the ground, forming a pasty

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slush that adhered to shoes and the felloes of vehicles in their passage over it, but soon on roofs and stoops it made permanent lodgment and then gradually spread its domain to the ground and settled its soft mantle over street and lane and meadow.

In the court-room, at noon, a twilight gloom settled, and the old janitor brought kerosene lamps which he lit and deposited in bronzed brackets, backed by tin reflectors, which focused the yellow glare upon the judicial bench and the chief actors in the drama before it.

The list of jurors was a long one, and well for the procurement of a panel it was so, for though many were called few were chosen, and the attorney's challenge for a time rang uninterruptedly.

Never had the old clerk, during his forty years' tenure of office, so stumbled in his diction. In alphabetical order he began the list and read the first names fluently: "Justice Adams" and "Duncan Ahern." Saxon and Celtic; native and good. One descended from a signer of the Declaration, the other of the same blood on his maternal side that coursed through the veins of Sullivan at Brandywine and Germantown.

These names the aged clerk read easily, and after the few formal questions had been put and replied to, the two men took their seats within the jury box.

But at the third name the old official's tongue refused to do his bidding. It essayed the task, then balked, then tried again to the second syllable and failed.

The aged official paused, removed his glasses and rubbed their lens energetically, as if suspicious that they were playing him a trick. Then readjusting them carefully upon the bridge of his assertive nose, he plunged ahead regardless, and pronounced the cognomen with a triumphant emphasis, albeit with somewhat of virginal articulation.

"Vincenzo Annunztouncci." The man stood up. Small need to picture him — low browed, swarthy, stolid.

"You are a properly qualified voter?" asked the attorney for the defence.

The talesman shifted his weight to the other foot and gazed vacantly, first at his questioner and then over his head and out the window, where the lowering wind was sighing through the trees, carrying the now fast-falling snow before it. The query was repeated.

The man recalled his wandering gaze and readjusted the balance of his weight.

"Yah," he answered.

"You speak English?" was the next question, suspiciously.

"Yah," answered the man with some asperity, leering along the line of upturned faces.

"When were you naturalized?"

"Las' year."

"Who witnessed your papers?" abruptly asked the attorney.

"Constancio Avallonea," came the reply, doggedly.

"Challenged!" exclaimed Major Terrill, Glen's counsel, and the judge remarked, "Excused."

During the next hour three more jurors were accepted. Some of the panel drawn had formed previous opinions, others were related more or less distantly to the defendant or his counsel, several were unalterably opposed to capital punishment. Three in succession appeared with names at which the old clerk frowned, and thrice in succession, when asked who it was that witnessed their papers, answered, after some hesitancy and prodding, "Constancio Avallonea." They were summarily challenged and excused, and as they stepped down Major Terrill smiled, but his square chin was set vicelike.

Within another hour but one more man was found acceptable, and took his place within the railed enclosure. The audience became a little restive with the monotony, and the furtive crunching of a peanut shell was heard now and then from the rear of the room, or the drowsy termination of a half-suppressed yawn broke the quiet.

These breaches of prescribed decorum were at once temporarily subdued by a frown from the watchful beagle and the gruff interruption, "Silence! Give heed in the court room."

The state's attorney gave signs of tried patience also, and mildly remonstrated, but was straightway consoled by the acceptance, in quick succession, of five candidates, leaving but one vacancy unfilled.

The next name was another to baffle native tongue. "Sarkosis Tchobjian," called the clerk with hesitancy. Sarkosis stood up.

He properly qualified as a holder of real estate, as a resident, and as to ignorance of the case. The astute old attorney hesitated. He did not at all like the manner of the man before him, but his personal like or dislike nor his suspicions could not be accepted as a qualifying objection to the man's services as a juror. The state's attorney smiled.

Just then there was a subdued commotion in the neighborhood of the main entrance and for a moment attention was diverted in that direction. The congestion of humanity about the portals moved aside and Constancio Avallonea elbowed his way to a rear bench. A frown darkened his features as he observed the publicity his entry was occasioning, but as his gaze swept the assembly it met the eyes of the twelfth juror, just taking his seat, and between the two there flashed a look of recognition.

In his address to the jury, the state's attorney adhered closely to the testimony adduced at the preliminary hearing, stating that it was the purpose of the commonwealth to prove that the murder was committed as the result of an altercation, not with premeditatedness *per se* necessarily, but, in view of new testimony which would be offered, with constructive malice, which placed the crime fairly within the pale of murder in the first degree. He concluded by saying that, if there was in the testimony about to be presented conclusive evidence of any mitigating circumstances which would warrant judicial clemency, then, under the statute, it was within the province of the jury to suggest it, but that the verdict as found must be absolute.

The address as a whole was capable, voicing the determination of the man to perform his duty impartially, exercising his every ability to so present the testimony entrusted with him as to best bear out the justice of the indictment, yet, to keen instincts, there was about his demeanor a bare suggestion of perfunctoriness, not wholly compatible with his asservations.

The first witness called was Dr. Grey. He told, with forced calmness, of the nature of the injuries inflicted upon John Carter and to direct questions, put by the prosecuting attorney, gave it as his professional opinion that the wounds inflicted that night in the woods were the direct and only cause of death, and also, in answer to specific inquiry, affirmed it as his belief that the murderous assault had been committed with a blunt weapon, presumably a club, and when shown the sled-stake, before introduced as an exhibit, said that it might have served as the instrument of the murder.

The cross-examination of this witness was of the briefest, and then he was excused with an announcement, made by the major, that he would later be called in rebuttal.

Succeeding the doctor in the witness box came Badessiao, shuffling of gait and stolid featured. As he moved around the lawyer's table and went in and out the chairs to reach the witness stand, a disturbance along down the central aisle marked the trail of his mentor, and Avallonea slid into a front seat with the same characterizing movement that distinguishes the snake's oily passage into a clump of grass. The wily lawyer then fixed his gaze upon the face of the witness until it magnetically attracted the eyes of the other, then held them throughout the delivery of the man's testimony, establishing a vague but competent method of communication.

In detail, after the manner of one reciting a lesson well learned Badessiao told of his journey into the sugar-patch in search of a shag-bark sapling for an ox-bow, how he had come upon a spot in the woods much trampled by human foot-tracks and marked by dark-red stains; how he had looked about and finally discovered, in the underbrush, a sled-stake, also bearing the forbidding dark stains, and in the slivered edge of which still adhered some fine, gray hairs.

At once he had proceeded with his find to Avallonea, the lawyer, and later had been summoned as a witness at a preliminary hearing.

Then he was taken in hand by the major for cross-examination.

With even, unimpassioned voice the gray-haired attorney for the defence began his questioning, first inquiring formally the name and residence of the witness. Then he inquired what was the first time he had ever seen the prisoner.

Badessiao's gaze faltered for a moment, and then he answered that he did not remember.

"Let me refreshen your memory, then," remarked the major, and he went on to describe briefly the day when the witness had been at work in the field, and Glen had approached him in humane endeavor to ameliorate the condition of the little overworked horse. Then the major repeated his inquiry, but before the man could decide within his distracted mind whether to acknowledge the acquaintanceship or deny the incident altogether, the state's attorney was upon his feet with an objection. "These are leading questions," said he, "improperly introduced, and I object to their tendency. They are irrelevant to the case."

"I respectfully submit," replied the major, "that the question is wholly permissible, as tending to adduce testimony upon which we intend to base our defence. If the line of questioning seems later to transcend our vested privilege, the prosecution has its resort, and I have no doubt my learned brother will promptly avail himself of it, but the present question I present as not improper."

For a moment the judge sifted the matter mentally. His professional acuteness was cognizant of the probable trend of the inquiry, but his inclination was toward the broadest possible latitudes consistent with judicial procedure and the most liberal construction compatible with impartial justice to both sides of the case.

He ruled that the question might be permitted tentatively, giving warning at the same time that subsequent events might result in striking the question and attendant answers from the record and charging the jury to ignore them.

With this thin edge of his entering wedge inserted, however, the major was content, and with that keen discernment and sagacious capacity he was locally noted for, he proceeded, in spite of frequent objections upon the part of the state's attorney, to bring out as a vivid picture before the mind's eye, through the admissions of the witness and shrewdly put questions, that scene on the hillside and the wrath and vindictiveness of the man when balked by Glen in his endeavor to maltreat his dumb servant. At one point in his pitiless cross-questioning he paused, abruptly and dramatically, and stepped backward, pointing to Avallonea before that worthy could recover his gaze, which was leveled with a controling passion upon the eye of the witness and asked the court's intervention.

It had been apparent to many that there had existed a medium of mental communication between the witness and the occupant of the front bench from the beginning, and when the fact was rendered tangible by the lawyer's appeal, another thread was woven in the fabric of defence which, though forming no portion of the written testimony, was working its mission in the minds of all hearers, that, deep underlying the charge resting upon Glen, there existed a connivance, venomous and criminal, pregnant of vital importance to the whole community.

Smarting under the sting of the critical observation of his demeanor, attracted to him by the major's carefully devised exposé, Avallonea shrunk down in his seat, his chin deep in his collar. The judge sternly admonished against any attempt by any of the audience to influence witnesses, and had a word to say regarding evasion on the stand and the penalty of perjury. The major waited a moment in silence, to permit of the moral significance of the incident to impress itself, and then said simply to the witness: "You are excused," and at a motion of the old crier, Badessiao stepped down and squeezed his way up the side isle of the chamber, the suspicious gaze of many of those present following him.

The next witness called was a stranger to the community, a man of professional aspect, and the usual questions preliminary to his testimony evoked the in-

formation that his name was Gregory Black, a medical practitioner and bacteriologist to the State Board of Health. He had been summoned as an expert, and glibly testified to his finding that the stains upon the sled-stake were occasioned by human blood, and that the hair also adhering to that weapon was undoubtedly from a man's head and of the same shade and texture as that submitted to him by the state's attorney and sworn to as having been taken from the head of the victim of the assault.

With the professional testimony in, the state rested its case. What evidence there was connecting Glen with the crime was purely circumstantial, and of the most flimsy nature. No malice had been proven, not the slightest pretext or reason why he should have raised his hand to strike down his friend. The assault had been committed, the sled-stake had evidently been the weapon, and it fitted into a socket in a sled belonging to the defendent; that, and that only, was the basis of the prosecution. Conviction under such testimony was utterly impossible, or so it seemed to the onlookers; acquittal seemed imperative. A relaxation of the tense interest was perceptible in the room, and low-whispered comment was indulged in condemning the holding of the young man upon such frail testimony.

The defense asked for dismissal of the case on the plea that the prosecution had failed to prove its allegation, and that being denied, at once proceeded to present its testimony.

Dr. Grey was called to the stand and described minutely the several wounds found upon the person of John Carter at the first examination of the victim of the assault. The doctor gave it as his opinion that the first blow had been that one delivered at the base of the skull, from behind, and that such a blow, delivered with the crushing force expended in this instance, must invariably produce immediate insensibility. Had the recipient of the blow been not so bundled up with his coat collar and muffler, the doctor considered that the blow must have killed him instantly. Granted that the first attack, then, was responsible for the wound at the base of the brain, and that it had, as it logically must have, produced insensibility, the testimony of the witnesses for the prosecution, who told of finding the stake in the bushes and the trampled snow nearly a mile from the house, was sufficient evidence that the first and only assault had occurred, not in the sugar house, as held by the state, but in the woods at the point indicated.

Succeeding the doctor upon the stand came others, neighbors and townsmen, who told of first-hand knowledge of the bond of stanch friendship between the victim of the assault and the young man accused under the law of murder. Such testimony, so convincingly given, dispelled any lurking faith that might have been held in the prosecution's suggestion of revengeful estrangement. The last witness called was the prisoner.

It was five o'clock when Glen took his place within the little enclosure. Daylight had gone and the windows were black, shiny patches, against which the large, feathery snowflakes drifted uninterruptedly.

When Glen stepped upon the witness stand to testify in his own behalf, there was a murmur of interested comment, followed by a perfect quiet, which during his examination was unbroken.

There was not a trace of fear upon his countenance as he turned and faced the men who held his fate with their keeping, and his broad shoulders and young, stalwart frame made him a pleasant figure.

As the Book, with its gilded clasps, was upheld by the old clerk to have him place his hand upon it, Glen smiled faintly, as he said solemnly: "I do," for the page lay open at the twenty-third psalm, and instantly a flood of emotion swept over him, tinging his face with a warm glow of deep feeling, for it had been his mother's favorite passage and its noble expression of confidence thrilled him, as he seemed to hear once again her sweet voice repeating: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me: Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

Graphically he portrayed the events of that tragic night, and when his story was done there was not one of his hearers who did not believe in his heart that he had heard the truth and the whole truth.

Although the hour was late and the storm without increasing, it was decided, after a brief consultation of the counsel with the court, to proceed with the case and, if possible, terminate it that evening. It was agreed that neither the attorney for the state nor the major should occupy over a half hour each in their address to the jury, and it was considered wholly probable, in view of the testimony, that a decision would be quickly arrived at and the docket left clear for the morning.

In summing up for the state, the attorney for the prosecution relied wholly upon the assumption of a quarrel and drew large upon supposition to substantiate his plea for conviction. It was not apparent that he believed in the guilt of the prisoner himself and so his argument lacked that force of appeal without which no plea, however logical in itself, is wholly convincing. The major, upon the contrary, it could be seen from the first syllable of his address, was imbued through and through with the truth of the justice of his contentions.

He consumed in his plea for his client nearly all of the period of time alloted him, but not one of his auditors begrudged him a moment he occupied. He began with a rehearsal of the relations existing between John Carter and Glen, far back of the day of the tragedy, and made their companionship vivid. When he drew a word picture of the night of the fatality it was like seeing an artist lay on with warm colors a faithful presentment of the wintry night woods, the crude sugar-house, the hush and the moonlight and the shadows. When he followed the bundled-up form of the victim forth from the yellow glow of the lantern-lit doorway, he paused and dramatically pointed at the young defendant.

"And what would they have you believe?" he inquired. "That, skulking along in the footprints of that man, the hellish impulse of Cain in his heart, went that boy, armed, how or when they do not inform us, with a club, sure to prove his undoing if guilty, bent upon striking down in the darkness this friend of his youth and his growing manhood. And why? Why, in spite of long years of loving companionship and neighborly ties of the strongest, is the lust for the blood of this gray-haired old man implanted in the heart of the defendant?

"I tell you, gentlemen of the jury," said the major with permeating fervor, "that deep down in the chamber of my heart there lurks a terrifying suspicion. A suspicion amounting almost to conviction, that the great judicial machinery of our old commonwealth has been made the innocent vehicle for the exploiting of a most damnable outrage upon the liberties of an innocent citizen.

"I do not question the honesty or official rectitude of any one present tonight at this bar of justice; I do not seek to criticise the judgment of those responsible for the assignment of this case before the higher tribunal; I would absolve them from any ulterior motive with that noblest phrase of forgiveness ever uttered, 'Forgive them, for they know not what they do.' But I do affirm it as my honest belief that back of this prosecution lurks a connivance, deep, subtle, and lush with revengeful greed, in whose entangling alliances skulk conditions fraught with danger to our free institutions.

"This case never, upon the evidence, should have been permitted to progress to the higher court. A prosecution so stultifying the dignities of judicial procedure should have been stifled in its beginning. Either official culpability or grievous error of judgment is apparent in the inception of this case, and, in view of the dire results to an innocent man, neither is by any latitude of mercy excusable."

It was apparent that the major's just indignation at what he felt was a deplorable perversion of the judicial machinery was getting the better of his discretion, and pausing abruptly, he mopped his far-receding forehead and looked somewhat askance at the judge, as though half expecting a reproving look or expression. But the court, as if intentionally, looked

away toward the steaming windows, and the old attorney, adjusting the books and papers before him, continued his address in a somewhat modified tone.

"Slowly, through the deep-lying snow," he went on, "John Carter on that memorable moonlit night, amid the shadows of the forest trees, proceeded on his way. His mind was busy with the events of the day and the detail of his sugar making. Alarm at possibility of any conceivable danger was furtherest from his peaceful mind. Not to his knowledge, doubtless, had he an enemy in the world. At peace with every living thing and conscious of manly rectitude before his God, he went forward without hesitancy, down into that veritable valley of the shadow of death.

"Within the shadows of the thicket that grew close up about the path a figure lurked. I would that I might minutely describe it. We are safe in assuming that it had the proportions of a man; that it was fashioned in the image of that sublime creation which the Great Author designed to be the type of dominating perfection, but within it lurked the spirit of a beast, a reptile, and its dominant purpose, as it crouched there, was blacker than the innermost tombs of hell. —

"With every beastly faculty focussed on the sound of his victim's slow approach, the assassin crouched there in the dark. I fearlessly allege that I do not think he knew the identity of the man who was approaching to his doom." The lawyer paused an instant and a breath of startled comment sped across the room. "I believe it was not John Carter, but the man who stands to-night at this bar of justice as a prisoner, whom that murder-prompted, lurking figure sought. But," continued the major, "let us try our case.

"Deeper into that wooded hollow the unsuspecting man proceeded, until the lowest depth was reached, and then — but let the testimony of the prosecution itself inform us: On the morrow, seeking a hickory sapling in the swampy hollow of a maple forest, where the most untutored child would never think to seek for shell-barks, comes a distant neighbor upon a trodden circle in the path. Snow had fallen, partially obliterating the tracks, but the vision of this disinterested neighbor was very keen. He not only jumped to the conclusion that an assault had taken place, but at once proceeded to do something else that must stamp him, in our opinions, as a most extraordinary man. With no knowledge of the circumstances, he at once began to search, with careful scrutiny, the surroundings for a weapon, wholly, we must presume, without knowledge that a weapon had been used, and found — of all things — a sled-stake.

"This evidence of his sharp abilities in his grasp, what did he do? He did not tell his neighbors, or exhibit the trophy of his skill, but with the rare discretion which seems to have characterized his every move he went with it to a village lawyer, who, from the first, seems to have taken a deep interest in the case. These two worthies, the village lawyer and the natural-born detective, put their heads together. Being a sled-stake, there must somewhere, so they argued, be a sled with a missing stake and a socket into which the blood-stained trophy was designed to fit. Presto! No sooner had their wise deductions been decided than they proceeded to substantiate the infallibility of their reasoning.

"But hold! Did they go about the country with their sled-stake, trying its fit upon stray sockets here and there? Not a bit, they didn't. Such process was too slow for such quick reasoners. With the directness of a vulture's flight to the fold of unguarded lambs, they went, where? Stealthily to the home of a neighbor, to the yard of the home of this young man. And, behold! There in the doorway stood a bob-sled, handy to any passerby, with one stake of its six missing, and into the vacant socket the stake which they carried would go. Could any testimony be more convincing upon which to hang a man? Surely not. Was ever a stronger chain of evidence welded with which to fasten upon a man the awful charge of murder?

"Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard the evidence. A grave respon-

sibility rests upon you. You cannot undo the terrible wrong which the law has inflicted upon this young man, but you can absolve him and send him forth as free and as guiltless before the law as he stands innocent and blameless before those who have heard the testimony and before his God. Less than that you cannot do. The court will advise you as to the law; it simply devolves upon me, after these brief words of review, to commend to your keeping the defendant, conscious of your lofty resolves."

The charge of the judge to the jury was brief. He advised them formally of their duties and reviewed the salient portions of the testimony, informing them of its significant features, and told them that they might judge of their own intuitions of the truthfulness of the several witnesses. In effect, as his hearers recognized, the address was virtually a charge that a verdict of acquittal should be found.

The jury was then escorted by the court officers out of the court room and into the retiring room at the right of the railed enclosure.

"It won't take 'em long," said the old janitor. "That chap's as innocent of that crime as I am," and he emphasized the force of his opinion with extra loud slam of the stove door.

Without, the storm witches rode furiously, howling round the corners and yelling muffled curses down the chimney, their gray garments swishing against the window panes until the glass rattled in the putty.

"Wonder what became of that Armenian lawyer and his friend," queried some one. "Guess he'll think twice afore he trumps any more charges."

"Ought to have a nice, warm overcoat this sort o' weather," pursued another. "They do say as how hen feathers and tar make a deuced windtight garmint," he continued thoughtfully, and there was a considerable pause, during which only the crackling of the fire was audible.

"Must a felt as though they'd kinder put their foot in it, to be sure," said the first speaker, breaking the monotonous silence. "Summat in the predicament of Pete Davis, when he was a-teachin' of the yearlin' calf to yoke. Things be a-movin' summat more snappier' n they reckoned on. Pete, you know, thought as how he'd teach the calf by precept, as it wuz. So what did the dum goat do but yoke hisself up with the calf, to show the little critter how to pull. The calf started off sober, but presently began a-runnin' at top speed. They cum down by the depot like twin comets on a rumpus, and as they went by, Pete he had jes' breath enough to yell out: 'Ketch us — durn our fool souls — don't ye see we're runnin' away?' "

The quiet laughter that was created by the mental picture of Pete's passage with the calf was hushed suddenly by the sound of loud rapping, which sounded hollow on the door of the room within which the jury was locked. The old bailiff nearly lost his equilibrium on his wobbly stool in the excitement of the moment, and his voice was shrill as he inquired through the crack in the jamb what was wanted. A muffled reply, not audible to those further back in the court room, made answer, and the ulstered and snowy form of the janitor just then making its appearance in the entrance doorway, the bailiff cried out to him squeakingly: "Summons the jedge, squire. Summons the jedge, the jury wants to be instructed," and the old janitor, overburdened with the importance of his mission, dove back again out of the doorway.

Like evil tidings the intelligence spread that the jury had asked for instructions, and before the judge had been summoned from the tavern and the prospects of a broiled cockerel and a mug of hot cider, the court room was thronged with eager, questioning groups, their whispered inquiries and anxious looks tense with compressed excitement.

The judge took his seat with an unfathomable assumption of calm imperturbability, but the major, as he hastened down the aisle and into the enclosure, throwing off his great-coat as he went, wore a troubled expression, matched by a look of ill-concealed wonderment on the face of the attorney for the state.

(*To be continued*)

HOT SPORT AT TWENTY-FOUR BELOW ZERO

By CHARLES EVERETT BEANE

BR-R-R-R. Br-r-r-r. Br-r. Br-r. Br-r.

Dead silence.

Br-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r.

"Hully gee, Herb, tumble out and push that button, or the night clerk down in the office *will* wake us for fair. Never again! No more late suppers with a 5 A.M. call coming to me."

Several deep snores.

"Well, I'll be — There! Guess that'll hold Henry for a while. Out *you* go," and a heavy bump on the floor told the occupant of the room immediately under Number 107 that some one in West End Hotel was very much alive.

Bang! Bang! Crash! Down came the bed in the upper room, and gasping exclamations telling the tale of fierce attack, repulse, and counter-attack filled the air.

"Kick me out er bed, will yer! I'll — say, leggo! Huh — *now* squirm! Quit — strangle holds barred!"

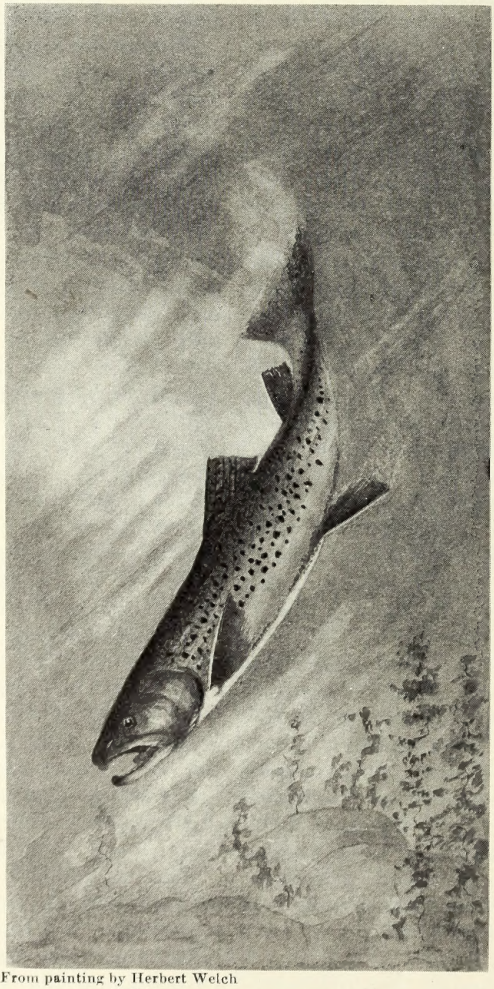
"Beg, you sinner, beg! Bluff me out into the cold to silence that call bell, eh?"

"Hi, you roosters, cut it! It's only four o'clock, and you'll fill the corridors with kickers — here's one now — no, it's Doc Bodge," and the ever-present Henry charged off downstairs.

"Tumble out, you fellows. Got a fur robe over the water cooler, but a furnace out there wouldn't keep it thawed. Twenty-four below in the lee of the building. Just makes you talk turkey when the machine's running. I shed enough tears coming down from the garage to make a good-sized skating surface — spread it out thin enough. Left a string of frozen breath stretching from here to there."

"Wow! *me* again to the arms of Murphy. No, I *don't* mean Morpheus, or any other blooming Turk. Fair world, adieu. Out this morning I'll be more of a stiff than I am now. Nix — do you hear me — *nix!*" Dodging Jack, Herb dove between the sheets.

"Choose. Swathe your lissome shape in your outing habiliaments, or drop four stories to the cold, cold ground, with this icicle down the back of your pajamas."



From painting by Herbert Welch

"THE SPECKLED BEAUTY"

" A SNOW WORLD ABOVE AND BELOW "

"Murder! Hold him, Doc, or when I get through fighting for life, folks will be engraving his name plate. I'll dress, Jack."

" Always *was* tender hearted, so I'll let up if you're spry. Come to this window. Glorious! Cock your eye on the roofs sparkling with frost!"

" You're daffy, my dear old pal. Who ever saw roofs sparkle with frost when it lacks two hours to sunrise? You'd better practice dodging the foolish house."

" Is it thus, Bright Eyes? What's the matter with the beam thrown by that big arc lamp down there? I've a good mind to bump this ice chisel on your coco."

" Peace, children, peace. What's that — lunch? You chaps remind me of the hall-room boys, with a gas stove going under the coffee pot. Lucky Harry Mason has no meter on this jet, for I'll gamble you'd fly low with rates as high as *Portland* gets. Hustle, or I'll eat all the pie."

" Another nutty performer," groaned Herb. " Where do you see *pie* for *breakfast?* You've got em, Doc, you've got em. What you take for pie is the tip of Jack's glove on the edge of the table."

" Not in a hundred years. Bite that. *Mince pie*, eh? Wake up, boy, it's another day, and a mighty fine one too. There, leave the ruins and get your traps. Where's the live bait — no — nothing with that label on it, I mean the *fish* bait. *In the bath tub?* Wonder if you understand what water charges mean? Alive — of course they are, and good shiners, too. The bait pail? Under the *bed* — yes, and looks like a last year's merry widow hat. Wait till I take the dents out and see if it leaks. Nary a drop. In you go, you beauties, come along, mutts."

A strong hand crushed Doc's shoulder as he ceased his rapid fire of small talk, and he turned to look into Jack's face, distorted by a broad grin. " Whoa!

We'll have to keep a strong hand on the check rein or you'll run away with this outfit. First thing we know you'll set those traps right here and go to catching square tails. I object to that in this room. Not for you, Herbie—that mackinaw belongs to your Uncle Dudley, take it off, you'll give me no freeze this A.M."

"If it wasn't red you'd let me wear it. Kind of stuck on yourself with that on, eh?" and with this parting shot the big fellow stalked down the corridor with the ice chisel over his shoulder, waving a bundle of fish traps in imitation of a drum major. Doc followed with bait pail and scoop, and Jack came last with a shovel and three pairs of snow shoes.

"Strike up 'The March of the Grenadiers.' You're a fine gang of tramps and thugs. What say, Harry, shall I turn in a call for the Black Maria?"

"Not this day, Henry. Might get *one good man* in the bunch as I'm going along. When I fall in with that procession you want to cut out invidious remarks. You're envious, that's the matter with you,— *just green.*"

"Halt!" Officer "Mac" from Union Station stood in the doorway. "Hands up! I'm going to search this band of yeggs. Any long-neckers? No?—to the station with you—you're not going fishing. Who ever heard of a decent fishing party minus something to spit on the bait?"

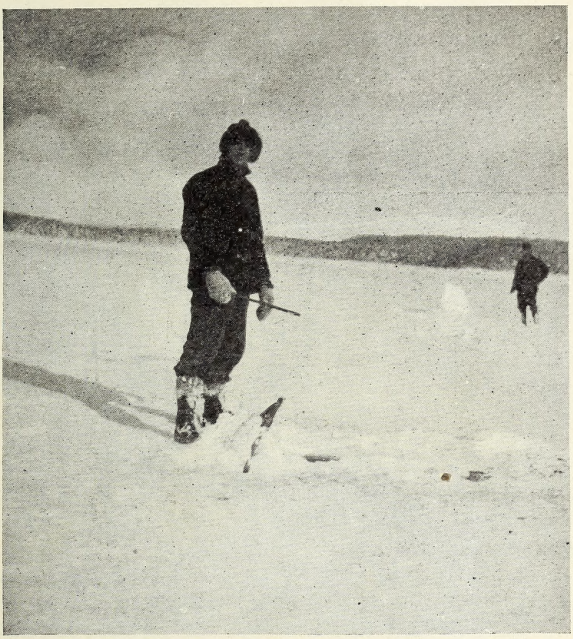
"Touch but a hair of our heads, oh tyrant, and you lose—a good big feed. Never a chance for a doubter. All in now, and tuck those robes right strong to windward. Doc's dippy on the speed law. Gee, this auto should be built of rubber—quit your crowding, Harry—WHEE!" and the car shot away up Congress Street, with its occupants muffled to the eyes, and ducking well down out of the wind.

Five miles out of the city, where the open rapidly gave place to woodsy roads,

THROUGH TWO FEET OF BLUE ICE

a veritable fairy paradise was revealed, as the low bending trees, ice and snow laden until they swept the earth, glistened and sparkled, as though the firmament had showered all its constellations at once, and some mighty hand had fastened them in glorious arches to blaze bewilderingly and vie with the radiance of the orb of day, now fast speeding up the eastern skies, fresh from his salty bed, and scattering far and wide the broad smiles of his good-natured face.

A snow storm of the day previous, turning almost to rain, and then proving its ficklemindedness by withdrawing all frowns and giving way to a day of intense cold, claimed praises for its gift in the shape of a crystal-veneered world. In the presence of such grandeur, conversation soon lagged to silence, and our friends became all eyes.



"Now if they take hold"

Not fifty miles from the city of Portland a small pond is located, the treasures it contains being known to a very wise few, the fact of the concealment of their knowledge giving conclusive testimony to their wisdom, for here one may enjoy to the full a pleasure denied in general to the sportsman by the righteous laws of the Pine Tree State. Protection of trout demands prohibition of fishing through the ice, for in winter their hunger for new foods renders it comparatively easy to catch a fine mess of the best fish that swim. The quartet, fortunate enough to be of the number of "wise ones" who are able to fish without the law's alarms, soon found the farmhouse within a mile of the pond, and "barned" the machine when the forenoon was half past.

"Been any one here, Sam — to fish, I mean? Not within a month, eh — that sounds good. How thick's the ice?"

"Right smart thick I guess, Jack, better take an axe along to chop a place before using your chisel. Foot of snow too. Lucky you have your shoes along — mine's busted."

Loaded down as they were, it was but a few minutes later when they descended the bank to the ice, and Harry, who was carrying the bait pail, provoked hearty guffaws when he got his snow shoes crossed and took a "header," spilling the water and dumping shiners all about, but accidents will happen in the best regulated company, and a half hour later a dozen holes were cut through two feet of frozen surface and as many traps set to await the touch of hungry trout.

Since early morning the nor'west wind had been increasing in velocity, until shortly after noon it was blowing a gale that swept before it banks of snow and scattered them as white flour is sifted through a fine mesh, clogging holes, mussing up lines, making things uncomfortable in the open, and rendering it necessary to constantly make the rounds of the traps set in a semicircle, and freely use the scoop.

For the first hour not a signal was started, and watching for the up-thrown beam under such conditions proved anything but inspiring work. Snow shoes

and bushes were finally stacked to windward of the traps, wings of snow were built in a wide arc, and by this strategy the aggravation of filling holes was done away with, but they *would* freeze over and required constant tending.

The bend of the north shore, heavily wooded, afforded very good protection from the piercing blasts, and here a fire was builded, the snow all about it tramped down, banked with boughs, and with pipes lighted they awaited "the onslaught of the enemy," taking turns at making the rounds, "sentinel duty," as Herb called it.

"Whew! thought you promised it would be hot sport on the ice to-day, Doc, — hot sport at twenty-four degrees below zero — your imagination has H. Rider Haggard's skun to a frazzle. When I just took the towpath with nothing doing I made it a business to talk Chinese down each hole, and dared the trout to come on and take hold of any one of those baits. I said, 'You great big, hulking, no good, spotted sinners don't have sand enough to tackle even the smallest of these little shiners for fear you'll get licked. If I had a reputation for fighting equal to yours, I'd start something.' Not a line wiggled, and I don't believe there's a fish in this mud hole."

"Watch out! He'll come again"

"Say, Bo, don't education count for anything with you? These shiners are all trained to lie low until we are ready for business. First we cut the holes, baited the hooks, banked the traps, made this warm nest, got our pipes going, and they now await the signal to get busy and wiggle their tails to attract attention. When I say the word and point to a certain trap you'll see something start. Now I'm going to begin, and when I shove out my finger it's a race to see who pulls the trap that's sprung. First man there gets it," and Jack began to count one — two — three — four — five — six — seven ——

"Oh, you kid, of all the bluffs I ever — Holy Smoke! there she blows! Go *to* it!" and as the beam of Number 9 went into the air, throwing out a red flag at the end of the arm, a mad scramble through the snow, and Harry made a dive for the loose line, missed his footing and slid into the hole, wetting one leg to the knee, but triumphantly pulled out a two-pound trout when he recovered his footing.

"I'm a fisherman bold, I am. That's right, laugh, you hyenas, laugh. Here's mine — where's yours?"

"Certainly is a pippin, Harry. Ought to be if he saw that high dive. Back to the fire for yours and dry that foot. We'll put him in again if he's the only one we get, but there are *others* — there goes number seven," and as Jack and Doc arrived together, after a wild sprint, they matched coppers to determine who should pull the trap, and Doc winning, pulled — nothing.

"Wait till I show you how," yelled Harry from the fireside. "Takes an expert to get these trout on educated shiners. You're used to the common kind, Doc. Ha — ha — ha."

"Quit that, Herbie! No fair loafing away off there and teasing them along. Got one? Oh, mama — put it back — put it back. Don't rob the kindergarten, —too small to see from here — hold him where the sun will strike him,"

"JUST LOST ONE LONGER THAN THAT"

greeted the appearance of a half pounder.

"Best fish to-day," declared Herbie. "Rather have him in the pan than yours, Harry. May not puff out so much, but he's sweeter. You're jealous."

"Hi — there goes seven! Lost again, eh, Doc? Try jigging, bob the bait slowly up and down and he'll take it. Ha — a bite! Too bad, let him rest a minute and then try him again. There! — no, he's too foxy and gives you the laugh. Stick to him, Doc — stick to him."

"Spose *you* stick to him. This wind is sifting snow down my neck faster than I could throw it out with a steam shovel. The fire for Doctor." But as he started to leave the now famous number seven, up went the beam sharply, and the line began to run out under the ice as the gamey fellow at the other end made off with the bait. Doc turned, grabbed the line, yanked back quickly and began to yell, "He's a whale, boys, he's a whale!" and finally pulled into daylight a beauty of a fish that brought the scales down four pounds and three quarters.

"No wonder he pulled hard — see where you got him," and Jack held the trout aloft showing the hook imbedded in the side just back of a fin. "Must have dropped the bait as you pulled, and dashed one side just in time to get his. You're a lucky dog."

"He fooled me as long as I proposed to stand for it, so I took him where I could get a good hold. Can you beat that, Harry?"

"I'm too good a sportsman to trim him in such a way as to spoil his hide. Spose *you* have to get 'em any old way."

For an hour there were no more catches, although several traps were sprung, causing false alarms in each case. Just after two o'clock the coffee pot was set boiling, and the four ate heartily of the good things Harry's chef had provided, but had the lunch been other than the

excellent one it was, not a morsel would have gone begging, for appetites were whetted to a keen edge by the invigorating sport in the open air.

Several smaller fish than the ones caught by Harry and Doc were taken, some great sport with the camera filled an hour with interest, and finally Doc remarked, as his pal appeared, "Glad you're back from the farm, Jack, twelve good fish ain't so bad — what do you say if we pull up and strike out for home before it's dark?"

"Sure thing — wait, there's a strike!" and Jack tore off on the run to number seven. When he arrived there breathless no answering tug was felt, but there was weight on the line. "Must have been on a long time. You fellows been asleep? He feels like a dead one, but I have him," and to cries of "Play him easy, Jack — play him easy!" he pulled through the hole A SEVEN-POUND CODFISH DRESSED FOR COOKING.

For a full minute he held the fish high in air, his face a study of conflicting emotions, then slowly scanning the countenances of the roaring trio before him, he remarked, "*You* put up this job on me, Harry Mason. I've seen the animal before. You've got something coming to *you*. Nuff ced — I'm too innocent for this bunch," and as the party followed the snow-shoe track back to the farmhouse, he added, "Hot sport at twenty-four degrees below zero helps to make a man a hot sport at seventy-five, or I underestimate this new lease of life in my own body."

The remark was greeted by an enthusiastic chorus, "Right you are, old scout, right you are."

THE GROUND OF KINSHIP

By GRACE AGNES THOMPSON

(With apologies to The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, who claimed for Cambridge Mass., the palm as "Nicest place that ever was seen.")

Know old Maine? You bet I do.
Born there? Don't say so! I was, too,—
Born in a farmhouse with one-pitched roof,
Weather-worn, if you must have proof —
Pine-Tree Gulch. Ah! Let me beg
You'll search from Key West to Winnipeg,
No saner childhood'll you find aloof
Than under an old Maine farmhouse roof.
Nicest place that ever was seen,—
Rugged old hills and pastures green
Rivers a-plenty with woods between.
Sweetest spot beneath the skies
Soon as apple bloom perfumes rise;
Summer in Maine is time that flies,
Charming your mouth and ears and eyes,
With treasure of shore where ocean lies,
And bird-trilled groves and berry pies
And myriads else that Yankees prize.

Tarry At Home Travel — 1890

By EDWARD E. HALE, D.D.

V

MISS READER.— (To the Traveler.) It seems very kind to say so, Mr. Traveler, but I am tired of this rushing over sea and land. You say no one sees me, but I am just as much exhausted as if they did see me. And I do not so much dislike to have people see me. What is more, you say you wish to improve and instruct people; really, the girls in my classes know a great deal more about the streets of Boston than you tell them about the streets of Washington or even of New York. I thought your letters were Tarry at Home Travel.

To this complaint much might be said in reply. But I do not charge her with ingratitude; on the other hand, I am glad if the readers will condescend to say what they do want and what they do not want. One throws his little contributions into the sea, and, as I said the other day, one is not certain whether his bark boat or his shingle schooner drifts to Spitzbergen, or does not. The returns from Spitzbergen are very slow and irregular. If, Miss Reader, there in Fort Wrangel, is willing to tell us what she does like and what she does not like, we are grateful.

I wonder how Miss Reader would like to have us describe the regular business of traveling down town, particularly since one does it by an electric car. I call the electric cars the " spinners," and I have been hoping to learn that somebody else calls them so, for I think they need a short name, and I think that is a good one. But thus far this addition to our language is confined to my own family.

My excellent and wise friend, Mr. Frederic B. Perkins, who did so much good to the city of San Francisco in the management of its library, used to say that if any man would give the history of one day, from its beginning to its end, in absolute literal detail, he would make the book of most curiosity and value two thousand years hence. Think how we read Horace's journey to Brundusium, and try to make out the details of a day's life. Think how doubtful we are whether Paul had or had not a toothbrush or a hairbrush or a comb in any sort like what we have now. Mr. Perkins would say that a man who would simply get up in the morning and describe the processes of life,— would tell even how he put his hand on a baluster as he went downstairs, how he unfolded his napkin or took it out of the ring if it had a ring,— would contribute to the benefit of the future as no one has chosen to do, who wrote of Plymouth Rock or the settlement of Boston. May it be possible that these readers in Fort Wrangel would like as much to know of the detail of life in such a village as Boston, as I should like to know about the canal boat or other boat in which Horace went to Brundusium?

It is a rainy day, then; the weather bureau says that it will be " fair, followed by light showers," and that it will be warmer. Now, if things were perfectly managed, I should have a little portable typewriter, and should take this upon my knees and should actually tell Miss Reader from moment to moment just what happens. I should say, " The conductor is now approaching, in the car. I am now putting my hand in my pocket, where I find a silver dollar, I give the conductor this silver dollar, and he gives me in exchange three quarter-dollars, a ten-cent piece, and two nickels." Then, with great rapidity, I should tell posterity what I mean by a nickel, what is the stamp on each side, and what I mean by a ten-cent piece and what there is on it; and I should tell that pretty story of the

face of the young lady who posed for the Goddess of Liberty. But, as Miss Reader is only a present posterity, I do not say this, which Horace should have said in describing his journey to Brundusium. Then I should tell her in the same absolute detail how the "spinner" stops at Northampton Street, and why, and how it does not stop at Chester Park, and I should try to guess why. And so, by quick stages and many stops, we should come cleverly down town.

But I am afraid to do this; the high classical readers would score the margin with the word "ultra-realism," and want our whole article left out in order that they may have room for some wildly exciting romance about a woman who had three husbands by accident, and saw two ghosts after she had been eating wedding cake. So we will not dare, even for Miss Reader's sake, to go into the fulness of this detail.

It is borne in on my mind that Miss Reader wishes to go to the dogs. This is no slight on her, nor does it imply that she has been spending her money in card-playing or for more questionable purposes. It only means that the New England Kennel Club, whatever that is, has the great Mechanics Hall, which covers I do not know how many acres, in its possession for this week, and is showing the most wonderful and attractive dogs which can be got together in New England, not to say Old England and other countries. Come in, Miss Reader; they will not bite us, though they have not as yet any muzzles. We are proposing in Massachusetts to make them all go round, as Richard Cœur de Lion did at the moment of his fight against Saladin, with a grating over their faces. But we have not got quite so far as that yet. See those lovely Gordon setters! would it not be a shame to put visors or other muzzles on them? See those dainty little King Charles spaniels! I am sure you would not make them unhappy.

Do you know that Newfoundland dogs, the joy of my boy life and of boy romance are disappearing? There is but one in all this great show. But instead of them, see those grand St. Bernards. I can believe any story of their intelligence, and the more that I saw their cousins — or their uncles, perhaps — at the Hospice. There are a great many hunting dogs, as we Americans say, meaning sporting dogs, and such intelligent creatures they are! Among them — those noble creatures — are the dogs which hunt men. These are the very dogs who were used at White Chapel, but discovered nothing more than their masters did.

What a charm there is in seeing creatures of the pure blood! There are ugly dogs here, but not one cur.

But the prettiest sight of all is when the gentle dogs are turned into the great arena, and the little blind children from the South Boston Institution are permitted to go in with them and fondle them. Notice has been sent round to all the exhibitors that the blind children will be here, and that, as they cannot see the dogs, they must feel them, which other people are not permitted to do. So here are the nice little children, and here are the gentle dogs who have been selected. There is our darling little Helen Keller; she can neither see nor hear nor speak. She is therefore so fortunate as not to know that there is any unkindness in this world. No one has ever treated her unkindly since she can remember; no one has ever spelled out a harsh word on that delicate little hand which receives everything, and through which she knows everything. So the dear child goes and comes, as I suppose we shall go and come in a heaven of perfect love; her face is always radiant with smiles, and she is perfectly sure that everybody wants to make her happy. See how she enjoys that little terrier; see how prettily she pets that tall greyhound; and see how nicely she thanks the gentlemen who have led her in!

I may add to what Miss Reader and I saw, that the next day Helen Keller wrote as pretty a note as anybody who reads these lines could write, as the representative of the children who went over to this

spectacle. She thanks them for thinking of the children, and for asking them, and for the pleasure which they have had in "seeing" the dogs. And now, she says, will not the gentlemen come over to the asylum and let the children entertain them? The children will do their best to make the visit agreeable. Is it not charming to think that, through the marvelous inspirations of such a woman as Annie Sullivan, this child, who is not ten years old, is able to go and come and write and listen in such wise as this? A child who, not three years ago, was as ignorant of the outside world, I may fairly say, as an oyster in its shell.

YES, this is an interesting corner, to me more than to you. That is our church. I think we had a picture of it in the Magazine at Christmas. That high and imposing building, ugly though so costly, is the Spiritual Temple. The large brick building on the other corner is the Prince School, — a crack public school; and this, which we will go into, is the Normal Art School,— yes, the school your friend Miss Van Dyck studied in. I do not wonder you wanted to see it. But the school is much better housed than it was in her times. And as Dr. Miner said yesterday, the old teachers teach better than ever, and they have added some capital new ones, so that Miss Van Dyck need not be afraid that the school is losing ground.

There, is not that a good study? Does Miss Van Dyck do better work than that? I shall be sending the draughtsman from the Magazine round here, to get Mr. Bartlett's leave to copy some of these studies. I know Mr. Munsell is proud of them, and well he may be. He has imported the best Paris traditions, and all the Julien and Beaux Arts enthusiasm among these youngsters. Come into the modeling-room. Look at that copy of the Juno. Do you do better than that in Alaska?

THIS is the way the commonwealth takes hold when she has a good thing to do. "Get the best"; and this normal work in art is not made into fiddle-faddle, far less is it amateurish. The state determined that every town of five thousand or more people should have a distinct drawing school, for the special teaching of drawing and the arts of design. Drawing had already been introduced as a regular study into the public schools. Of course the Board of Education knew that there were not many teachers competent for the work thus ordered. In the first place, there were not many artists; in the second place, not one artist in five is a good teacher, particularly in such a varied round as must be entered upon in the instruction in all the schools. This State Normal Art School was founded, therefore, for the preparation of teachers. It began, they said, at their annual dinner party, last night, in an attic; it has worked its way into public confidence, and the state has now built and equipped for it the admirable premises to which I take Miss Reader. It does not blow its trumpet at all; it need not: it has quite as many scholars as it knows what to do with. Well it may, for the state pays all their expenses; and well it may again, as Miss Reader and I saw in our visit there, for here is admirable work, in elementary drawing and the range of preparatory studies which occupy the students of the first year, and in color, where the technique in water color and in oil is simple, strong, and good. Class C, as they call it, is given largely to studies which I should call studies of construction, or what we used to call mechanical drawing, but it is much more than the mere rule of thumb drawing of an old-fashioned architect's office. And Class D is the modeling-room. Miss Reader and I have both been surprised at the efficiency of the work in this room.

Now observe, if you please, that to this school there come between two and three hundred students every year. And here is their list of graduates, which shows what good comes to this world from the spirit with which the commonwealth of Massachusetts in thus training first-class

teachers. Here, on one page of perhaps twenty names, I find teachers who are at work in California, in Louisiana, in Minnesota, and in Missouri; the rest of them are in Massachusetts. At that dinner party of the alumni they told me that nine of their graduates are now carrying on their studies in Paris. Some of the best of their teachers have done the same thing — have gone through this school, and then have worked in the best *ateliers* of Paris, to come home, as I said just now, with the best Paris traditions. This is the way to do a thing if you do it at all. Do not pretend that the necessity of public education is satisfied when you have taught the three R's, but give to every one the best training you can give, and then you have some right to thank God when, once in a while, he gives you a William Hunt or a Richard Greenough.

This annual dinner was a charming entertainment, in which they congratulated each other on the success of the school, in which old friends who had been parted renewed old friendships and talked of new successes. Is it not a pathetic thing to think how all this New England instinct for fine art, which now appears on the right hand and on the left, was repressed for the first hundred and fifty years? When we went into that business of the revolution, here was Copley, a New Englander, painting in London, and entertaining George III and his crew by representing the Speaker Tyndall, who defied Charles I. We have that picture in our Public Library now. Excepting Copley, there was not a man, and there certainly was no woman, born in New England, who had shown any genius for the arts of design. Young Trumbull came to the front afterward. Yet there must have been latent in the blood of the boys and girls of that time, all this power of expression which shows itself now, and it had been pent up there.

The same thing is true, if you think of it, of what we call the New Englander's special ability — that of invention. Here we are inventing everything; I can hardly pick a pin off the floor without having a special machine made, that I may pick it up more easily. And yet from the year 1620 to the year 1775, there is hardly a great invention which can be credited to the New Englander. He rested the same firelock over the breastwork at Bunker Hill which his great-grandfather had fired in King William's War; and the shirt he had on his back was woven on a loom the twin of that in which Madam Dudley wove the governor's shirts. This is what happens when you say to one country that it shall raise food for another, and to some other country that it shall do the manufacturing for the food-raisers. The benevolent mother country for a hundred and fifty years did just what the same benevolent mother country would be glad to do now. We in Boston were permitted to catch lobsters, to send out our boats for fish, and with that to supply the Lenten tables of the world; we might build wooden ships, and sell them to Europe; we might send them masts and beaver skins. And they would invent for us our spinning wheels and our muskets. But so soon as we took this matter into our own hands, so soon as we said, "If you please, we will do a little manufacturing for ourselves,"— so soon there sprang to light this marvelous genius for invention which has sent out Eli Whitney and the host of his successors,— such men as Bachelder and Edison and Bigelow and Goodyear and Goulding,— so that, if a man smells smoke from a broiling beefsteak, he invents a beefsteak broiler which shall not tell secrets to the rest of the family. "Pity, pity, pity!" say the Cobden Club, and Mr. Mills, "How much better if they were trapping beaver and catching lobsters!"

This time, Miss Reader, we will not try a spinner; there are no spinners in front of the Vendome. Let us take the more decorous and slower horse car.

And will you tell me, Miss Reader, how the ladies behave whom you meet in horse cars in Fort Wrangel? There is rather a curious observation made as to the breeding of Boston women. Just read these lines, which I received yesterday from one

of the most charming women whom I have the pleasure of knowing:

" My experiences with Boston women to whom I have been introduced have been very charming in most cases; but my experience in shops, cars, and streets have been otherwise, and would fill a volume. I have been a stranger in New York, San Francisco, and Boston, and have lived in the three cities. In the first two I have asked for information, and offered small courtesies to total strangers,— women,— with the pleasantest results, in no case meeting with discourtesy. But in Boston my experience has taught me never to ask a question, or try to help a well-dressed woman, even when I know her to belong to ' one of the best families! ' "

I have these lines in my pocket, as you see, and I read them to you because the last time I was on this line an interesting thing happened. A young woman, a little overdressed, if you please, stopped the car that she might leave it. She dropped the parcel which she had been down town to buy. I saw it fall, and touched her and told her that she had dropped her parcel. But, unfortunately, I had never been presented to her; we had not danced together at Papanti's, nor were we members of the same club. She, therefore, looked at me with the vigorous manner to which our friend alludes in the letter, a good deal as if I had struck her in the face, and in this way expressed her indignation that any man should have addressed her who had not the honor of her acquaintance. I am, however, sixty-eight years old and I stand such things better than a boy does. So I said very pleasantly, " You have dropped your parcel, and it is under your feet." Again she resented the insult with a look, — not with a word, observe,— and swung out of the car, dragging the parcel after her by her dress, so that it fell in the mud in the street. There the next horse that came along trod upon it, I suppose, and I suppose what is left of it is there now. I am free to say I think it was good enough for her. I tell the story here, not because you need it, dear Miss Reader, nor because I think it is of any use on the western side of the East or Hudson River, but because I think it may fall under the eyes of some teacher of youth on this side of those streams, and I think she may give her pupils a lesson in good breeding.

Helen Keller in the arena with the great dogs and playing with them — is not that a pretty piece of evolution? Just look in with me here at Mr. Pope's studio, and let me show you the arena of Pompeii 1821 years ago. Mr. Pope has made the picture of Glaucus. Do you remember him in *The Last Days of Pompeii?* Oh, no; you are too young for *The Last Days of Pompeii.* We read it when I was a boy, but I suppose that you Russians at Fort Wrangel are reading Turgenieff and Tolstoi instead of Bulwer. Very well; Glaucus is the Christian around whom the novel centers; and Glaucus is condemned to be thrown to the beasts in the arena. And so Mr. Pope has given us the picture of the galleries of the arena, Glaucus standing quite far away in the middle distance, and in front a superb lion of the life size, who is the lion against whom the naked Glaucus is to do battle. But the lion knows nothing of Glaucus, and cares nothing for the crowded galleries. With that quick instinct of the beasts, he knows that there is danger before noblemen and ladies know it; he scents the volcano, shall I say, from the arena, flings up his head in indignation; and so Glaucus is saved. It is the first indication of the ruin which is to fall upon Pompeii.

I am glad you should see the picture, Miss Reader. It is worth while to remember what is the world which we have outgrown in the evolution which has followed this Passion Week in which we are taking our ride and walk.

When I said that you should go to the dogs, I meant literally and not metaphorically; but when I said I would show you the lions, I meant metaphorically, and I forgot how visible Mr. Pope has made one of them. To tell you the truth, like other Bostoneers who have been in the business sixty or seventy years, I do it very well, or think I do. Have you not been delighted when Dr. Holmes took you across the long walk? The planks are still down, though the snowdrops have come, and you shall go across that before we have done. One of my jokes is to invite strangers to hear my lectures on the streets of Boston, and offer them free tickets. The truth is that if you once know the law of the instrument

you can find your way in Boston as well as in any checkerboard city in the land.

WHAT is more natural than that the streets of a town named Trimountain, or Tremont, should run around the curves of the hills which give it its name? It would have defied its name and history if it had cut straight trenches through these slopes, and bidden people dig down the cliffs on the sides of them for their houses. The "crooked streets" are curved streets, following the lines of hills or of the water. And also, in one exceptional series, they follow the equitable lines which Judge Shaw drew, in a remarkable decision which was based on what is called "horse commonsense," but which defied the traditions of the world of real estate.

Also if a town be built on a peninsula of an oval form, will not its streets "lead downward to the sea"? And if they do, will they probably be parallel with each? And, indeed, do you want them to be?

YES! that is the Horticultural Building, but the show is over. I wish you had seen that. And this is the Tremont House on the other side. Now we are passing the place where I was born, but the room was not on this level, but on the third story of the house that stood here then. Here is School Street, so called because the Latin School was here. And there is where the boys coasted down the street till the servant of General Haldimand put ashes on their coast. The boys then appointed a committee to wait upon him and secure their rights, and what is more, they got them. It was the first victory of the American Revolution. And here is King's Chapel. We are just in time for the mid-day service. Let us come in.

THERE! is not that a good way to spend half an hour? and are you not glad I brought you here? And I am glad you came in so simply, without asking any questions! And is it not a good thing to have this nice old church open for this service just in the middle of the town just in the middle of the week? Every loafing boy, every traveler from the hotels, every worried woman, and every puzzled man can look in for an hour; they can tell the good God their secrets, and each of them can listen for His answer. That stained glass is from Munich, and is of the best of that school. For my part I like it, though it is not of that old kind which people rave about. But I want you to come and see the monument to the little Lady Shirley. She was hardly more than a girl, and he was commander-in-chief of British America. I believe people thought he ought not to have married her. I know Hutchinson thought so. But Shirley told her he loved her, and he married her. And then, just as the dear little old town was in greater danger than it ever was in, before or since, the little lady died. It was just when the "Admiral D'Anville had sworn by cross and crown to ravage by fire and steel our helpless Boston town." "A pile of hencoops," they called our dear Boston in Paris, and they meant to avenge Louisburg, and make an end of us. The admiral's fleet was the biggest fleet that has sailed from Europe to America since there was any America. And Shirley never heard of it, till it was off Newfoundland. Then a frightened fisherman scudded into Boston Bay, and told him the story. They say Shirley lighted the beacon on Beacon Hill. If he did, I think it is the only time it ever was lighted. Somehow he brought the army of Massachusetts into Boston, and he had ten thousand men in camp on Boston Common,— more men than were ever encamped there before or since.

And while this spirited fellow was thus making ready to meet D'Anville, the little lady was dying, and at last died. And the newspaper says that "the train bands of the country followed her to her grave." And you may read all the newspapers of that summer, and that is the only reference you will find of the presence on Boston Common of "the train bands of the country." For Shirley did not print in the papers, for his enemy's benefit, an account of the preparations he was making to receive them. Such wisdom as that was reserved for the American press, on both sides, in the Civil War.

IN NEW ENGLAND

NEW ENGLAND COLLEGE GIRLS AND MARRIAGE

Judge Taft, before a gathering of school girls in the Southland, and Dr. Eliot, of Harvard, before the young ladies of the Brierley school, have recently commented on the large number of unmarried young women among the graduates of institutions of higher education, and particularly in New England. This is certainly one of those cases where the statistical facts are wholly misleading. Intellectual culture enhances every personal attraction, physical as well as spiritual, and only in exceptional individuals — individuals that would be exceptional under any circumstances — diverts the mind from the great human sentiments that lie at the foundation of home life.

A GROUP OF NEW ENGLAND COLLEGE GIRLS

We suspect that the real difficulty will be found in the length of time required

for the completion, particularly of professional courses, in men's colleges,— a fact leading to belated careers. The average graduate of such schools is pretty well along in life before he is ready to assume the responsibilities of the matrimony. Let our educators wrestle successfully with this problem, after which we will take our bearings again as to the effects of the higher education of women upon their chances of marriage.

THE COUNTRY LIFE COMMISSION

The business end of President Roosevelt's message to Congress, transmitting the report of the Country Life Commission, may be found in the following extract:

THREE NEEDS OF COUNTRY LIFE

From all that has been done and learned three great general and immediate needs of country life stand out:

First.— Effective co-operation among farmers to put them on a level with the organized interests with which they do business.

Second.— A new kind of schools in the country, which shall teach the children as much outdoors as indoors, and perhaps more, so that they will prepare for country life, and not, as at present, mainly for life in town.

Third.— Better means of communication, including good roads and a parcels post, which the country people are everywhere, and rightly, unanimous in demanding.

To these may well be added better sanitation, for easily preventable diseases hold several million country people in the slavery of continuous ill health.

A SIGNIFICANT ACTION

Of all New England interest is the action of the B. & M. and B. & A. railroads in filing with the Interstate Commerce Commission a tariff renewing the sixty-seven cent rate on class freight.

Contending that Baltimore has enjoyed a lower tariff than Boston for about four years, and as a result has succeeded in pulling away much of the import business from this port, the railroads are determined to stand up for their rights and protect the interests of Boston.

The seventy cent rate, it is declared, which was tried four years, proved bad for this port and bad for the railroad. While they feel entitled to a sixty-five cent rate, the officials have compromised and settled on sixty-seven cents as a fair rate.

This is not the only indication on the horizon of a coming wave of prosperity for the New England states. We believe that the next five years will see an unparalleled commercial expansion in this section.

AN INSTRUCTIVE EXHIBITION

We are so fortunate as to be able to reproduce herewith a recent and exquisitely dainty example of the work of Miss Laura Coombs Hills, a number of whose epoch-making miniatures are now on exhibition at the Copley gallery. We use the term "epoch-making," not simply as a convenient and ready-made superlative, but in all soberness, believing that modern American miniature painting, in its best examples, has established a school immeasurably in advance of the traditions of the art. Of this American school of miniature painting Miss Hills's work is one of the creative forces.

The characteristics of this new school are a breadth and strength that contrast very forcibly with the often inane prettiness and superlative finish of the old school, whose followers were, if truth were told, more often craftsmen than artists.

Miss Hills, too, is a craftsman of marvelous skill, delighting in minute, we had almost said microscopic, perfection of workmanship. It is not too much to say that, in this respect, her work is a positive revelation of the powers of the human hand. Miss Hills has brains and eyes in her finger tips.

But fifteen years of apprenticeship

MINIATURE PORTRAIT OF MARGARET CURZON HALE, PAINTED BY LAURA COOMBS HILLS

have made of this manual skill, not an aim or end of itself, but an obedient instrument, by means of which Miss Hills the artist, as distinct from Miss Hills the craftsman, grasps and interprets the most evanescent phases of that most perishable world of beauty that dwells in the shifting expressions of the human face and form. And that is the first thing of which one is conscious in looking at these paintings. "What an interesting child!" or "What an engaging personality!" are our first expressions; afterwards we say, "What marvelous color!"— last of all, "What a charming little miniature!" And, indeed, it takes time to come to this last appreciation — to come to any sense of dimension whatever, for these tiny bits of ivory are treated precisely like full-grown canvases, and carry no impression of the diminutive or of cunning, least of all of that inadequacy which is the bane of the traditional miniature.

Still another point of distinction:— Miss Hills not only employs the miniature for artistic portraiture in the higher sense, she also uses her chosen form of art as a vehicle for the expression of her love of color.

The old miniature was as rigid in its color scheme as a grammarian's Greek or Latin prosody — almost. But Miss Hills does not paint by rote or rule of thumb. She sees color and loves to strike strong and full harmonics. The pigments which she employs are the brightest and the purest — the veritable dust of butterflies' wings, and laid on with the same wonderful combination of daintiness and exuberance.

A native of Newburyport, where she still spends a portion of each year, a student of art, under Miss Helen M. Knowlton, the Art Students' League, of New York City, and the Life Class of the Cowles School, of Boston, Miss Hills was somewhat accidentally introduced to the practice of miniature painting by the suggestion of a friend in London. It was, however, a veritable coming into her own, for even as a child, her hands loved to be busy with cunning works — "mosquitoes' eyebrows," her father used to call them. Purchasing a few ivories in London, Miss Hills dreamed of little else through her homeward voyage. That was before the recent revival of the art, and she literally worked out her own technique. She was soon able to exhibit a number of ivories, and their success was instantaneous.

THE PENSION FUND CONCERT

Before this number of the NEW ENGLAND is in the hands of our readers, the Pension Fund concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will have been an accomplished fact. It is so certain to be one of the most successful musical events of the season that we might be justified in speaking of it as such. Dr. Wüllner, whose portrait we published last week, is to be the soloist of the occasion. Speaking of Wüllner, Mr. J. P. Frenzel, president of the Indianapolis Märmerchor, writes:

"I was sorry you could not be here with Dr. Wüllner. He was in fine form and voice and certainly gave a great entertainment. Wüllner is one of the men that justifies superlatives in talking about him, and yet, all that may be said or written does not half convey the charm of his renditions; one must hear him to appreciate him. I do not remember of ever having spent two hours at an entertainment that interested me like the recital of last night. If it did not sound somewhat feminine, I would say that I was enraptured. At any rate I felt the magic of most of the compositions which he sang in such a way as I have never experienced before. Wüllner is more than an artist, he is a genius."

Few of the many worthy objects now before the public have the sympathy of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE more fully than the Symphony Orchestra Pension Fund. It is a project full of the modern spirit, of appreciative, sympathetic, intelligent foundations.

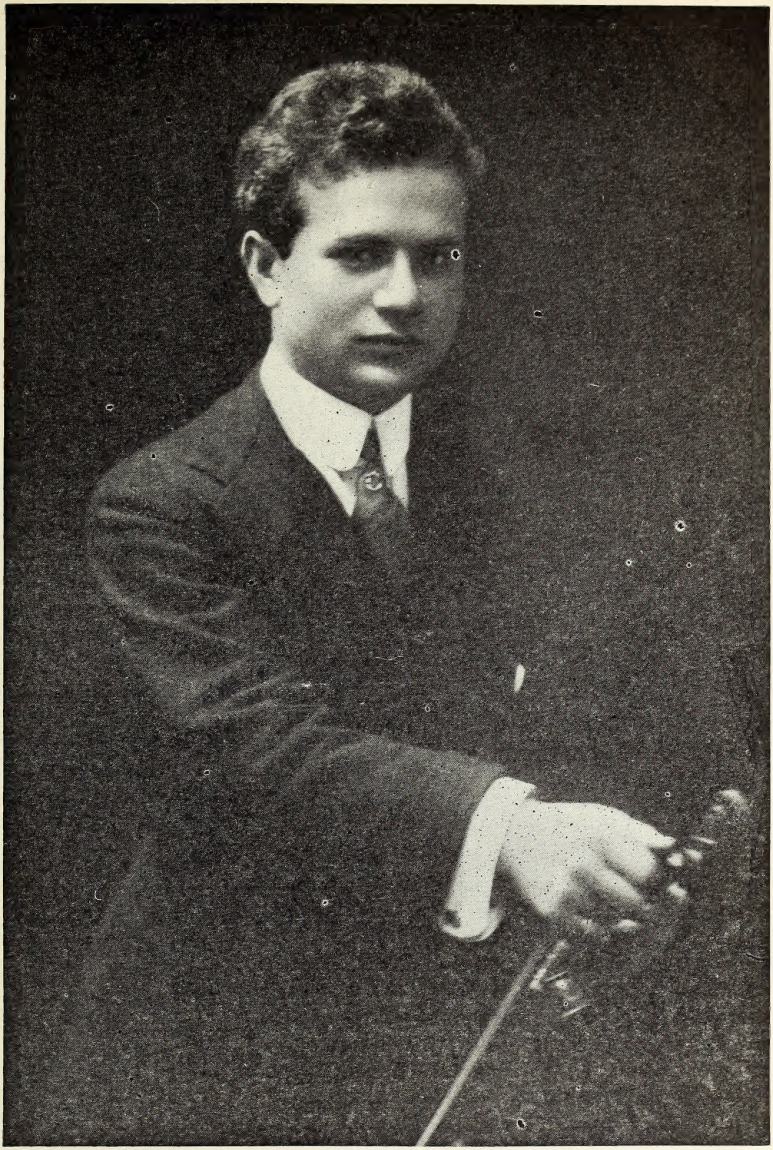
MISCHA ELMAN

An interesting announcement for March, at Symphony Hall, is that of the Third Violin Recital of the astonishing young violinist, Mischa Elman.

Mischa Elman, the young Russian violinist, who has just made his debut in New York, came heralded from abroad as one of the most powerful geniuses of the age. His first appearances have fully borne out all that the European press have said of his wonderful playing.

Elman was born in Russia some nineteen years ago. He first studied violin with his father at the age of four. At the age of five he played in public. At seven he entered the Imperial Conservatoire, in Odessa, and there won his first prize, a free scholarship, at his entrance examination.

In 1902, Leopold Auer, the professor of violin in the Royal Conservatoire, of St. Petersburg, was making a concert tour in southwest Russia, when young Elman



MISCHA ELMAN

was brought to his notice, and he had him play. That he was astonished, must be adduced from the manner in which their lives have been linked since then. Auer immediately telegraphed the Czar of Russia that he must give permission for young Elman and his family to come into St. Petersburg, or to accept his resignation as head of the Royal Conservatoire. The Czar wired his consent, and when Auer returned he brought young Elman and his entire family along with him. Elman was then accepted as a free pupil at the Royal Conservatoire, and here he spent several years at work. In 1904 Auer prevailed upon an orchestra in St. Petersburg to allow Elman to appear as soloist, predicting a sensational success

for him at that time. His predictions came true with the first concert, and since then it has been of steady growth, until now he is placed at the head of all the world's greatest violinists known to fame.

Auer took young Elman to Berlin, introduced him there, and from Berlin Elman went to London, where his success the past four years have dimmed the lights of all other violinists of note. He played at over one hundred and thirty concerts in London alone, since his advent there, which is a record unsurpassed. His debut in New York on December 10 was a duplication of what he had undergone in other important centers. It was eagerly awaited, and though he had only sixty hours in New York in which to prepare himself for this, he captured the critics and the public before he had played a dozen bars of his opening selection. Elman's magnetic personality aids him considerably in his great success with his audiences. His technique surpasses that of Kubelik, and he never exploits it, as does the Bohemian, while his tone is of such ingratiating sweetness that he carries his hearers along with him. Elman is the season's sensation, one who not only stuns you, but leaves an impression that remains long after you have left his presence.

NOTES

The Kneisel Quartet will close its twenty-fourth season by a concert at Fenway Court, March 16. The Fourth Concert was held February 16, when the following interesting program was offered.

A recital by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach is a musical event. Her latest offering to the music lovers of Boston and vicinity is a concert, February 17, at Steinert Hall. Of her own works Mrs. Beach at this recital elected to play the Concerto in C-sharp minor, Op. 45.

In Steinert Hall, February 22, the Adamowski Trio gave a recital of Chopin music, in recognition of the one hundredth anniversary of the great musician's birth. The proceeds of the concert are to be given to swell the fund for the monument to be erected to Chopin, in Warsaw, Poland.

Shortly after the "Way Down East" engagement, Mr. Oscar Hammerstein's Manhattan Grand Opera Company will be at the Boston Theater for two weeks, with Miss Mary Garden in Salome and Louise, Madame Tettrazini in several of her well-known roles, and all the artists who are now appearing at the Manhattan Opera House in New York.

ABOUT MISS BRANDT

Miss Sophie Brandt, whose picture as presented represents her in the role of "Franzi," the directress of the Viennese ladies' orchestra, in Oscar Straus's "A Waltz Dream," at the Tremont Theater, made her stage debut in New London, Conn., in 1904, in the leading part in "A Venetian Romance." Six weeks later, in London, she played the widow in "The Prince of Pilsen." On her return to America, Miss Brandt starred for a season in "Princess Chic." She has also sung the principal parts in "The Madcap Princess," "The Gay Musician," and "Algeria."

The character of Franzi in "A Waltz Dream" is peculiarly suited to the temperament of this talented actress, for whom a brilliant future would seem to be assured.

Thorough, painstaking, conscientious work is manifested in all that Miss Brandt undertakes, and the public — that same public that is supposed to be so frivolous and fickle — appreciates it. They may not be able to analyze the result, and attribute each phase of it to its technical cause, but they know the difference, and are by no means backward in manifesting their acceptance. It is a significant fact that the public seems to have taken Miss Brandt's art seriously.

Miss Sophie Brandt, as Franzi, in "A Waltz Dream"

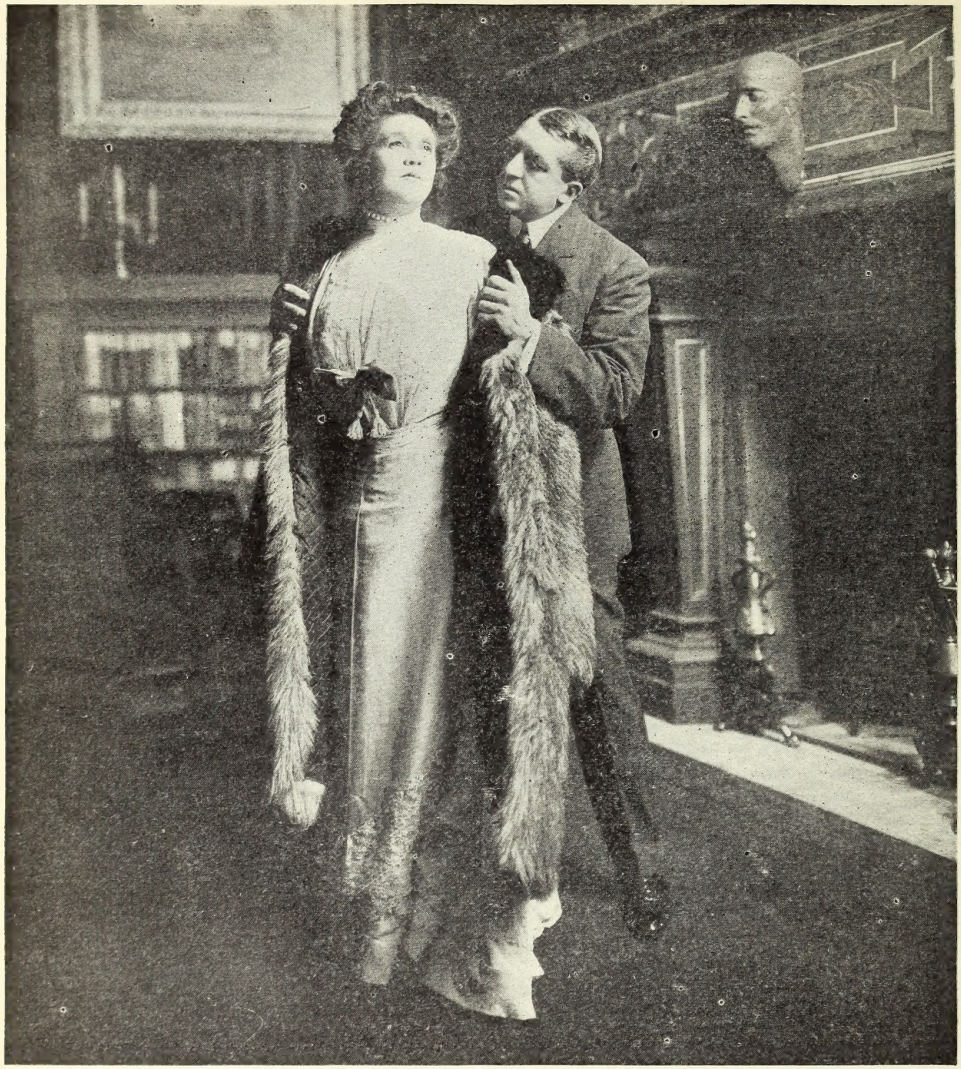
JOHN MASON AND THE CRITICS

John Mason, who as Brookfield in the play "The Witching Hour," by Augustus Thomas, is attracting large audiences to the Majestic Theater, is coming out, through the medium of that indefatigable, useful, and much maligned toiler, the press agent, with a pretty little dig at dramatic critics.

Mr. Mason thinks that the critics are very nice, very useful, very sincere, and lots of other nice things. But when it comes to the making or unmaking of a play, they do not draw the requisite water.

It is unquestionably true that the public is a trifle shy of a play that criticises well (if we may use such a phrase).

On the other hand, that plays are made and unmade by the press is an unquestionable fact. It should also be



JOHN MASON AND AMELIA GARDNER IN "THE WITCHING HOUR"

remembered that plays grow. The actor's impersonation of his part becomes more vital, more significant, more convincing with each presentation, so that the judgments of critics formed at a first-night presentation need serious readjustment with the progress of the play.

In Mr. Mason's present role of Brookfield the gambler, there are large opportunities, and it is not among the impossibilities that it may become one of those well-remembered stage parts which become a part of theatrical tradition

It is this growth of the play through the growing vitalization of a leading role that can alone account for growing audiences and remarkable runs, such as Mr. Mason appears to be winning for "The Witching Hour."

A CONSISTENT CAREER

Miss Ethelberta Burke, known to the theater-going world as "Billie" Burke, made her stage debut early in 1902, in Vienna, in vaudeville.

She made her first appearance as a dramatic actress on April 25, 1907, playing Miss Percival in "Mr. George," with Charles Hawtrey at the Adelphi, and on June 18 following, she was Mme. Polacca Mojeska in "Mrs. Ponderbury's Past," with this same star.

It was then that Charles Frohman engaged Miss Burke as leading woman with John Drew, and as Beatrice Dupre, in "My Wife," she made her bow before an American audience on August 31, 1907, at the Empire Theater. Her success in this part was such that within a year's time Miss Burke made her debut as a star. She is now appearing at the Hollis Street Theater in "Love Watches," one of the most successful plays of the season.

A SIGNIFICANT SUCCESS

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. report a well-sustained sale for "The Life of Alice Freeman Palmer," published a year ago. In some respects such an announcement is more interesting than that of a book's first appearance,— and leads to a far more satisfying study of it, a study emancipated from the dreary necessity of that first question of all,— "Is it worth while?"

The question in this case would have had a twofold point: the fear of condemning a beautiful original to a perpetual misconception, and the very natural doubt as to the ability of a woman's husband to break through the natural reticences and give us a study of her life sufficiently intimate for biographical uses. This possibility was, of course, widely discussed at the time of the book's appearing. But it was not a point to be decided by any critical method whatsoever. The only sources from which a valid judgment could come were, first, the author's own consciousness as to his fitness for the work, and secondly and finally, the collective opinion of those to whom the book would most naturally appeal.

It is for this last reason that the continued sale of the book is so important a factor in its criticism. Having withstood the exacting test of a comparison with a fresh and beautiful memory, the book stands before us in its true proportions.

We are inclined to add a statement of our belief that its deeply religious tone is an element in its solid success. We are all normally religious and whenever religious sentiment is coupled with truth and nobility of character its appeal is strong and abiding.

NEW ENGLAND HEXAMETERS

Leaving to the psychologically minded the explanation of it, we will content ourselves with stating the fact that New England poets have displayed a perennially recurrent tendency toward hexameter verse. What is more to the purpose, our bards have achieved in that difficult metrical form results that distinctly outclass similar emanations from the great centers of classical culture.

One is inclined to question if it is not more to the British mind than to the supposed quantitative and vocal deficiencies of the English tongue that we are to attribute the extreme difficulty of the form. At least it is a suggestive fact, that the quicker and more adaptable New England mentality feels the call of the hexameter more strongly and responds to its lure more effectively.

We are thinking of "Our Benny," by Mary E. Waller, and of a translation of the Eclogues of Virgil," by the Rev. I. Perley Smith.

In "Our Benny," Miss Waller has woven about the personality of Lincoln a world-old story of simple and effective pathos, and yet it is also, in this instance, historic fact. World-old stories have a way of repeating themselves, not simply in literature, but also in life experience. They are also the best stories — the only ones to which the heart's response is certain and universal.

Not only has Miss Waller chosen her

story wisely, she has also told it well. As to the versification, let us quote —

"Slowly with seeming neglect, our Spring cometh here in the Northland,
Coyly, with wilful caprice, now cold, now warm in demeanor;
Hiding her shy, dainty grace from weather and winds that might chill her,
Trailing her delicate garments along the edge of the meadows,
Showing her fair, winsome face when the ferns uncurl in the woodland,
Vanishing wholly if wooed, but giving herself when unsought for;—
Thus comes the Spring to the North, the typical Spring of New England,
Comes with a grace all her own, and maketh of springtime a heaven.
Filled with the running of waters, the singing of thrush and of sparrow,
Laden with scent of the pine and the fragrance of trailing arbutus."

The poem is published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. It fills a small octavo volume of pleasing typography and appearance.

The translation of the Eclogues to which we referred is commendable for its faithfulness to the original, its Virgillian flavor and excellent versification:

"Go forth, my goats, go forth, my flock that was happy aforetime.
No more shall I hereafter, stretched in a green-bestrown grotto,
See you, far away, from a bush-covered rocky cliff hanging.
No song shall I sing; no more while, my goats, I feed you,
Shall ye browse on the blossoming clover and bitter willows.

TITYRUS

"Nevertheless thou mightest this night here with me rest thee
On the green leaves; we have mellow apples in our possession,
Chestnuts that are tender, and pressed milk in abundance;
And now the tops of the roofs of the distant farm-houses are smoking,
And the shadows from the lofty mountains fall larger."

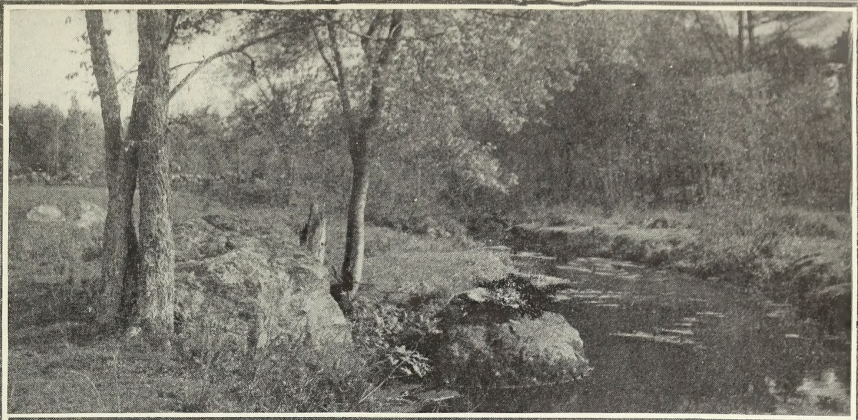
This, it is true, has its weak points. It has also one very strong one. It gives us the *poetry* of the Roman poet. The translation is brought out by the W. B. Clarke Company, Boston.

ANNA CHAPIN RAY'S LATEST STORY

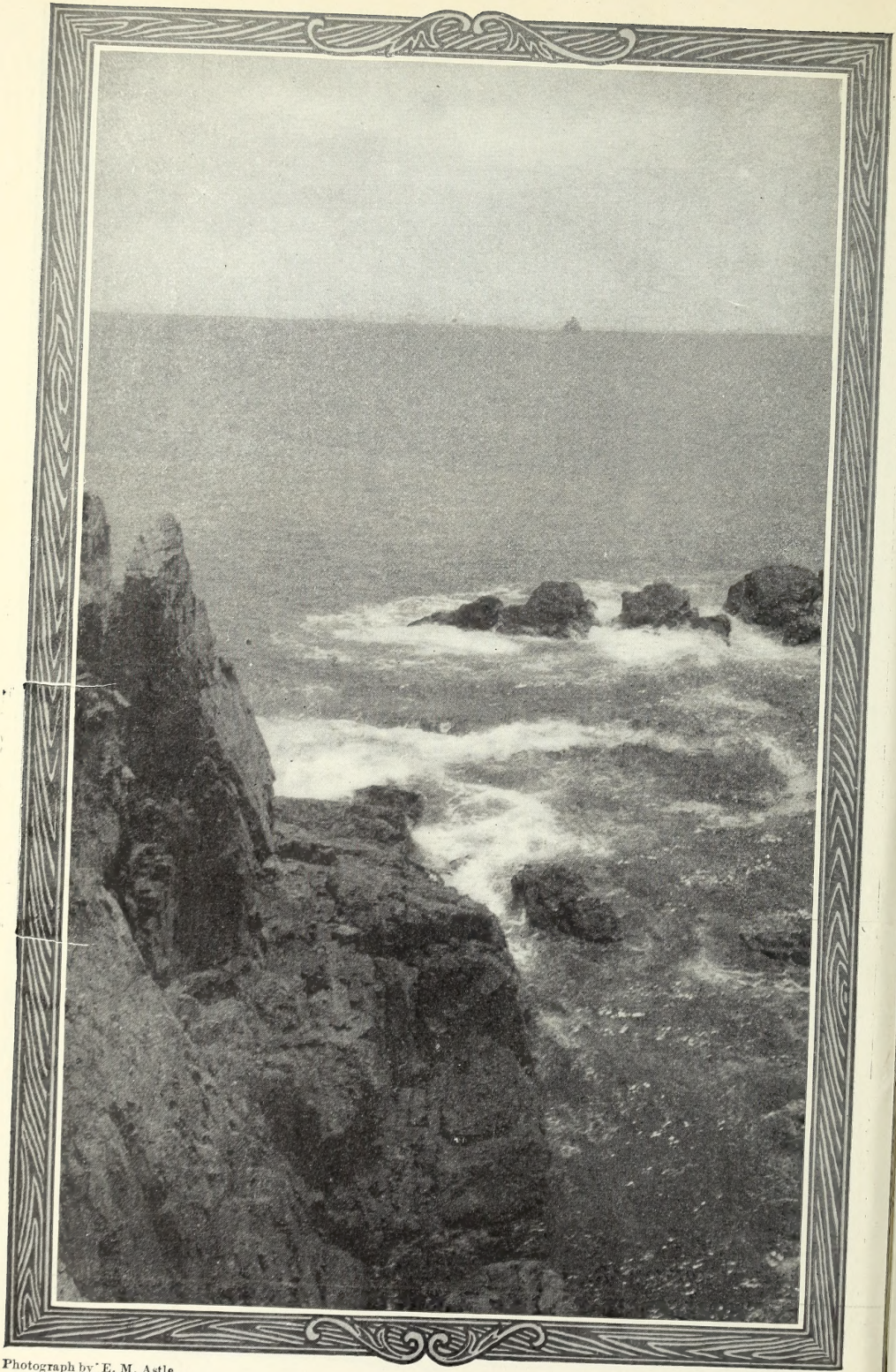
"Steep banks, here wooded, there scarred by out-cropping capes of purplish-red rock, between them the wide blue avenue of the mighty river, an avenue up which crawls a distant ocean steamship, a western sky dappled below, above striped with one dark, sinister band of cloud; these were the background. In the foreground a little steamer bobbed and tossed on the restless waves, small and fragile and reduced to the look of a child's toy in comparison with the huge arms of steel lattice springing from the bank on either hand."

The river is the St. Lawrence, the rocks are the heights of Quebec, and the huge arms of steel are the unfinished parts of that great, daring cantilever bridge, whose disastrous fall is a fresh memory. Against this background of old Quebec, and about the building of this bridge, the author of "The Bridge Builders" has constructed a story that is well worth the reading. If the characters of the newly rich Colonel Porter West and his unconventional daughter are somewhat hackneyed, the fault is atoned for by the scrupulous care and genuine sympathy with which they are drawn, and the way in which the young lady's advent shakes up the self-complacency of the two somewhat aristocratic youths affords a variety of bright and entertaining episodes.

We are grateful to Miss Ray for giving us a story whose leading characters are actuated by pure and unselfish motives — motives which we can understand, and with which we can sympathize. She carries us into a field possessing many new and fresh interests. She tells her story well, and leaves us with that sense of profit which comes from the reading of a good book. "The Bridge Builders" is published by Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, and the price is $1.50.

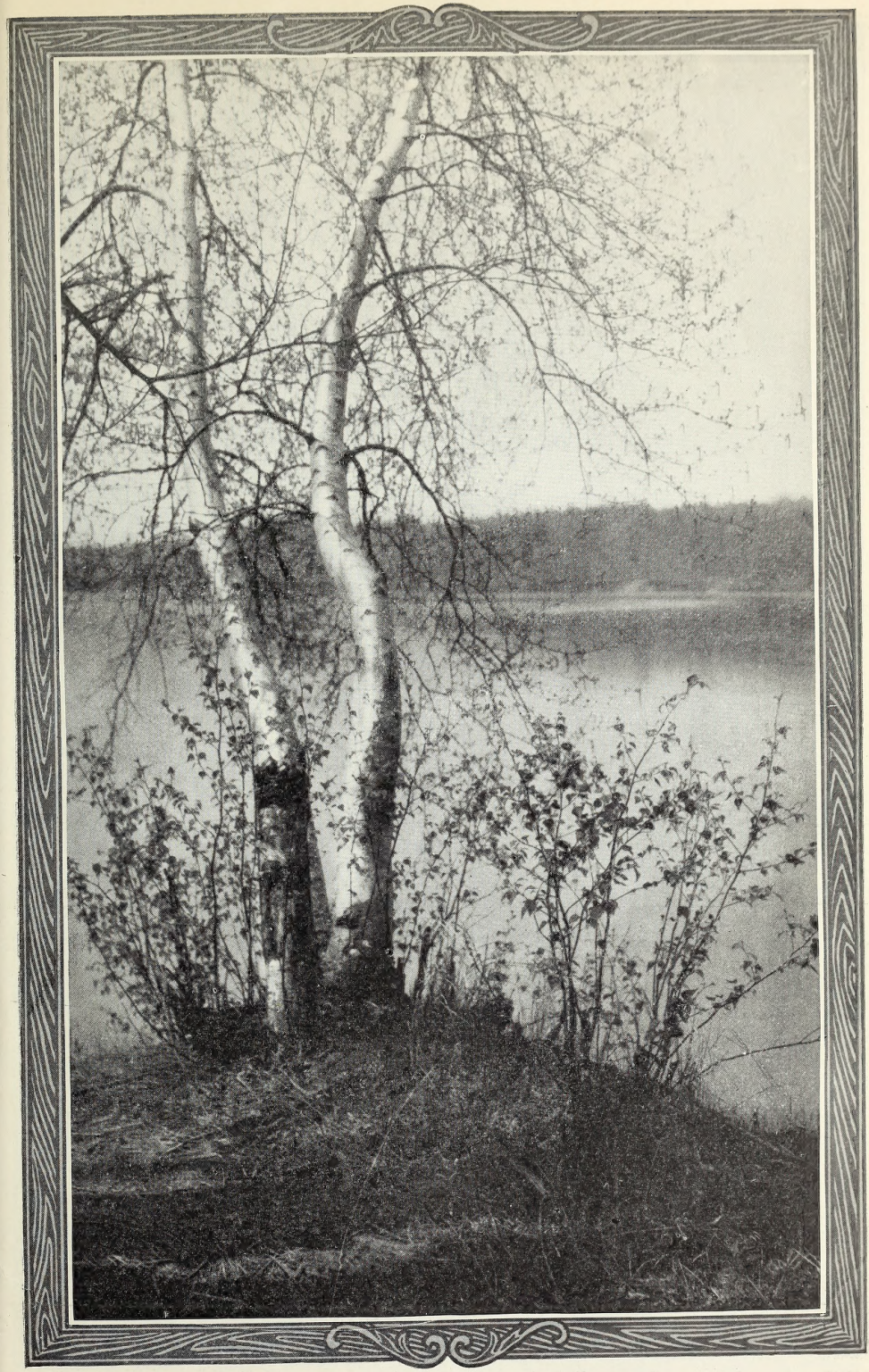


Beautiful New England



Photograph by E. M. Astle

NAHANT



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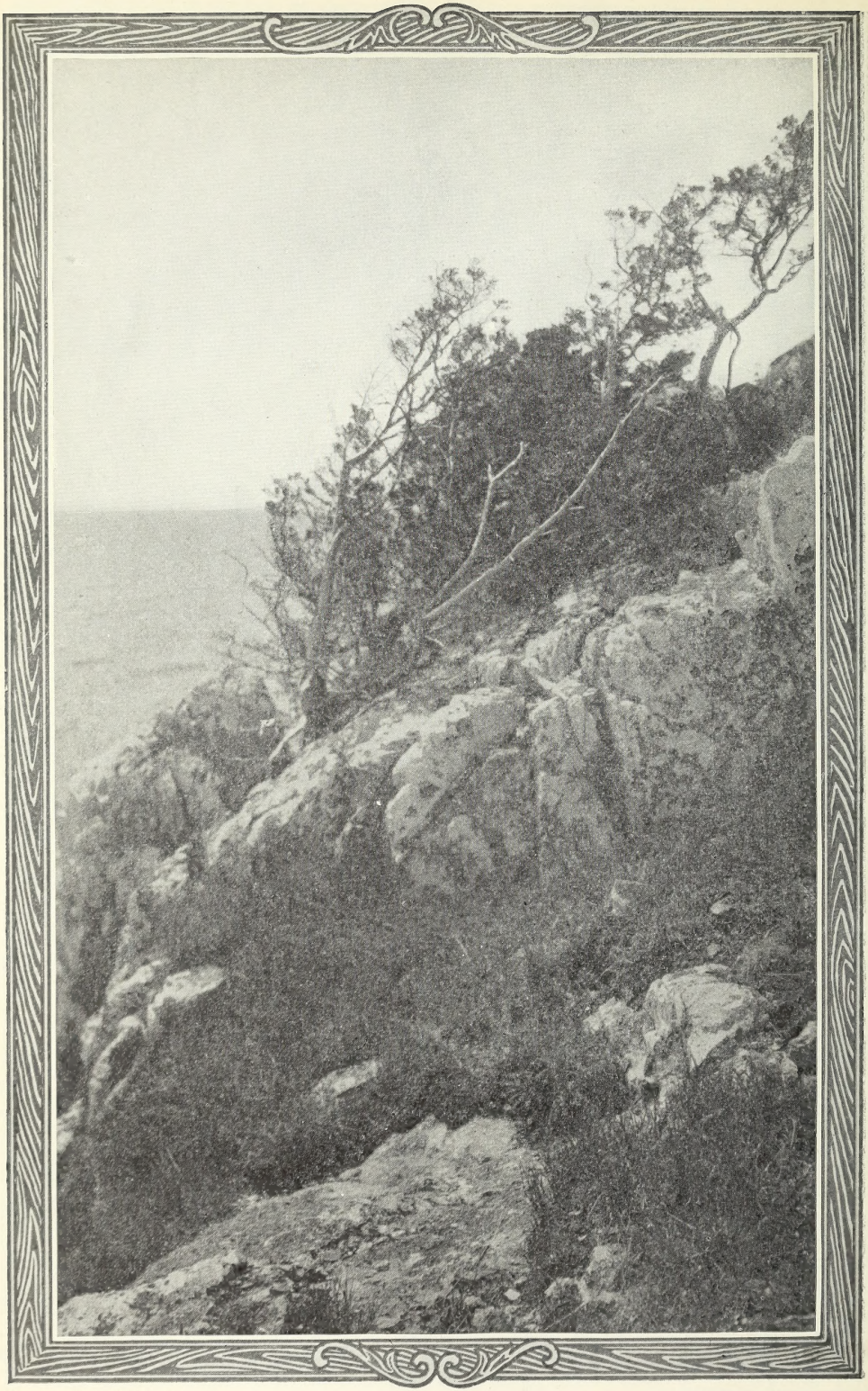
WAKEFIELD POND



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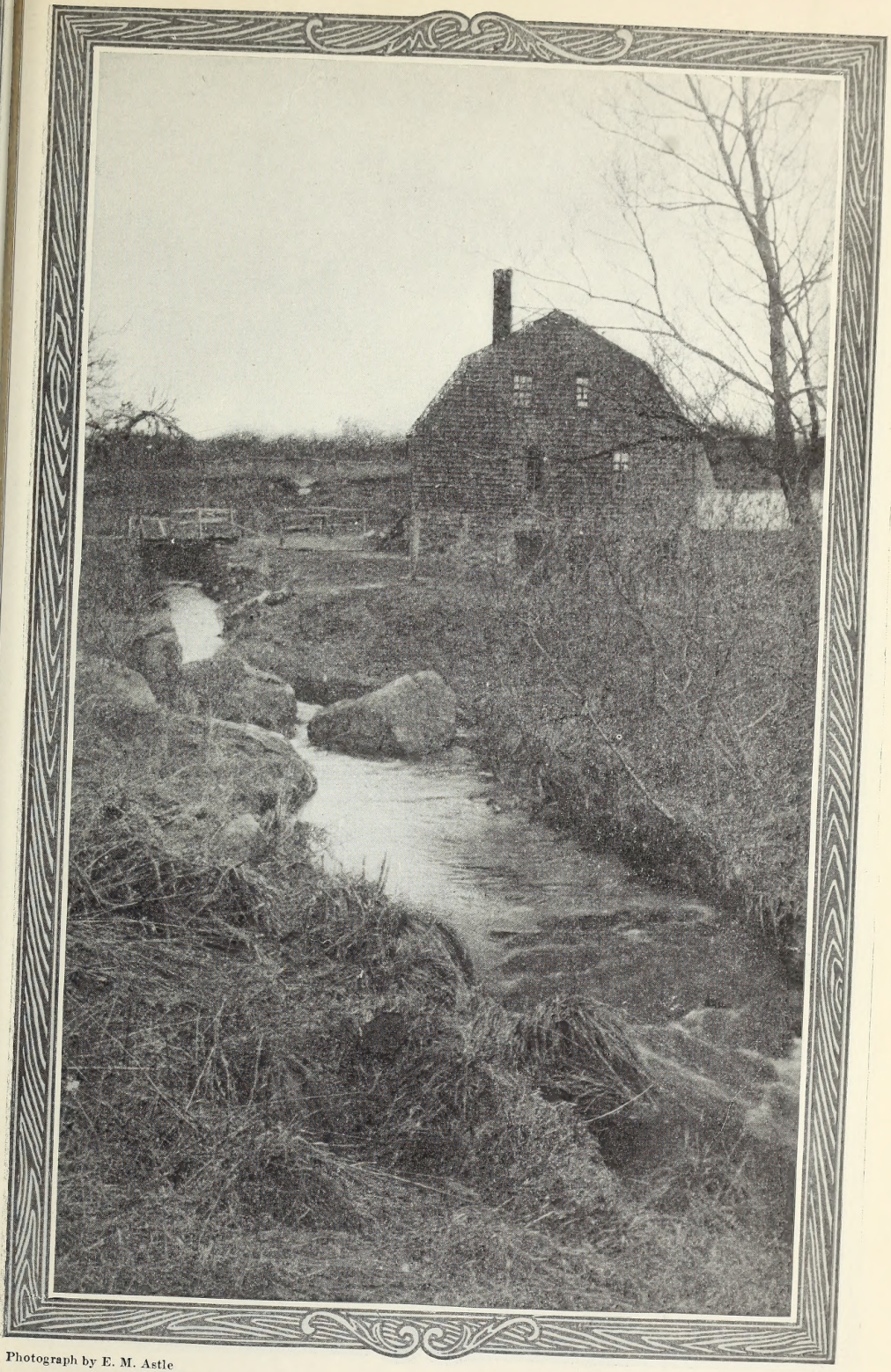
MARBLEHEAD NECK



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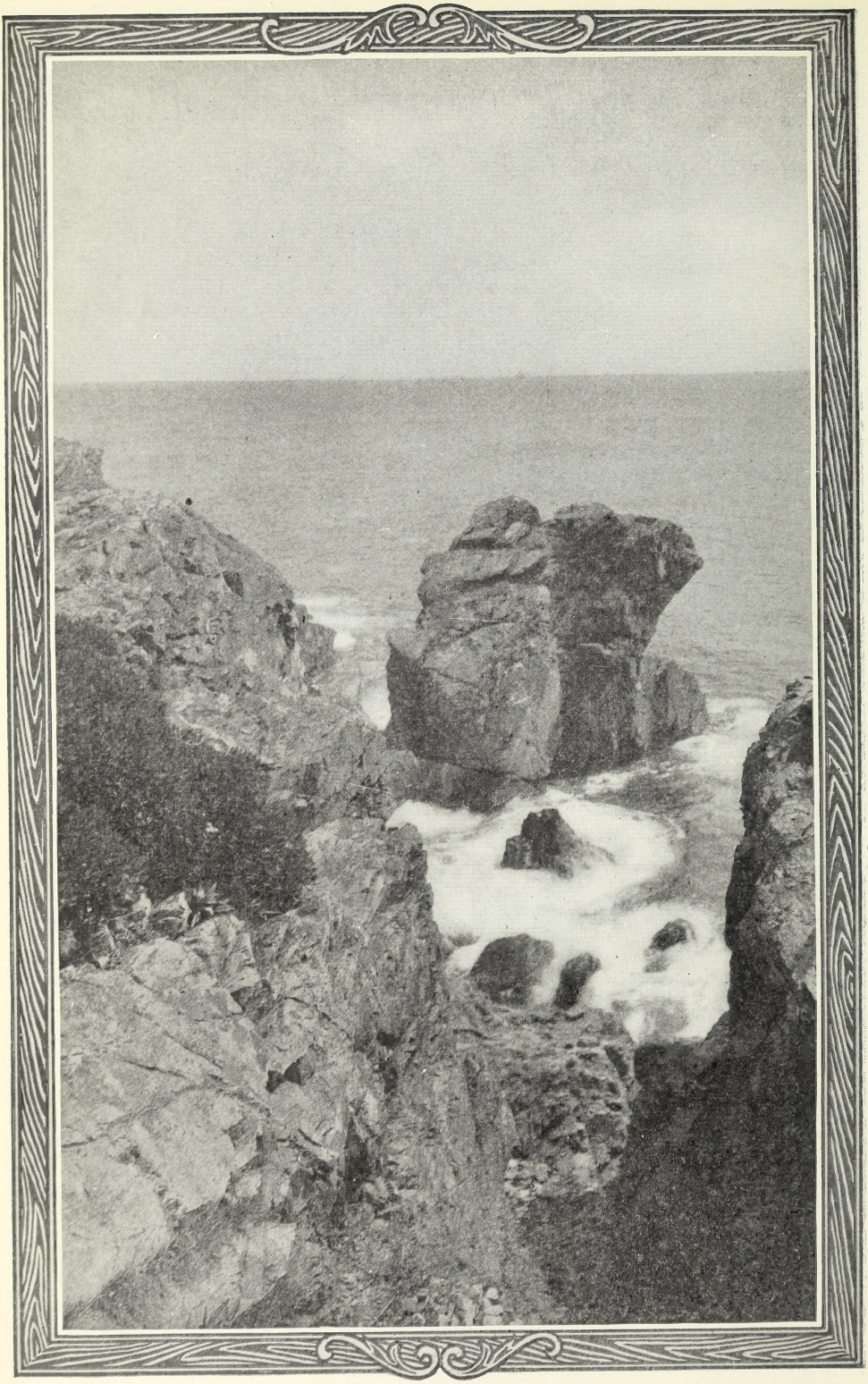
BIRTHPLACE OF GILBERT STUART, WICKFORD, R. I.



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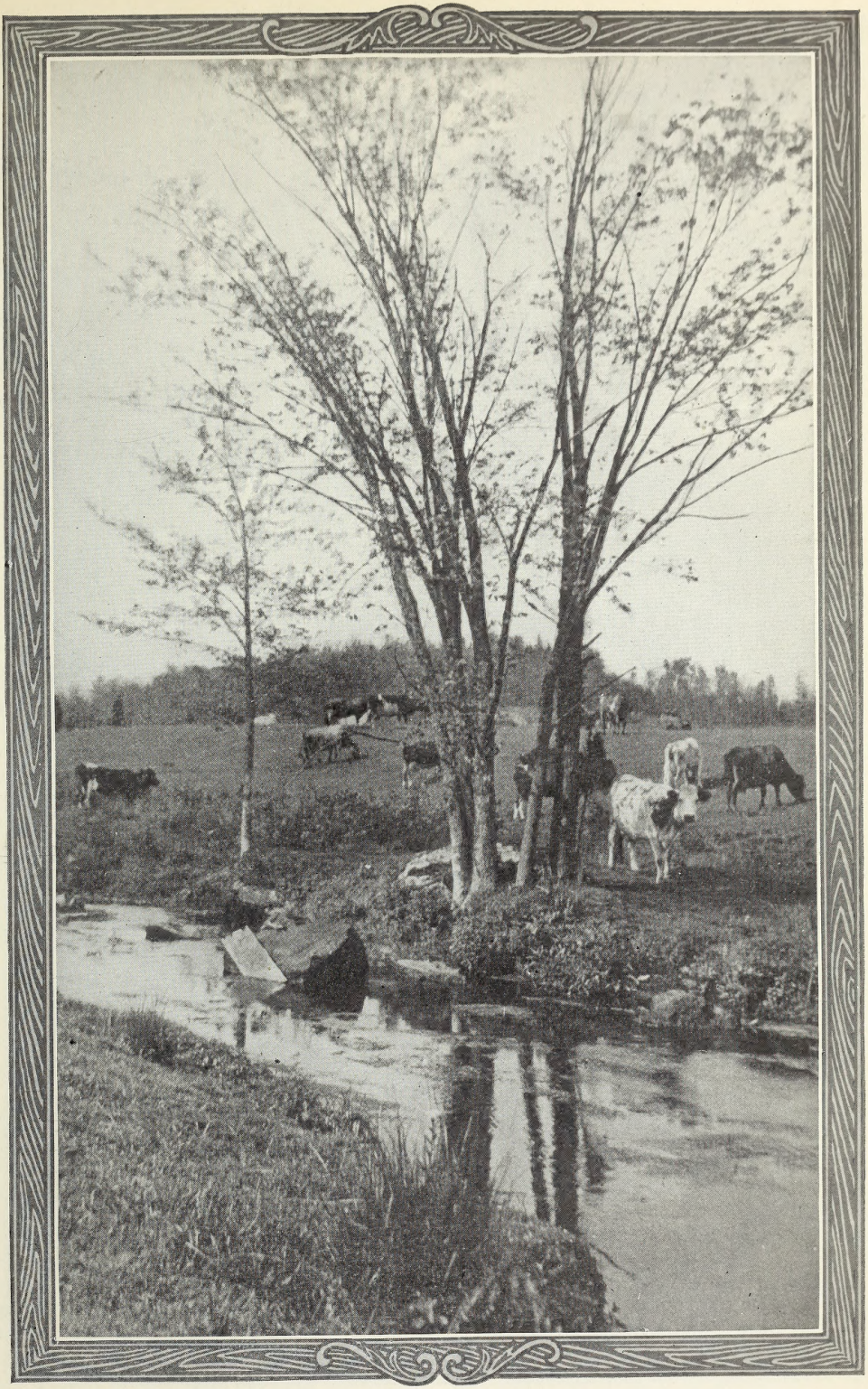
PULPIT ROCK, NAHANT



Photograph by E. M. Astle

On Saugus River

Drawn by William Kirkpatrick

See page 193

"HE BROKE THE UNEARTHLY SILENCE BY CRYING OUT LOUD"

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

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YALE AND HER PRESIDENT 1777—1795

By PERCY COE EGGLESTON

DURING the administration of President Clap, of Yale, matters had reached a crisis between the college and the general court. Established by ten Congregational ministers for the primary purpose of educating ministers in the gospel, Yale had always been kept under the strict control of the clergy; and, so long as civil and ecclesiastical affairs were convertible terms, and the members of the general court remained good Congregationalists, the legislative branch of the colony worked in sympathy with the college authorities. But as the growth of the colony gave rise to new interests, and with the appearance of new sects, there developed in the general court an opposition to the independent management of the college, which was made the occasion for withholding much needed assistance and support.

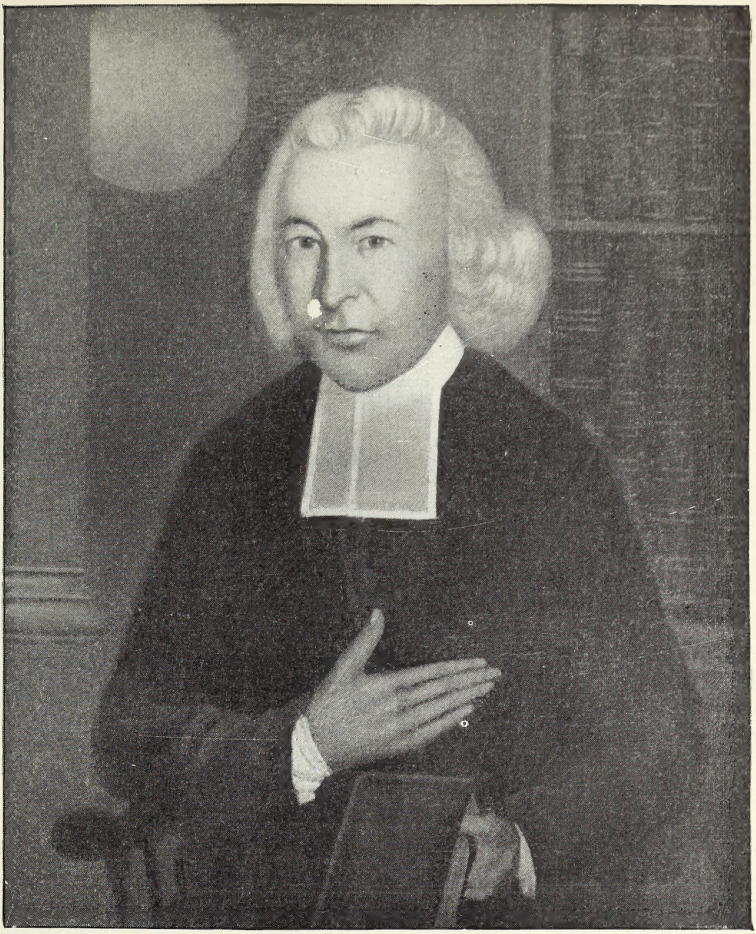
In July, 1777, some years after President Clap's death, and while the office was being temporarily filled by Rev. Naphtali Dagget, a committee from the general assembly waited upon the corporation and strongly recommended for its consideration for the office of president the name of Rev. Ezra Stiles, mentioning him as the most proper person, as a gentleman who would be the most acceptable to all ranks, so far as they had had opportunity to know the opinion of gentlemen in different parts of the state. In acting favorably upon this recommendation, the corporation took the step that was finally to result in removing the alienation between state and college, and in greatly promoting the common interests of both.

Dr. Stiles's comment upon receiving the news of his election gives a good idea of the state of his own feelings, as well as of the general state of affairs at the time. "My election to the presidency of Yale College is an unexpected and wonderful ordering of divine Providence. Not but that it has been talked of for years past; but I knew such reasons in the breasts of the Fellows & I tho't such were the Sentiments of the Assembly & a plurality of the Pastors respecting my ideas of ecclesiastical Polity and doctrinal System of Divinity, as that it was impossible I should be elected. When therefore any of my partial friends were pleased to compliment me with the Expectation of such an Event, these insuperable obstacles occurred in my mind — which were to me so decisive, that I did not chuse to hear of it & the mention of such a Thing has for some years been painful & disgustful. So that I have no more resolved in my mind whether I am qualified for such an office than for that of a prime minister or a Sultan; or whether I should on the whole be desirous of it; considering the Smallness of the Salary, and the great and complicated Difficulties & Labors which attend it. An hundred & fifty or 180 Young Gentlemen Students, is a Bundle of Wild Fire not easily controlled & governed — and

at best the Diadem of a President is a Crown of Thorns. The Assembly have caused this change, & the Fellows have elected me to prevent the Assembly's building another College. Will it have this Effect? Doubtful."

The choice was a frank acknowledgment of Dr. Stiles's abilities as a scholar and character as a man, an acknowledgment the more flattering since it was in disregard of the precedent which had hitherto bsetowed the honor upon a graduate of the older school at Cambridge. It was not inappropriate, however, since the place of his birth, on Nov. 29, 1727, had been at North Haven, only eight miles from the college. He had entered Yale at the age of fifteen, and been graduated four years later. He had been instituted as a tutor there in 1749, and the same year licensed to preach by the New Haven Association. A tutor he had continued for seven years, during which time he had also studied law, taking the attorney's oath in 1752; the same years had found him honored with the degree of M.A., from both Yale and Harvard. He had left New Haven in 1755 to become pastor of the Second Church in Newport, R. I., where, in addition to his pastoral duties, he had become deeply engaged in oriental, linguistic, and scientific investigations. It was during this period that the University of Edinburg had conferred upon him the Doctorate in Divinity. Except for the death of his wife, his pastoral life had been spent happily at Newport until 1776, when, his congregation having been broken up and dispersed by the British occupation of that place, he had removed to Portsmouth, N. H., to fill the pulpit vacated by Dr. Samuel Langdon, recently called to the presidency at Harvard. Dr. Stiles had now reached the age of fifty, and a call had just been extended to him to settle permanently in Portsmouth, when the news came of his election to the presidency at Yale.

The president-elect was notified of his election in September, 1777, and it took him six months to arrive at anything approaching a definite decision in the matter. Distressing as were the times, he was so fortunate as to find three options open to him: either the presidency of Yale College; or an immediate and permanent settlement in Portsmouth; or a comfortable residence at Portsmouth, until it should please God to reassemble his scattered flock at Newport and restore him to his people there. As to any material advantage, there was no preference, " the prospect being equal and in either case," as he frankly stated, " amounting to only a decent subsistence." Yale offered an annual salary of a little above one hundred and twenty pounds sterling, together with the degree money, which was the fee of four dollars pavable by each member of the graduating class for the president's signature to his diploma, also the use of the president's house and lot and the use and income from the rental of ten acres of land,— the whole living amounting to about two hundred and twenty pounds annually. His salary while at Newport had been about one hundred and fifty pounds. The Portsmouth Church, in settling him for a year, had voted a house, firewood, expenses of removal, and one hundred and ten pounds a year, making the entire living approximate two hundred pounds. But there was this also in favor of Portsmouth, that the church was well organized and settled. As to the college,— the student body was broken up and scattered in various parts of the state; the junior and freshmen classes at Glastonbury; the sophomore class at Farmington; and the senior class,— no one knew where, but likely to appear at New Haven at any time. Many of the students had entered the army, and others had left college by reason of its broken state and the impossibility of meeting expenses in these tumultuous times. If Dr. Stiles was to be influenced by prospects of ease, comfort, and tranquility — surely his path lay away from Yale. But with him it was also a question of duty, and after repeated days of fasting and prayer; after having made a journey on horseback from Portsmouth to New Haven and back; after having personally called upon Governor Trumbull; after having sought the advice of one hundred principal persons of Connecticut; after having consulted the members of his



By courtesy of Yale University

REV. EZRA STILES, D.D., LL.D.

dispersed flock in Newport; after having received the combined advice of the ministers of Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts, then it became apparent that he was inclining favorably towards the college, and on March 20, 1778, he decisively signified his acceptance of the office.

His first act of preparation for removal to New Haven was along very precautionary lines, for, with three of his children, he went to the smallpox hospital on Henzel's Island, about a mile out of Portsmouth, and was inoculated against smallpox "in the left arm between the thumb and forefinger." In our day of modern vaccination we little appreciate the grave consequences and frequent deaths that resulted from the earlier practice of inoculation. In his diary, Dr. Stiles states that he "broke out on the twelfth day"; but, that his case was attended with no alarming conditions appears evident from the fact that he preached each Lord's day to the two hundred other patients, and, in twenty-five days, returned home, having experienced the divine protection in the sparing of his life and the lives of his children.

On June 9, 1778, the only train running at the date to New Haven, left Ports-

mouth in two sections. The first section, consisting of a covered wagon, carrying four beds, three large boxes, and four Stiles children, left at ten-thirty in the morning; the second section was what was termed in those days a " neat, genteel caravan," suspended on steel springs as a coach, and this departed at six o'clock in the afternoon, carrying three more children and the president-elect himself, at peace with the world, and calm in the knowledge that all debts in Portsmouth had been paid and some money still remained in the exchequer. To the passing wayfarer he appeared to be a man of slight physique, weighing in the neighborhood of one hundred and twenty-eight, his features sharp and determined, and yet marked by an expression of frankness and benevolence. It were best, out of deference to his fellow members of the cloth, that we do not mark too closely some of the expenses of the journey. What if at Sudbury two dollars was spent for rum, at Worcester ten shillings for punch and fourteen shillings for more rum, at Spencer one shilling for beer, at Boston two double bowls of milk punch bought at two dollars each, at Wilbraham purchases made of " Cyder and Water," at two shillings, and " flip at six shillings." After a journey of eleven days " through the good hand of God," he arrived safely with his seven children at their journey's end.

At this time New Haven was a scattered village of about three thousand inhabitants. The public square, now the pride of the city, was unfenced, and crossed and recrossed by wagon ruts and overgrown with weeds and bushes. The most aristocratic part of the city was at the harbor's edge, and none had thought to question the judgment of Mr. Benedict Arnold, the prosperous young apothecary of New Haven, when a few years before he had selected the shore site for the generous structure which he had doubtless planned as a lifelong residence for himself and his young wife.

A few days and the students began to assemble and also the other members of the faculty; the professor of divinity, on a salary of ninety pounds a year; the professor of mathematics, whose frugal salary of seventy pounds was a constant spur to his talents at close figuring; and lastly, the three tutors on a like salary of seventy pounds each. All of the faculty, like the president himself, were the appointees of the body of clergymen constituting the corporation; and, before being invested with office, each must have first given public consent to the " Confession of Faith and Rules of Ecclesiastical Discipline " agreed upon by the churches of the state in 1708, known as the " Saybrook Platform," and also have further bound himself to the welfare of the state by the " oath of fidelity."

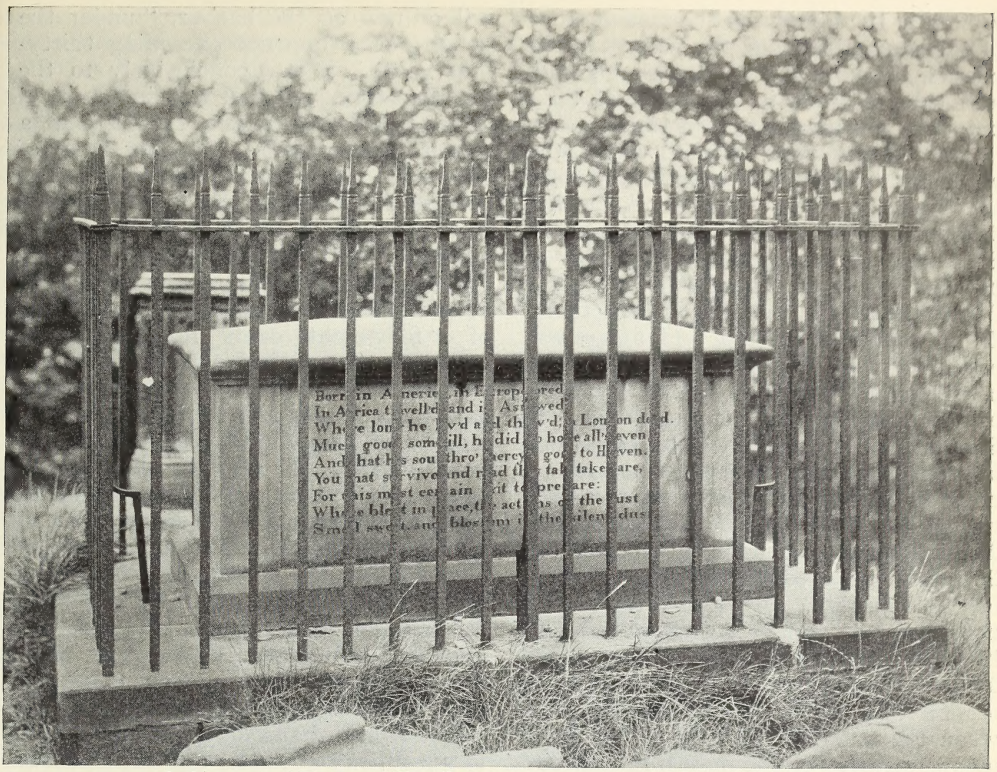
Much detail fell to the lot of the college president, especially at the beginning of the term. He personally examined candidates, and admitted them to the various classes; arranged and located the students in the college buildings; assigned each class to its individual instructor; appointed monitors to record attendance; selected from each class a waiter for the dining-hall; and made appointments and assignments of a lesser degree, the nature of which is best shown by extracts from the president's diary:

" Yesterday I appointed Stebbins, a freshman to ring the bell for prayers, recitations, etc., and released him from going of errands for any but the authority of college."

And again:

" Agreed with Zadoc to sweep Coll. till next commencement, to sweep Coll. Room & Entries & Stairs & make Beds — sweep Chapel every other day — wash chapel & Library Windows once a year or oftener — wash & sand Chapel & Library — wash & keep the out house clean once a week or oftener — keep the Steeple stairs swept & clean — go of Errands for the President & Tutors & do other small Jobs for College as they shall order — & treat all the Officers of the College with Respect & Submission. College to find him half a doz. Brooms a year. Wages 50 shillings per month of 30 & 31 days. To begin next Mondy. Pulpit Floor &c., washed & sanded constantly. Sand Tutors Floors when ordered. Dust the Pulpit & Chapel Seats."

It had been customary, up to 1744, for the rector and the tutors, each to take a class at its entrance into college and to carry it through the entire four years of its course. As at present, the last entered class was designated as freshman, and the next higher as sophomore;



From a rare photograph, the property of Hon. Samuel Elder, Boston.

THE GRAVE OF ELIHU YALE, ESQ.

but the members of the two classes next higher in order were quaintly called "junior sophisters" and "senior sophisters." In President Stiles's day the entire instruction of the senior class, or "senior sophisters," came to the president, one reason being because the seniors recited but once a day, thus leaving more leisure time to its instructor than to the instructors of the other classes. The weekly routine of the senior class was very likely to consist in reciting "Locke on the Human Understanding," at eleven o'clock A.M., on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays; "Vincent's Catechism," on Saturdays; on Mondays the class disputed syllogistically such propositions as "Bellum utrinque non est licitum"; on Tuesdays, a forensic disputation might be held on such a question as "whether polygamy is lawful," as even at that date there were women in the country who preferred to be fractional wives to entire old maids.

It is interesting to review the books recited by the several classes during the presidency of Dr. Stiles:

FRESHMAN CLASS

Virgil, Cicero's Orations, Greek Testament, Ward's Arithmetic.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Greek Testament, Horace, Lowth's English Grammar, Watts Logic, Guthrie's Geography, Hammond's Algebra, Holmes's Rhetoric, Ward's Geometry, Vincent's Catechism, Ward's Mathematics.

JUNIOR CLASS

Ward's Trigonometry, Atkinson & Wilson's Trigonometry, Greek Testament, Cicero's Orations, Martin's Phil. Grammar & Philosophy, 3 Vol., Vincent's Catechism.

SENIOR CLASS

Locke's Human Understanding, Wollaston's Relative Nature Delineated, Wollebius's Greek Testament, Edwards on the Will, President Clap's Ethics.

In the matter of recitations it was usually arranged so that the seniors

recited in the library, in the second story of the chapel building, the juniors in the chapel, sophomores in the dining-hall, and the freshmen in the room of their tutor or some member of the class.

The college year, during which the work contemplated above should be accomplished, was divided somewhat differently than at present. President Stiles assumed office at the beginning of the summer term, extending from June 23d to the second Tuesday in September. In the month of July the senior class was examined, and the young "sirs" then dismissed to return for their diplomas at the anniversary commencement in September. The other classes continued in attendance until just before commencement in September, when they were dismissed for a fall vacation of six weeks. The fall term commenced about October 20th and extended to the second Thursday in January. A winter vacation of three weeks followed. College reassembled for the spring term the second Thursday in February, and continued in session through the first week in May, when the students were dismissed for a spring vacation of one month to reassemble in June for the summer term. About the middle of the month of December, March, and June, a day was set aside and designated as "quarter day," to be observed with certain literary exercises and the settlement of accounts between college and students. In this arrangement, the points of divergence from present schedule, especially noticeable, are that commencement was held in September instead of in June, and the college continued in session during the summer months when not interfered with by the exigencies of the war or lack of funds.

College rules and usages were then of the most punctilious nature. Undergraduates could not wear their hats in the front dooryard of the house of the president or a professor, and were compelled to "uncover within ten rods of the person of the president, eight rods of the professor, and five rods of the tutor." The means of recreation which the college afforded were few. A clause in the college rules forbidding students to sail or row on the harbor, "under the penalty of a fine not exceeding thirty-four cents," points conclusively to the fact that there were not wanting nautical enthusiasts who found the harbor a means of recreation. Another form of diversion was also in ill favor. The president and fellows were much opposed to the dancing assemblies which seem to have been held occasionally, and not only forbade any member of the college to attend them, but imposed a ruinous fine of "fifty-eight cents for each such offense." The lift of a freshman seems to have been something even desperate, and, indeed, would have been so but for a generous home training in almost every kind of hardship. He was subject to the rigid enforcement of that formidable code known as the "freshman laws," which permitted and rather encouraged almost unlimited fagging, and compelled a servile observance of college etiquette. A freshman could not play with any member of an upper class without being asked; a sophomore might discipline him after obtaining leave of a senior.

The study of theology was encouraged in every way possible, and strict observance of all religious exercises required. Each week day commenced with prayers in the chapel, "between six o'clock and sunrise," and closed again with evening prayers. On Saturday evening President Stiles made it a practice to expound the Savoy Confession of Faith. It was no unusual thing to spend five hours in chapel on Lord's day for there were morning prayers, followed by forenoon and afternoon service, with preaching by the professor of divinity; and at evening prayers it was customary for one of the students to read a sermon of some prominent divine. No doubt there was more or less grumbling over the length of these services, even when they were enlivened by the singing of Watts's Version of the Psalms; but there was no recourse; attendance at chapel was the rule. If a student preferred Tate and Brady's Version of the Psalms as sung at Mr. Hubbard's Episcopal Church, permission to attend there was reluctantly given, and that not oftener than once a quarter. In one case, however, an exception was

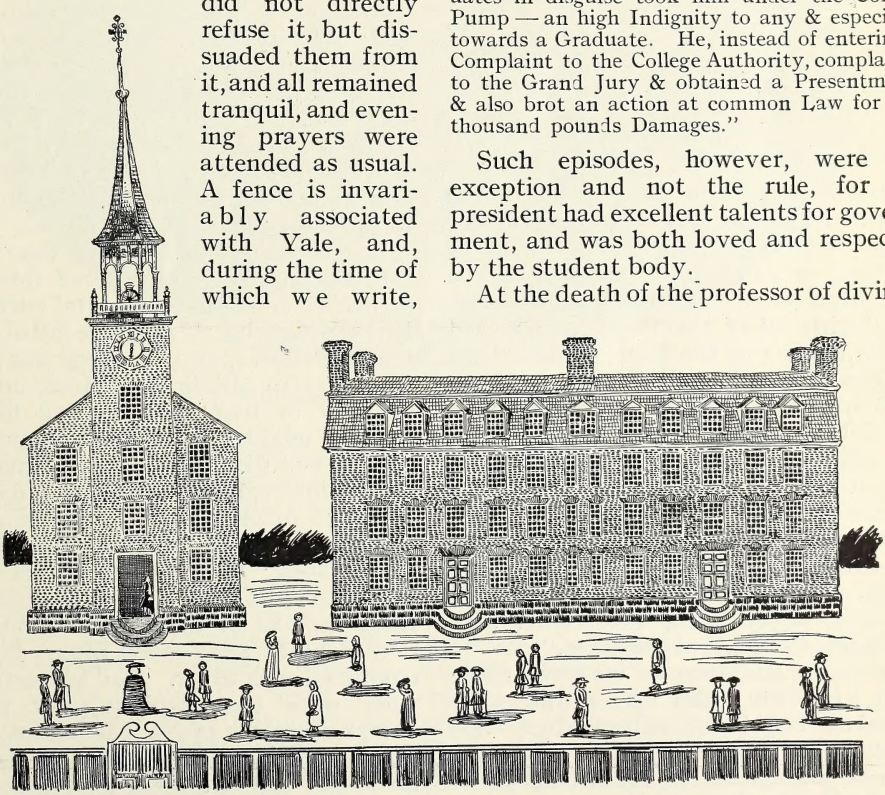
made to the general rule, because of the special urgency of the case, and we find, under date of Dec. 10, 1785, this entry by the president: "Gave leave to Benjamin, a Sophomore, to be absent from chapel on Sabbath to go to Episcopal Church till end of Feby. next and play on the organ there while Mr. Bates is learning to play. But no longer."

It has already appeared that, before entering upon the duties of his office, President Stiles had conceived the young students to be a "bundle of wild-fire" that might not be easily controlled and governed. Although failing to credit himself with the excellent talents as a disciplinarian that later years proved him to possess, he correctly judged the semi-occasional rampant nature of student life. He found the students anxious to celebrate his own inauguration into office by "illuminating college and discharging cannon in the evening." He did not directly refuse it, but dissuaded them from it, and all remained tranquil, and evening prayers were attended as usual. A fence is invariably associated with Yale, and, during the time of which we write, the corporation orders the steward "to build a new fence with open paling round the college yard, the old fence having been pulled down by riortous students." Besides the fence there was a college pump, and the use to which this was placed on one occasion is thus described at the time:

"A great Contest has arisen between the young Sirs and Collegians on one side and Geltlemen in Town, chiefly of academic Education & some merchants on the other. It has been customary for those who graduated at Commercement to have a Ball in the State house, the Evening following, & invite their Friends & Relations — this produced a promiscuous assembly. The Gentlemen of the Town are desirous of a politer Ball for Gentlemen of the army & other strangers, & claimed the Courthouse. Half a dozen Bachelors of Arts, residing in Town chiefly & not in College, joined in a separation from their College Brethren, & among the rest Sir —— who spake with less Delicacy than was prudent upon the Candidates & their Company. This excited the Resentment of all College. On Monday night last, the Undergraduates in disguise took him under the College Pump — an high Indignity to any & especially towards a Graduate. He, instead of entering a Complaint to the College Authority, complained to the Grand Jury & obtained a Presentment; & also brot an action at common Law for one thousand pounds Damages."

Such episodes, however, were the exception and not the rule, for the president had excellent talents for government, and was both loved and respected by the student body.

At the death of the professor of divinity



By courtesy of Yale Corporation

YALE COLLEGE IN 1793. FROM AN OLD PRINT

in 1780, President Stiles's work had so increased in quantity that he writes: "I am called to fill the offices of three Professorships & the Presidency at the same time. And yet the Corporation keep me in so poor & parsimonius a manner, that domestic cares are a heavier Anxiety to me than all my College Cares."

President Stiles's first wife had died during his pastorate in Newport, and the domestic cares he mentioned were probably bearing more heavily upon him at this time than was the case a little later, when his household was under the direction of a second Mrs. Stiles. His diary chronicles one of the disturbing incidents occurring at home in these words:

"This Afternoon our maid Betty, a Canadian Girl of perhaps age 25, accidentally tumbled down the Well, perhaps 30 feet deep. We got her up very much bruised. She soon went into heavy convulsion Fits. The Doctor instantly let her blood in the right arm & took away thirty ounces of Blood or more, being a great Bason twice full besides much spilled. In her fall to the Bottom of the Well, she received a violent Contusion of her head — but not a Fracture either of the scull or Limbs. The good Lord prepare us for sudden Death & dangerous Accidents."

So far as possible the president's five daughters, from his eldest daughter Betsy, who was twenty-two, down to thirteen year old Polly, tried to relieve him from these household annoyances. Good girls all of them and well versed in the reading of the Holy Book. "My daughter Ruth," writes Dr. Stiles, "from 1775 to 1793, or in 18 years, has read her Bible fourteen times through; and my grand-daughter Eliza, age 11, has read it through five times; my daughter Emilia has lost her minutes but has probably read it a dozen times & more; my other children have read it sundry times. . . . My family have had full opportunity of being acquainted with the sacred Contents of the Bible."

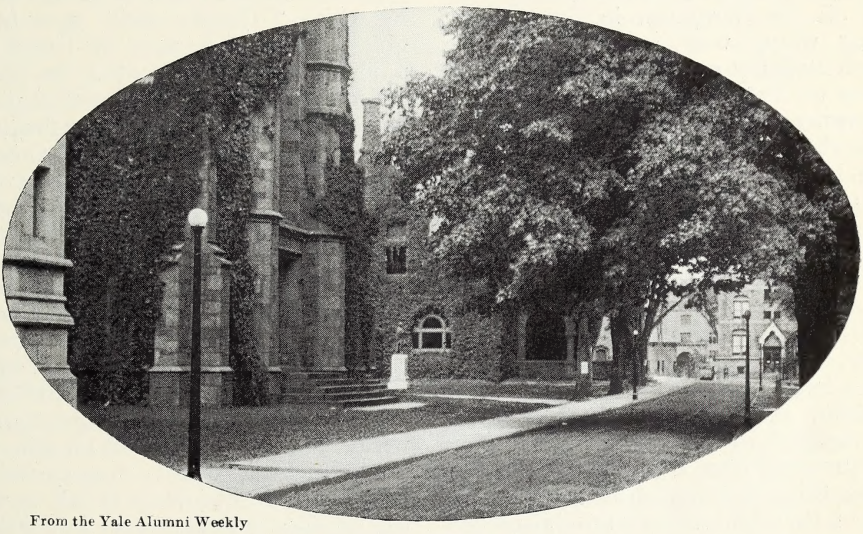
Such acquaintance as we have made with President Stiles up to this point partakes largely of externalities,— his appearance, routine duties, and the homely and primitive conditions under which he lived and administered his office. If for a brief space we now turn our attention to the field of achievement, and mark well the large results accomplished, we will find ourselves measuring the man, not by the conditions surrounding him, but by that truer standard, — the spirit displayed in rising above conditions and advancing the cause with which he was identified.

It required a patriot whose faith in the cause of American freedom never faltered, and one steadfast to the end, to keep the college together during this period. So unsettled were the times, that college was interrupted at the slightest alarm of the enemy, to say nothing of the marching back and forth of our own troops. "The duties of this holy day," writes President Stiles on a Sunday in 1778, "have been greatly interrupted by the army, although the army made as little disturbance as possible." The British, when they invaded New Haven a year later, were not so considerate; the students were driven away and dispersed, and did not return for three months. Tories and plotters were in evidence everywhere. Even the college printing was done in Hartford, because the printers located in New Haven, Thomas and Samuel Green, earlier of New London, were "a tory press, and unobliging to the college."

But inconvenience greater than from tory or invasion was suffered from the depreciation of the continental currency. It reached such a stage, in the fall of 1778, that the steward of the college was at his wits' end to obtain provisions, and by the end of that year, finding himself wholly unable to uphold commons, college was dismissed until February 4. In the interval President Stiles rode to Hartford to plead with the governor to assist the steward with flour from the public store; but, no immediate relief being received, vacation was extended from the 4th to the 18th of February. Continental money stood fifteen for one compared with silver. Bad as conditions then were they rapidly grew worse. It was necessary to grant many leaves of absence to students whose parents could no longer support them at college. In December, 1779, continental money again failed to provide provisions, and college

was again dismissed. Currency was now forty for one compared with silver. College reassembled under a new arrangement, which was that the students make their payments in provisions — this being the only way the steward could get supplies. Even this plan did not furnish relief, and, with the continued depreciation, commons had to be wholly abandoned, and only such students remained as could board themselves at large in the town. These were dark days for Yale, but she struggled on under her indomitable president, with bare shelves in the pantry, but with no scarcity of logic in the classroom; and when matters were at their worst, when one hundred dollars continental purchased only one silver dollar in New Haven, when college attendance was at its lowest ebb, President Stiles's faith did not falter, and his reassuring comment was, "In time money matters will come right." He had written a few months earlier to Benjamin Franklin regarding Arnold's treason; "Gen. Arnold is a loss! But America is so fertile in Patriots, that we can afford to sell a Patriot or two every year without any essential Injury to the glorious Cause of Liberty and Independence." President Stiles was among the best of those partiots he described, and his guidance laid for Yale an early foundation of patriotism upon which she has ever builded.

At the same time that President Stiles's faith in the ultimate success of the patriotic cause was keeping college together, his own personal attainments, coupled with a natural capacity for making acquaintances, were bringing him into touch with the great men of the time, and giving the college over which he presided a reputation both at home and abroad. He dined with General Washington as early as 1775, and met him personally on at least three other occasions. He had the acquaintance of Israel Putnam and such other officers of first distinction as Lee, Heath, and Green. He was himself visited by General Lafayette — the young French enthusiast of twenty-two years, who passed through New Haven in 1778. On the occasion of a visit to Newport he was entertained at dinner by Count de Rochambeau, with whom he conversed in Latin, although he found the count to speak it only "tolerably." He met Rochambeau again two years later. In August, 1779, he received a visit at New Haven from Baron de Steuben, "general under the King of Prussia, as well as under General Washington." A few



From the Yale Alumni Weekly

A GLIMPSE OF THE YALE OF TO-DAY

weeks later he again welcomed the baron in company with the French minister. To his house, in June, 1784, came His Excellency, Gov. Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, later chosen third president of the United States, introduced by a letter from Roger Sherman, representative at Congress, treasurer of Yale, and later the first mayor of New Haven. President Stiles met both John and Samuel Adams on several occasions. A close and intimate friendship existed between him and Gov. Jonathan Trumbull, whose habit it was to always stop at the Stiles home during the sessions of the legislature in New Haven. The president was personally acquainted with practically all the clergymen in Connecticut, among whom were such men as Dr. Joseph Bellamy and Jonathan Edwards. Patron as Dr. Stiles was of all kinds of discoveries and inventions, Eli Whitney followed the habit of other discoverers, when, in 1794, he visited the Stiles home and exhibited the newly invented machine for cleaning cotton of its seed. Still lacking on our list is the name of one whose talents President Stiles, in common with the civilized world, held in special regard, a man with whom he had carried on a correspondence extending over a long period of years,— Benjamin Franklin, through whose influence his own diploma of Doctor of Divinity had been procured from Edinburg University.

One thing accomplished towards the close of President Stiles's administration was of such consequence as affecting the future of the college that we must for lack of space exclude all other achievements for its mention. It has already been referred to at an early point in this paper — the conciliation and restoration of good feeling between legislature and college, and the promotion of a more friendly disposition throughout the state. It appeared to President Stiles, while attending the election at Hartford in 1792, that there was a disposition on the part of the legislators to believe in the good economy and government of the college; that they were heartily tired out with forty years of storming against it and its "corporation of ecclesiastics"; that, while New York, Pennsylvania, and other states were patronizing literature and making bounteous donations to their colleges, they were ashamed that Connecticut should do nothing for an institution in good reputation throughout the entire community; in short, that they felt that the irritation of half a century between civilians and clergy should be brought to an end, and all should be concerned in building up the college and extending its influence. President Stiles took advantage of this favorable disposition to converse much with the influential members, himself favoring a minority representation of civilians in the corporation. His efforts were rewarded by an act passed in May, by which "The Assembly gave to Yale College certain Arrears of Taxes to be paid in paper, estimated to net the college perhaps twelve thousand pounds; on condition that the Corporation associate eight civilians, viz., the Governor, Lieut. Governor, and six senators, whose succession was to be kept up in the election of the people, continuing the succession of the old Corporation in their own election without the concurrence of the civilian members, etc.; no abolition being made of the former charter or constitution." One condition was attached to the act to the effect that it be accepted by the then existing corporation within a year. So liberal an act, President Stiles had not even considered possible. He had least of all expected the legislature to acquiesce in continuing the ministers as a majority in the corporation. He at once saw its advantages and possibilities. It would unite Moses and Aaron. It would extinguish the jealousy of the civilians towards the clergy and promote a friendly disposition throughout the state. President Stiles urged upon the corporation its immediate acceptance, giving it as his opinion that it was not only safe and best to adopt it, but that it was expedient to adopt it *at once*, without any negotiation or procrastination. He urged that, should the plan be accepted, the suggested proportion of civilians and ministers would be permanent. How unerringly he judged the matter is shown by the fact that the only change since

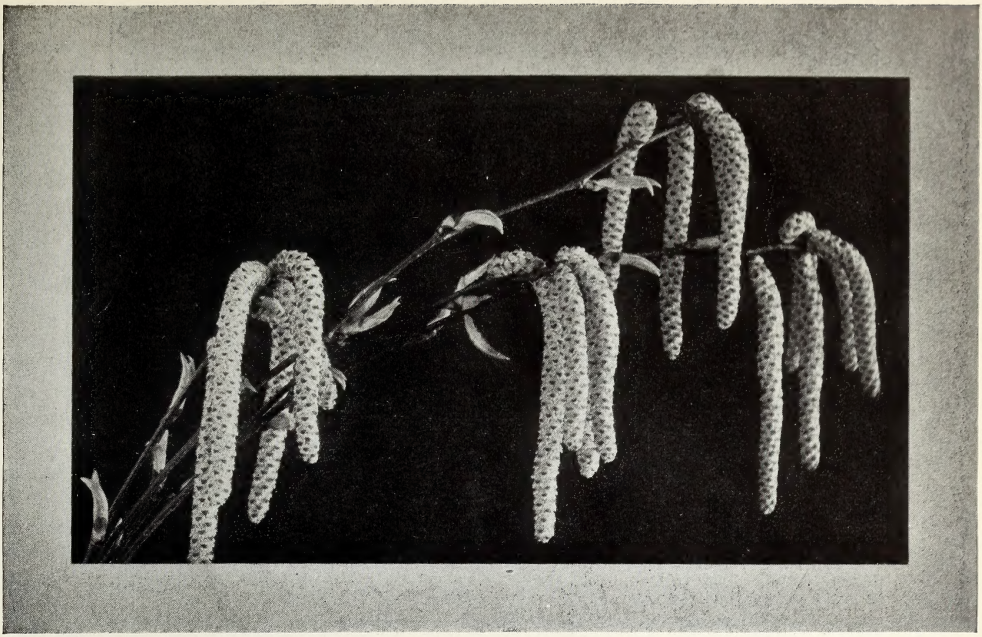
made has been the substitution of six alumni of the college in place of the six senators. He argued that, as the ministers would have the majority and power of self-perpetuation, it must be their own unfaithfulness if every religious interest and end of the primary institution was not permanently secured and perpetuated under the new arrangement. In these sentiments, the corporation agreed, and the act was accepted by which college and commonwealth were joined in a closer union; and for the first time the college began to prosper from grants of some degree of liberality from the state. It was a wide departure from the time-guarded traditions of the college, and though wisely taken, as time has proven, it was not entered upon without some misgivings. "I hope this Work is of God," was the comment the president made in his diary, "and that it may be considered as the marvellous Disposal of his Providence who has the Command of all Hearts. It was most unexpected to me, that there could possibly have been effected such a change on the minds of the general Assembly & public & such Condescentions & Liberality in their Offers. And I can ascribe it to none but him who turns the Hearts of men as the Rivers of Waters are turned & can make even Nations willing in a Day."

President Stiles's administration at Yale was terminated by his death, on May 12, 1795, in his sixty-eighth year. Having successfully maintained the college through the trying times of the revolution, having extended its influence at home and made its name favorably known in more distant quarters, it was fitting, as his career was drawing to a close, that this man, elected to his collegiate office on the recommendation of *the people*, should finally have consummated the great work of conciliation that they had proclaimed him so worthy to undertake. That the constitution, under which the great university is governed to-day exists in its present excellence is an everlasting monument to his wisdom and foresight.

If Yale is close to the hearts of the people, it is in large measure because she once lived the humble life and shared the hardships of those early times. It is such austere and discouraging conditions of life that tend to produce the substantial qualities of greatness. One of a group of three great universities, Yale is in some respects the most American of them all. It is much younger than Harvard and considerably older than Princeton.

Harvard long stood as particularly representative of a somewhat exclusive New England culture. Princeton was long fostered by the strong Presbyterian element of the middle states. Yale was less influenced by section, more in sympathy with the life of the broad land. Harvard took her early teachers, as she did her college colors, from Cambridge; for hers, Princeton looked to Scotland, the home of organized Presbyterianism. Harvard has been called a "new Cambridge," and Princeton a "new Glasgow." But Yale, beginning in a modest way, grew up with the commonwealth, and is altogether American. What obligations were hers, she incurred within the Commonwealth; for her earlier teachers, as in the case of President Stiles, were the products of such educational advantages as America herself afforded.

LOCUST BLOSSOMS



Flowers of Our Trees

By L. W. BROWNELL

I WONDER if the majority of my readers are acquainted with the flowers of our most common native trees, or how many of them even know that every tree that grows must have a flower of some sort in order that the species may be perpetuated? They of course know the wealth of perfumed bloom that whitens our orchards in May, they may even be slightly acquainted with the blossoms of some others than our fruit trees, but I doubt if there are many who could name, without hesitation, the flowers of more than half a dozen trees if they were shown them plucked from the trees themselves, or could even distinguish between the bloom of the cherry and the peach or plum.

As I have intimated every tree has a flower of some sort. Many of them are, unfortunately, insignificant, but, on the other hand, a large number are extremely beautiful in one way or another, and some are very showy, as is instanced by the magnificent blossom of the magnolia, which most every one must know, a pure white flower whose broad petals often reach an expanse, when fully opened, of six inches and over. These trees, of which there are several species, are to be seen to the best advantage in their natural habitat, which is the south, but many have been imported to more northern climes and have flourished to a greater or less extent. They are now fairly common in many of our more pretentious country places.

The earliest tree flowers to show themselves are those of the black alder, the graceful tassels of which may be seen hanging from the bare, angular, black branches of the alder, along the borders of marshy streams, as early as the latter part of February or first part of March.

THE BEAUTIFUL FRONDS OF THE CHESTNUT BLOSSOMS

They are closely followed, however, by the catkins of the willows, the "pussy-willows" of our childhood. Indeed March might be called the month of catkins, for very many of the trees put forth their blossoms before they do their leaves, or at least while yet the leaves are very young, and would we learn to know these blossoms we must search for them during March and early April.

There are great numbers of these catkins beside the two species which I have already mentioned, all differing one from the other, and yet all much alike in general form and appearance. They usually grow in clusters and, to my eyes at least, a tree covered with the graceful bunches of tassels is fully as beautiful, if not more so, than when entirely clothed in its livery of green.

The catkin flowers are really, in the floral world at least, the heralds of spring, if indeed spring ever needs a herald, for they appear before even the marsh marigold or the hepatica, that earliest of our woodland flowers. They clothe the bare branches of the trees with a beauty all their own; a softer and more ethereal but no less delightful covering than that which is later formed by the green foliage.

Here is an alder with its dark brown, pendulous clusters, swaying to every breeze that passes; there is a white birch with its smaller, daintier droops; yonder is another of the same group, the black or sweet birch with its larger, darker, and more robust, but no less interesting flowers. They are one and all exquisite productions of nature's art, tassels that no other loom than nature's could possibly reproduce. The black walnut and the butternut trees have catkins so closely resembling each other that it is hard for a novice to tell them apart, about the only noticeable difference lying in the fact that the latter is a longer and thicker, heavier tassel than the former. The American aspen, one of the most beautiful of our native trees, whose heart-shaped leaves, with the silvery sheen on their under side, are never still even upon the most windless day, giving to the tree the name sometimes used of "quaking aspen," has catkins of a beautiful golden-brown color. All of the poplars bear catkins more or less ruddy in color, and a little later in the season the ground beneath each tree will be covered with those

that have fallen, each one looking like nothing more than some kind of a furry caterpillar.

But the willows with their downy little "pussies" must naturally take pre-eminence at this time, and to my mind there is nothing much more pleasing to the eye than a willow copse in the March days when the soft yellow tassels of the catkins show in such exquisite harmony against the grays and browns of the still leafless trees. There are many different species of willow, each bearing catkins of more or less beauty, but the commonest as well as the most beautiful is undoubtedly the glaucous or "pussy" willow, which grows everywhere in moist places, from Nova Scotia to Delaware.

Why is it, I wonder, that so few people realize the beauty of the catkins in these early spring days and use them for indoor decoration when the only other flowers that we can get are from the hothouses? To be sure they distribute their pollen rather too freely to be called quite cleanly, but this disagreeable quality is, at least so it would seem to me, more than offset by their really considerable beauty. But it may be that I am biased, that my love for all things of the out of doors leads me into seeing beauty where it really does not exist, but at all events I would rather be in that condition than in the condition of seeing beauty in nothing, as is the sad case of many people whom I know.

In late March and early April the maples come into bloom, the first usually being the scarlet maple. Right well does it deserve its name, for its spring suit is no less gaudy than is the one that it dons in the fall, and with its complete covering of brilliant scarlet flowers it is a most conspicuous and beautiful object and one that cannot fail to be noted from a considerable distance. Of the other members of this family the sugar maple is probably the most common, its flowers, blossoming at the end of pedicels from

MAGNOLIA BLOOMS

THE BLOSSOMS OF THE TULIP TREE

one and a half to three inches in length, droops in clusters and are of a greenish yellow in color. The striped or goosefoot maple, so called from the shape of its leaves, is a later bloomer, its large clusters of greenish-yellow flowers, in many cases the color being almost entirely green, unfolding after the leaves have become fully grown. It is, as a rule, a very profusely flowered tree, and while the combination of the rather dark foliage with the lighter yellowish green of the flowers makes a delightful combination, it always seemed to me as if the flowers and leaves were overcrowding the stems and branches, as if there was hardly room enough for them all.

Later still come the wild cherries, with their long, drooping clusters of small white flowers. They are, unfortunately, all too short lived, lasting but a day or two even upon the tree, and dropping their petals almost immediately upon being picked. The oaks, with their long, loose catkins, like ragged tassels or strings loosely strung with beads; the elms, with their small indeterminately colored flowers seemingly altogether too insignificant for such tall and stately trees; the hazel and hop hornbeam, that in themselves look nothing alike, but whose neat little catkins closely resemble one another with the exception that the former is somewhat the longer; and the hickory with its slender, unpretentious catkin, are all flowers of April. At the same time, in the damper woods, we will find one of the daintiest of all the tree blooms, the shadbush, while in the higher, dryer woods lives its near relative, the June or service berry, having an equally dainty blossom. Both blossoms are pure white, five petaled, the latter, perhaps, averaging slightly larger than the former. Against the cold background of leafless, gray trunks and dead brown leaves, they stand out with a delicate, starlike beauty that is a delight to behold.

Of course, as I have already said, by far the showiest of all our tree blossoms is the large-flowered magnolia, but not far behind it in the race for the first place come the locusts. Of these there are two species,—the common locust and the clammy locust, the former being much the more common of the two, therefore the one that is most generally seen. We all know them, with their masses of pendant, pealike, white blossoms, growing in large, loose clusters, so like, except in color, the cultivated wistaria. The similarity between the flowers of the locust and those of the wistaria is not to be wondered at when we know that, despite the fact that one is a large tree and the other a running vine, they are very closely related, belonging to the same family although to different genera.

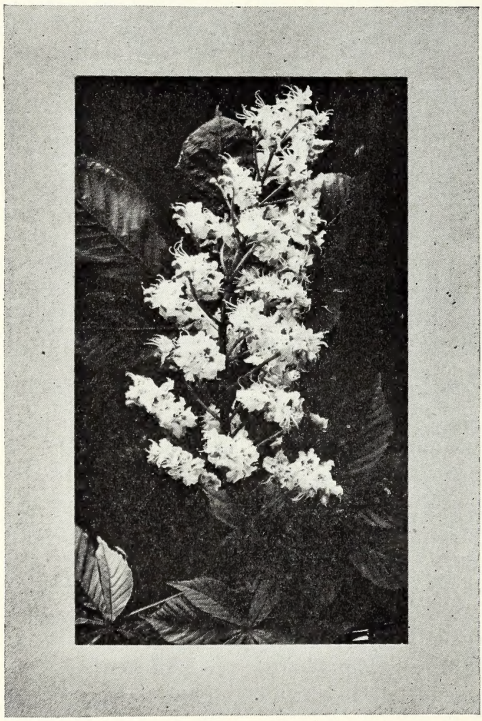
The two species of locust are not easily distinguishable at sight by one not well versed in botany. They both bloom in late May and early June, although perhaps the clammy species is a little later in blooming than the common, its clusters of flowers a little shorter and heavier, with a shade more of pinkish tinge to them, and the stems more viscid. They are easily distinguished, however, as soon as we put them to our noses, for, alas, the clammy species has no odor at all, while that of the common locust is almost overpowering in its sweetness.

At about the same time blossoms the tulip tree, whitewood or basswood, by which names it is sometimes known, the flowers of which can vie with those more earthy plants of the same name, in shape, at least, if not in coloring. They are, or should be, familiar objects to all my readers and, therefore, need no description other than that furnished by the accompanying photograph.

Now, also, is the time for the blossoming of horse chestnuts, with their large, pyramidal clusters of white, golden-hearted flowers, and the pawlonia, with its upright cluster of bell-shaped, purple blooms. Can any one look at either of these flowers and say that they are not the equal in beauty of almost all, and even surpass very many, of cultivated flowers. And yet we almost never see them used for decoration, and what is the reason? Because the great majority of people are so blind that they can only see beauty in that which they have been told is beautiful and which has been recognized as such for years. In other words they are incapable of discovering beauty in anything for themselves.

And, by the way, do any of my readers know the reason why the horse chestnut tree was so named? The next time you pass one break a leaf from its twig or a twig from its branch and examine the spot at which it was attached. There you will find your answer, for, clearly imprinted, you will find the exact image of the bottom of a horse's hoof, even to the heads of the nails that hold the shoe on.

The last tree to blossom in the spring is the chestnut, its blooms not appearing until well into June, when the tree is fully leaved out. But they are well worth seeing when they do come, for a chestnut tree, with its long feathery fronds of light-brown catkins nestling among the dark green of its foliage is truly a most exquisite sight.



THE PYRAMIDAL BLOOM OF THE HORSE CHESTNUT

There is one tree, or more correctly speaking, shrub of which I have not yet spoken, that might well be called, in its flowering arrangements, the freak among trees. It is most difficult to say whether it should be spoken of as the last to bloom of one year or the first of the next. I am speaking of the witch hazel which puts forth its blossoms in November when everything else is dead or dying. The leaves of the shrub fall early and it is most curious to see this tough, angular, ugly skeleton of a bush studded with straggling, yellow-green flowers, with petals resembling very narrow, twisted ribbons, which shine against the sun like clusters of golden stars.

Thoreau wrote on October 16: "Am surprised to find an abundance of witch hazel now at the height of its change." In the lower Hudson Valley this change does not come, however, until November, as I have said. He continues: "The tallest bushes are bare, though in bloom; but the lowest are full of leaves, many of them green, but chiefly clear and handsome yellow of various shades, from a pale lemon in the shade, or within the bush, to a darker and warmer yellow without. Some have even a hue of crimson; some are green with bright yellow along the veins." It is a rare exception, however, when we find, at least along the Hudson Valley, flowers and leaves on the bush at the same time. The leaves have generally been gone even some weeks before the flowers put in their appearance.

Naturally, of all the flowering trees, there are none that can equal in collective beauty the fruit trees in full bloom. There can hardly be anything more exquisite either in nature or art than a hillside apple orchard buried under its billowy masses of pinkish-white bloom, or a peach or plum tree with its blossom laden limbs. If there are any of my readers that are unacquainted with the flowers of our native wild trees, I would advise them to go and cultivate that acquaintance. Naturally there are many of the tree flowers of which I have said nothing, for a short article is hardly the place to give a check list of all our native trees, but I have mentioned the majority of the more common ones, the rest you will have to find for yourselves.

Ode for Easter Day

On Life Eternal

By CHARLES GIBSON

Decoration by James Senior Young

✠ ✠

Is it through valleys with fair violets strewn,
Through fields of daisies, buttercups or grass,
Such as in childhood we were wont to pass;
Or through some forest path but newly hewn,
Darkened by clouds, or lit by turquoise skies,
While, canopied, sweet song around us flies?—
Say, Father, to the Child that asks of Thee,
Are these the pictures that his Soul shall see,
As onward it doth journey toward its goal?
'Mid some such scene its passage shall it make
From Earth to Heaven and o'er the ages roll;
Or wrecked upon the shoal
Of wickedness and sin, its misery take
To some dark corner in eternal shame,
And leave to better men immortal fame?

* * * * * * *

But oh, by all we hold
Most worthy to enfold
Within the vaulted chambers of our heart,
Let not the heavenly vision from us part!
In purest beauty shall the scene be laid,
And fragrant with the rarest blooms be made,
So that, though life be calm, or chill and cold,
Or poor or high, or fretted by past woes,
Or filled with all that age or childhood knows,
The Majesty of God we may behold.

WITH THE NEW ENGLAND'S PUBLISHERS

A WORD ON THE FUTURE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

THIS April Number of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE contains what we trust is a pleasant surprise to our friends. Without preliminary announcement we are taking the extraordinary step of cutting the price of the magazine in half. Hereafter the subscription price will be $1.50 a year instead of $3.00.

In making this change we do not credit ourselves with the hewing of a new path. We are but following, as we understand it, the intent and purpose of those before us. It is very evident to us that it was the thought of the publishers of the first number of this present series of the NEW ENGLAND, which began in 1889, to bring out a popular-priced magazine, a magazine for everybody. In the day of the thirty-five cent magazine, they courageously placed the price at twenty-five cents. We are therefore glad that we can now offer New Englanders and lovers of New England and the things that New Englanders love a magazine that some of our friends call "the most beautiful of all the magazines," a magazine devoted to history, art, literature, and music, and the wonderful out of doors for fifteen cents.

To those who willingly paid the double price and made it possible for us to make this desirable move within so short a time after undertaking to build up the prestige of the old New England, we extend our heartiest thanks as well as that of the thousands who might not otherwise have joined our circle of friends.

You will rejoice with us in the growing prosperity of the magazine of which this change is but one of many indications. As we propose to give you the same magazine with, we hope, constant improvement it must be evident to you all that unless our circulation is *more* than doubled we are heavy losers by the change. Doubtless your friends who have enjoyed single copies of the magazine from time to time will now have it regularly at our reduced price. If you meet any such, will you not impress it upon them that we do not at all object to entering subscriptions out of the so-called subscription season.

Of our future plans you can form an accurate opinion from this number of the magazine. If you will compare it with the April number of a year ago, the changes and improvements that you will be able to note will do more to explain our ideals and aims than anything that we might be able to say here.

One announcement we are particularly eager to make: For fifteen months we have been working hard to make every issue count *for the honor of New England.* In our first new number, March, 1908, you will find these words:

"Opportunity! Is not New England full of opportunities? In manufacture, is not New England first, and have we not streams as yet undammed? If we manufacture, must we not sell? Have we not harbors and shipping? Are we awake to the possibilities of foreign export? . . . . . dearth of opportunity? Rather the dearth of young men to develop opportunities that lie all around us!"

In that first issue we dedicated ourselves to *booming New England.* Wonder of wonders, we now see before us the beginning of such a movement to shout, *"New England, glorious New England,"* from the housetops, as is not suspected by those few who are destined to be among the leaders in the movement. Keep your eyes on the Boards of Trade and other business organizations of our live New England towns.

Our greatest hope for the future is that our change of price will help us to *spread* this propaganda of a new and greater New England. We want to be generally recognized in and out of New England as *New England's House-Organ*, her spokesman and crier of her wares, the courier who shouts her progress.

We announce here indefinitely a series of six or more articles. In these we shall consider, first,

the best methods for the advancement of the interests of the New England States as a group; second, as individuals; third, as communities, cities, and towns. We then propose to tell the world at large why *New England made goods* lead all others,— in material, workmanship, etc., and to make known everywhere New England's leadership in American manufactures in lines not suspected by the general public. To these features we invite immediate attention.

We are able to announce another feature that will not only interest you as a New Englander, but will also secure for *your own magazine* a very wide reading, proclaiming throughout the United States New England ideals of public virtue and probity.

This feature is the continuation of Mr. Lawson's great serial prophecy, "THE FUTURE OF OUR COUNTRY."

" Can a Republic endure ? " So, in the March NEW ENGLAND, Mr. Lawson ended the most wonderful three pages he ever wrote. He will continue, probably in the May number, with a résume of the successes of the people in the war they have been waging through these past years of an awakening public conscience, for equality under the law.

It is a most remarkable and gratifying fact, but one seldom noted, that we are now beginning to reap the fruits of some of the earlier agitation. Suits that have long been pending are now being heard and verdicts that years ago would have startled the country to-day scarcely evoke a headline from the daily press. And, furthermore, although a year or two ago many journalists hastened to proclaim that the day of " muck-raking " (as they termed it) had passed, as many shafts of fire are being launched to-day as heretofore. The man whose words of warning a few years ago were " wild flights of imagination " is to-day the " seer and the prophet."

Following this story of the forward steps that our country has made, Mr. Lawson will take up in detail some of the most important issues now before the American people.

If our Republic is to endure, there are questions that must be answered, not by specious argument, or pages of economic discussion to which there is no end, but by action.

1. Suppose as the French economist Proudhon has insisted, our present system of banking is " built on quicksand," will the institution of a United States Postal Savings Bank give us one permanent prop ?
2. If it is true that prohibition that is not prohibitive, or the making of laws that are not enforced, makes law breakers of countless thousands of those who sincerely believe themselves honorable men, shall we continue to inculcate disrespect of law or repeal the impossible ?
3. Is it true that a great corporation, or other employer of astute lawyers, can find a way to break the spirit of our law and still keep its letter ?
4. What is required of a people who would make certain that they and not *the few* shall make our laws ?
5. Can the working man work out his own salvation through the present methods of combination and strikes, etc. ?
6. What are the proper uses of capital, legitimate, productive ?
7. Is there such a thing as a good trust ?
8. Are we to be a nation without a God ?
9. How shall the wealthy be justly taxed ?
10. What should be our relation to foreign peoples ?
11. Ought there to be restriction of immigration ?
12. Will the education of the future be the education of the present ?
13. Ought the people, through the government, to own as well as control public utilities ?
14. What is to be the future of Roosevelt's friend, the American farmer ?

These questions we have propounded to Mr. Lawson. We have asked him to consider them from a strictly *utilitarian* point of view, in the belief that his answers will be along the line of action rather than of theory. These questions, with possible additions or emendations, will be treated in the ensuing issues of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE. We trust that as they will be widely read and discussed, they will prove truly helpful.

THE PUBLISHERS

"WITH A WHIFF OF SALT FROM THE SEA —"

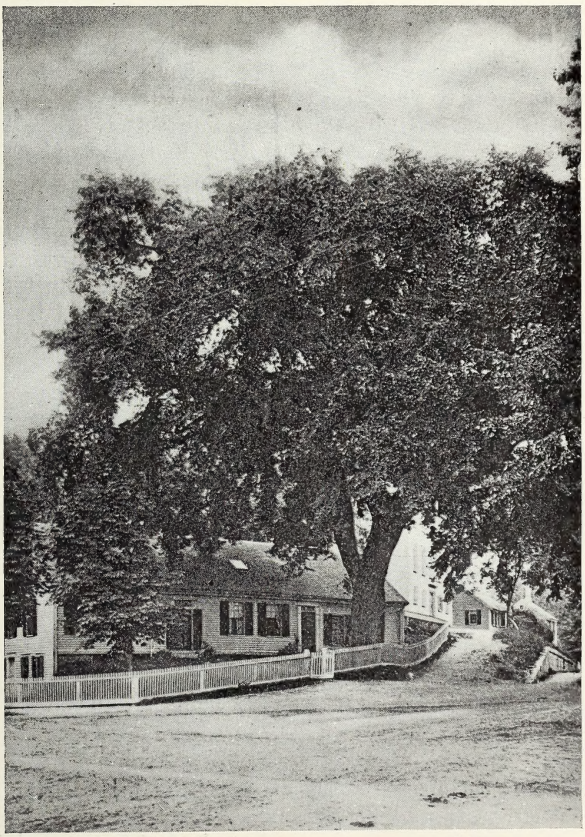
An Old-Fashioned Day at Nantasket

By ISABEL A. DAME

THE children of to-day have little conception of what a day at Nantasket meant to the children of the forties and fifties. There was no regular line of steamers running from Rowe's Wharf; the railroad station was two or three miles from the beach; trolleys were not even in existence. Nantasket itself had no large houses except the Rockland House, a magnificent hotel to unsophisticated eyes, and a few rough boat sheds a little back from the water. But the foundations of Nantasket's popularity were there, and the beach and the ocean were a Mecca to children over fifty years ago.

It was not before the haying was partly over that the neighborhood came to a deep consultation on the day to be set for Nantasket. The children, in gingham aprons and pantalets, were tugging at their mothers' skirts with eyes wide open at the magic words "Going to Nantasket!" The words were hardly spoken before the excited couriers were rushing from door to door, only eager to know how long they had to wait. Long preparation was unfortunately necessary, and anticipation had time to run riot. It was to be a drive of fifteen or eighteen miles; the tide must be low for the long ride on the beach; provisions and wraps must be ready for the children,—for in those righteous days the families numbered eight to ten.

When the red sunset was still prophesying a good to-morrow, the children were abed, forestalling the early start. With the sunrise all was alive and the mothers busy with breakfast and the dressing of children who wouldn't keep still and who "tumbled themselves up" as fast as they were dressed. One by one the old covered wagons, afterwards modernized into the more stylish "Democrat," finally appeared, somewhat like a small carryall with closed sides of black canvas. The whole neighborhood was out, and more than forty wagons jogged briskly through the town, with the late stragglers adding slowly on to the rear of the procession.



"By the time Hingham was reached"

By the time that Hingham was reached the tired children were glad to get out and run about a little while the horses were watered by the pump and the old watering trough. The venerable old church, still the oldest house of public worship now in use in the United States, looked down on the merry party. Hingham was indeed a marvelous place to the children, with its dignified and pretentious old houses and its wide elm-arched streets. Awe seldom interferes with hunger, however, and Hingham was doubly welcome for its grant of a little luncheon to the favored few, of cookies, crackers, or doughnuts which thoughtful mothers had provided on the sly. The big laden baskets, however, must not have their covers lifted on any account until the grand hour for dinner had arrived. Children were piled back into the wagons after some swapping among the different teams, and the journey continued.

Before the long stretch of heavy sand by the Rockland House was reached, many little ones had dropped off to sleep and lay in the arms of their mothers or on the floor of the wagons.

With the first whiff of salt from the sea the weariest children came to their feet. The fathers were out, tramping through the heavy sand to lighten the load for the lathered horses until they had crossed to the hard sand. The children were kept in the carriages as long as they would stay, but one after another the horses stopped, and the children leaped out, and soon there was a grand chase along the beach. Such scattering and scampering as followed! There was the hard sand underfoot, and far ahead Strawberry Hill and Point Allerton. What child would not feel wings upon his heels, and what child could avoid too carefully the pools of water? Stumbling accidentally or deliberately into the water, on they ran by the edge of the waves, like the little sandpeeps which they frightened. How the birds fluttered and scattered as the children darted for them! Then what gasps of surprised joy arose as the little shells, so precious to children, were picked up. Little sea urchins, not so numerous, were carefully carried in handkerchiefs, and seamoss "for mother to make blancmange out of," was grasped in both hands. Bits and ends of wreckage were examined with great interest by the elders and gathered for firewood. Then, as the children's frocks were wet, off came shoes and stockings, for the water could be no longer resisted. One young toddler, who had been ill for weeks and had been thought almost too delicate to bring, revived by the fresh salt air, was walking, actually walking for the first time in her life on the clean, hard sand, and the anxious mother was almost beside herself for joy. Before Strawberry Hill was reached, the majority were glad to get back into the wagons, for little legs were tired ones.

At the foot of the hill the party went in shore a little. The horses were taken from the shafts and tied to an old barn, where they stood lashing at horseflies, but looking as if quite interested in the proceedings. The wagons were drawn up in a hollow square and a covering made by tying old shawls and linen lap-robes together. The men went out to gather in driftwood and start a fire, or to draw water in big pails and buckets. Some went to the harbor side to dig clams, or to hull for lobsters,coming back in high good spirits to surrender their eagerly awaited burdens.

The big fire had burned long enough, the seaweed had been gathered, and all was ready for the clams to be packed and roasted on the hot stones. The chowder was being prepared a little beyond, with a mighty paring of potatoes and peeling of onions, and a heavenly odor was rising as the cover came off for the generous piece of butter that went in just before the kettle was removed from the fire. Wooden horses and boards appeared from the job wagon and were placed along the sides of the hollow square. The baskets at last were emptied; the cold roast chickens, cucumbers, sandwiches, cakes, and pies displayed in a glory surpassing description. Summer apples, peaches, and plums made young mouths water. Just before the clams were done, ears and ears of sweet corn that had been partially husked were

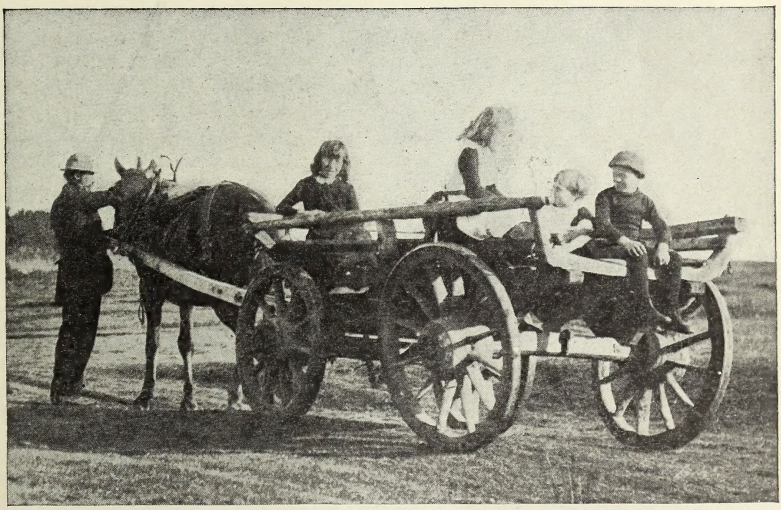
placed in the hot seaweed and served with the corn. When all at last was ready, the famished party "set to" and for a brief spell silence reigned. But the wags, partially satisfied, began to find their tongnes, and then peal upon peal of laughter burst forth and the feast lost a little of its savagery. Finally the small boys alone remained behind.

Then came pipes for the men and the solace of clearing up and packing away for the women. Some of the men went out rowing, and others took a bath, though few could swim. On the ocean side the children were allowed to "paddle," and shrieks went up as they were caught by the waves, for the tide was coming in. There were none of the bathing suits of to-day, and only a few of the mothers had provided old slips instead for their children. These moved into the water very cautiously in their various garbs with hands tightly clasped with each other. When a larger wave came and wet them through, they shrieked and came chattering back through the surf to the shore, their improvised bathing suits clinging to them.

Brown and sunburned were the children, who were at last called in to start for home, in order that they might ride on the beach before the tide was full instead of the rough road above the shore. All were as eager to go as they had been to start, though they begged "to run alongside." One by one again they were taken in along the way, and the mothers had little trouble after a few miles, for the children were soundly sleeping. Their elders rejoicing in the quiet were stirred once more to the old time songs accompanied by the regular beat of the horses' hoofs. "I'll chase the antelope over the plain," rang out the voices over the darkening country roads. Then the refrain of the antelope hunters melted into the more appropriate "Farmer's Boy," a song that would have rejoiced Roosevelt's heart:

"Can you tell me," said he, "if any there be
Who would like to give employ
For to plough and to sow and to reap and to hoe,
And to be a farmer's boy."

"Speed away," came the refrain as the teams drew nearer home, and "Hurrah for Old New England!" capped the climax. It resounded through the hills and wakened the darkness with its full chorus. Blue hills in the distance loomed dimly up, while the long procession of wagons ebbed slowly away, and by nine o'clock the journey was at an end. All were shortly in blissful unconsciousness, but memories were deep enough to last for the next year, and to the writer for more than sixty years.



"As eager to go as to start"

VINEYARD HAVEN HARBOUR COTTAGE, OAK BLUFFS, MASS.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD, THE GEM OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC

By CAPTAIN GEO. W. ELDRIDGE, *Author Eldridge's Charts of the Atlantic Coast*

FOREWORD.— I came to Martha's Vineyard thirty-three years ago, an invalid. To-day I am a practical demonstration of what the singularly salubrious climate of this island can do to restore health, and my experience has been verified in the cases of many others. The principal object I have in writing this article is to make the advantages of Martha's Vineyard as a health resort more extensively known. I have endeavored to conscientiously represent these advantages in the following pages, believing that when they are more fully known and understood the people of the United States will make of this island a grand sanitarium.

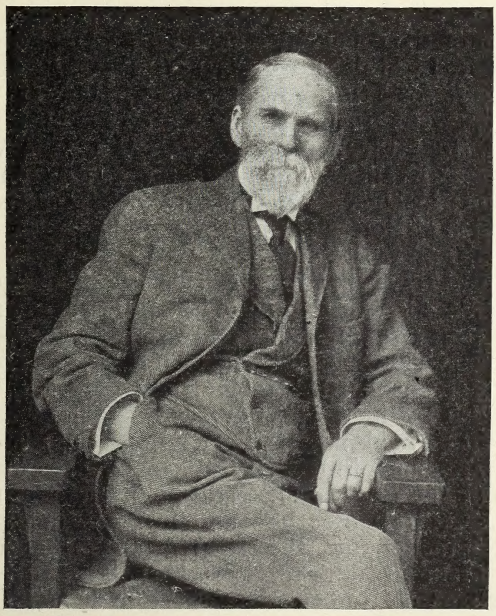
I earnestly hope my words may be one of the means of its becoming such.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD is the largest island on the New England coast. It is in the form of an irregular triangle, about twenty-three miles long and ten and one fourth miles wide at its widest part.

It is bounded on the east, south, and west by the Atlantic Ocean and on the north by Vineyard Sound. It is situated four miles from the main land at its nearest point.

The surface of this beautiful island is gently undulating and gradually rising to an elevation of three hundred feet above the level of the sea at the highest part which is a little north of the central part of the island and is known by the name of Indian Hill.

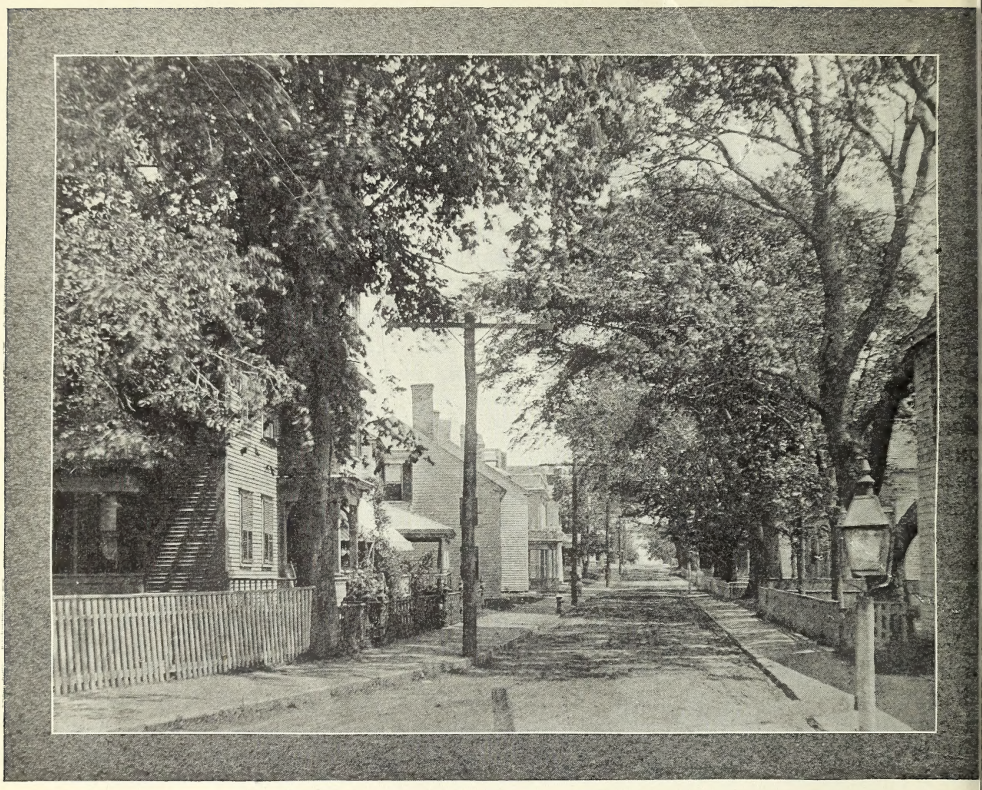
The island is largely covered with woodland, farms, and miniature lakes. Six towns are pleasantly located on different parts of it. Their names are Edgartown (the county seat), Oak Bluffs (formerly Cottage City), Tisbury (practically Vineyard Haven), West Tisbury, Chilmark, and Gay Head. This last is an Indian reservation. The three first-mentioned are the principal towns and are on the east end of the island (see map).



Yours for health and happiness,
CAPT. GEO. W. ELDRIDGE

A SKETCH OF THE ISLAND'S HISTORY

The curious student, in his translation of Icelandic lore, will find a vague and hazy outline of reference to the discoveries and explorations in America by the intrepid and adventurous Norseman. According to Scandinavian sagas, one Lief Erikson, a mariner in the eleventh century, was the first to sail to this hemisphere, but we fail



IN THE HEART OF HISTORIC EDGARTOWN

to find any explanation of the configuration of the coast made by this fearless adventurer. Professor Hosford, of Harvard College, went so far, however, as to suggest that the names of some of the Vineyard localities are of Norse origin. For instance, Noman's-land is a corruption of Norseman's land, and that East Chop and West Chop, at the entrance of Vineyard Haven harbor, is the Norseman's name for Ost Kop (East Cape) and Vest Kop (West Cape).

The first explorer to leave any account of the New England coast was Bartholamew Gosnold, an English mariner, who, having the love of adventure in his breast, set sail from Falmouth, England, in 1602, to explore the shores of the new world. He sailed around Cape Cod and up the southern shores of Nantucket and the Vineyard, mistaking them at first for the main land. He landed on Noman's-land and named it "Marthae's Vineyard," which name was afterwards transferred to this Martha's Vineyard of th present day. It appears that on Ma 28, 1602, Gosnold decided to locat on Cuttyhunk Island (which is to th northward of the Vineyard about fiv miles) the westernmost of a group (se map) which he named the Elizabeth Isles in honor of Queen Elizabeth, who die that year.

This beautiful and picturesque grou of islands lies longitudinally east by nort and west by south — length of the grou sixteen miles, and are nearly parallel wit Martha's Vineyard, separated from it b Vineyard Sound.

Gosnold built a house and fort o Cuttyhunk, the remains of which ar still pointed out to the curious visitors, and made preliminary arrangements t start a plantation, with the intention o establishing a colony, but his companie seemed to live in mortal terror of th

*A monument has recently been constructe there of native stones to mark the spot.

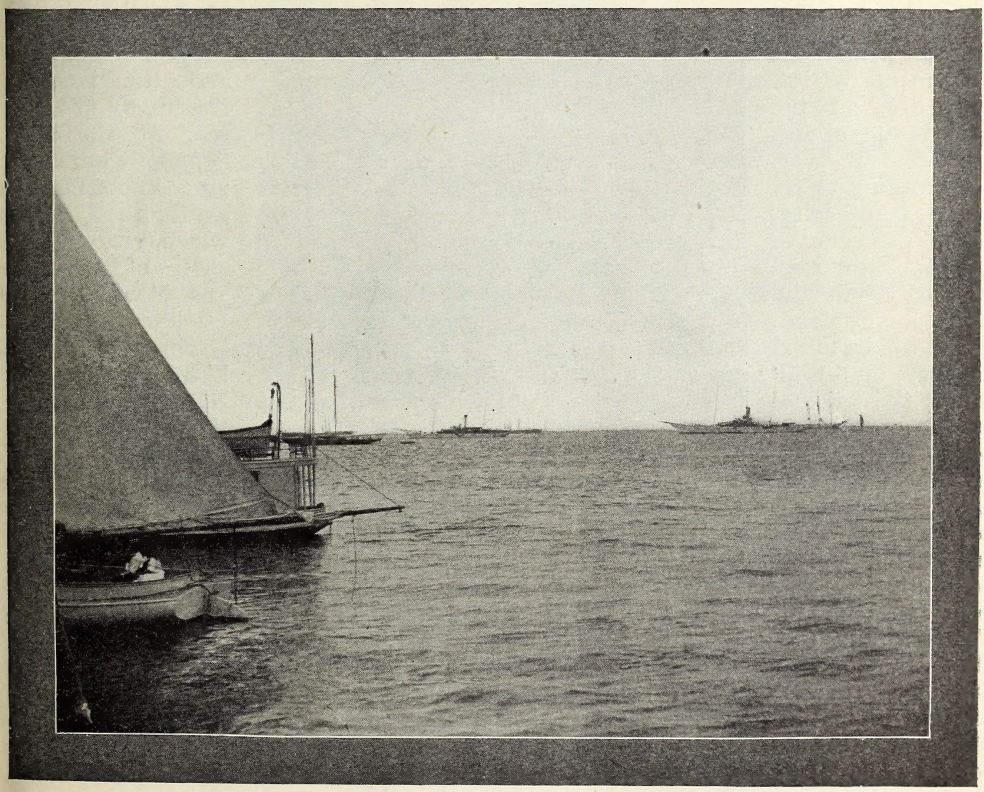
Indians, and finally persuaded him to abandon his project and return to England, which he did, June 18th. During their stay at Cuttyhunk they procured large quantities of sassafras root, which at that time was worth nearly a dollar per pound in England, and was supposed to possess wonderful medicinal qualities.

There are three accounts of Gosnold's voyages, and in one of them reference is made to the fact that he landed on the present Martha's Vineyard, but for some reason he did not see fit to remain only for a short time. Probably the Indians were hostile to the newcomers, and looked upon them as intruders. In one of the accounts referred to, the cliffs of Gay Head (see map) are described, and Gosnold called these beautiful head lands, Dover Cliffs, as they reminded him of those on his own coast by the same name.

We also find that he especially mentions that there was on this Island (the Vineyard) an abundance of trees and vines of luxurious growth. Five years later, in 1607, Captain Martin Pring, with a more courageous company than Gosnold's, anchored in Vineyard Haven harbor, which he named Whitsum Bay, and proceeded to build a stockade on the high bluff on the west side of the harbor — now known by the name of Neptune heights, but will be remembered by the older inhabitants as " Huselton's Head."

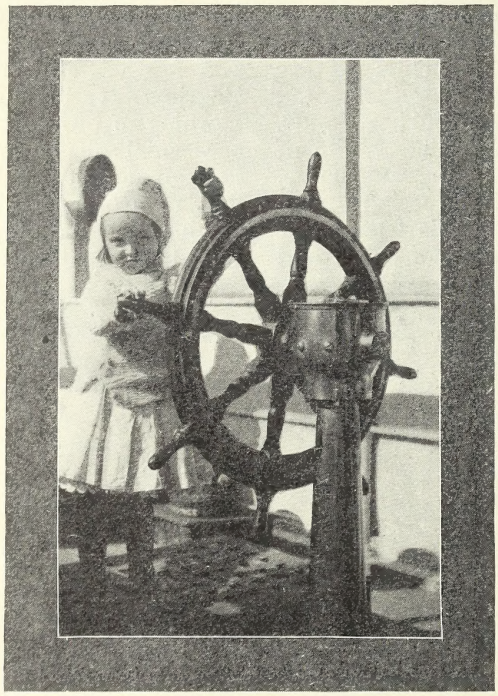
From this time the Vineyard, which had become known to the English by the Indian name of Kapawack, seems to have been considered one of the most important places on the newly discovered American coast.

A few years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, in the early morning of our country's history, when occasional sails began to fleck the eastern horizon along the Atlantic coast, like the first rays of the light that foretell the coming day, and prophetic of the human tide that has since poured into this



A BIT OF VINEYARD HAVEN HARBOR

favored land with ever-increasing force, a wave-weary craft, bearing a little band of tried men and women fleeing from oppression and death, find a port of refuge at last. Now their long, determined contest with wind and wave is over, and they cast anchor in the little haven on the northern shore of Martha's Vineyard (now known as Edgartown), secure at last from persecution and the dangers incident to a voyage of many weeks' duration. As winter was near at hand, they decided to linger here and await the return of spring before proceeding on their way. Finding, however, a genial climate, with fish and game in abundance, they abandoned their original intention of joining the Virginia colony, and decided to establish a permanent settlement, which they did, on the present site of Edgartown.



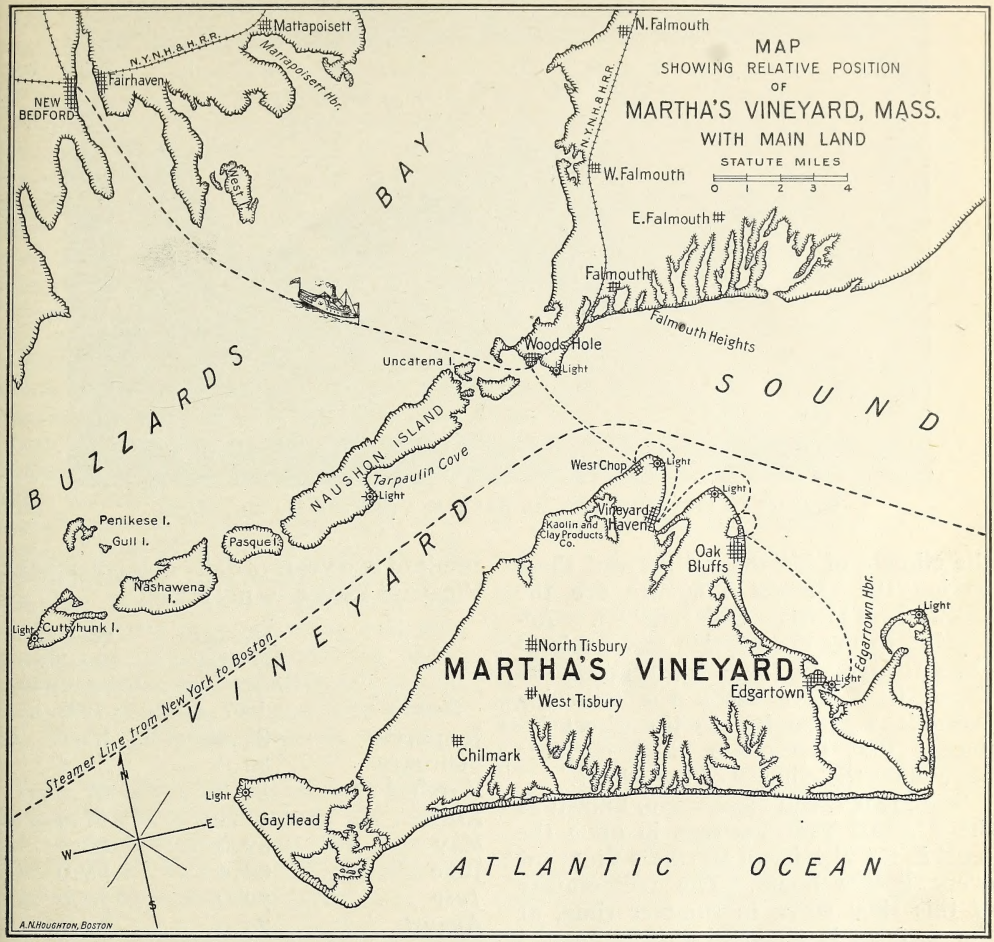
THE YOUNG NAVIGATOR

According to reliable authority, these pioneers of the Vineyard came from Wiltshire County, England. There will be found Tisbury and Chilmark, the original of our own towns by that name, and the family names, there as here, of Luce, Vincent, Norton, West, Pease, Smith, Daggett or Doggett, Look, Holmes, and others.

In 1641 Thomas Mayhew, an English gentleman, bought Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard, and the neighboring islands, of Sir Ferdinando Gorges and the Earl of Sterling. This Mayhew had been one of the original settlers of Watertown, Massachusetts, and subsequently, with some of his neighbors, decided to found a plantation at Great Harbor (on the Vineyard), as Edgartown was then called. This Thomas Mayhew had a son, the Rev. Thomas Mayhew, Jr. These gentlemen evidently intended organizing their new purchase under the manorial system of England, for we find in the oldest records that the island is styled the "Manor and Lordship of Martha's Vineyard." But the pious zeal of the younger Mayhew seems to have led him to make Christians and brethren, rather than retainers and vassals, of the primitive people which they found on their little domain.

The colonial history of the island, down to the time of the Revolutionary War, does not differ much from that of the other New England plantations, except that the fruitfulness of the soil, the extraordinary mildness of the climate, and the teeming treasures of the sea, at its very door, as it were, left no room for famine and hardships, which visited the shores of Plymouth and Massachusetts Bays.

The Vineyard, like her sister isle, Nantucket, started the whaling business in the most primitive fashion—at first pursuing these leviathans of the deep in small boats from the shore. This hazardous industry proving lucrative, small vessels were built and fitted out, and thus, at the opening of this century, Vineyard pluck and muscle was fairly pitted against one of the most perilous forces of nature. But, anon, the restless and enterprising spirit of these people was not satisfied with the results of her fisheries in the neighboring Atlantic, and, ere long, Vineyard ships, commanded



Map especially prepared for the New England Magazine by Capt. Geo. W. Eldridge

by Vineyard's brave and hardy sons, were found in every quarter of the globe wherever whales were known to exist, whether beside the icebergs of the Arctic Ocean or beneath the scorching rays of an equatorial sun; if the leviathan was there, he was pretty sure to feel the steel thrust to his vitals by a Vineyard or Nantucket arm.

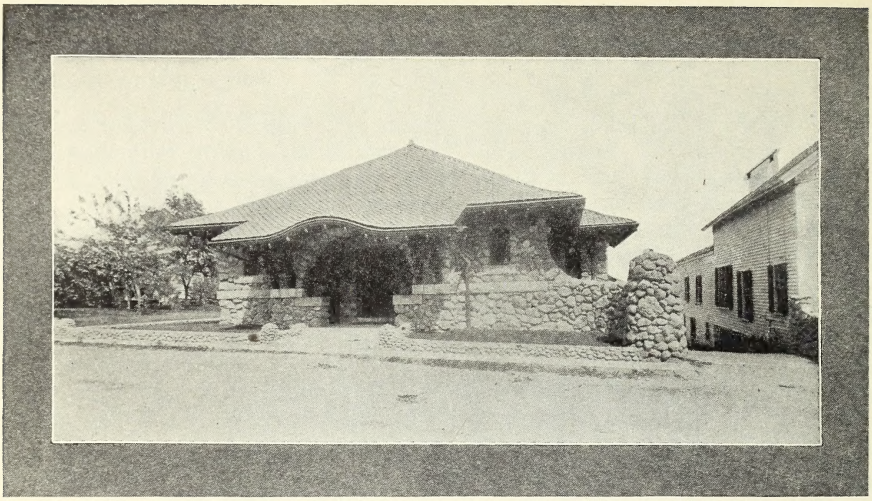
When whaling was in its palmiest days, New Bedford, Martha's Vineyard, and Nantucket had several hundred ships employed, and furnished business for about fifteen thousand men, afloat and ashore. This vast fleet was scouring the waters of both hemispheres, all dependent on the mighty watchword of "There she blows!" Thus the ruthless hand of man bids fair to exterminate these monsters of the deep; but a new element comes forth — one long stored up in Nature's vast reservoir, the earth — and the whale escaped annihilation by the discovery of petroleum.

The later history of the Vineyard has been that of a growing summer resort, and while it is a story of growth and enterprise, it still retains the romantic interest that hangs about the past.

Ocean Tidal Currents, and Their Effect on the Climate of the Island*

Of the causes which favorably affect

*The author of this work has for years made



MARTHA'S VINEYARD NATIONAL BANK AT VINEYARD HAVEN, MASS.

the climate of Martha"s Vineyard those having the greatest influence are the OCEAN TIDAL CURRENTS. According to my observation and explorations relative to the subject herein referred to I have made the following deductions pertaining to the direct influence that the ocean tidal currents have upon the climate of the island.

The great ocean tidal wave, known as the FLOOD TIDE, sweeps in upon the coast in the vicinity of Martha's Vineyard every twelve hours. The temperature of this tidal wave in summer time, at the surface, is about sixty-five degrees Fahrenheit; while at a depth of one hundred feet or more, it is fifty-five degrees.

The action of the ocean currents referred to secures to the island a climate of less variation in temperature than any other place on the New England coast. To substantiate this declaration I refer the reader to the following table of atmospherical temperature which is the result of two years of daily observations at Vineyard Haven — my home:

Months	Average monthly temperature 1907	Average monthly temperature 1908
January	38.4	39.5
February	39.0	38.4
March	38.6	37.6
April	47.1	47.4
May	59.5	56.4
June	68.4	65.0
July	*70.6*	*70.6*
August	*70.0*	*70.1*
September	64.9	65.8
October	53.2	54.1
November	48.2	45.0
December	43.2	31.9

In winter, with Cape Cod and Nantucket to the eastward of Martha's Vineyard, an effectual barrier is formed to turn the cold arctic current from the north aside, to the southward, and cause it to sink below the gulf stream, and onward it hurries, to cool the fevered brow of the inhabitants of the tropics.

EFFECT OF THE GULF STREAM IN WINTER

According to the exhaustive explorations made, the fact was established that the inner or northern edge of the gulf stream is in closer proximity with the

a study of the phenomena of the tidal currents of the American coast, the result of which is embodied in a work published annually, entitled "Eldridge's Tide and Current Tables for the Coast of the United States." It has been adopted by the rear admirals of the United States navy and the mariners of this country as the standard for correct data relative to tidal currents, and has already reached its thirty-fourth edition.

islands of Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket than any other part of the Atlantic coast north of Cape Hatteras; therefore the warm winds from the bosom of this one of Nature's most wonderful and mysterious compensators has a short and unobstructed passage to Martha's Vineyard; which, together with the influx of the flood tidal wave, coming every twelve hours with its vast lavement (but a few degrees colder in winter than in summer), renders the temperature of this island fully twelve degrees warmer in winter than it is at Boston. Zero weather is of rare occurrence, and when the mercury does fall to that point it never remains there but a few hours at most. It is such a climate as one would naturally look to for health and comfort, especially in summer; and, as a matter of fact, in looking here no one will be disappointed. Epidemics of all kinds, including diphtheria, are positively unknown; malaria does not exist, and this climate will be found remarkably beneficial for those who suffer from nervous diseases, dyspepsia, various troubles of the liver, malaria, general debility, etc.

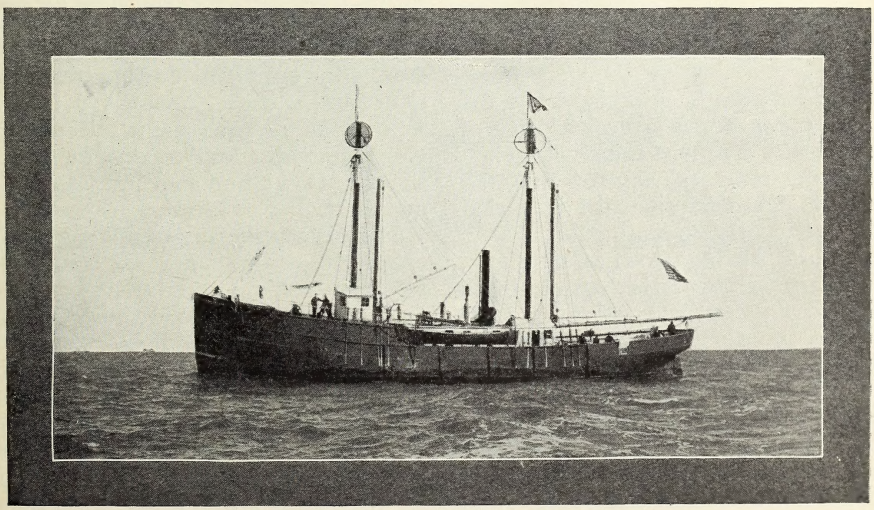
Much more could be said, but my intentions are to give here only the essential points pertaining to the subject of MARTHA'S VINEYARD'S CLIMATE as affected by ocean tidal currents.

The Health of Children

It seems as though nature has given to the VINEYARD a climate especially adapted to the peculiar needs of invalids and children. I positively believe that the island of Martha's Vineyard is the healthiest spot in the United States. I believe that children are absolutely safe here from the ravages of various diseases incident to children elsewhere, too often cruelly fatal.

The reader may think I am too much of an enthusiast on the subject, and the view I take somewhat chimerical. Why should I not be enthusiastic when I owe my life, as it were, to the healthful atmosphere of this island? But let us see if we cannot produce incontrovertible facts to support my assertions in this

Note.— Having devoted much time and special observations to the wonderful healthy climate and conditions of the island, and believing that a sanitarium or health home for those who have lost the boon of life (health) would find here that treasure, we have established recently on the island such a sanitarium, the original building having been my former home (see cut in this article). It is located in a delightful spot overlooking the harbor, and a bathing beach that is unsurpassed. It has all modern conveniences and is under the care of a man who is so full of life, energy, kindliness of heart and spirit and faith in our climate, that I believe he will restore to health and happiness all that may come to our Health-Home of the island.



Hedge Fence light ship—off Oak Bluffs

direction. As stated herein, I came to Martha's Vineyard thirty-three years ago, and all of that time I have resided at Vineyard Haven, and during that time there has been but twelve deaths under fifteen years of age. This, in a village of about twelve hundred inhabitants. I doubt if this record can be shown by any other locality, and it seems to me that this phenomenal exemption of children from the effects of fatal diseases should deserve special mention. In conversing with the physicians of the island, my statements are borne out by these gentlemen, who assure me that only a small part of their practice is among children.

And while I am writing it occurs to me that the people of the island are exceptionally free from all diseases incident to the human family, and Time is left almost alone to do his work single-handed, yet he toys with the people of this sunny isle most indulgently, as a careful inspection of the records show that the average length of human life on Martha's Vineyard is over sixty years, being twenty-six years in excess of that of the United States, as proven by statistics. This remarkable showing applies to the island generally, and my object in writing so particularly on this subject is to prove that it is a wonderfully healthy place, especially for children of all ages and conditions.

Sea Bathing

Undoubtedly sea bathing is one of the chief attractions for a large majority of the people who frequent the seashore.

The reader may feel assured that the bathing at Martha's Vineyard is varied enough to suit all temperaments.

The bathing at Edgartown, Oak Bluffs, or Vineyard Haven, is undoubtedly superior to any on the Atlantic coast south of Cape Cod. The temperature of the water is twelve degrees warmer than the *North Shore*, and the beaches are the finest. I made a thermometrical test of the water for two years, a summary of which will be found further on.

Right here, and to satisfy my mood, and perhaps make for the reader a pleasant diversion, let me describe a representative scene of what is common most any day at our beaches in summertime. Place, Oak Bluffs; time of day, say about eleven o'clock A.M. A sandy beach in the foreground, edged by the foamy wavelets that swish themselves lazily landward. The sheeny ocean with its blue and emerald tints sending forth its mysterious odor, and the summer breeze, heavy with its subtle pungency, greet the nostrils and lungs of the saunterer on the beach.

This cursory glance at Old Neptune's allurements will suffice for the moment, so we will turn our attention to the flood of humanity who are wending their way to the beach, willing victims to the attractions of this old god of the sea.

And now let us draw a little closer and observe the eager, expectant throng that are "going in swimming," and in a few minutes to be arrayed in garments that shall vie with all the hues of the rainbow, and cause the coat of Joseph, of Biblical fame, to sink into insignificance, for the hour at least.

First comes a young and fearless swimmer. Watch him now as he rushes from his bathhouse like some amphibious animal. In a few minutes he is apparently as much at home in the water as out of it.

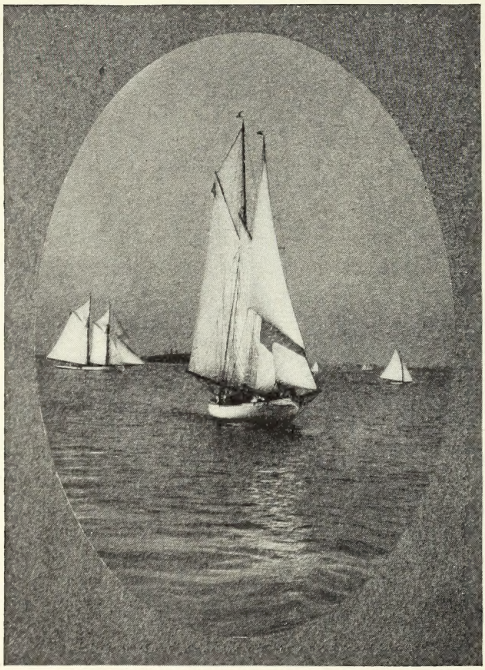
Here comes a dainty maiden arrayed in her toilet for the sea. See her pretty foot, how it toys with the water; hear her "Ugh!" as she draws back. She pauses for only a moment, however, and then another charge oceanward, until with a fling and a splash she is fairly in. Old Neptune embraces her, and for the hour she is his willing creature, a veritable mermaid.

Here is another subject for study and comment. Who is he? It is immaterial to us as to his name, but we will wager he is a representative business man from some of the inland cities. Watch him now in his "bran-new" sea garb, donned for the first time. He approaches Father Ocean with the same air of deliberation that he would exercise in a commercial transaction, firm, decisive. Now he is in the water, his look of confidence partially replaced by one of surprise at

A GROUP OF MARTHA'S VINEYARD HOTELS

its effects on his sturdy frame. Onward he advances; deeper and deeper the water grows until his ample waist is submerged. On, still on, until his shoulders are level with the water. Then, with a shudder and a swash, he fairly realizes what a bath in old ocean signifies.

A hundred different types of humanity are now in the water, splashing, diving, swimming, puffing, all bent on a full enjoyment of the stimulating and novel experience of sea bathing. How it braces up those tired, jaded nerves; how the blood is going to tingle and bound when they conclude to quit old ocean, and don their dry and grateful clothing; and then the feeling of renewed vigor and life that they are going to experience. Try it, reader!



A DAY ON THE BLUE

Finding it impossible to get any correct data on this subject I decided to inaugurate a series of thermometrical tests of the water. With that end in view I therefore made such tests in order to satisfy myself, and at the same time to be able to give the summer visitor accurate information on this important subject. As a result of my observations I submit the following tests, which were made at Oak Bluffs and Vineyard Haven.

Average temperature for July, 1907, .67 Fahrenheit.

Average temperature for August, 1907, .68 Fahrenheit.

Average temperature for September, 1907, .65 Fahrenheit.

Average temperature for July, 1908, .67 Fahrenheit.

Average temperature for August, 1908, .69 Fahrenheit.

Average temperature for September, 1908, .64½ Fahrenheit.

(The above table proves the water to be about twelve degrees warmer than it is at the "North Shore," or between Cape Cod and Halifax.)

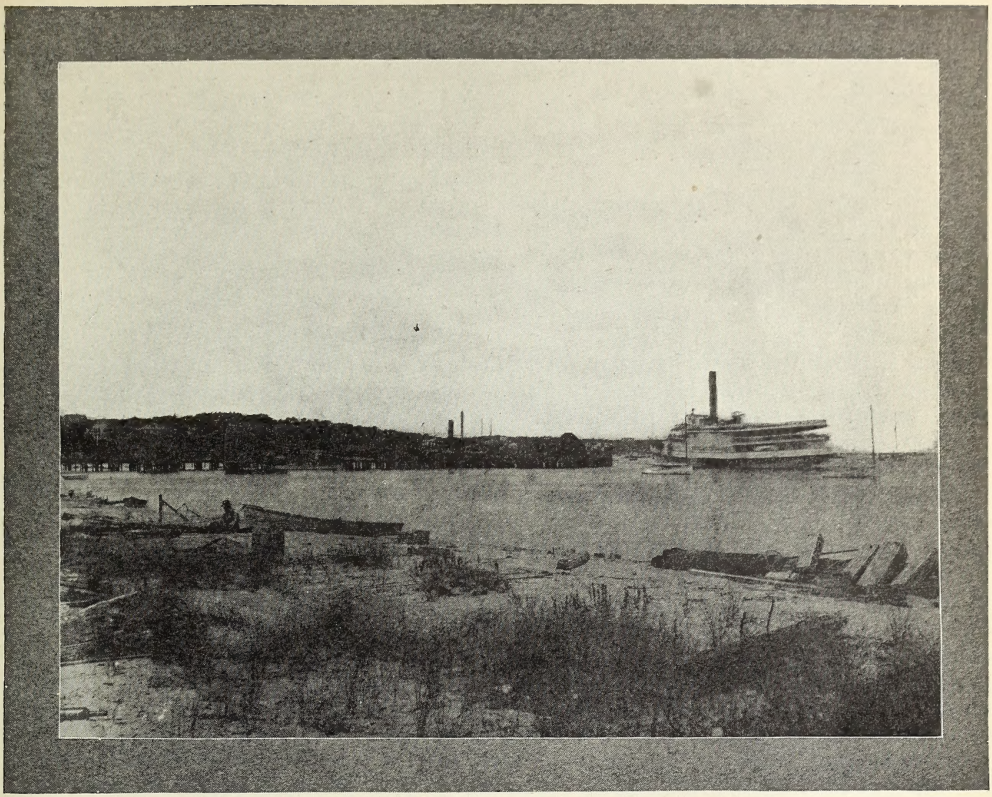
By comparison it will be seen that the temperature of the water during the summer months on the shores of this island is but *slightly lower than that of the average temperature of the air*, the relative condition in that respect fully corroborating the statement of the previous pages that the climate is more even, or less changeable, at Martha's Vineyard than any other place on the New England coast.

Hotels

We ought to have more of them on Martha's Vineyard, and in the course of two or three years I shall make it my business to see that they materialize. At present several good ones may be found on the island, among which I will mention the "Harbor View," at Edgartown, "Westly House," "Island House," "Grand View," and "Sea View," at Oak Bluffs. The "Mansion House," "Tashmoo Inn," "Insel Ruh," and "The Cedars," at Vineyard Haven. All of these are good houses, and rates are moderate I know.

Building Sites

There are still some beautiful building sites left for those who like to come and



A PICTURESQUE VIEW OF VINEYARD HAVEN, MASS.

enjoy this island with us. I recently went on a drive with an islander, a descendant of one of the first settlers on the island. He took me to a high point on his farm, which is located on the shores bordering Vineyard Sound, and showed me the view. It was beautiful, and I should think it would be just the spot for some Westerner who is tired of that hustle out there, and longs to get close to nature. The owner has decided to sell it, and I advised him to advertise it in this magazine. I hope it will catch the eye of somebody that wants a rare spot. Then there are some fine places on "East Chop," at Oak Bluffs. Vineyard Haven has wonderful places yet untouched, and lie there in their primitiveness waiting for the wish of men. And Edgartown has advantages peculiar to itself.

ROADS

Martha's Vineyard has some good roads. Oak Bluffs and Vineyard Haven have something like twenty miles of concrete drives, clean and noiseless. The towns, with the assistance of the state, have constructed up to date about twenty miles of macadam roadway, and are increasing the mileage yearly, so that the lover of driving and automobiling may have his "innings and outings" on the island. The roads are all right, brother (you out there in Kentucky, Missouri), bring your "auto" and try it.

DRINKING WATER

In regard to the drinking water on Martha's Vineyard I will say that it is the best and the nearest to absolute purity I have ever seen, excepting none. This water has been analyzed by the State Board of Health and pronounced by them as the nearest approach to absolute purity of any that has been submitted to them for test in this state.

The natives of Martha's Vineyard, and all who have been fortunate enough to discover this island in the sea, know the purity of the water is unparalleled.

Gay Head

Gay Head is on the extreme western part of the island (see map). It is one of the wonder sights of America. I have met there people from all over the world to see Gay Head. Artists, too, who had come all the way from Paris to put on canvas this subtle freak of nature. It consists of stratas or layers of very fine clay, possessing all the colors of the rainbow, and when viewed from the sea is grandly beautiful, and beyond my feeble pen to describe. A few miles east of the Head, on the north shore of the island, is a wonderful deposit of kaolin (a very fine quality of clay which is used in the manufacture of the finest paper), estimated at twenty million tons. These deposits have been examined, and its products tested by the experts recommended by the U. S. Government, and practically tested by Harvard College, and pronounced to be a wonderful deposit and capable of producing a very high grade of kaolin and face and fire brick.

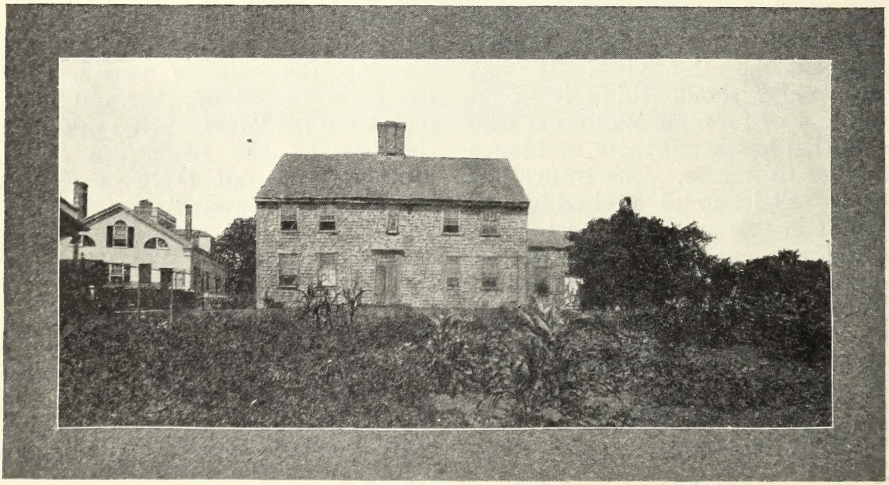
A young man, by the name of Mathews, discovered these deposits one day while prospecting. His find warrants my calling Martha's Vineyard a "treasure island," with all the rest, and strange to say, near by these deposits was found a coal mine. A company known as the Kaolin & Clay Products Co. has established a plant here with a railroad and dock, and are giving to the world another product of my "Treasure Island," Martha's Vineyard.

Boating

For those who are fond of this kind of pleasure I know that Martha's Vineyard affords unrivaled facilities for boating of all kinds (I have owned a whole fleet of boats for years), and the truth of this assertion I have verified often. If the visitor likes a dash on the blue wave, he will always find first-class boats here, and men to handle them who thoroughly understand their business, and in whose hands you may consider yourself perfectly safe, for during the last thirty years no accident has occurred to any boat sailed by these men, notwithstanding the thousands that avail themselves of the services of the Vineyard boatmen yearly.

Fishing

Fishing will always be one of the attractions of the seashore. Seldom, however, do the fishing advantages of certain localities, as set forth by flaming ad-



Old Mayhew House, Edgartown, Mass.

BOATING OR BATHING — WHICH?

vertisements to that effect, become a reality. Said advantages only exist on paper, and by the ordinary reader are considered as such. In this article the subject will be treated at considerable length to convince the reader that there is a greater variety of fish in the vicinity of Martha's Vineyard than can be found at any other place on the New England coast.

For instance, the bluefish is a gamesome fellow, weighing from three to twelve pounds, and seems to have a love for Vineyard waters. If you would take a bluefish fishing trip, you must be at the dock at 6 A. M., sharp, "time and tide wait for no man." The skipper, with all sail spread, is waiting for you and greets you heartily. The morning is just arousing from her slumbers, the freshening breeze fills the sail, and you are off for, to you an untried sea, the haunts of the bluefish. Many questions you propound to the skipper as the boat glides over the water, but few answers do you get, that are satisfactory to a landsman, as the "boss" is getting the lines ready, fixing the bait, etc., etc.

The bait for bluefish is an important factor. What is it, you ask? An eel skin, and it is drawn over the cruel hook, a cunning deivce which leads many a gamesome fellow to destruction.

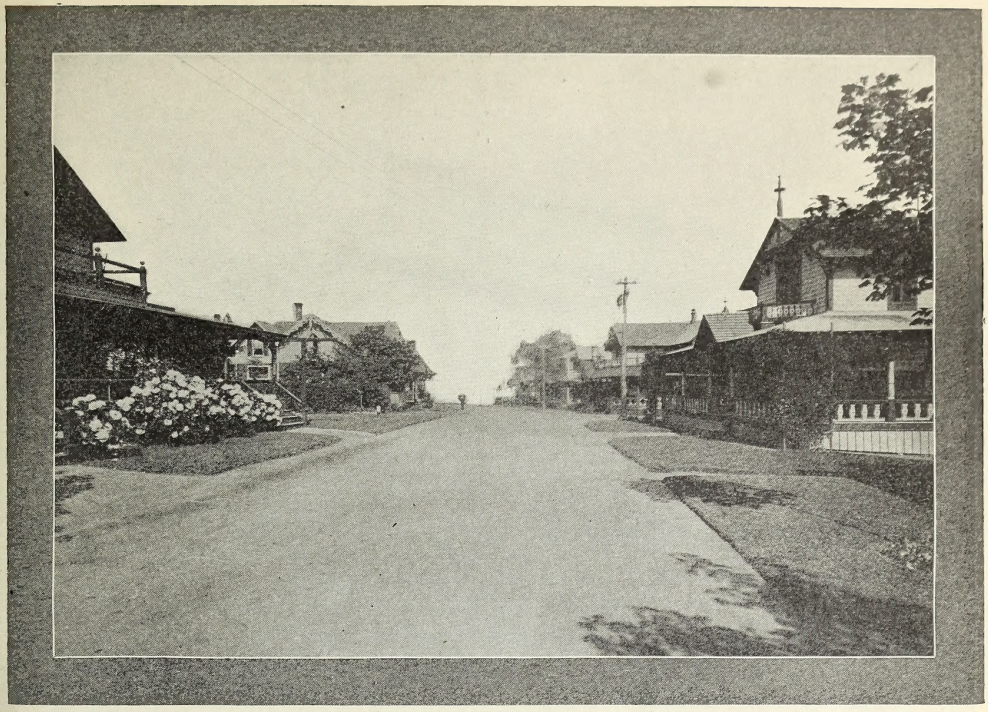
Now the skipper announces the longed-for fact that we are "on the ground," or to put it in intelligible language to the landsmen, we are in the locality where the bluefish live. The skipper says, "Get over your lines," and over they go. The boat is scudding away before the wind like a sea gull, the lines are out a trailing far in the rear or astern. You hold your line in hand, seriously doubting if there are any bluefish swimming about in those waters to-day; perhaps it is their day off. The skipper has said the "blues" are somewhat uncertain fellows, here to-day and there to-morrow; you never did catch any fish and don't believe you will have any luck to-day; but, ah, what was that? A tremendous throb and pull at your line, and, ye gods! you have him. The skipper gives you a few words of instruction, and the sport begins. Pull now, for a ten pounder (if he weighs an ounce) is on the end of that line. It is fish *versus* man, and the fish gives signs that he may get the best of it. But your dander is up, and you are going to have that fish or die! The one hundred and fifty feet of line between you and your victim seems an interminable space, but you are shortening the distance, and at every inch gained Mr. Bluefish objects more strenuously. He jumps into mid-

air, turning a somersault. Anon he dives to the bottom of the sea. Steady, now, or you will lose him. Your heart beats furiously! Now he runs zigzag courses, cleaving the water like a razor, trying to break the line. Now, he dives under the boat, and you think for a moment you have lost him. No, you still have him, and you utter a silent prayer that the hook will hold. Steadily you pull, now you can see his eyes, rage and despair are plainly depicted there. They seem to say, "Oh, if I only had you in my place!" He makes a final struggle for liberty, but your hook and line are of the best, and in another instant he is safely landed in the boat.

In the mean time the skipper is quietly pulling them in. One, two, three; he is not excited, he lands fish after fish, the object of your envy and admiration.

Your friend on the other side of the boat is going through your first sensation, pulling in the first bluefish he ever caught. Watch him, as he watched you a moment since. Notwithstanding the skipper's admonitions, he gets nervous and confused; he tangles his line, snarls it all up around his hands; now he lurches to leeward and is really in danger of falling overboard, but he pulls at the straining line, tight as a fiddle string, and still he pulls away with might and main, oblivious of everything but that fish. A few more strokes and he will be in the boat, when lo! he breaks away and flips his tail with a good by, and "You don't catch me this time, aha!" A glance at your friend's face shows he is inexpressedly disappointed and chagrined. If his note had "gone to protest," or his lady love had said, "No, I thank you," for the moment they would have been matters of indifference compared to the losing of that fish. But there are as good bluefish in the sea as ever were caught, and he'll soon have another bite. He casts his line again, and already the shade of disappoint-

THE OAK BLUFFS METHODIST TABERNACLE — SEATS SEVERAL THOUSANDS



A STREET AT OAK BLUFFS

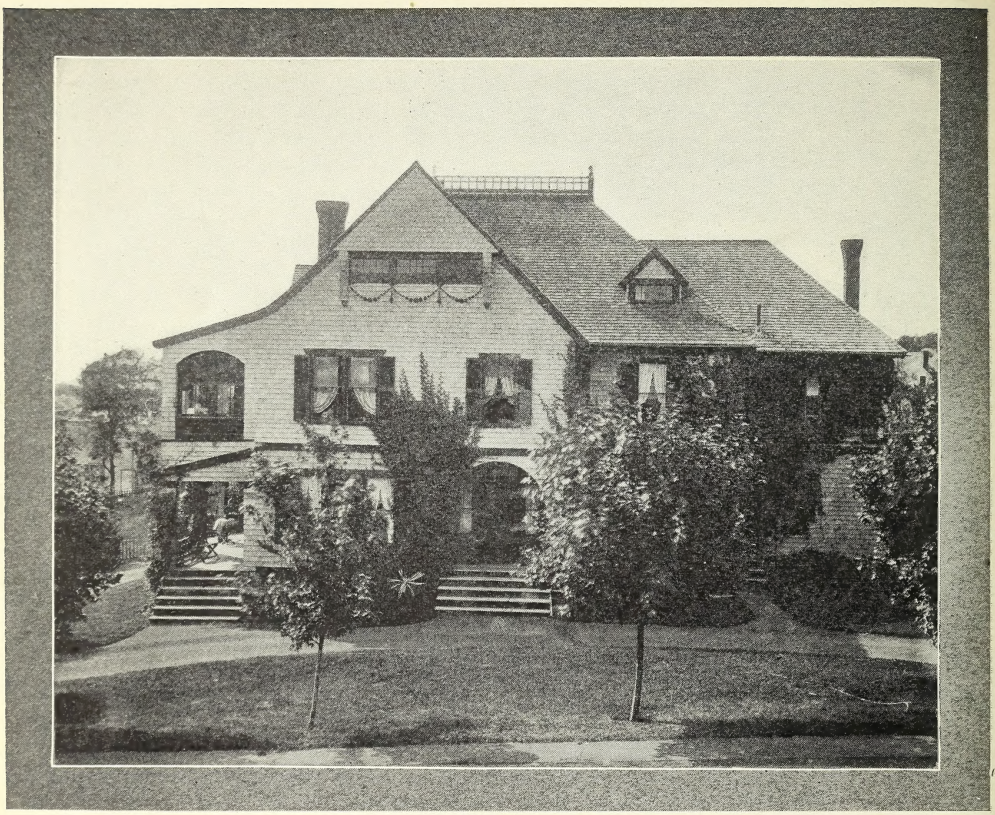
ment has disappeared from his face, and eager expectancy has taken its place. Better luck will attend him next time. The wind freshens, the waves clap their foam-clad hands, the boat springs forward and cleaves them with disdain. Now we are in a school of bluefish, and the sport is at its height. No waiting for bites now; the fish take the hooks almost as soon as they touch the water. Your friend is in luck now, in fact he can't help it. If he hooks one and he breaks away, another catches on and so it goes. You are wet to the skin with sea water, but what of that? Look at the game you have secured, twenty, thirty, forty-two fine shining bluefish for the morning's catch.

The experience a man has on one of these bluefish fishing trips can never be forgotten, but will always remain an oasis of pleasure in the desert of a treadmill business life. Such an experience is well worth a journey of many miles to enjoy, not for the fishing alone, but also for the novel and exhilarating sensations produced for the first time by actual contact with the rippling waves and sea-odorous air.

Within an hour's sail of the island there can be found nearly every species of sea fish that abound in the northern waters of America; the bluefish, bass, cod, haddock, pollock, hake, halibut, mackerel, swordfish, and many others, all of which will furnish sport for the fisherman. Besides these there are many varieties which never venture into the cold waters north of Cape Cod. These are the southern weak fish, the great striped bass, sea or rock bass, tautog, scuppog, and others. These abound in exhaustless supply within a short distance from the Vineyard.

The island is well stocked with fresh water fish, which have been neglected, allowed to multiply by the inhabitants who confine themselves almost exclusively to salt water fishing.

There are more than twenty fresh or brackish water ponds on the island inhabited by pickerel and perch, the latter embracing three varieties and often running as large as two and a half pounds



A TYPICAL HAVEN COTTAGE

in weight, and in some of the ponds they will take the fly at morning and evening as readily as a brook trout.

There are also some of the finest brook trout preserves, from which two-pound trout are frequently taken.

CONCLUSION

Before closing I will make a summary of the conditions and advantages set forth in the preceding pages relative to this island.

In my opinion it is more desirable for a summer residence than any other place in this country for the reasons set forth herein.

I wish also to state here that I have lived on Martha's Vineyard for thirty-three years, and have had an extensive and varied observation of the fog area or belts of the New England coast, and as a matter of fact Vineyard Haven and Oak Bluffs and vicinity are the only places I know of that are free in the daytime from this objectionable feature of summer resorts.

I therefore say to those who have health, and wish to enjoy it; to those who have not health, but wish to find it; to those who are happy, and wish to continue so; to those who are sorrowful, but long for happiness, and, especially, to that vast multitude who delight in beautiful summer homes, where they may be in touch with old ocean's rolling bosom, and under the canopy of heaven's blue dome surrounded on all sides by nature at her best, to those and many others, I write with the sincere hope that they may, in the near future, visit our glorious island and verify the state ments made herein.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD

Sweet isle, so blessed by wind and tide,
Thy name I love, thou art my pride:
And can it be that o'er the sea
A fairer land than this can be,
  Where birds sing sweeter,
  Or skies are brighter?
Nor wind nor wave hath answered me.

I know this wondrous isle, do you?
The fairest, sweetest, oft I've said;
Here blossom roses, white, amber, red.
Here health-giving slumbers bring happiest dreams
To idlers, who sleep by her murmuring streams.
  And the God-given hours
  Are like sweet, nameless flowers.
Thus, flooded with fragrance and exquisite hue,
Is this wonderful isle, in an ocean of blue.

I have dreamed of this wondrous island, have you?
Of its trout-haunted brooks, of sun gleams that pass,
Then wander to seaward, athwart the sweet grass,
And of drowsy waves droning on yonder fair beach,
Which ever and always are just beyond reach.
  Of rainbowed Gay Head
  Rising out of God's bed,
Of its tide-kissed shells, so old, yet new,
What dreams of this isle in an ocean of blue!

On the shores of this isle, I know it is true,
From the mad, working world scarce a keel ever grates,
And life's busy cares seldom knock at its gates.
Here the soft southern wind in the casement atune
Murmurs unwritten music in the long afternoon,—
  Here want is unknown
  And life's flower full blown,
Why not come to this isle and prove that 'tis true,
A lost paradise found in an ocean of blue?

'ineyard Haven, Mass., July 26, 1905 G. W. ELDRIDGE

A Bundle of Cheerful Letters. III

UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE OF WENDELL PHILLIPS

With an Introduction by NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

New York State,
Tuesday 14th, 1865.

Ah, you should have been with me looking down last evening on an audience of brisk young men from every State this side the Equator and an equal number of blooming Dutch damsels and then the number of soft hands I had to shake afterwards — the whole school of three hundred! Well, I'll not make you envious but turn the medal — sat up talking to the teachers till twelve and a half, waked at three and a half, rode four miles to catch a train which was expected at four three quarters, has not been seen yet (eight o'clock). Well, you should have seen the wonders I witnessed waiting this long cold dark morning at the station. Two men lay at length giving the universe notice of their existence by slow continuous sounds indicating deep sleep. Rejoicing to see her master so happy, a dog who lay at their feet slapped the floor with slight intermissions with hardest and loudest of tails. But even this scene peaceful and happy as it was paled before the next room. I fancied at first there was a sewing machine in action but the early hour forbade that idea. Yankee like I concluded to investigate just as the clock struck four. Entering the other room I found sitting there a man and woman with pipes in their hands. He was patiently smoking, she *talking* merely to amuse him! generous soul! till her extinguished pipe testified to her self denial! I returned to my own chair and the untiring sound gave evidence her devoted good will never ceased for one hour and a half! I never saw benevolence so tireless. Had she stopped he would have had to speak and so lost one moment of his pipe. I wondered while I admired, at woman's devotion, well knowing her reluctance to talk on ordinary occasions. How many scenes of goodness — flowers born to blush unseen — we see in travelling!

O woman in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please!
When pipes in mouth
Incline us to be still
How you will talk
The vacancy to fill!
(Scott, improved)

This last effort has stirred the muses in my behalf and the train appears. Alas, I fear too late to save my lecture tonight. But I must dole along and try.

How familiar the Hudson river stations are! ! How many dreary midnight hours I've passed in them. If I could only have all back and give them to you I engage you'd be sick to death seeing me so much. Once I remember I passed a January night in one of these stations. The next room was full of milk for the New York market — about one o'clock the thirsty Irishman who had charge of the depot lifted the top off the six gallon cans and treated himself to a large spoonful of *cream* from each, there was not much sugar in it otherwise it was perfect. I won't say delicious lest you should fancy that my ethics were so low as to lead me to follow the contagious and bewitching example — on that point I neither affirm nor deny, it must remain like Junius an undiscovered secret.

Oh, I wish the train would move! But being now three and a half hours late we are paying the penalty by waiting for a down train which is also late. And if my hair should grow wholly gray on this riverside I'll use Mrs. Allen's " Not-*a dye*," just that you and Ann may

recognize me at first; then submit resigned to fate. Me thinks I hear the welcome cry " All aboard."

Goodbye,
Poor I.

P. S. It was a false alarm our wheels are taking root. What do you suppose will grow up if you plant a rail car? Give it up, Carl? Why, creepers of course.

CAYUGA LAKE STATION,
Monday 20th March.

Only one baby aboard. Such cream! From envy and all uncharitableness, from the devil of skimmed milk, good Medford, deliver us. N.B.— No need to envy — the bad butter restored the balance.

When I wrote you last I was lounging round lecturing in the neighborhood of Utica.

Luckily I got thence to Syracuse in the last train that came through for three days. Our cars ploughed through water which washed over the platforms. How we saved our engine fires I can't tell. The next train lost them and had to be pulled along by a stationary engine with cable. I lectured Thursday evening — water all round. Could not leave Syracuse, no trains either way. Lectured Friday — no trains — dined out. All this time was staying with S. J. May — preached for him Sunday morning, again in evening; no trains. The wretch had the atrocious hardihood to propose that I should lecture again Monday. I said I'd paddle my canoe out of the town, but that I'd go. Luckily train started at 10 o'clock Monday and I am on it. All Central New York is under water — fields look like lakes; towns are islands — I made a new Geography, being very happy at May's. Where are the Happy Islands? Answer.— On the New York Central railroad fifty three miles west of Utica.

I feel as if I had left all I knew in Syracuse, lectured myself out. Had I stayed any longer I should have been the only dry thing in the town. You have no idea of the scene, houses under water, bridges nowhere, and people standing on their roofs and in the upper stories.

No signature.

CHICAGO, March 31.
[1865 or 66.]

Dear Mrs. Stearns: Just up from breakfast, very little breaking fast tho'! Such cooking! Even I (and I am very tolerant, almost indifferent in such things) am absolutely amazed at decent women walking about the house and waiting at a table where such things are served. I sometimes steal a timid glance (not timid, rather *shy* for fear they will detect my disgust) at the other folks around the table to see whether they are aware of the cruel waste. I should think the very material would protest against being so abused! I think it must be ignorance or they could not be offered one with such unblushing assurance by the girls in waiting. But there's always a blue lining to every cloud. When very often I think my lectures are poor I look boldly into their faces and say to myself, " Well, if they are poor, you've no right to say anything; at any rate they are as good as your cooking."

Oh, I forgot to tell the Major what a delightful day I owed him — at Monmouth, Illinois — where Genl. Paine came and made me pass the day with him, a delightful companion. I believe he had not *seen* you, which will make the Major tolerate more easily the *exceedingly warm* manner in which he *charged* me to give his " *very best regards* to you, felt that he *knew* and *longed* to *see* you — ' Yes, the Major will *have* patiently to submit to this since it was not only spoken in Mrs. Paine's presence but *she*, if I recollect correctly, *had seen* the Major and sent *equally affectionate* and earnest messages to him! So you see how he went about breaking hearts in Tennessee!

How I should like to see the Major's face out here when a waiter having said briskly, (as at the Brevoort or Parker's) " Breakfast, Sir? " brought him a tiny bit of his last worn out shoe. It would be, I fancy, so black that men would think they saw in it the reflection of *all the black troops* he ever mustered in! There

having very inadequately expressed my astonishment I think I feel almost as well as if I had eaten a good breakfast!

Superb morning, keen, cold, and appetizing! ! !

I am growing a great man out here. Last Sunday a minister gave me his pulpit to preach on Temperance in Dubuque. Today the Court adjourns for me to address the Bar and citizens on the same topic. *Out here* folks think me, as Carl would say, " some pumpkins."

Actually after such a breakfast there is a woman in the next room drumming on o piano! Is she a lunatic? or set to torture us? or does her hungry soul feed an sweet notes — or her overfed body seek relief in them!

You remember Mother Goose.

> There was a piper had a cow
> And he had nought to give her.
> So he took his pipe and played her
> a tune
> And bade the cow consider —
> The cow *considered* very well —
> And gave the piper a penny —
> And bade him play that other tone
> *Corn rigs are bonny.*

Ah, what a touching legend! to a hungry man! affecting! truly.

I enclose scrap to show my vanity!

Chicago. Made twice as much, in Chicago, on me as Gough averaged, and he is the most attractive of all lecturers, being an actor.

" READING OAK,"
July 9th., 65.

Dear Mrs. S —: You don't suppose that you mystify me — *me*, a Yankee of six generations — by your dark words as to which note was read first, mine or R. W. E.'s — of course, *mine!*

You've too much good taste not to keep the best wine till the last! Never think again to set at nought my guessing powers!

One word more — Westward the star of Empire does indeed take its way — for the English copy of India towels must be better than the original. I, who never saw the original, fearlessly proclaim its inferiority — since nothing *can* be better than perfection! As when one, at twilight, pensively seated beneath Corregio readeth R. W. E.'s note, she waiteth not for any other wherewith to compare the treasure, but sayeth, calm, fearless — lo, this is unapproachable! and straightway is lifted into heaven.

See if you can guess the earthly name of the Scribe, whose heavenly name is

YANKEE.

Tuesday, 1866.
on the cars to Portland.

Don't fail to urge Mr. S. to publish the first statement he read me. In everybody's mind the *financial* is fast becoming one of the most threatening and vital of all the questions that loom over the future,— he deals with it in a masterly way.

LEWISTON

Snow — snow — snow, a foot deep — no decent excuse for asking anybody to go to the Postoffice with this — so I'll continue my scrawl and mail it myself if I ever see dear little Boston again. They flatter me with saying that in spite of snow above, below and all around I've drawn the largest audience they've had this season. See what it is to be a fanatic! Well, I begged hard that they'd not engage again the *blind* honest (!) pilot we have now — told the fine Bertonnean story, maddened the innocent hearts, all I could, turned their eyes away from their dear false flattering hopes, and held them to gaze on the lowering future of debt and struggle into which " *amnesty* " lures us and left them begging I'd come and tell all their neighbors the same fanatic story.

What a dozen men with force and fame could do! how *much* in thirty days to hurl this whole nation at the govt. and crush or change it! Well we've worked in darker times (these are not dark, only hazy) and got out of the woods sooner and more perfectly than we dreamed was possible. So we'll whistle our courage up, and laugh at enemies disguised, and unintentional, as well as those in butternuts.

Goodbye — nestle down in morning-

By courtesy of Mr. Henry Stearns

MRS. MARY E. STEARNS

glory room or some other cosy corner and shiver in pity over all the Lyceum drones you know.

I've tasted butter that made one forget the rise in price! not just in this house — guess where. I can remember a bouquet that makes this snow scene rosy red.

Goodbye,

Yours,

W. P.

August 16, '66.

Dear Friend: Do not think I did not heed your kind note because I did not answer it or obey it — truth to tell I've been too busy to write and as to correcting; in our editor's absence the proof reading is so bad that I do not wish to sanction ninety-nine errors by correcting only one. Did I write you of that ludicrous one inflicted upon me? I wrote that the church held up the hands of "'76." It got before the world that it

held up the heads of "76." Oh! Then — but I wrote you about that and fling for filing, didn't I? I said to the clergy "your place is to discourse of absolute right, filing it down never, at the beginning of any expediency (that "filing," you see, is Shakespeare improved.) Well they printed it fling it down, etc. Anent which the prophet flung dust on his head, omitted to shave his beard and lay insensible seven days and seven nights. When these were ended, he arose and ate bread and opening his mouth said "all is vanity and vexation of spirit." Now do you lay on me, even me. The intolerable burden of saying to the ten tribes, this and this in Scribe Newman's text is error, and thereby giving the uncircumcised the right to infer that these other horrors are the true text of the Seventy Elders. By all the beards which my fathers have shaved off in sixteen generations never will I do it, or, to take on myself a more awful oath yet, compared with which that world-renowned one of Demosthenes is tame, by the beard of your husband I won't. Sooner let me grope forever in darkness, never with light enough even to see that Godkin is a swindler, that Wilson trims and that Norton telleth lies. Adieu my dear! May you live to see Carl the oldest graduate of Harvard College, like Quincy.

Yours,

W. PHILLIPS.

GALESBURGH, Nov. 13.

Dear Mrs. S.: My wife sends me word of your thoughtful kindness — many many thanks. I am talked to death out here and I do nothing but talk in cars and out, so I get no time to write. It is after 12 o'clock, lecture over, committee gone and I must write you one line.

It is delightful out here to find how truly they value R. W. E. He is not *popular* — but better, *appreciated* by all the best. They are beginning to learn all we've so long known, and he draws well. You can't tell how pleasant it is to find Concord stretching out to the Rocky Mountains.

But I must be selfish and tell you of *my* great compliment. Dismiss the great man a while and let *me* boast. I have a photograph of —— in his clumsiest, most dawdling, sappiest style — like an ill done up bundle. I have shown it to three persons as a perfect likeness of him (which it is), and all three exclaimed "Yes, excellent, a perfect likeness of you." As the last was a photographer I gave in. I would send you the carte but it is too precious. Now I know exactly how I look. I never trust it even to my carpetbag — keep it always on my person. Who do you suppose it is?

Horace Greeley! There I'm immortal. Look at the 17th page of vol. 1 (or 2) of H. G.'s history of the war and see to what long travel, poor food and absence from your petting have raised or reduced me.

Look and learn how to recognize me when next I am lifted into Heaven through your Garden door.

Well that's a good compliment, but I've a better yet to tell you. A man yesterday asked me how old I was. I answered fifty-five. He rejoined "Ain't you rather old to be travelling about alone? (*Fact.*) I've thought of returning directly and getting you to allow Carl to be appointed my guardian to travel with me.

This is a blow I confess. Last week I was quite set up by a man's remarking he "should not have guessed Sumner to be *more* than fifteen years younger than I." But this last blow upsets this fancy.

By the by I have at last discovered why these Westerners volunteered so fiercely. Your husband knew, I doubt not, but the cunning dog would not tell. It was to secure army rations in place of that vile cheat they call cookery out here.

Good bye. Your old friend will write again as soon as the trembling force of extreme age allows. Yours.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

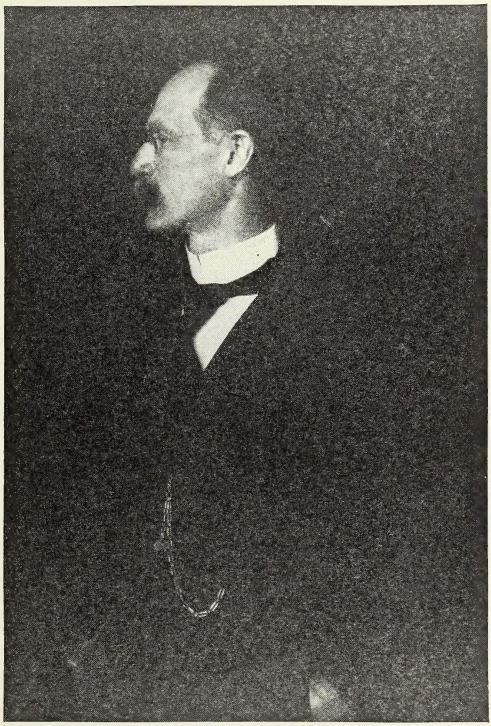
NEW YORK STATE,

Tuesday, 14th March, 1865.

The Playgrounds of Greater Boston

By MRS. KATE STEVENS BINGHAM

TO those of us who can look back a generation or more and remember the games, both indoor and out, in which we were wont to indulge, the modern playground, with its specially trained superintendent and assistants, its numberless varieties of games, and its systematized methods of play, all of which have made it an important part of the public school curriculum, is certainly a revelation. This movement has assumed such proportions that in this country, as well as in those across the water, there is not one large city without its playgrounds, while they are now being introduced into towns of moderate size and even into country villages. A little over two years ago an increased impetus was given to the movement when some of our leading educators and philanthropists formed "The Playground Association of America," whose membership now embraces many distinguished names, among those of interest being Mrs. Humphrey Ward and the Duchess of Marlborough. In our own state of so much importance are public playgrounds deemed that the Massachusetts legislature has recently passed an act, the "Playground Referendum," by which every city and town of ten thousand inhabitants, or over, are compelled to give their citizens an opportunity to vote whether or not they will have playgrounds. The cities which cast their vote in December of 1908 have with one exception decided in the affirmative; the towns are yet to be heard from, as their turn for voting did not come until March, 1909. The whole country is waiting with much interest to see how the people of the old Bay State are going to act in regard to this matter. The act will go into effect in July, 1910.



MR. JOSEPH LEE, "FATHER OF THE AMERICAN PLAYGROUND

To return to our subject, of course no one pretends to say that there have not been playgrounds, players, and games ever since the world began, or that in our large cities there have been no places set apart for recreation.

Boston claims to have taken the first step in this direction, when in 1866 it established ten floating baths for its citizens. In this year also the first vacation school in this country was started in the old First Church, Chauncey Street, and when two years later the church was removed to another part of Boston, the vacation school was carried on in a public school building, whose yard was used as a playground. This first

school play yard is of much interest to us now, in view of the general use of school yards for play at the present time. Eighteen years after this Dr. Marie Zaxkrezwska, one of Boston's leading physicians, wrote to Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, a member of the Massachusetts Emergency and Hygiene Association, that in Berlin, Germany, sand heaps were placed in the parks for the benefit of young children, in which, under the supervision of the police, they were permitted to dig. Acting on this suggestion the association, with Miss Ellen M. Tower, as superintendent, hence her name "Mother of the American Sand Garden," had sand heaps put in three back yards of mission churches. These were so successful that in the following year ten others were provided, which in 1900 had increased to twenty-three in organized playgrounds, and now they are an essential part of all. These first sand heaps were the nucleus of the playground movement in this country.

In 1889 the Massachusetts Emergency and Hygiene Association was asked by the Boston Park Commissioners to take charge of the first outdoor gymnasium for women ever opened. This was at what is now Charlesbank, where it had been preceded by an outdoor gymnasium for men. Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells was appointed chairman of the committee, having charge of the girl's gymnasium, which position it is of interest to know she has held ever since. And now, the agitation for additional recreation places for our citizens, which had been going on for ten years, culminated in 1898 largely through the influence of the then mayor of Boston, Mr. Josiah Quincy, by a legislative act which authorized more public parks, bathing beaches and establishments, gymnasia, and playgrounds, and appropriated funds for the same. As $500,000 of this sum was set apart for playground purposes, $200,000 of which was available, pieces of land were at once obtained in some of the most thickly settled parts of town and in the outlying districts for use in the near future.

Among the playgrounds started at this time were those at the North End, an experiment by the Massachusetts Civic League, among whose members was Mr. Joseph Lee, "Father of the American Playground," and Charlesbank. Charlesbank, a strip of land ten acres in extent, was, under the guidance of Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, the noted landscape architect, laid out into a charming park, with a playground at either end, the one for boys and the other for girls. After the girls' was well under way, the association, of which it had been the especial care, turned it, together with the girls' gymnasium, over to the park commissioners, reserving to themselves the right to supervise the grounds, and to appoint and oversee the instructors.

Shortly after this the League opened another experimental playground on Columbus Avenue, in the south end of town. It was not long before this became known as the "Model Playground" of the United States, and in consequence attracted many visitors. When I saw it, in 1902, it comprised five acres of land, separated into three divisions, the one for men and boys, the second for boys of medium age, and the third for girls and little children; the whole in charge of a superintendent, with physical instructors for each division. The young woman in charge of the girls' part was, moreover, a competent kindergartner. A strip of land between two sides of the grounds and the sidewalk was left for gardening, where the children worked, under the instruction of a competent gardener.

It was now found by comparing the municipal playgrounds with the one on Columbus Avenue, carried on by playground experts, that although the former were doing something towards the improvement of conditions among children, that still better results would be obtained if, like the "Model Playground," each were provided with a competent head to supervise it and lead the children in play. They needed, besides, to be systematized and their activities placed under one management, instead of the four then having them in charge. Accordingly the people interested, notably the Massachusetts Civic League, succeeded in getting the legislature to place all playground activities under the Bos-

Football at Roger's Park

ton School Department, and to provide ample provisions for carrying on the work. This move has met with the hearty approval of the American Playground Association, which considers that by this act the question as to how playgrounds shall be conducted is solved.

In the mean while the physical activities of the Boston school children, one hundred thousand in number, which includes calisthenics, drills, and dancing, had become such a vital part of the school work that, in 1907 the Boston School Committee formed a Department of School Hygiene, the first of the kind in this country, probably in the world, with Dr. Thomas F. Harrington as director. When in the spring of 1908 the Boston School Committee assumed charge of the playground activities, the importance of the Department of School Hygiene almost doubled, with a corresponding increase in the responsibilities and duties of its director. At this time there were twenty-eight municipal playgrounds scattered throughout greater Boston, that is the city proper, South Boston, East Boston, Charlestown, Roxbury, Dorchester, Jamaica Plain, and Brighton. These are now supplemented by the addition of twenty-eight school yards, used as playgrounds for the exclusive use of children under twelve, and together with the children's portions of the city playgrounds are kept open daily after school hours, on Saturdays and other vacation days, excepting Sundays, and all days throughout the summer vacation, from the beginning of May until the end of November. Each of the school playgrounds has a head, usually a submaster, assistants where required, and a janitor, all appointed by the school committee. The teachers appointed for these school play yards have charge of yards other than their own, thus preventing the children, as would be the case if they had their own teachers when at

play, from having the feeling that they are continuing their studies in their sports.

Thus by associating the Boston School Department with the Boston Park Department in the playgrounds, the latter body is relieved of much care; it will, however, continue to equip such playgrounds as are not yet completed with the necessary apparatus and maintain it, grade the land, flood it for skating in the winter time, and light and heat the buildings, just as it has done in the past and continues to do with those which are completed.

This coming season the school yards will be equipped with permanent apparatus for gymnastics and athletics for the larger children; with swings, seesaws, slides and boxes to jump over, for those somewhat younger; while all, as they have always done, will take part in such games as "open the gates as high as the sky," "tug of war," a great favorite, and others. A popular form of amusement is to form water bands and take turns in dipping out water for the other children.

In addition free hand exercises and manual training, as cane seating, whitling, and sewing; any work, in short, that can be carried on without the aid of heavy sloyd tables will continue to be done in the school yards. There will also be quiet corners where children can sit in the shade and play dominoes, checkers, puzzles, and similar games. Last summer, which was experimental in all that is above stated, these school play yards were visited by more children than had been anticipated; it was found that the parents were much pleased to have a safe place to send their children, away from the streets and even from the large outside playgrounds, and where they were under the eyes of reliable teachers.

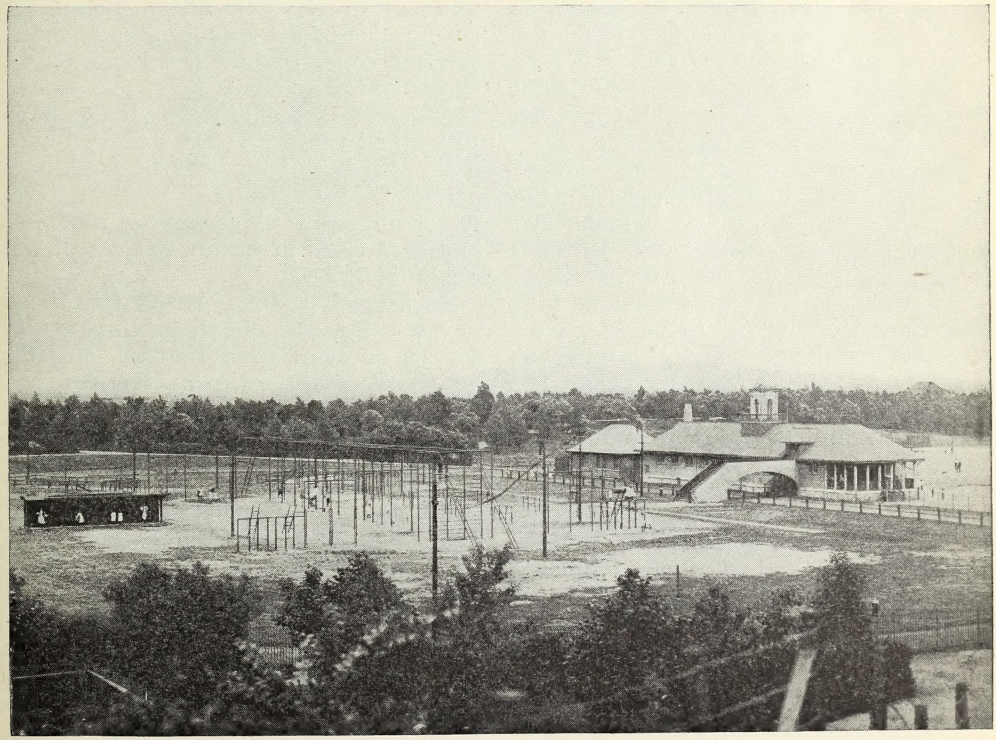
As we have now traced the evolution of the Boston playground from its infancy to the present time, we will take a glance at some of the typical playgrounds of greater Boston, beginning with those at Charlesbank. This park is an important center from its situation in one of the most densely populated, busiest parts of the metropolis, whose population is mostly foreign. The boys' outdoor gymnasium and playground is four hundred and fifty by one hundred and fifty feet; is encompassed by a running track, five laps in length, with a five-foot strip of grass, in which grow handsome trees and shrubs on its outer edge. The apparatus in the space within the track consists of single and double rings, breast bars, climbing ropes and poles, ladders, as rope, inclined, Jacob's, and perpendicular, four pairs of flying rings, four single trapeze, and inclined and perpendicular poles. We find here also places for high and broad jumping, pole vaulting, putting the slot, and throwing fifty-six pound weights. These advantages, especially the running track, where some of the best known runners in the country, Shrubb among others, practise, attract youths of all ages, from the sons of the wealthy to those of day laborers. The average attendance is eleven hundred.

The girls' playground, although inferior in size to the boys, has an equally well-equipped apparatus; it is almost pathetic to see with what pleasure the girls — they are required to wear bloomers over their skirts while exercising — use the swings, traveling rings, slanting poles, trapeze, seesaws, merry-go-rounds, razzle dazzles, and other things provided. Frequently girls of eleven and under have the care of little children whom they bring with them to Charlesbank, where, as at all of the other playgrounds, sand heaps are provided, which, together with little express carts, are a great delight to the little ones. Picnics and games are also permitted on the pretty park, but before the lunches are spread the mothers and big girls lay down newspapers on the grass, so as to keep the place looking tidy. Six hundred children visit this place daily on an average. On summer holidays this number has been increased to more than three thousand. An accomplished physical instructor and kindergartner superintends the place, who is assisted by one, sometimes more, equally well-trained assistants. These young women are selected because of their fitness to win the affections of their charges, yet

at the same time maintain the necessary discipline in the playground. When it becomes too cold for outdoor play, the indoor gymnasia, both of which are provided with apparatus, lockers, and shower baths, come into requisition; while for exercising in the open air the boys' playground, flooded for skating, is patronized by both sexes. In the warm months the floating bath houses in the Charles River, at one side of Charlesbank, are in constant use by every one who attends the playgrounds.

Some of the other playgrounds of greater Boston, each one of which has its distinguishing characteristic, are as well equipped for exercise and amusement as Charlesbank, notably the one at Wood Island Park, East Boston. In addition to its splendid apparatus this has numerous tennis courts, is larger than Charlesbank, and is in close proximity to the fine bathing beach and establishment of the park, so that it forms a most valuable playground center for all ages. The North End Playground makes a specialty of ball games. Noted teams from the ity and immediate vicinity come here to compete in them. There is also here a beautiful little beach, crowded in the warm season with people, especially children, and two recreation piers which extend far out into the harbor, so that this place, from its situation in "Little Italy," forty thousand Italians are congregated about here, forms another great amusement center. I have not time to dwell at length on the other playgrounds in greater Boston, but will say that both Cambridge and Brookline, both of which, though adjoining Boston, are independent towns, with their own governments, have each their own playground system.

From the foregoing it can be readily conjectured what superior advantages accrue to those children who have the chance to use these playgrounds over those doomed to play in the public thoroughfares. Owing to the distractions of the streets, as a fire, an arrest, the



Wood Island Park

sudden appearance of a "cop," who forbids games in the streets, and lastly to automobiles, no consecutive, organized games can be conducted, so, for want of something better to do, the large boys form themselves into gangs, ready to commit all kinds of depredations. In the playgrounds, however, under the superintendence of picked instructors, this excessive, if valuable, exuberance is worked off in manly sports. For example, a gang of young roughs had been terrorizing certain parts of Boston, notwithstanding the efforts of the police. Finally these promising youths were attracted to the Columbus Avenue playground by their desire to participate in the ball games carried on there, and knowing that they would be tolerated only if they behaved themselves, they became among the most orderly of any of the boys who went there. As to the girls' playgrounds, no one can visit them without being impressed by the splendid influence exerted over the children by their refined, intelligent teachers, who pay especial attention to the morals and manners of the girls. Then the effect of the gathering together of groups of children in stimulating, healthful exercises promotes healthful thoughts. What could be more beneficial?

The improving effect of such kinds of amusements has been observed from the time when, many years since, under Mr. Samuel B. Capen, of the Boston School Board, eighteen of the public school yards were given as playgrounds, with Miss Ellen M. Tower as overseer. After a certain age the boys and girls were not allowed to play together. This the former resented, especially when in one of the play yards they learned what good times the girls had. So, to get around the rule which kept them out, the boys borrowed babies, for it was a rule that any one with an infant could come into the girls' yards, and when once admitted they conducted themselves in such an exemplary manner that, so as to make it lawful for them to stay, they were appointed to police the place.

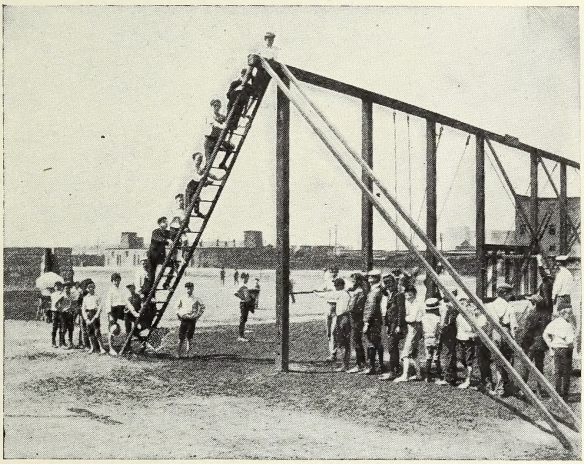
Following the example of the graduates of the above described playgrounds, we will now visit Franklin, Boston's great country park in the southern limits of town, and its annex, Franklin Field, which together comprise over six hundred acres, nearly one hundred of which are devoted to games. We will first stop at Franklin Field, the "University playground" of Boston, opened to the public in 1894, which alone has seventy-seven acres, fifty in good order for sports, and with its speedway, tennis courts, bowling green, and spaces for ball games, is said to be the largest and most complete field of the kind extant. It is well termed the "University Playground," for those players who have done team work in lesser grounds come here to compete with one another in large games. Thirty acres of this field are flooded for skating and other ice sports in the winter, so that throughout the entire year it is patronized by people of varying ages from every part of greater Boston. A handsome, commodious shelter, just completed, fills a much needed want at Franklin Field. The park department has just granted the use of a portion of this building to the school department for the housing of the outdoor school, which school is combating the development and spread of tuberculosis.

A short walk from the field brings us to Franklin Park, where we find well-kept golf links, forty tennis courts, and thirty acres, the "playstead," where boys under nineteen play various kinds of ball games, all given for the use of the public in 1890.

Additional ground has lately been devoted for the old English game of soccer, or association football, a game which came into notice in New England some four years since, when a soccer team came over from England and played here. Soccer is a very active and much less brutal game than our national game, and in England frequently attracts a crowd of eighty thousand people to witness it. The golf links here were the first in the world provided by a municipality for its citizens. In this connection I will say that Boston claims to be the largest golf center anywhere. For winter sports in the park a toboggan slide is put up in the links, and on Scarboro Pond, besides the usual ice

games, curling, the old Scotch game, also called bonspiel, is played every Wednesday and Saturday. A picturesque building, containing lockers, and room for golf clubs and tennis rackets and nets, crowns Schoolmaster's Hill, at one side of the golf links. This name was given because Ralph Waldo Emerson taught school here from 1823 to 1825.

From the foregoing one might infer that Boston takes the lead over all other cities as regards playgrounds, but Chicago, under the management of its women's clubs, and with an almost unlimited supply of money, claims this prerogative. New York follows close in the wake of the "Windy City," with, in addition, a feature peculiar to itself, roof play-grounds, which are very successful and much needed in that overcrowded community. Our experts on the subject, however, maintain that from an educational standpoint Boston easily leads in the play-ground movement. Allowing that this point is still a disputed one, it is safe to predict that with Mr. Joseph Lee, "Father of the American Playground," a member of the Boston school board, a non-partisan body, the far-reaching ideas in regard to playgrounds as represented by him, and another member of the board, Dr. Harrington, will be sure to make not only Boston but Massachusetts the models on this subject, which our other American cities will do well to copy.



THE COLUMBUS AVENUE PLAYGROUND

If, however, we were to include in the playgrounds about which I have told, Boston's amusement places on water, it would be safe to say that in its entire system for recreation for its people our city easily leads. An eminent authority has said "that Boston has made better use of its harbor facilities for the benefit of its people than has any other city in the world." We find, besides, that there are but few cities that have so many harbor facilities as Boston has, and in looking into the matter we see that all of the beaches bordering town, or in its near vicinity, are now in the possession of the city or state, which bodies, either through their own officials, or by means of the organizations and individuals to whom they have delegated their authority, have developed them to the utmost. Thus the splendid beaches of Revere and Nantasket comprised in the Boston Metropolitan Park System, with their great modern bathing establishments and long long sandy shores, furnish entertainment for many thousands of children, both old and young, during the heated term; while the rivers intersecting towns also in the same system, particularly the Charles, with their numerous boathouses, containing hundreds of river craft, afford every opportunity for canoeing, boating, and other river sports.

For the summer months the beaches which bound the city, under the Boston Municipal Park System and the Boston Bath Department, have been developed with every facility for bathing. For the winter season, the all-the-year-round bathhouses, with their swimming pools, shower and tub baths, and the numerous gymnasia in every part of the city, together with more than one hundred acres of skating, notably Jamaica Pond, provide for the health and diversion of our citizens for the entire year. The city

fathers still retain control of the beautiful old Common, where now, as in the days of yore, the male portion of our population play football and cricket, and where on its Frog Pond, and on the pretty lake in the Public Garden adjoining the Common, many happy, vigorous young people skate in the winter time.

PLAYSTEAD, FRANKLIN PARK

TO A SONG SPARROW

By ANNA PERKINS CHANDLER

Dear little songster of the wayside fields,
Thou comest while they still are sere and brown,
And, ere the spring her first fair blossom yields,
Fillest them with a beauty of thine own.

We need not seek thee in the forest glen,
From highway, and from farmhouse far remote;
Thou dwellest near us, and the hearts of men
Are gladdened daily by thy silv'ry note.

Thou art a lavish giver; morn and night,
And even at noon, when most life's duties press,
Thou, pouring forth thy carols of delight,
Makest us sharers in thy joyousness.

Piper Tim

Illustrations by William Kirkpatrick

By DOROTHY CANFIELD

HEN Moira O'Donnell was born Timothy Moran was thirty-three years old, a faery number, as he often told himself afterwards. When he was forty and she was seven, another mystic number, he dedicated his life to her and she gave him back his lost kingdom of enchantment. It was on the evening of her seventh birthday that she led him to the Land of Heart's Desire he thought he had left forever in green and desolate Donegal, and her birthday fell on the seventh of October, and October is the month when the little people are busiest. He never forgot what she did for him that evening, although her part in it was so brief.

His own birthday was on the thirteenth of the month, and he often laid his sorrows to that unchancy date. On the seventh he sat on the old Round Stone, his pipes lying silent beside him, and brooded on his heavy ill. Father Delancey had just left him and had told him flatly that he had no ills at all. Hence he sat, his heart heavier than ever, drooping, under the great maple tree, the road white before him, leading away into the empty, half-translucent shadows of starlight. Father Delancey had said it was only the faery nonsense in his head that made him miserable, and had marshaled before him the irrefutable blessings of his life. Had he not been cared for from the first minute of his landing from Ireland, a penniless piper of nineteen, as though the holy saints themselves were about him? Had he not gone direct to Father Delancey, sent by the priest in Donegal, and had not Father Delancey at once placed him in the Wilcox family, kindliest, heartiest, and most stirring of New England farmers? And had he not lived in prosperity with them, ever since?

Timothy started at the faery number. "Twinty-one years? So 'tis, Father — an' more! 'Tis twinty-one years today since I came, aven and true — the seventh day of October. Sure, somethin' ought to happen on such a day — oughtn't it?"

"Happen?" queried Father Delancey.

"The seventh day of October, the twinty-first year and October bein' the month for thim," said Timothy, elucidating, confidently.

Father Delancey frowned savagely and broke into an angry exclamation, "'Tis simple mad ye are, Timothy Moran, with your faery foolishness, and I've a half a mind to take your pipes away from you as a penance for your ignorant superstition!"

"But, Father, I'm the seventh son, and sure ye must admit 'tis a lonesome country, all this, that looks so like Donegal and Killarney mountains, an' is so dead-like, wi' no little people to fill up the big gap between the dead an' the livin', an' the good an' the bad. 'Tis empty, all this valley."

"Timothy Moran, that are my sister's husband's cousin's son, I'm ashamed of ye, an' I bid ye note that 'twas the hand of the Blessed Virgin herself that sent ye out o' Ireland, for if you'd 'a' stayed in th' ould country you'd 'a' been bewitched long before now — not, savin' us all th' blessed saints, that I belave in any of your nonsense!"

Timothy smiled at this with an innocent malice. "You see how 'tis, Father. You cannot kape yourself from belavin' in thim and you a man o' God."

"I do *not*, Timothy! 'Tis but a way of speech that I learned in my childhood. An' 'tis lucky for you that I have a knowledge of thim, for any other priest would have driven you out of the parish, you and your stubborn pipes that do

naught but play faery music. An' you a man of forty in a trifle of six days, and no wife an' childer to keep you from foolish notions. If ye had, now, you could be livin' in the proper tenant's house for the Wilcox's man, instead of Michael O'Donnell, who has no business livin' up here on the hill so far from his work that he can come home but once a week to look after his poor motherless child. I will say for you, Tim, that you do your duty by that bit of a slip of a girl baby, keepin' her so neat and clean an' all, times when Mike's not here."

Timothy did not raise his drooping head at this praise, and something about his attitude struck sharp across the priest's trained observation. The big, shambling, red-headed man looked like a guilty child. There was a moment's silence, while Father Delancey speculated, and then his experienced instinct sped him to the bull's-eye. "Timothy Moran, you're not putting your foolish notions in the head of that innocent child o' God, Moira O'Donnell, are you?"

The red head sank lower.

"Answer me, man! Are ye fillin' her mind with your sidhe* an' your red-hatted little people an' your stories of 'gentle places' an' the leprechaun?"

Timothy arose suddenly and flung his long arms abroad in a gesture of revolt. "I am that, Father Delancey, an' 'tis th' only comfort of my life, livin' it, as I do, in a dead country — a valley where folks have lived and died for two hundred an' fifty years such lumps of clay that they've niver had wan man sharp enough to see the country in between heaven and earth." He lapsed again into his listless position on the Round Stone. "But ye needn't be a-fearin' for her soul, Father — her wid th' black hair an' the big gray eyes like wan that cud see thim if she wud! She's as dead a lump as anny of th' rest — as thim meat-eatin' Protestants, the Wilcoxes, heaven save their kindly bodies, for they've no souls at all, at all." From the stone he picked up a curiously shaped willow whistle with white lines carved on it in an odd criss-cross pattern. "To-day's her seventh birthday, an' I showed her how to make the cruachan whistle, an' when I'd finished she blew on it a loud note that wud ha' wakened the sidhe for miles around in Donegal. An' then she looked at me as dumb as a fish, her big gray eyes blank as a ploughed field wid nothin' sown in it. She niver has a word to show that she *hears* me, even, when I tell o' the gentle people." He added in a whisper to himself, "But maybe she's only waiting."

"'Tis the Virgin protectin' her from yer foolishness, Tim," returned the priest rising with a relieved air. "She'll soon be goin' to district school along with all the other hard-headed little Yankees, and then your tales can't give her notions." With which triumphant meditation he walked briskly away, leaving Timothy to sit alone with his pipes under the maple tree, flaming with a still heat of burning autumn red, like a faery fire.

His head sank heavily in his hands as his heart grew intolerably sad with a vague lack he felt in all the world, most of all in himself. He had often tried to tell himself what made the world so dully repellant, but he never could get beyond "'Tis as though I was aslape, an' yet not quite aslape — just half wakin', an' somethin' lovely is goin' on in the next room, an' I can't wake up to see what 'tis. The trouble's with th' people. They're all *dead* aslape here, an' there's nobody to wake me up."

"Piper Tim! Piper Tim!" was breathed close to his ear. He sprang up, with wide, startled eyes.

"Piper Tim," said the little girl, gravely, "*I've seen them.*"

The man stared at her in a breathless silence.

"A little, wee woman with a red hat and kerchief around her neck, an' she said, 'Go straight to Piper Tim an' tell him to play "The Call o' the Sidhe" as he sits on the Round Stone, for this is th' Day of the Cruachan Whistle."

The child put out her hand, and drew him to the pipes, still keeping her deep eyes fixed on him, "Play, Piper Tim, an' shut your eyes an' I'll see what you should see, an' tell you what 'tis."

The first notes were quavering as the man's big frame shook, but the little

*Pronounced *shee* (as in Banshee), the fairies.

hands across his eyes seemed to steady him and the final flourish was like a call of triumph. In the silence which followed the child spoke in her high little treble with a grave elation. "They're here, Piper Tim, all the river fog in the valley is full of them, dancin' and singin' so gay-like to cheer up the poor hills. An' whist! Here they come up the road, troops and troops of them, all so bright in the ferlie green; an' sure," with a little catch of merriment, "sure, they've no toes on their feet at all! They've danced them all away. And now, Piper Tim, hold your breath, for they'll be after comin' by, but all so still, so still! so you won't hear them and maybe think to open your eyes and see them — for that 'ud mean — sh! sh! Piper Tim, don't stir! *They're here! They're here!*"

His eyes ached with the pressure of the strong little hands across them, his ears ached with straining them into the silence which lay about them. His heart beat fast with hope and then with certainty. Yes, it was no longer the thin, dead silence of the New England woods he knew so unhappily well. It was the still that comes with activity suspended. It was like the quivering quiet of a dancer, mad with joy, suddenly stricken motionless to listen for the sound of intruding footsteps. There was not the faintest sound, but the silence was full of that rich consciousness of life which marks the first awakening of a profound sleeper.

The hands were withdrawn from before his eyes, but he did not open them. He reached blindly for his pipes, and played "The Song of Angus to the Stars," tears of joy running from between his closed eyelids, to recognize in his own music the quality he had been so starving for; the sense of the futile, poignant beauty, of the lovely and harmless tragedy, of the sweet, moving, gay, sad meaning of things.

And when he looked about him, he was quite alone. Moira was gone, and the road lay white and still before him.

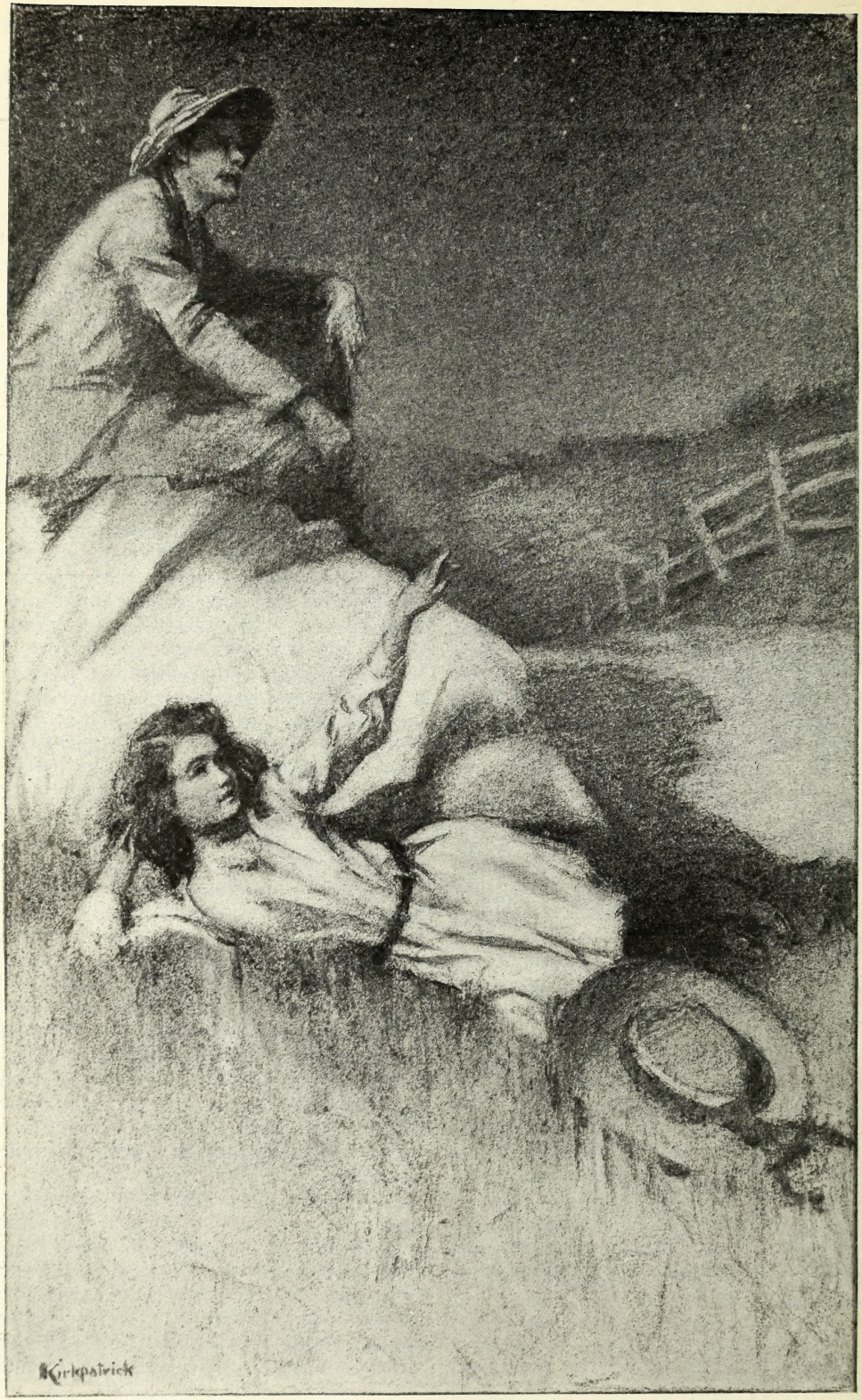
II

He did not see her all the next day, although he went down to the little house to do the household tasks his big hands performed with so curious a skill. He wished to see her and clear his mind of a weight which the morning's light had put upon him; but she did not come in answer to his call. The little house seemed full of her in its apparent emptiness, and several times he had swung sharply about, feeling her back of him, but always the room had turned a blank face.

That evening he was returning late from the upland pastures where he had been searching vainly for a lost cow. His path lay through a thick copse of maple saplings where it was quite dark. As he emerged into a stony pasture, he saw the child standing still in the center of a ring of fern, brown and crumpled by the early frosts. When he appeared she held him motionless by the sudden passion of her gestured appeal for silence. She did not stir, after this, her hands laid along her cheeks as though to hold her head quite still, her eyes directed with a smiling eagerness toward a huge rock, looming dimly in the transparent twilight. The silence was oppressive. Timothy's blood ran chill as the expectancy grew more and more strained in the child's eyes. He did not dare look at the rock himself. He stared only at the elfin creature before him, and when her hands were finally flung out in a gesture of welcoming ardor, he broke the unearthly silence by crying out loud in a rapid whirl, "God save us. Christ save us! The Holy Virgin guard us! St. Patrick defend us! St. Columba——"

The little girl burst into a storm of tears and sank down on the ferns. Timothy stopped his hysterical litany and ran toward her. "Don't you come a-near me, bad Piper Tim!" she sobbed, "You don't dare step on the magic circle anyhow. It 'ud burn your wicked foot!"

The big farm laborer drew back in a terror he instantly disguised. "I was just lookin' for you, Moira, aroon," he said propitiatingly. "I was wishin' to tell you — to tell you — why, that it's all pretend. There aren't any little people really, you know. 'Tis just old Tim's nonsense." He shivered at the



Drawn by William Kirkpatrick

"THE BEST OF ALL WAS ON THE EVENINGS WHEN THE STARS CAME OUT"

blasphemy and crossed himself. "Or, if there are any, 'tis only in th' ould country." The child rose to her feet, eyeing him strangely, her eyes like deep pools.

He went on conscientiously, with a mental eye on Father Delancey, "An' if there *are* any, which they aren't, they're bad things for Christians to have aught to do with, because they know neither right nor wrong, and 'tisn't fit that mortals should iver be light an' gay wi' that burden gone! So they're bad for us — an' we shouldn't think of thim, and just cross ourselves wheniver ——"

The unspoken protest in the child's face was grown so passionate that he interrupted himself to answer it in a burst of sympathy. "Och, Moira, acushla, sure an' I know how 'tis to ye —" And then with a reaction to his former iron virtue, he said sternly, "An' if they're not bad, why do they go when you call on the blessed saints?"

At this the child's face twisted again for tears. "Och, bad Piper Tim, to scare them away from me! It's not that they're bad — only that good's too heavy for them. They're such *little* people! It's too heavy! It's too heavy." She ran away through the dusk, sobbing and calling this over her shoulder, reproachfully.

In the weeks which followed, old Timothy Moran, as he was called, could scarcely complain that he was but half awake. He seemed to be making up for the dull apathy of his long exile by the storminess of his days and nights. Mrs. Wilcox, bustling housewife, hastening about the kitchen, engaged in some late evening task, was moved to a sudden burst of hysterical tears, by the faint sound of Tim's pipes, dropping down to her from the Round Stone in a whirling roulade of ever-ascending merriness. "You, Ralph!" she cried angrily through her sobs, to her oldest boy, stricken open-mouthed and silent by his mother's amazing outburst, "You, Ralph, run up to the Round Stone and tell the Irishman to stop playing that jig over and over. I'm that tired to-night it drives me wild with nerves!" As she brushed away the tears, she said fretfully, "My sakes! When my liver gets to tormenting me so I have the megrims like a girl, it's time to do something."

The boy came back to say that old Tim had stopped playing "the jig" before he reached him, and was lying sobbing on the stone.

Moira was as approachable as a barn swallow, swooping into the house for a mouthful of food and off again to the sky apparently. Timothy's child-heart was guiltily heavy within him, for all his excitement, and when he finally caught her in the pine woods he spoke briefly and firmly, almost like Father Delancey himself. "Moira, Tim was a big fool to tell you lies. There aren't really any little people. 'Tis only a way of talkin'-like, to say how lovely the woods and stars an' all are."

"Why do you sit on the Round Stone, evenings?" asked Moira defiantly.

"That's just it! I pretend all kind o' things, but it's really because the moon is like gold, and the white fog comes up in puffs like incense in the church, an' the valley's all bright wi' lamps like the sky wi' stars. That's all anybody means by fairies — just how lovely things are if we can but open our eyes to see thim, an' take time from th' ugly business o' livin' to hear thim, and get a place quiet enough to half see what everything means. I didn't know before, in Ireland, but now I'm like one born again to the ferlie country, and now I think I know. There aren't any Little People really but just in your own head —"

Moira shook off his hand and faced him, laughing mockingly, her dark eyes wide with an elfin merriment. "Are there not, Piper Tim? Are there not? Listen! You'll see!" She held up a tiny forefinger to the great man towering above her. As he looked down on her, so pixy-like in the twilight of the pines, he felt his flesh creep at her strange and unearthly inner mirth. She seemed to be waiting for something infinitely comic which yet should startle her. She was poised, half turned as though for flight, yet hung so without a quiver in an endless listening pause that Timothy held his breath. The pines above them stood in a strained unnatural silence.

The man tried in vain to remember the name of a single saint, so held was he by the breathless expectancy in the eyes of the little hobgoblin. His nerves gave way with a loud snap when she suddenly leaped up at him with snapping fingers and some whispered, half-heard exclamation of "*Now! Now!*" and turning he plunged down the hill in a fury of panic-stricken flight. And the next day Father Delancey took her down to the valley to begin her schooling.

III

Upon her return she had adopted the attitude which she never changed during all the years until Timothy went away. She would not speak openly, nor allow him to discuss "their" existence. "They mind their business and we should mind ours," she said, eyeing him hard; but she made his world over for him. Every spring she came back from the valley school and every autumn she went away; and the months in between were golden. After Timothy's work was done in the evenings, he left the hot kitchen, redolent of food and fire and kindly human life, took his pipes up on the Round Stone and played one after another of the songs of the sidhe, until the child's white face shone suddenly from the dusk.

Then their entertainment varied. Sometimes they sat and watched the white river fog rise toward them, translucent and distant at first, and then blowing upon them in gusty, impalpable billows. Timothy's tongue was loosened by the understanding in the little girl's eyes and he poured out to her the wise foolishness of his inconsequent and profound faery lore. He told her what was in the fog for him, the souls of mountain people, long dead, who came back to their home heights thus. He related long tales of the doings of the leprechaun, with lovely, irrelevant episodes, and told her what he thought was their meaning.

Some nights the moon rode high and the air was clear and those were not the times for words — only for sitting quite still and playing every air in all the world on the pipes. Moira lay beside him, her strange, wide eyes fixed intently on the road and the shadows until she peopled them almost visibly to the musician with the folk of his melodies — with Angus, the beautiful and strong, with Maive, the sad, the happy, with Congal of the frightful Vision of War, and Mananan, strange wanderer on these mountain tops.

Sometimes it rained, the long steady downpour of summer nights, and they sat on the steps of Michael O'Donnell's little cabin, Timothy's pipes sounding sweet and shrill against the deep note of the rushing rain. This was the time of the wildest stories, when sheltering walls were close about them; of newly wed wives carried off by the fairies to live happy always, always without a moment of pain, and then to perish utterly on the Day of Judgment, like a last year's butterfly, for souls cannot live without sorrow; of newly born babes whose souls were carried away by the sidhe because a cock was not killed on the night of their birth, and of the mystic meaning of vicarious sacrifice; of people who had lain down to sleep unaware in a fairy ring and were foolish ever afterwards — that is, as people say, foolish, but really wise, for they saw how things are; of homes built unknowingly across a fairy path where the sidhe take their journeys, and how ill luck followed the inhabitants until it moved, and of the strange penalties for living out of harmony with the so little-known currents of the soul's life; of how blind men see more than others; of how a fool is one whose mind is so quiet and cleared of all futile commonplace traffic that it reflects untroubled and serene the stars and their courses; of how wisdom is folly, and life, death. All these things and many more did Timothy say in words and play in music on his pipes, and to all of them Moira gave her wide comprehending silence.

The best of all was on evenings when the stars came out first, and then as the two sat watching them from the Round Stone they suddenly began to pale, and the moon flashed into sight, rising swiftly over the mountain Moira called "The Hill o' Delights," because it was from a wide, white door in it that the rushing, light-footed little people came out

every evening when the twilight fell and the harsh endeavor of human life was stilled to peace. There was neither talk nor music on those evenings, but a silence full, like the lovely world about them, of unsaid, quivering joy. Sometimes Timothy would turn after such a long time of deep and cheering mutual knowledge of how fair were all things, and find Moira slipped away from beside him; but so impalpable was the companionship she gave him in the strange and sweet confusion of his thoughts that he did not feel himself alone, though she might be already deep in the pines behind him.

The girl grew taller, but the cool whiteness of her face was untinged by any flush of young maidenhood. At seventeen she was a slender sprite of a girl, to reach whose unearthly aloofness the warm human hands of her companions strained unavailing. Each winter she descended to the valley and to school and church, a silent, remote child, moving like one in a dream. And every spring she came back to the hill, to Timothy and his pipes, to the pines and the uplands, to the Round Stone and the white road in front of it. Ralph Wilcox, hearty, kindly son of his hearty, kindly parents, tried to speak to her long enough to make her seem real, but she was rarely in the house except during the day and a half of each week when her father was there; and on their casual encounters out of doors she melted from before his eyes like a pixie, knowing the hiding places and turns of his own land better than he. Sometimes he caught a glimpse of her afterward, regarding him steadily and curiously from a nook in a hillside, and once as she darted away she had dropped a handkerchief and turned her head in time to see him pick it up; but she did not slacken her pace, or speak to him then or at all.

She rarely spoke, even to Timothy, but this was no barrier between them. All the winter Timothy lived on the thoughts of the spring, and when the arbutus and Moira came back he poured out to her the strange treasures he had found in his heart. Scarcely to her, for she only gazed silent at the stars as he talked. Rather she seemed to unlock in him the rich stores of his own understanding and emotion. He marveled that he could ever have found the valley empty. He felt within him a swelling flood, ever renewed, of significance to fill that — to fill all his world with a sweet and comforting meaning.

And so his red hair grew threaded with white, and his foolish, idle heart happier and happier as the years went on. Then, one midwinter day, Father Delancey climbed the hill to say that Timothy's sister was dead, and that Timothy was sent for to take his brother's place, hold the Nebraska claim, work the land, and be a father to his sister's children. Timothy was stunned with horror, but the unbending will of the never-contradicted parish priest bore him along without question.

"Sure, Tim, go! I tell you to! 'Tis the only thing *to* do! And 'twill be a man's work and earn ye many hours out of purgatory. An' 'twill be grand for ye, ye that never would have a family o' your own — here's the Blessed Virgin pushin' ye into one, ready made. 'Twill be the makin' o' ye, 'twill make ye rale human, an' ye'll have no more time for star-gazin' an' such foolishness. Ye can find out what people are in the world for, instead o' keepin' yerself so outside o' things. Sure, yes, man, yes, I'll tell Moira ye said good by to her, an' — yes, I give ye my word, and promise true and true, I'll lave ye know if she moves away or if any harm comes to her."

IV

His grizzled hair was turned quite white when his sister kissed him good by, fresh tears in her eyes, scarcely dry from the excitement of her youngest daughter's wedding. She had a moment of divination like his, and said sadly, "There's no use trying to thank ye, Timmy, words can't do it. If ye'd been anybody else, I cud ha' said ye got ye'r pay for all these long, hard years in the love the childer bear ye. That's the pay folks get for workin' an' livin' for others — but ye're not folks. Is't that ye're the seventh son? Is't that ye've second sight? Is't that — *what* is't that makes ye so far

away? An' what *is* ye'r pay, Tim? Now that it's over and the children all safe and grown up, ye look yerself like a child that's done its lesson an' run out to play. Is't all just work or play with ye? Can't ye niver just *live?*"

In truth her brother's eagerness to be away was scarcely concealed at all from the grateful, wistful Irish eyes about him. He was breathless with haste to be off. The long trip to New England was a never-ending nightmare of delay to him, and although he had planned for years to walk up the hill, his trembling old legs dragged in a slow progress maddening to his impatience, A farmer, driving by, offered him a lift, which he accepted gratefully, sitting strained far forward on the high seat. At a turn of the road he looked back and saw that he had passed the cluster of pines where Moira had laughed at him, and where he had felt so thick about him the thronging rush of his newly awakened perceptions of the finer meaning of things, the gay, sweet crowd of gentle little people.

He stopped the farmer with a cry of protest, and leaping down from the high seat, he took his pipes under his arm and fairly ran up the little path. His rheumatic knee creaked a little, but the color came up hard in his tired old face as the twilight of the pines and their pungent, welcoming breath fell about him. He cast him down and buried his face in the rust-red dried needles. He did not weep, but from time to time a long sigh heaved his shoulders. Then he turned over and lay on his back, looking at the sunset-yellow sky through the green, thick-clustered needles, noticing how the light made each one glisten as though dipped in molten gold. His hand strayed out to his pipes, lying beside him with mute, gaping mouths. "The Gold o' the Glamour," he murmured to himself, and as he broke the silence with the old tune faintly blown, he felt the wood peopled about him as of yore with twilight forms. Unseen bright eyes gazed at him from behind tree trunks, and the branches were populous with invisible, kindly listeners. The very hush was symbolic of the consciousness of the wood that he was there again. There was none of the careless commonplace of rustling leaves, and snapping twigs and indifferent, fearless bird-song. In the death-like still he felt life quivering and observant with a thousand innocent, curious, welcoming eyes.

When he had quavered through the last note he let the pipes fall and gazed about him with a smile, like a happy old child. The sun sank behind the mountain as he looked, and he pulled himself heavily up. His way to the farm lay over bare upland pastures where his feet, accustomed for years to the yielding prairie levels, stumbled and tripped among the loose stones. Twilight came on rapidly, so that he found himself several times walking blindly through fairy rings of fern. He crossed himself and bowed his head three times to the west, where the evening star now shone pale in the radiance of the glowing sky. Between two of the ridges he wandered into a bog where his feet, hot in their heavy boots, felt gratefully the oozing, cool brown water.

And then, as he stepped into the lane, dark with dense maple trees and echoing faintly with the notes of the hermit thrush, he saw the light of the little house glimmer through the trees in so exactly the spot where his hungering eyes sought it that his heart gave a great hammering leap in his breast.

He knocked at the door, half doubtfully, for all his eagerness. It might be she lived elsewhere in the parish now. He had schooled himself to this thought so that it was no surprise, although a heavy disappointment, when the door was opened by a small dark man holding a sleeping baby on his arm. Timothy lowered his voice and the man gave a brief and hushed answer. He spoke in a strong French-Canadian accent. "Moira O'Donnell? I nevaire heard before. Go to ze house on ze hill — mebbe zey know——"

He closed the door, and, through the open window, Timothy saw him sit down, still holding the baby and looking at it as though the interrupting episode were already forgotten. The old man shivered with a passing eerie sense of being like a ghost knocking vainly at the doors

of the living. He limped up the hill, and knocked on the kitchen door of the old Wilcox house. To his eyes, dilated with the wide dusk of the early evening, the windows seemed to blaze with light, and when the door was opened to him he shaded his eyes, blinking fast against the rays of a lamp held high in the hand of a round, little woman who looked at him with an expectant and impersonal kindness. His heart beat so he could not speak.

Suddenly from the past rang out his old name, the one he had almost lost in the dreary years of "Uncle Tim" which lay behind him.

"Why Piper Tim!" cried the woman in a voice of exceeding warmth and affection. "Why it's dear, dear, darling old Piper Tim come back to visit his old home. I knew ye in a minute by th' pipes. Come in! Come in! There's not a soul livin' or dead that's welcomer in th' house of Moira Wilcox."

The name blazed high through all the confusion of his swimming senses. To his blank look she returned a mellow laugh. "Why sure, Timmy darlint, hasn't anybody iver told ye I was married? I'd have written ye myself, only that I knew ye couldn't read it, and 'twas hard to tell through other people. Though, saints preserve us, 'tis long since I thought anything about it, one way *or* th' other. 'Tis as nat'ral as breathing now."

She was pulling him into the warm, light room, taking his cap and pipes from him, and at the last she pushed him affectionately into a chair, and stood looking kindly at his pale agitation, her arms wide in a soft angle as she placed her hands on her rounded hips. "Oh, Timothy Moran, you darlint! Moira's that glad to see you! You mind me of the times when I was young and that's comin' to be long ago."

She turned and stepped hastily to the stove from which rose an appetizing smell of frying ham. As she bent her plump, flushed face over this, the door opened and two dark-eyed little girls darted in. On seeing a stranger, they were frozen in mid-flight with the shy gaze of country children.

"Here, childer, 'tis Piper Tim come back to visit us. Piper Tim that I've told ye so many tales about — an' the gran' tunes he can play on his pipes. He can play with ye better nor I — he niver has aught else to do!" She smiled a wide, friendly smile on the old man as she said this, to show she meant no harm, and turned the slices of ham deftly so that they sent a puff of blue savory smoke up to her face. "Don't th' ham smell good, ye spalpeens, fresh from runnin' th' hills? Go an' wash ye'r faces an' hands and call ye'r father an' brothers. I've four," she added proudly to the man by the table watching her with horrified eyes.

The fumes of the cooking made him sick, the close air suffocated him. He felt as though he were in some oppressive nightmare, and the talk at the supper table penetrated but dully to his mind. The cordiality of Moira's husband, the shy, curious looks of the children at his pipes, even Moira's face rosy from brow to rounded chin, and beaming with indulgent, affectionate interest, all melted together into a sort of miserable and indistinguishable confusion. This dull distress was rendered acute anguish by Moira's talk. In that hot, indoor place, with all those ignorant blank faces about her, she spoke of the pines and the upland bogs, of the fog and the Round Stone, and desecrated a sacred thing with every word.

It would have been a comfort to him if she had even talked with an apostate's yearning bitterness for his betrayed religion, if she had spoken harshly of their old, sweet folly; but she was all kindness and eager, willing reminiscence. Just as she spoke his name, his faery name of "Piper Tim" in a tone that made it worse than "Uncle Tim," so she blighted one after another of the old memories as she held them up in her firm, assured hands, and laughed gently at their oddity.

After supper as Tim sat again in the kitchen watching her do the evening work, the tides of revulsion rose strong within him. "We were a queer lot, an' no mistake, Piper Tim," she said, scraping at a frying pan with a vigorous knife. "An' the childer are just like us. I've

thried to tell them some of our old tales, but — I dunno — they've kind o' gone from me, now I've such a lot to do. I suppose you were up to the same always, with your nephews an' nieces out West. 'Twas fine for ye to have a family of your own that way, you that was always so lonely like."

Timothy's shuddering horror of protest rose into words at this, incoherent words and bursts of indignation that took his breath away in gasps. "Moira! *Moira!* What are ye sayin' to me? *Me* wid a family! Any one who's iver had th' quiet to listen to th' blessed little people whether inside or out of his own head he dunno — *him* to fill up his ears wid th' clatter of mortial tongues. No! Since I lift here I've had no minute o' peace — oh, Moira, th' country there — th' great flat hidjious country of thim — an' th' people like it—flat an' fruitful an' dead. An' oh, Moira, aroon, it's my heart breakin' in me, that now I've worked an' worked there and done my mortial task an' had my purgatory before my time, an' I've come back to live again — that ye've no single welcomin' word to bid me stay."

The loving Irish heart of the woman melted in a misunderstanding sympathy and remorse. "Why, poor Piper Tim, I didn't mean ye should go back to them or their country if ye like it bettter here. Ye're welcome every day of the year from now till judgment trump. I only meant — why — seein' they were your own folks — and all, that ye'd sort o' taken to thim — the way most do, when it's their own blood."

She flowed on in a stream of fumbling, warm-hearted, mistaken apology that sickened the old man's soul. When he finally rose for his great adventure, he spoke timidly, with a wretched foreknowledge of what her answer would be.

"Och, Piper Tim, 'tis real sweet of ye to think of it and ask me, an' I'd like fine to go. Sure, I've not been on the Round Stone of an evening — why, not since you went away I do believe! But Ralph's goin' to the grange meetin' tonight, an' one of th' childer is restless with a cough, and I think I'll not go. My feet get sort of sore-like, too, after bein' on them all day."

VI

As he stepped out from the warm, brightly lighted room, the night seemed chill and black, but after a moment, his eyes dilated and he saw the stars shining through the densely hanging maple leaves.

Up by the Round Stone, the valley opened out beneath him. Restlessly he looked up and down the road and across the valley with a questing glance which did not show him what he sought. The night for all its dark corners had nothing in it for him beyond what lay openly before him. He put out his hand instinctively for his pipes, remembered that he had left them at the house, and sprang to his feet to return for them. Perhaps Moira would come out with him now. Perhaps the child had gone to sleep. The brief stay in the ample twilight of the hillside had given him a faint, momentary courage to appeal again to her against the narrow brightness of her prison.

Moira sat by the kitchen table, sewing, her smooth round face blooming like a rose in the light from the open door of the stove. Her kindly eyes beamed sweetly on the old man. "Ah, Piper Tim, ye're wise. 'Tis a damp night out for ye'r rheumatis. The fog risin' too, likely?"

The old piper went to her chair and stood looking at her with a fixed gaze, almost hypnotic in its intensity. "Moira!" he said huskily and vehemently, "Moira O'Donnell that was, the stars are bright over the Round Stone, an' th' moon is risin' behind th' Hill o' Delights, and the first white puffs of incense are risin' from th' whirlhole of th' river. I've come back for my pipes, an' I'm goin' out to play to th' little people — an' oh, shall old Piper Tim go without Moira?"

He spoke with a glowing fervor like the leaping up of a dying candle. From the inexorably kind woman who smiled so friendly on him, his heart recoiled and puffed itself out into darkness. She surveyed him with the wise, tender pity of a mother for a foolish, much-loved child. "Sure, 'tis th' same Piper Tim ye are!" she said cheerfully, laying down her

work, "But, Lord save ye, Timmy darlint, *Moira's grown up!* There's no need for my pretendin' to play any more, is there, when I've got proper childer o' my own to keep it up. *They* are my little people — an' I don't have to have a quiet place to fancy them up out o' nothin.' They're real! An' they're takin' my place all over again. There's one — the youngest girl,— the one that looks so like me as ye noticed — she's just such a one as I was. To-day only (she's seven to-morrow), she minded me of some old tales I had told her about the cruachan whistle for the sidhe on the seventh birthday, an' she'd been tryin' to make one, but I'd clean forgot how the criss-cross lines go. It made me think back on that evening when I was seven — maybe you've forgot, but you was sittin' on the Round Stone in th'——"

Timothy's sore heart rebelled at this last rifling of the shrine, and he made for the door. Moira's sweet solicitude held him for an instant in check. "Oh, Tim, ye'd best stay in an' warm your knee by the good fire. I've a pile of mendin' to do and you'll tell me all about your family in th' West and how you farmed there. It'll be real cozy-like."

Timothy uttered an outraged, inarticulate sound and snatching up his pipes fled out of the pleasant, low-ceilinged room, up the road, now white as chalk beneath the newly risen moon. At the Round Stone he sat down and putting his pipes to his lips he played resolutely through to the end, "The Song of Angus to the Stars." As the last, high, confident note died, he put his pipes down hastily, and dropped his face in his hands with a broken murmur of despairing, Gaelic lament.

When he looked abroad again, the valley was like a great opal, where the moon shot its rays into the transparent fog far below him. The road was white and the shadows black and one was no more devoid of mystery than the other.

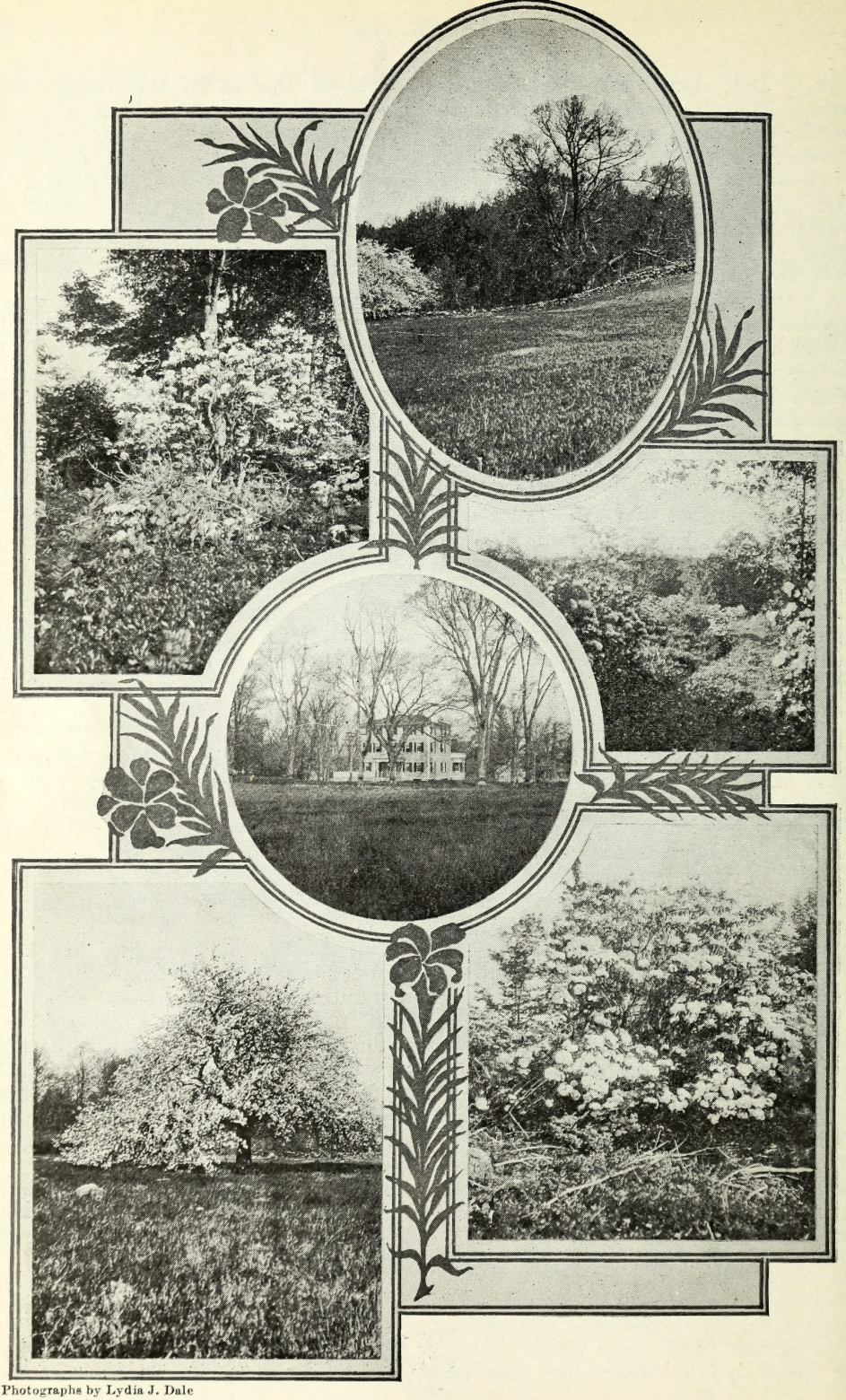
The sky for all its stars hung above the valley like an empty bowl above an empty vessel, and in his heart he felt no swelling possibilities to fill this void. To the haggard old eyes the face of the world was like a dead thing, which did not return his gaze even with hostility, but blankly — a smooth, thin mask which hid behind it nothing at all.

He was startled by the sudden appearance of a dog from out of the shadows, a shaggy collie who trotted briskly down the road, stopping to roll a friendly, inquiring eye on his bent figure. His eyes followed the animal until it vanished in the shadows on the other side. After the sound of its padding footsteps was still, the old man's heart died within him at the silence.

He tried vainly to exorcise this anguish by naming it. What was it? Why did he droop dully now that he was where he had so longed to be? Everything was as it had been, the valley, the clean white fog, tossing its waves up to him as he had dreamed of it in the arid days of Nebraska; the mountains closing in on him with the line of drooping peace he had never lost from before his eyes during the long dreary years of exile. Only he was changed. His face contracted into grotesque lines of remorse. "Oh, my! Oh, my!" he said aloud, like an anxious old child, "She couldn't ha' liked my tracking bog durt on to her clane kitchen floor!"

But as he sat brooding, his hand dropped heavily to the Round Stone and encountered a small object which he held up to view. It was a willow whistle of curious construction, with white lines criss-cross on it; and beside it lay a jackknife with a broken blade. The old man looked at it absently at first, then with a start and finally with a sudden rush of low and inarticulate exclamations.

And afterwards, quite tranquilly, with a shining face of peace, he played softly on his pipes, "The Call of the Sidhe to the Children."



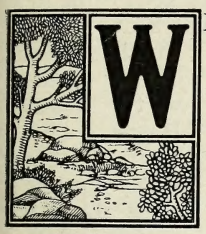
Photographs by Lydia J. Dale

BLOSSOM TIME

Blossom Time

By LYDIA J. DALE

With Photographs by the Author



WHAT a world of suggestion lies in the word blossom! All winter the stems of the willows by the side of the stream or the pond have held a remnant of last summer's brightness; they are a soft yellow, lighting up the landscape and prophesying of the future. By and by the maples in the distance are tinged with red, more and more vivid, till one day we find the small bright blossoms closely set on each slender twig. The bees have found them out; sit down beneath a tree some summer morning and hear their busy hum, or watch that fat yellow and black humble bee drink his full of the spicy sweetness, and then, alighting on the ground, walk leisurely over the dry leaves till he disappears, perhaps to sleep off the unwonted indulgence. Look at the catkins on the birches and alders, low drooping clusters of tiny flowers, almost indistinguishable without a glass, and yet so full of pollen that your fingers are dusted with gold if you touch them. The dry cones or fertile flowers of last year stand up stiff and straight on the alders, on the same branch as the pendulous catkins, and the outline of the two against the sky as you look up is as beautiful as any Japanese decoration. Soon the elms begin to show their flowers, less noticeable than the maples, but giving to the little twigs and drooping branches the misty, fuller outline, so inimitably graceful, and so typical of our New England. The trees have a soft buff tint, looking like dull gold against the sky where the west wind has blown it clear of clouds. Some of the maples are green in the flowering, one with hanging clusters like bunches of grapes, another with the little pale green flowers standing up straight. Soon the keys on delicate threads will be ready for the wind to carry them across the fields and scatter the seed abroad. The poplars come with another tone of color, gray-green yellow, diffusing a soft steady radiance, as of pale sunlight, in contrast with the evergreens against which they are often placed. Later the oaks, which have stood bare and apparently unmoved while their neighbors have been taking on brighter color and fuller outlines show the pale pink leaf tips, a miracle of delicacy and softness, and hanging beneath these are the long tassels of green. Another species is all in tints of copper, the little leaves a tender shade and the catkins deeper in hue. In the larger trees the sturdy trunk and picturesque gnarled branches are glorified by this charm of the baby leaves, still tightly wrinkled from their close wrappings. It is a fleeting picture, however, soon the leaves will unfold more fully and become a rich green, the indentations will grow more marked, some sharply and deeply cut, like the black and scarlet oaks, while the white oaks are more bluntly rounded, and the full glory of the thick, luxuriant foliage will cover the branches, affording shelter to the birds and squirrels, while the cattle gather in its shadow.

While the maples and elms and oaks are thus claiming their right to be called blossoming trees, let us see what is doing in the woods and fields. Come with me beneath the bare branches, where the ground is thick with last year's fallen leaves and the resinous pine needles, and if you are a novice you may taste the flavor of a new and fascinating experience. Push aside the withered leaves led by a delicious fragrance, and there is

a pink and white cluster which you know must be the Mayflower; follow up the twining, brown woody stem, and you find another and yet another bunch of the hidden sweetness. It may be because of its early appearance, almost the pioneer among the wild flowers, it may be from the surprise of its beauty among the dry brown leaves, but I think no one who has ever picked the Mayflower in its native woods can forget the delight of it.

Now in a moment, so it seems, come a host of other friends to whisper a greeting. Here is the shy hepatica, just peeping out from under its rough little gray coat, and showing the delicate blue petals like a star among last year's leaves. The new leaves come only when the flowers are gone.

There in a damp shady spot is the blood root, its petals so purely white that they almost throw out rays of light, the flowers, so dainty and highbred looking, in strange contrast with the rough, coarse leaves which appear as they are fading. Break the stem and you find the name is well given, for your fingers are stained with the orange juice.

"Stand under a blossoming tree and look up at one after another of the perfect sprays"

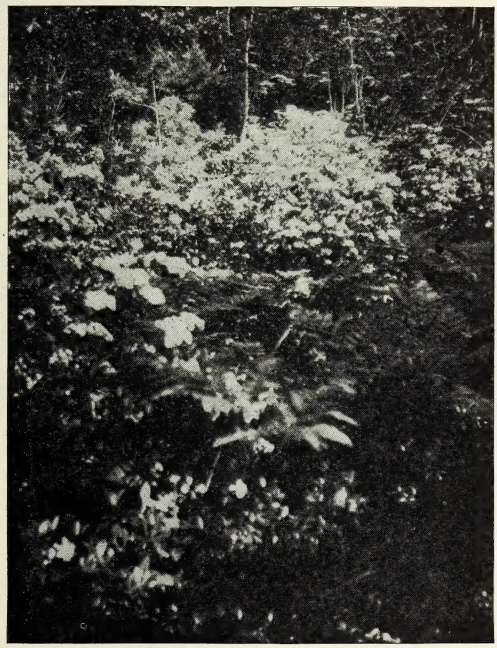
Across the meadow, looking like a belated patch of snow, is a great colony of housatonias, covering the ground for a long distance. It is worth a closer look, for the innocence or bluets, as it is sometimes called, is a pretty little flower of four bluish-white petals, borne on a slender, threadlike stalk. Sometimes the children find one with five petals, nearly as desirable as a four-leaved clover, and hailed with equal delight.

Another bit of color is where the swamp violets grow in great profusion, each long-stemmed flower arranged amid its green leaves as if ready to be picked, while in a damp corner are the sweet white violets, small and delicately pencilled with black. Here, too, where the water comes close about its roots, and the soil is black and rich, you will find the Jack-in-the-pulpit. See the inner side of the curious leaf which folds like a hood over the preacher within; it is beautifully striped with dark brown or chocolate, while the green spadix, looking like a pistil, is in reality a spike of tiny flowerets, clustered thickly together. A strange freak of nature and an interesting one, making the plant unlike its neighbors.

Farther down the meadow is a real bog, with only hummocks of grass for a foothold. Be careful as you step, or you will get a wetting in the black ooze, when you are lured on by great bunches of the gay cowslips, or marsh marigolds. If they were only uncommon, how much admiration would be excited by the brilliant golden flowers, among the dark green leaves, a sufficient decoration in

themselves, and requiring no further setting. How different flowers are in this respect, some need additional green to set off their beauty, while others, like cowslips or mountain laurel, are sufficiently adorned as they naturally grow.

Do you see that bed of striped, spotted leaves under the trees? Wait till the right moment comes and you will have a picture equal, in my opinion, to Wordsworth's daffodils. Perhaps not ten thousand, if that were anything but a poet's license, but a goodly array of graceful yellow blossoms, the long narrow petals, a soft brown when closed, but opening and turning back like a lily, as indeed it is, though rejoicing in the misnomer of dogtooth violet. Swaying on their slender stems they open in the sunlight like yellow butterflies, the bright faces looking up at you as if they had caught the cheer of the sunshine and morning freshness. I suppose all of us, who, as children, had the good fortune to live in the country, keep an especial fondness for the flowers we knew best then, and to me no blossom brings quite the delight of ever new discovery and possession as the dogtooth violet. Many a May Day did I start out long before breakfast, run through the wet grass on the lawn, down to the thicket so full of the wild flowers I loved, and, with a lurking fear that perhaps this year they had forgotten to come in season, push my way through the bushes and brambles to the open space I knew. No, they had not forgotten, there was the great bed of them, nodding and beckoning as they swayed to and fro in the soft breeze, lighting up the leafless branches around with their smiling golden faces, evidently awaiting to be gathered and carried home in a hot, eager little hand. Yes, I love the dogtooth violets.



"ANOTHER PEEP INTO NATURE'S PICTURE BOOK"

While we are still in the swampy places, let us look for the rhodora. There it is, covering the ground with the low bushes of pinkish purple; "spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook to please the desert and the sluggish brook." Never was a botanical description more exact and definite than Emerson's lines "To the Rhodora," with the added charm of a poet's touch. Whatever the sage's merits as a poet may be, he surely wrote a true poem when he described what was perhaps his favorite flower. Each word is well chosen and he paints the picture with a sure hand; we see it all again as we have seen it in reality, the purple flowers on the bare woody stem, no leaves as yet, standing just beside the spot where the slow little brook emerges from under fallen bogs and moves along between deep mossy banks, dark and still and clear. The petals flutter down when their day is over, and float tranquilly on the surface of the water, the color contrasting richly with the somber mirror. But you will do better to turn to Emerson himself and read the lines, with his addition of imagination and wise thought.

We must hasten if we are to follow the footsteps of spring, for she goes swiftly now, as the warmer days come. The cherry trees are covered with snowy blossoms, little caring whether they stand decorously in a yard or on the farm, with

"THE GREAT SPECTACLE OF THE APPLE BLOSSOMS"

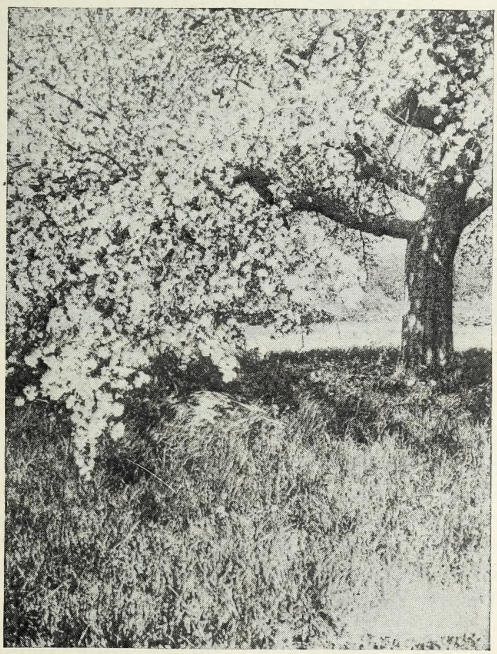
the thought of a later appearance in the market place, or whether they are wild cherry trees out in the woods, only ripening their fruit for the birds and the small boys. There the shadbush comes to join them, another marvel of white bloom, though less delicate in detail than the cherries. In another day or two the pear trees break forth into white flowers, but their leaves are farther advanced, and set off the snowy petals with a bright green background.

The great spectacle of the apple blossoms is yet to come, when all over New England spreads a wave of pink and white, deluging the fields and hills with color, and turning every gnarled trunk and twisted limb into a bower fit for a fairy princess. Such an endless variety of tint, from the pure white petals, fully open to the sunlight, to the pink buds, shut tightly as yet against the wooing of the south wind. Stand under a blossoming tree and look up at one after another of the perfect sprays; here all white and fully blown, there the sequence of bud and blossom, there the close little buds, deep red in color. The bleak hillsides where the orchards have been planted are now a billowy mass of soft color, here is a rosy flush, there a snowy whiteness, showing with double charm against the gray, weather-beaten roofs of house and farm buildings, or perhaps a luxuriant bough thrown across an old red barn. There are a couple of apple trees picturesquely grouped with some tall white pines in the pasture, the feathery dark green boughs making an excellent foil to the full rounded contours and delicate color. Turn where you will, the country is all lovely at this season, and you are kept busy with the calls for admiration on every side. The lilacs are just coming

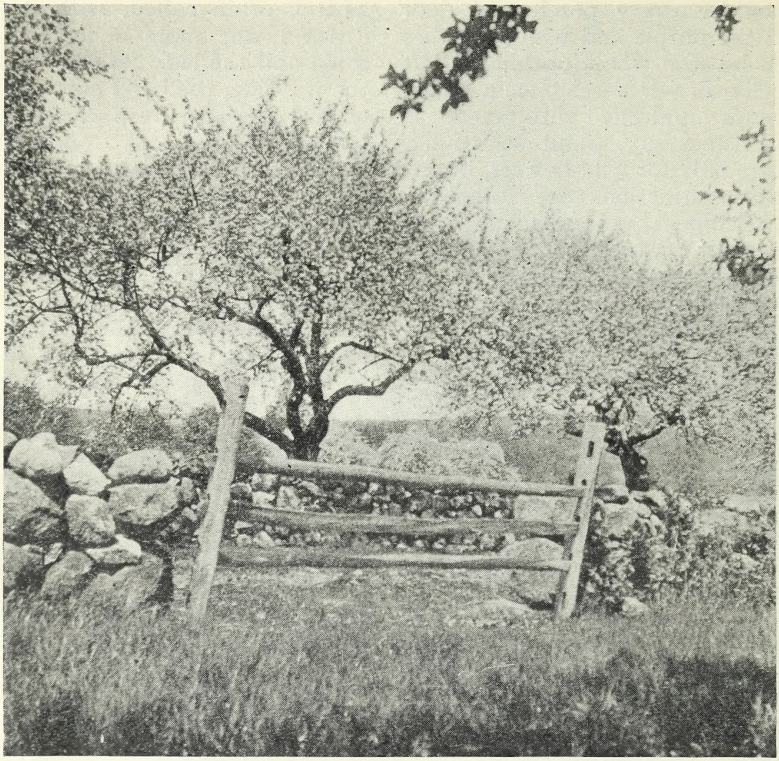
into bloom by every porch and door yard, and the purple and white bunches may often be seen where nothing is left but the cellar of what was once a home, now overgrown and filled with green.

We sometimes say, a bit scornfully, that we care only for wild flowers, but at this season distinctions are forgotten, and we welcome the shrubs and trees which owe their existence to man with as fresh a delight as the denizens of the woods and meadows, all are new, all are beautiful, all tell us the tale of the passing of winter.

See where the ferns are unrolling their green fronds, some curved like a shepherd's crook, reminding us of a bishop's crozier as we may have seen it on a stone in a cathedral cloister, others tightly folded and pushing their way straight above the brown earth. They are still wrapped in the soft wool which has kept them safe and warm all winter under the snow. Examine these three kinds of the Osmunda, so different in their mode of growth; the royal fern, or Regalis, with its leaves like a locust or ash, pale red on the tips, and spreading in luxuriant masses in the moist meadow lands; the cinnamon fern sending up its fertile frond with the brown spores, quite independent of the others, straight and dark like a stick of cinnamon, while the Osmunda interrupta justifies its name by an interruption of dark fruit half way up the stalk, the green above and below as if trying to resume its natural course. All the different varieties are bestirring themselves, the tall eagle fern, or brake as it is often called, with its threefold division, the more delicate ones, dicksonia and the lady fern in the hollow by the wayside, the baby curls just showing of the Christmas fern, above the bed of last year's evergreen fronds which have lasted all winter, prostrate on the ground, the great woolly heads of the ostrich fern standing tall and vigorous as they push their sturdy way through the earth. What a fresh delicate green they add to the roadside and along the streams or beneath the trees as they uncurl and show their graceful leaves. How lovely, too, is the coloring of the distant woods, where the restless young leaves of the gray birches, the deep red keys of the swamp maples, the gray green of the poplars, the pink tips of the oak twigs are painted in soft fresh tints against the pines and hemlocks. The elms in the village street, arching gracefully overhead, so feathery and delicate in the new foliage, or standing by twos and threes beside the farmhouse or in the meadow, warrant the praises lavished on their slender shape and flowing lines like an antique vase. Examine a single elm leaf and you will marvel at the exquisite workmanship, so finished and so perfect and yet no two precisely alike, and then remember what myriads of such leaves are unfolding on every tree, till you realize a tiny fraction of the beauty of this earth we live on. We pass it by, almost without a glance, unless it be specially brought to our notice; it requires study to appreciate how full are the pages of the book for those who will read even a little.



"THE BLEAK HILLSIDES ARE NOW A BILLOWY MASS OF SOFT COLOR"



"When all over New England spreads a wave of pink and white"

Again we find fresh charm, though it be only in a country lane. Now it is the wild strawberry blossom nestles white close on the brown earth, the dainty grace of the wild geranium on its slender stalk, a delicate pink cup against the green, now the pale straw-colored bells of the woularia or bell-wort, drooping beneath the leaflets, or a long stalk with the separate little white flowers hanging in a row on the underside beneath the primate leaves. This is the Solomon seal, so called from the round impressions like a seal on the root stock.

There is a bed of shining green leaves at the foot of some tall pines, it is a trifle early yet, but you will find here and there a small spike of white flowerets with a delicate, sweet odor. It is the wild lily of the valley, or false Solomon seal, and later the whole bed will be full of the white clusters, set each between its two glossy green leaves.

Near it grows the deep pink polygala, with its fringed lip, reminding us of an orchid, though really no relation. It is one of the prettiest of the wood flowers, and with its own leaves, slightly bronze on the fresh tips, and in company with the Solomon seal, ready to be gathered into a charming bunch of posies.

Under the trees, among the ferns, is a clump of anemones, with their delicately tinted cups swinging lightly on the threadlike stem. Their old name of wind flower was wisely bestowed, for the bells seem ringing as the gentlest breeze passes over them. Close beside these last grows the still more graceful and delicate star anemone, the pointed white petals and slender golden stamens wide open to the light, a veritable star flower, and still again the trientalis, with its leaves in whorls of three around the stem, and at the top the white flower much like its neighbor, the star anemone.

Farther on, where a hidden little rill keeps the ferns and grasses fresh and

green, you may find the fairy tiarella. A cone of misty white, looking like spray dashed up and caught into shape, well justifies its pretty name of foam flower, as it rises so lightly above the green leaves.

Here in the wood, among the ferns and woularia, are the rarer yellow violets, shy and modest, while beneath the pines the ground again is purple with the wood-violet or birds'-foot violet, Viola pedata, quite different from its cousins. It is more like a pansy, with the yellow center and purple or lavender petals, for it is found in all shades. Near it you are sure to see the low blueberry, the white waxen blossoms hanging to the stem, like a baby's little close hood, and here is a colony of pink lady's slipper, the two green leaves close to the ground and the stalk bearing the striped pink purse, with the three very sharp sepals at its base. Few flowers are prettier or more noticeable than the lady's slipper, rising so straight and so daintily above the ground, with the quaint pink blossom drooping from the end of the stem.

Here we find some trilliums, the triple leaves overshadowing the three petalled flower, sometimes pure white, sometimes delicately painted with soft pink, or again the large purple trillium, so-called, though the color more resembles mahogany or dark red leather.

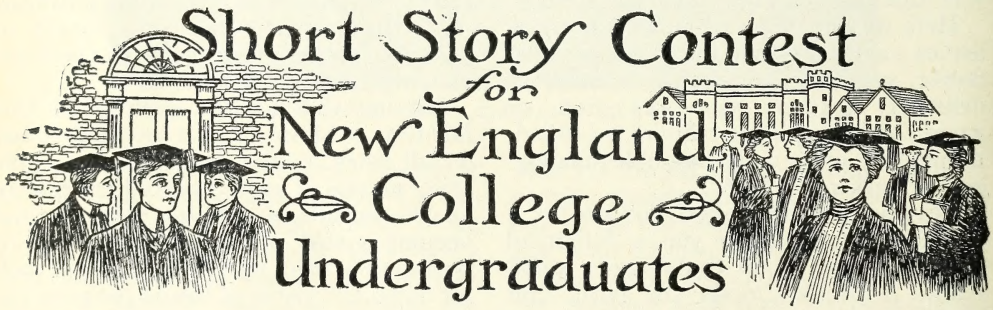
Leaving the individual flowers for a moment, let me show you a delightful little nook we found to-day on a wood road. A brook crosses the path, and sitting on the broad stone of the causeway under the shade, we listened to the cheery babble of the water as it rippled past, gurgling round the trunk and outstretching root of a tall elm in its current. Bright green mosses grow on the bark where the water rises and falls in its rhythmic flow, fresh ferns and grasses, bushes clothed anew in tender green leaves and overarching shrubs cover the bank, while strawberry blossoms, the low solomon seal and fringed polygala give it color and brightness. The clear brown water runs swiftly by, over a bar of shining gravel, brought down perhaps by the stream itself and stayed by the tree barrier, flecks of sunlight fall on its surface and are broken into dimples as it hurries on. On the side where the long root, as large as a branch, extends to the shore, for the tree is in the middle of the stream, the water flows less easily and is combed into fine lines by a twig which caught and held it as it passed. Beyond the brook winds in abrupt curves around some alders and birches, and on one side stretches the meadow, rich with grass and clover tops. A simple picture, but one to bring rest and refreshment to many a tired soul, even if it could be seen only through other eyes.

Elsewhere is another peep into nature's picture book. A streamlet of clear bright water running silently through the field, almost hidden among the tall grass. As it comes out beneath a spreading maple, the ground is blue with long stemmed violets, set each among its own green leaves, and just beyond the water runs over a bank several feet high, falling with a musical plash into a semicircular natural basin lined with stones. It is clear as crystal, the surface broken with the constant fall into facets of light, the stones brown beneath the overhanging bank.

Driving through the country in this fair time of blossoms, you are surrounded on all sides by the armies of the apple tree; masses of white grouped irregularly on the hillside, a solitary pink sentinel keeping guard near the house, here a battalion in rank and file where you look far down the vistas of bloom between the straight rows, there a picturesque old veteran leaning over the stone wall; everywhere apple blossoms, apple blossoms, pink and white, all alike in the dainty coloring and yet each one different from its neighbor. The air is full of fragrance, but in another day the wind will scatter the petals falling like a soft shower and spreading a snowy carpet beneath every tree. Playtime will be over, and the serious business of perfecting the fruit must be taken in hand.

When you can spare a look from the beauty of flowers, turn to the spring freshness of the leaves, soon to be the chief feature of the landscape. See the young birches, exquisitely green and delicate in their light tracery, the elms still

feathery in outline, not yet rounded out to their matronly fulness, the oaks and beeches, always slow to prepare for summer, but with a hint of soft color, hazy and delicate, on the tips of the branches, the swamp maples, with the keys hanging so thick on the twigs that you can easily deceive yourself and think it autumn, as you catch sight of the vivid red. All these stand on the slope of a hill against a forest of pines, the differing shades and tones of green relieved by the touches of pink and red, and a sense of lightness and delicacy in the foliage, to be lost when the leaves have attained their full size and luxuriance. The ashes and nut trees are still slower in their awakening, "delaying as the tender ash delays," as Tennyson sings, but by the stream stand the willows, no longer a gleam of yellow in the landscape, but thick and full and verdant. Across the bright green meadow, where the cowslips and housatonias show the moist ground, a farmhouse stands on the slope beyond, on either side is a tall elm tree with its graceful outward curve overshadowing the house and barn, behind are some Lombardy poplars. They always retain their foreign air, though many generations away from their sunny native land, and seem never to have been naturalized as American citizens. Red maples are in the dooryard, adding their share of color to the picture, and over the whole scene floods the spring sunshine beneath the blue arch of the sky, where some fleecy white clouds are moving slowly across. You may see picture after picture like this, the old farmhouses supplying the human element which we need now and again among the stretches of woodland, where only the trees keep one another company.



Last June we announced a Short Story Prize Contest for the undergraduates of New England's colleges, and a series of articles on the opportunities and compensations of literary work. The articles, as they appeared, were, "Doing and Writing," by Dr. Edward Everett Hale, in July; "Present Day Opportunities in Literature," by John O'Hara Cosgrave, editor of Everybody's Magazine, in September; "First Steps in Literature," by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, in October — three as notable contributions as have recently been made to the subject.

It gives us great pleasure to announce the winners of the contest as follows:

First prize, One Hundred Dollars, Vernon Radcliffe, Amherst College, Class of 1911, *"Marcet's Race."*

Second prize, Fifty Dollars, Gladys E. Holden, Radcliffe College, Class of 1909, *"The Postlude."*

Third prize, Twenty-five Dollars, Arthur W. Peach, Middlebury College, Class of 1909, *"The Light on the Hill."*

Fourth prize, Twenty-five Dollars, Ruth Sapinsky, Wellesley College, Class of 1910, *"The Third Postal."*

The story winning third prize appears on the following pages. The first and second appeared in the February number and the fourth in March.

The Light on the Hill

By ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH, *Class of 1909, Middlebury College*

THE first night that Doctor McLinn noticed the light was shortly after his arrival in the small, quaint old village where he was to spend his vacation. A few miles below the village a lake nestles among the hills; around it runs a narrow, winding path, which the doctor soon found exactly fitted for his evening stroll. Across the lake a hill rose gently, covered thickly with brush and small pine; and here he saw the light.

The stars were out that night, but the moon was not yet risen to fullness. He had paused on the edge of the lake path to watch the play of the light wind over its surface, when he saw the strange light, clear and brilliant, leave the dark pines at the foot of the hill, and gradually ascend. There appeared to be nothing to support it, it seemed to hang suspended in the air. It passed steadily up to the crest of the hill, turned down, and disappeared in the dark woods of the opposite side.

Despite the doctor's commonsense, which told him to disregard it as anything unnatural, there was something unusual about the appearance of the light that affected him; it may have been the stillness of the night, the dark shadows of hill and wood, the calm, brooding presence of nature — that strange intangible force that takes hold of men and convinces them of the existence of Something behind the mere mundane, even where logic and science fail.

Long after the disappearance of the light, the doctor watched for it, completely mystified. As he walked back to his stopping place, various theories were formulated in his mind, but he rejected them all; it could hardly have been a moving star, seeming to be near through some action of the air; nor a lantern, for it moved far above a man's reach; and no insect life could give a light so large and brilliant.

He mentioned it to his landlady; she looked at him a little suspiciously, and said she had never heard of any such thing, nor did she have the faintest idea what it could be. The doctor was satisfied to question her no more, for he saw that she had some faint doubt as to his sobriety on the night he saw the light.

The next day he visited the hill, but found nothing to enlighten him. Cow-paths, running here and there among the low brush pine, made it easy for him to wander over the hill, but search as he would he found nothing to explain the mystery of the light. He decided to wait until evening, and come again.

Twilight came down, cool and gray and quiet, and the doctor started once more for his stroll on the lake path, more than half convinced that he had made a mistake, and what he had seen had been simply some hallucination of his brain. He walked along, quietly smoking, until, when near the spot he had been the night before, he suddenly stopped, with a low gasp of astonishment. Clear and pendent as a bit of molten metal, the light came from the dark woods, slowly it climbed the crest of the hill; unwavering and steady as a distant star on its journey of ages, the light passed, and faded once more in the gloom of the lower woods.

Silent with the wonder of it, he turned homeward; the determination settling in his mind to fathom its meaning the next night for good and all. In Doctor McLinn there was just enough Scotch blood to be easily aroused by anything hinting of the supernatural, and the strange light had fired his inherited superstition to a high point. So the following evening found him carefully picking his way through the dark to the crest of the hill.

There he fixed himself as nearly as possible where he figured the light would pass, if light it really were, and not some

hallucination. The time drew on and nothing appeared; he peered over the tops of the brush pine about him, and suddenly shrank back. Far down among the verge of dark pines that bordered the base of the hill like tall black sentinels, the light was coming in its steady, unwavering way. With a tremor of many mixed sensations, he waited. On it came; then he heard the whisper of leaves brushing something, and made out the soft sound of footfalls. He drew the branches apart in front of him, and almost spoke aloud — it was the figure of an old, bent, white-headed man, carrying a long and very slim pole that reached three times his own height far above the pine brush; on the end of the pole hung the light.

Fascinated by the strangeness and deeper mystery of it all, McLinn watched on through the brush. The old man came on up one of the well-worn cowpaths, walking carefully, holding steadily the light above him; his face was upturned to it, and the light touched his withered features with a soft halo that threw over them a strange, unworldly beauty. Slowly, cautiously, he went by, down the hill into the woods, leaving behind, in his dark hiding place, a much mystified and wondering doctor.

From his landlady he gathered the meager information that an old man and a boy lived alone on the farther side of the hill. "Yes, I should say so," she answered the doctor's question; "he certainly is in his right mind — he sells me eggs and butter!"

That day the old man called, and the doctor, in his kindly way, attempted to make friends with him; but the old man's mind seemed to be elsewhere, though perfectly sane and reasonable; and what impressed the doctor was the haunting look of sadness in his old, faded eyes.

In the evening the doctor, dressed in dark garments and light shoes, when the old man had passed, followed him skilfully and cautiously. At the foot of the hill he saw him put the light out, secrete the lantern and pole, and shuffle off along the old country road. After a while the old man turned up toward a low, rambling, cabin-like structure. Doctor McLinn stopped. Clear and high in joyous, boyish treble, filled with a little note of plaintive sweetness, and rising in swift crescendo, came the words:

"Gramper! I see it! Gramper! I see it! I see it!"

He saw the old man stumble up the path, and heard the voices mingle in excited conversation. Once more, with wonder in his heart, and the boy's glad cry echoing in his ears, McLinn went silently homeward.

In the morning he accosted the postmaster of the village, who was the general information bureau on all subjects.

"Sure, Doctor! that's old man Burns and his daughter's kid — thinks the world of it, too; but the little shaver, so Doc Allen says, is dying of an incurable disease — mighty pitiful."

"Doc" Allen was glad to give his distinguished visitor the full facts of the case, for he, too, was gifted with that most precious thing on earth — a sympathizing heart; and after hearing the country doctor's statement, McLinn, great surgeon and specialist as he was, knew that the case was hopeless.

But the mystery of the light was not solved, and Doctor McLinn's Scotch perseverance again drove him out at nightfall. He took the road straight to the old man's home. As he went up the path he saw a white face peer out at the window; crossing the old slanting porch, he knocked at the door. From inside a clear boyish treble piped in answer.

The doctor entered, and after the first greetings were over he asked for the old man, but learned that every night about that time he went up town to do some work.

They were soon chatting like old friends. The doctor's big, kindly heart, full of a wide human sympathy, that years of professional work had only served to ripen, went out to the little deformed body, huddled among the blankets, to the white, pallid little face, with its great, wistful, unresting eyes, that had seen so little of God's great and beautiful out of doors. But what held the doctor's attention was the way the little fellow kept staring out of the window

to the hill that loomed far over the few miles of intervening wood.

Softly, coming like far-off music through the still mountain air, they heard the old village bell striking the hour of eight. The little lad's face was tense and white, his eyes riveted to the distant hill, his hands clasped closely. He whispered to himself many times.

The surgeon, seeing himself forgotten, watched him in silence — the rapt face, the tense attitude told him that some great thing hung on the appearance of the light. Gently, he crept over beside the boy on the old couch, and both faces looked to the distant hill — the strong, kindly face of the great surgeon, the white, shrunken face of the cripple.

Suddenly he saw a light, flash, quiver, and burn steadily.

"There! see it? see it?" the boy whispered excitedly, one trembling hand seizing the doctor's arm. "See it?" Then he added, softly, his face enraptured, his eyes on the distant light. "A angel carries that, gramper tol' me — an' he knows! It's God tellin' ——"

He paused sharply, his lips parted, and watched with rapt attention the light sink and disappear in the dark woods. He waited long, then turned with a low sigh of utter happiness. "That's the angel's light," he said, simply.

"The angel's light?" the doctor queried.

"Yes, the angel's light. You see, Doctor Allen told gramper I would live only a little while, and I heard him; an' I was afraid. They tol' me when I went to Sunday school that I wouldn't go to heaven 'cause I didn't have a father, only a mother — gramper was awful mad when he heard it — an' he took me out — he said it warn't true. But when I heard the doctor say that, I was afraid to die — oh! awful afraid! I tol' gramper, but he couldn't help me — you see, he never went to Sunday school; but that night I prayed that God would tell me if I would go to heaven when I died. An' I tol' gramper what I had prayed, an' he asked me how I thought God would tell me; an' I tol' him I didn't know, but He'd do it. I love to lie here and watch the stars come out above the hill; they're good to me, they twinkle and wink at me so funny — I got names for some. You can see them — oh, so far away! An' gramper said we'd pray to have a angel carry a light to the hill; an' the next night" — the voice dropped to a low, awestruck whisper — "the light came. An' I know it's God's angel brings it; an' I can go to heaven. Do you know how angels come down from heaven?"

The plaintive, trusting voice had run on, full of its simple, unquestioning belief and sincerity, and the doctor's big heart was wrung. The mystery was over — but the tears were in his eyes, and his will fought valiantly before he could conquer his voice to answer the boy's question. From the answer, he ran on to speak of Christ, and His calling the little children to Him; and the cramped little figure never stirred as he went on. The doctor felt a new and strange eloquence come upon him in the darkened quiet of the little room, an eloquence that springs deep from the lasting sources of a big soul. And he told the beautiful things of the Bible to the little fellow's unbroken attention and eager ears.

In the midst of it they heard shuffling footsteps, and the door opened. The startled figure of an old man paused in the doorway, half fearfully.

"Gramper, it came to-night! we saw it — oh, he's been tellin' me the beautifullest things!" was the greeting the boy gave him.

The doctor introduced himself as McLinn, and shook hands with the old man. They chatted together for a moment, but the surgeon could see that the old man was ill at ease, and he soon excused himself. He turned and called the old man out to the road, a sudden decision setting in his mind.

"Mr. Burns, I am Doctor McLinn, head of the great city hospital, and if I can do anything for that little lad of yours I would be glad to. There may be something that can be done."

The old man looked up into his face with the same look the thief must have given Christ on the cross when He promised him a place in Paradise.

"You can?" he whispered; and he

seemed to straighten, and then suddenly sagged. "The boy's mother is dead—his father — I hain't got the money ——" McLinn put his hand on the old man's shoulder, and his voice was a little stern.

"Did I say anything about money? I must see the boy; his may be a hopeless case. I'll come down to-morrow."

He left the old man standing in the path, his tattered hat off, and a great and wonderful light showing on his wrinkled, sunken face. And Doctor McLinn, as he swung homeward, thinking over what he had seen and heard, the old man's love, the boy's belief in "the angel's light promising him a place in heaven," found himself swearing savagely now and then at nothing in particular.

The next day came the examination. The boy watched him with eyes so full of hope that the surgeon hardly found the courage to look into his face. The old man kneeled beside the couch, his faded eyes burning with the wonder light of love, his hands clenched until the cords and knuckles stood out white as ivory. When the deformed, wasted body was back among the blankets, the doctor walked down to the gate with the old man, whose eyes did not leave the surgeon's face. Finally, McLinn stopped.

"Burns, there's a bare chance in a thousand that an operation can save him; that chance I will take if you wish. The lad will die soon anyway, and it's simply a question whether you want to take the risk of losing him, now that he may get well, or to keep him surely for a little while."

He looked down at the quiet bent figure at his side, and he knew that the battle was on in the old man's soul; his longing to keep the boy with him, battling with his hope that he might be saved. The doctor waited in patient silence, and after a little the old man whispered, "Doctor, I guess I kin — let him go — if he'll — if he'll — get well."

The days in the hospital, while they were preparing him for the operation, were days of revelation. The great surgeon, McLinn, who seldom was seen in the common ward, came often to the cot of the little cripple. Uncomplainingly, the little fellow had let them handle him, crying out only when physical anguish was too much for his childish will; racked with pain, still he lay silent, his great, dark eyes drinking in the new, strange world about him.

Each day from the far off country village came a laboriously scribbled note from "Gramper," written on scraps of paper, soiled and worn, telling how the calf was getting on, the chickens and the other things the little lad loved. Those letters were the most precious things to him. He could not read them himself, so the nurses read them to him; in return for their kindness he told them of his home, of "Gramper," and the light on the hill, and he always wondered why they turned away when he told them of the angel's light, and their eyes seemed teary, when he thought it was the finest thing ever. But he did not know how near he lay to the heaven the angel's light had promised he should enter.

Then came the operation. Outside of the cold, white, surgical room, an old man sat in a sagging heap, as if in a stupor, his eyes fastened on the door behind which all he loved on earth might come to speak to him once more or never.

It was a long battle; long after the operation was over, and McLinn himself had informed the old man that the boy might live, the fight went on. Finally, the old man, gaunt, weary, and stooped, was told he might see his boy.

With his old faded slouch hat in his hand, he shuffled down the aisles of cots, a great soul hunger staring in his eyes. Suddenly, his knees seemed to break into a half plunge, half fall, and his broken, body tottered to a cot, and his arms went out to a little fellow, that held trembling eager arms out to him.

McLinn stood by a moment and turned away, pulling his moustache fiercely. Distinctly he heard the thrilling whisper: "Gramper, I'm goin' to live — an' walk, an'—— "

On the boyish treble ran; the old man's face was transfigured, and McLinn thought, as he stood there and listened, that if it were given to human lives to lay hold on heaven, the old man and his boy had found it there.

GLEN NOBLE*

By WINSLOW HALL

CHAPTER XIV

WHAT this unlooked-for delay in arriving at a decision portended none could fathom. The charge of the judge had been explicit and the testimony wholly convincing. It had seemed to the spectators that only for appearance's sake had it been necessary for the jury to retire, and no considerable delay in deciding upon a verdict for acquittal had been looked for. To the lay mind this new turn of affairs was inexplicable and excitement was intense, as the door was partially opened and a written request was handed through the aperture.

As the judge perused the writing his brows lowered, and then for a minute his pen scratched with a suggestive vigor as he penned a sealed reply of instruction. When this was handed in a lull of suspense followed the click of the bolt on the door, and the attorneys both for the defense and the state busied themselves with a feigned interest in the law books before them.

Presently another summons sounded on the pine panel of the door, and another communication was handed to the judge, who read it and then directed that the jury be permitted to enter. As the twelve men filed in the audience rose, and only a stern rebuke of the judge prevented a disruption of order. When the jury was seated, the foreman, at direction of the judge, stood up and announced that a disagreement had resulted.

This announcement was greeted with silence. Upon the faces of the most of those present blank amazement was depicted, while others flushed hotly and a murmur of disapprobation was with difficulty hushed by the sharp voice of the bailiff. Over the features of the prisoner a look of dismay slowly settled, and the major slammed a book and looked down the line of jurymen with an expression vindictive enough to have consumed them.

Presently the judge broke the painful silence. His voice was judiciously calm, yet a ring of annoyance was evident in it. He inquired if the difference was a question of law and was told it was not, but purely a difference of opinion. He then asked if it was one of detail, or final decision, and was informed that the division was on the verdict itself, and the foreman said he thought that agreement was impossible.

Then the judge sternly addressed the jury and told them of the vital necessity for agreement. He advised them anew how the testimony should be approached and of the manner in which they must view it. He counseled them against permitting individual opinion to intervene to a just conception of the worth of the testimony, and warned them of the solemnity of their position. He pointed out to their notice the expense to the county of the trial, none the less their lawful and moral obligations to strive for an agreement. He reviewed the testimony in its essential phases, and cautioned each individual of the jury against holding out unduly against the preponderate opinion of the majority.

Either guilt had been proven or it had not. There could be no equivocal decision. If guilty, the prisoner must suffer the penalty; if guiltless, then he must be so declared absolutely.

After making it plain to them that he would hold them strictly to their sworn obligation and deny them their dinner and all creature comforts until a verdict

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had been arrived at, or until all hope for agreement had been dispelled, the judge sent the dejected jurymen back to the cheerless retiring room and reposted the old bailiff guard over the door.

It was just ten o'clock when again there sounded a loud knocking on the door of the room in which the jury was confined, and a communication was sent to the judge. "They've agreed," sped from tongue to tongue, and as the judge once again mounted the bench and the jury filed in there was a donning of mufflers and a furtive scuffling on of galoshes, in anticipation of a speedy pronouncement of the verdict and conclusion of the trial.

Many of the audience remained standing, as the clerk put the question, "Gentlemen of the jury, what is your finding?" impatient to be first at the door and off, for many had miles of unbroken roads before them.

Wearily the foreman stood up and his voice was tremulous with emotion. "We are no nearer an agreement now than we ever was," he said, "and I don't believe if we was kept there the rest of our lives we'd come to an understanding."

The audience was too stupefied with surprise to give any expression to its amazement, and for a time there was perfect silence in the court room. Then the major sprung to his feet.

"I request a poll of the jury," he exclaimed, his voice sharp with uncontrolled indignation, and the judge gave direction that the request of the counsel be complied with.

Slowly mufflers were unwound and great ulsters thrown open, and those of the audience who had remained standing were seated. The old clerk fumbled awkwardly with the papers before him, but finally found the one he was in search of, and stood up, the jurymen also rising.

"Justin Adams?" shrilled the nasal voice of the clerk. "What is your finding?"

"Not guilty," replied the foreman in a voice that startled the bailiff.

"Duncan Ahern?" continued the clerk.

"Not guilty," came the answer of the descendant of the Granite State hero, with an emphasis that rang in the room's furtherest corner.

"Nathan Brown?" monotonously called the official.

"Not guilty," responded the old farmer, and he looked at Glen and smiled.

"Harvey Brown?" inquired the shrill voice.

"Not guilty," replied the local watchmaker.

"Thomas Clark?" continued the clerk.

"Not guilty," rang the convincing opinion.

"Alexander Drake?" called the voice of the recorder.

"Not guilty."

"James Dunbar?"

"Not guilty."

"Charles Fletcher?"

"Not guilty."

"John Salsbury?"

"Not guilty."

"Thomas Thurber?"

"Not guilty."

The old clerk hesitated. His memory harked back to the empaneling of the jury, and he delved in his mind for the correct pronunciation.

"Sarkosis Tchobijan?"

There was an instant of silence, and then the twelfth juror, without raising his chin from his bosom, said something. What it was was wholly unintelligible.

The old clerk looked up, inquiringly, and then, raising his voice another pitch higher, repeated, "Sarkosis Tchobjian, what say you?"

The banjo clock on the wall by the window ticked loudly, and the faculties of all present were keyed to the highest pitch of expectancy. Suddenly the man upon whom their attention was riveted stood upright and glared with the ferocity of a beast at his questioner.

"Guilty!" he shouted.

CHAPTER XV

THE morning succeeding the day of the trial, and the end of the great March storm of 188–, dawned gloriously golden. Its keen, transpricous air saluted one's cheeks with the pure piquancy of a stolen kiss. With the clear-cut nakedness of a cameo the world lay tranquil, mute, after its

riot of the night, and the pines on the dazzling crests stood defined against the niveous further heights, as intense as though an engraver's tool had just cleft their serried ranks.

Despite the sun, the temperature held keen until noon, when, for an hour, or slightly more, the eaves dripped slowly. The craunch of footsteps on the trodden snow rang clear, and now and then, as a sled was drawn slowly by with its load of wood, the runners screeched vibrant intelligence of the cold.

Throughout the forenoon Glen sat indifferent to his surroundings in the corridor of the cellroom, now and then disturbed from his reverie by a well-meaning individual, who would stumble in, blowing like a porpoise, big, figured mittens held to tingling ears, and a burst of good-fellowship on faltering tongue.

Under the status of the case the prisoner could not be dismissed, but conviction, the state's attorney freely admitted, was likewise impossible. He informed the judge that the state would not again attempt to try the case on the present indictment, and suggested that a new charge be preferred, on a lesser count, which would permit of the acceptance of the bail.

This suggestion the major was loth to accede to. His client was guiltless, and anything short of complete acquittal would leave him with a stigma, never, perhaps, to be wholly erased. The disagreement, however, of the jury, and the refusal of the state to retry the case, placed the attorney for the defendant in a trying predicament, and he could see no way out but by acquiescence to the proposition for compromise.

So, finally, he consented, and Glen was formally admitted to bail, being liberated in the custody of his counsel until the major had arranged the details of the nominal surety which was required.

"Well, youngster?" remarked Glen's old friend and legal adviser, after the formalities had been concluded, "what now?"

"Well," replied Glen, with a forced expression of cheerfulness, "I suppose I'm free, for the time being, to come and go so long as I appear when required, and do not leave the country.

"Jes — so," assented the old lawyer.

"'free as Nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran,"

he quoted, in endeavor to dispel the gloom which he saw was settled upon the young man. But the despair which submerged Glen's being could not be so dissipated.

"Then I'm going," said he.

"Going where?" inquired the lawyer, and his features resumed their wonted gravity.

"To the big city," the young man replied.

The major drummed thoughtfully with both sets of his stubby fingers upon the arms of his tipped-back, swivel chair.

"Think you're needed there?" he asked, briefly, after a time.

"Well, I'm not needed here," replied Glen, almost rudely, and his chin sank upon his bosom.

"So?" commented the old lawyer, thoughtfully, as he rubbed the fingers of his left hand, to and fro, slowly, across his chin.

"So-o?" he said again, finally, this time more drawn out, and less to Glen than to himself.

There was a long pause, during which the dusky office was silent. The old-fashioned, tall clock ticked solemnly.

The major was first to break the silence.

"We were seated in this very office," he began abruptly, in a reminiscent tone. "Old Judge Palmer occupied it then, and I had just been admitted to the bar. Nat. Dunnell, the bookseller, your father, and I were here together."

Glen glanced up, surprised at the far drift of the conversation from the bent of their previous discussion. The lawyer closed his eyes, dreamily, and continued, "Any one who is old enough to hark back in memory to the ninth day of January, eighteen sixty-one, knows what thoughts then reigned in the hearts of thinking men.

"The country was in a curious and alarming condition. South Carolina had already passed an ordinance of secession, and other states were preparing to follow her lead. Indeed, the night of that same

day, I remember, we heard that Mississippi had also gone out. Forts all along down the southern coast were being seized by the state authorities. Floyd had just resigned as Secretary of War, and the day before Thompson had retired as Secretary of the Interior.

"Your father had come into town with a load of produce, and, as was not unusual, had dropped in here for a chat. We three had been discussing, for an hour or more, the drift of affairs, when I heard the old judge heavily ascending the stairs. His hand fumbled nervously with the knob, and when the door was opened I saw that he was unusually pale.

"He crossed the room in silence, unwinding a great, gray tippet which, owing to a throat affection, he habitually wore, and after placing it within his tall hat, which sat, inverted, on the top of that old secretary there, he said, his voice trembling, 'They've fired on the Star of the West.'

"At once, of course, we were all deeply interested, and although the judge was much excited by the intelligence, which he had just received hot from the wire down at the post office, he calmed his voice and told us more completely of the momentous act.

"For a time thereafter we all sat silent, busied with our several thoughts of the startling occurrences. I could see that your father was deeply moved by the news, and finally he rose, pulled on his gloves, his face looking very grave. 'This,' said he, with calm seriousness, 'means war, and I'm going home to put my affairs in condition that I may respond to the call to arms, which is sure to come with the inauguration of Lincoln.'

"'But can you afford to go if it should come to actual war?' asked Nat. 'Think of your wife and child.'

"Your father turned on the old bookseller with flame in his eyes. 'No man can afford not to respond when his country is in danger,' he replied, striking the table with his clenched fist. 'My wife would disown our relationship if I was coward enough to put personal desires before our country's needs in a time like this, and as for my son, rather would I see him in his grave to-day than have him grow to maturity and not be equally willing to renounce his own interests for the welfare of his country.'"

The major paused, and Glen looked with evident surprise at this seemingly foreign retrospection which the attorney, with marked seriousness, had injected into their conversation.

"And," continued the major, very slowly and distinctly, "that sacrifice, I grieve to say, is precisely what that very son seems to-day upon the point of refusing to make."

The young man started forward in his seat, his hand gripping the arms of his chair, and a red flush overspread his features. He gazed full at the major, but the old soldier's calm scrutiny was too penetrating for even the righteous indignation of Glen, and the young man's gaze faltered, and he looked away.

"What do you mean?" he inquired huskily.

"I mean this, Glen," replied the major, dropping both feet to the floor and resting an elbow on the desk, bending forward in an attitude of deep earnestness, which the calm sternness of his voice substantiated. "I mean that our country is in danger. Not from war with sword and bayonet, but from war more subtly, but none the less viciously, waged.

"Were it war of the sword; if to-night, off our rock-ribbed coast, an enemy's fleet lurked darkly, waiting for opportunity to land an invading army, these dear old hills would tremble with the homecoming of New England's loyal sons. From office, shop, and factory, from Dixie and the West, from hill and plain, her native-born would pour invincible. The same spirit of patriotic fervor which actuated us, who were the youth of the land in sixty-one, would fill the souls of the young men of the present day. But there is no drum loud calling, no fanfare of the bugle's voice, and the moonlight glints no signal warning from the steel of hilt or prow that an enemy is at hand. And yet, despite the absence of these usual sounds and signs of armed conflict an enemy has his heel upon our sacred soil and slowly, persistently, the conquest is going on.

"Glen," the gray-haired man continued, earnestly, "New England needed more the brawn and brains of her loyal sons than she does to-day, and yet, in the gravest crisis of her whole existence, they are deserting her. Look here," he said, and proceeded to take down from a shelf above the desk at which he sat a volume of the county tax book, and a folded paper which bore the title, 'List of Persons of the Town of Ludlow qualified to Vote.'"

Following the lead of one stubby forefinger, the major ran his gaze down the printed list, reading the names of the qualified electors. Much of it sounded like an immigration official calling off the steerage list of some monster trans-Atlantic steamship. Then he turned once more to the young man before him.

"What does it avail if we lose our country by sword or by ballot?" he inquired.

"Sophists tell us," he continued, "there is nothing to fear in this deluge of immigration and this absorption of the ownership of the soil by an alien race. They say we are big enough and strong enough to assimilate them all, and still preserve the purity of our ideals. Their confidence does credit to their equanimity, but not to their perspicacity of events.

"Co-incident with the enormous increase in the volume of immigration, our native birthrate steadily decreases, so that the ability of the country to assimilate this alien horde and convert it, naturally, into channels compatible with our ideals of governmental control, is vastly weakened, and our fundamental laws of suffrage, being, as they are, the balance of power, is surely going from us, and soon we will find ourselves confronted by un-American statutes on our books against which we cannot consistently rebel.

"Added to these deplorable conditions is another tendency of the times which, in its far-reaching consequences, is fraught with the gravest danger. I allude to the abandonment of our young men of their ancestral farms. As Charles Dudley Warner so truthfully said: 'Broad acres are a patent of nobility; and no man but feels more a man in the world if he have a bit of ground that he can call his own.' We cannot continue our nobility of freemen if we lose the soil. Think of the fearful advantage these alien people will possess if they gain, as they aspire to, control of the producing lands.

"The farmer is the only truly independent citizen that we have. All other trades contribute to our wellbeing, but they are not essential to it. True, individual happiness proceeds only from within, but a nation's strength and vigor must come primarily from the soil. It was Washington who pronounced agriculture the noblest pursuit of man, and he might have added, the most vital."

The major rose and paced the floor with the energy of his feeling. His massive form towered his shaggy head up into the shadows of the room, and his vibrant voice, tense with the earnestness of his plea, seemed like a voice of prophecy descending from the clouds.

"How I wish that I might stand," he said, with an upward gesture of his hand, "upon the loftiest granite citadel of yonder towering range of hills and speak to the absent sons and daughters of old New England in a voice that would carry to the western seas, 'Come back, come back,' I would like to tell them. 'New England needs you, every one. Her hills and valleys are plaintive for her children that are gone. Oh, forsake the treadmill and the slavery in the seething marts of soulless trade, and come back to your priceless heritage of independence, health, and happiness in the country of your sires.'

"To these pitiful conditioned prodigals, many of them fighting like famished she-wolves for bare sustenance in the cities, I would point the rolling acres of this dear old commonwealth, where for half the actual toil they now are expending, they could live in plenty, fearing no man, and rear other sons and daughters to the saving of the state. 'Forsake this insane chasing after non-essentials and come back,' would be my message, 'Come back before it is too late.'"

The old lawyer was standing now by the window, and he leaned one broad shoulder against the casing, and was

silent, his head bowed in meditation.

The western light was fading, and the little office room was full of gloom. After a long pause the major turned and resumed his seat.

"And so, as I say, Glen," he said, all the bitterness in his voice departed, and his tone low and calm, "The country needs you. Old New England is beset, and she needs your youth. The fathers and the mothers of the state, God bless them, are growing old. They cannot, unaided, keep up the strife. Their sons and daughters must see their country's needs and respond, or relinquish these fair valleys and noble heights forever to alien hands.

"New England farming, I know, has terrors which are far from phantom. But boy, they can be dispelled. Knowledge is the key which has unlocked all the dark ages of the past, and it has the power to dispel all the difficulties of the present. It is the one method by which New England may be reclaimed to its own, and the one bar which may be set up insurmountably before these hosts, who would despoil us of our land. They, in the depths of their ignorance, would match our thrift with cheap living, thus producing to undersell us and force us out. It is for us to match them with knowledge applied to the soil, and then, live they ever so beastly, they cannot win.

"And so I say, New England needs desperately the young men and women who have gone from her farms. She needs their brains and sinews, and she needs most desperately of all their sentiments of American liberty implanted in her soil. And if they will return, and apply to her regeneration the knowledge of modern agriculture, which nowadays lies open for them to possess, and will apply to the conduct of the old farm those same business principles, without which they cannot succeed in any other sphere of enterprise, she will bountifully repay them with health, moderate wealth, and true happiness. But if they do not come now, the land of their nativity, the soil in which their dear ones sleep, will be lost to them forever.

"Well," concluded the major, "here I've scolded the whole afternoon away. Don't think too bitterly of my charge, that you are a deserter from your duty in the face of your country's danger. You have not been legally declared innocent of the crime charged against you, and God knows if you ever will be, but before the Judge of all men, and before your friends and all others for whose opinion you care, you have always been innocent, and there is not one iota of reason why you should not remain and take up the thread of your life where it was broken by this cruel charge. Nevertheless, you are to all intents and purposes a free man, free to come and free to go. You are henceforth master of your own destiny, for, I assure you, there is not the remotest probability that the law will ever again exercise any control over you on account of this affair.

"Equipped as you are by instincts and breeding to remain on the farm and combat the foreign element which is surrounding us, I should regret very much to see you go, but I am getting old and, perhaps, querulous. It may be I attach too much sentimental weight to my argument. But I love New England as I love my life, and to see her grand old homesteads being slowly gobbled up by this alien tribe galls me and makes me bitter.

"I see the state in the throes of despond, and the sons and daughters whom she raised to strong manhood and womanhood unwilling to return and save her. It may be that they are right and that I am wrong, but I would that I had been lain to sleep in the hallowed sod that mingles the dust of our ancestors before this era of my country's bondage had come upon her."

There followed a period of silence, during which Glen strove to speak, but his voice for the moment failed him. Finally, he said, "I don't think bitterly of your accusation, major. I appreciate the force of your arguments and realize the depths of the sentiment which actuates you. I have watched the trend of affairs and noted the changed conditions, but never, until this afternoon, have I realized the vital significance to the country of them. I came here resolved to go away; to seek forgetfulness of the past, if that

be possible, amid new scenes and a different occupation. Now I am undecided. I want time to think it over. Time, if possible, to know myself."

Glen rose from his chair and waited, but there was no answer, and the old lawyer sat silent, his arm thrown out upon his desk, his chin sunk upon his breast, and his gaze fixed upon the floor.

For a moment the young man stood irresolute, then he said, "I am going, major. Thank you for your words. I'll let you know my decision, for it is due your kindness to me. Do not think too harshly of me if I appear to decide wrong. You do not know my reasons."

Then he went out into the cold entry and closed the door gently, having a vision of the gray-haired pleader sitting alone and desolate in the gloom of the dingy office, which should remain with him constantly for many a day.

(To be continued)

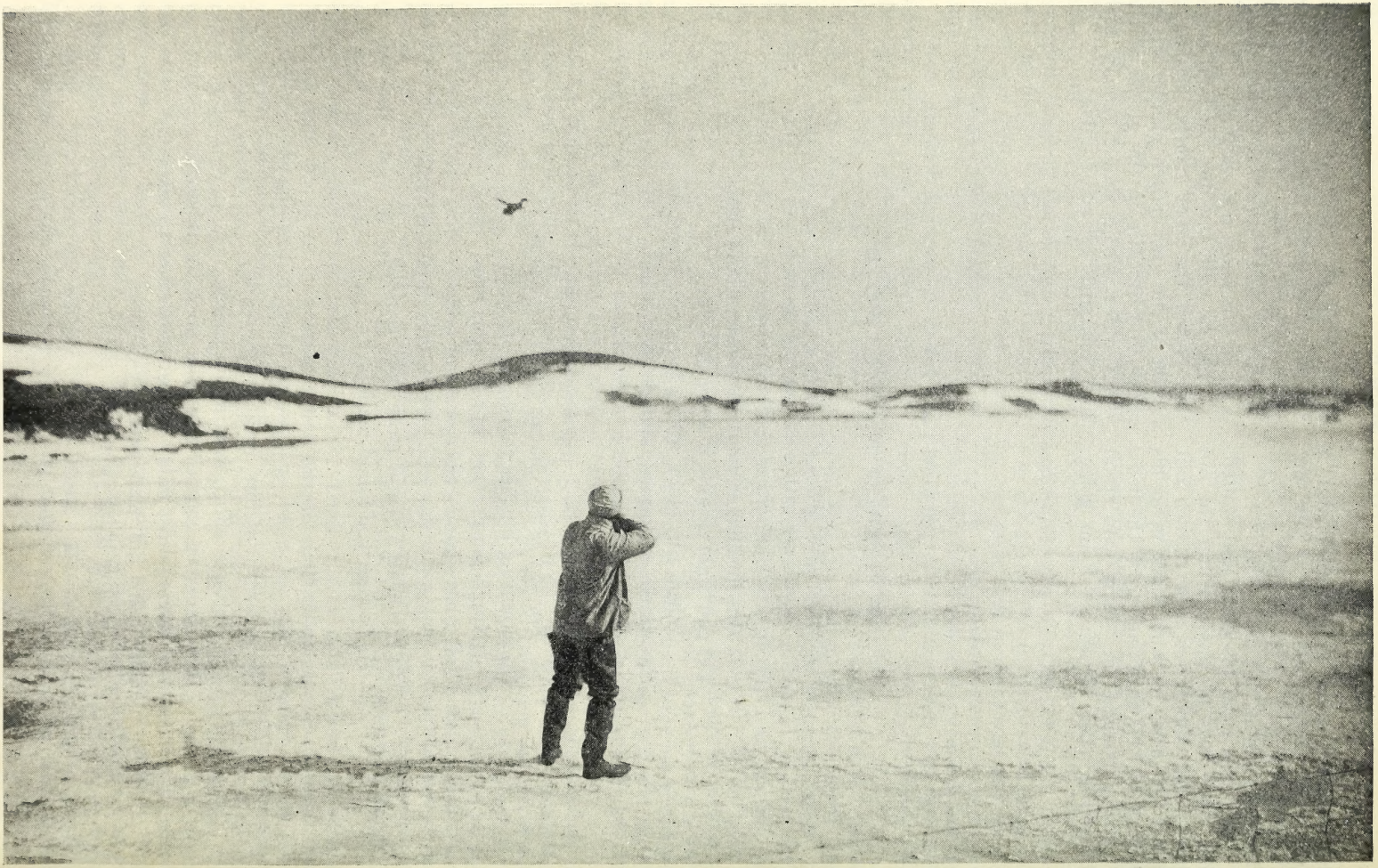
HUMILITY

By HARRIET LUMMIUS SMITH

A slender little hand, too weak by much
To grapple with occasion and prevail:
Fit for the ministry of soothing touch,
But for achievement all too slight and frail.
Yet can I not despise it since that day
When, throbbing with a happiness unknown,
Enshrined, enthroned, and glorified it lay
Clasped fast in both your own.

A pensive little face, too wan and white
For any of the charms that lovers prize.
No mounting blushes ravishing the sight,
No golden coronet, nor lustrous eyes.
Yet, I have known the ecstasy of pride.
Since first you stopped to kiss my braided hair,
To my heart's center more than satisfied,
So that you found me fair.

A useless little life, by pain beset,
Haunted by yearnings for things out of reach,
Shadowed by failure, troubled by regret,
Futile in effort, faltering in speech,
Yet since you claimed this same poor life as yours,
Giving most richly where you seemed to take,
How can I fail, while memory endures,
To love it for your sake.



"SPEEDING DOWN THE WIND A MILE A MINUTE"

Doing the "Land-Crab" Act for Ducks

By CHARLES EVERETT BEANE

WONDER of wonders, there are still a few people who cannot understand the outing fever that quickens the pulse and imparts flashes to the eyes of the real out and outer, when the prospect of previously tasted delights beckons him to a few more days of life in the open.

Those aforementioned benighted ones, have become so saturated with the isms of this workaday world of ours, that naturisms find no welcome shrines within their holy of holies, no nook in their affections, and no calculations are based upon a logical conclusion drawn from observation of the life of others.

To such the fishing-rod, canoe, rifle, and shot gun are but the badge of vagabondage, and the question will not down in their minds whether or no the sportsman is really a desirable member of society.

Is one just right in his head when he braves strenuous weather and arduous labor to put a keen edge on his appetite and surrender of himself to those life-renewing spirits which haunt the woods and waters?

There the choicest food for mankind may be had for the taking, if the hunter is keen enough to pit his skill successfully against the marvelous instinct of the hunted. But is a man to be praised or blamed when he weds himself to rough apparel and a care-free swagger, and seeks seclusion from his fellows, with a bed upon the sod or unpadded floor of a rude shanty by the side of tumbling breakers?

There *are* times, however, when it would *almost* appear that the doubters were not egregiously in error, and the early morning of the opening of this story certainly seemed *one* of those times to a few drowsy Pullman passengers, who heard Sam pull aside the curtains of section seven and remark above the rumble of the swift-rushing train, "Next stop am yo station, sah. Half hour to dress, sah."

"The kiddie feeding decoy ducks"

"What's the hour, Sam? Do we get some hot coffee before you throw us off?" demanded Clyde.

"Sho's yo born — right in hyah, sah. Fo o'clock by my watch, sah," responded the ebony-faced tip assimilator. "I's done got yer traps all handy, an' all yer has ter do is set down."

A few minutes later the train stopped with much grinding of air-brakes, and a few of those doubters of the wisdom of

"LAND CRABBED TWO HUNDRED YARDS—WAIT FOR THE RISE!"

it all (they are always present), peeked from their shades to note two well-bundled figures standing with gun cases by a bale of luggage, on the platform of a deserted railroad station, not far from the famous duck shooting grounds of the Massachusetts North Shore.

"Br-r-r-r-r! That wind's a peach. Hope it blows our way, Jack, and I'll have a chance to spread out my white wings to the favoring zephyrs. Brooklyn Heights has nothing on this place for breeze, but beats it a block for *comfort.* Whenever you wire for me in seductive fashion, with honeyed words of invitation to a 'bang up good time,' Boss always says, 'Get into gear for hard knocks, old man, or you'll look frazzled round the edges when you get back.' I begin to take *some* stock in that myself."

"Never mind, you projector of dots and dashes. If you lay your bones down here with the gulls I'll see that your tombstone reads, 'Too bad he died—he had such lovely hair.' Come, up with that suitcase and on your way to the cabin. A fine fire, juicy steak, baked potatoes, and a cup of coffee—*my kind*—and I'll make a man of you. Here's the path—steady now, pick up your feet and follow me."

A brisk walk of a mile, and the trail ended at the door of a small shooting lodge, well back from an ice-encumbered marsh, marked here and there by sags, cave-ins, and muddy beds that told of channels through which the tide ebbed and flowed.

Beyond, an eighth of a mile, the creek broadened in its welcome to the incoming water, bearing on its bosom numerous large drift cakes, sluggishly moving past unalarmed whistlers that went on diving, diving for food at the bottom, tilting their tail feathers in

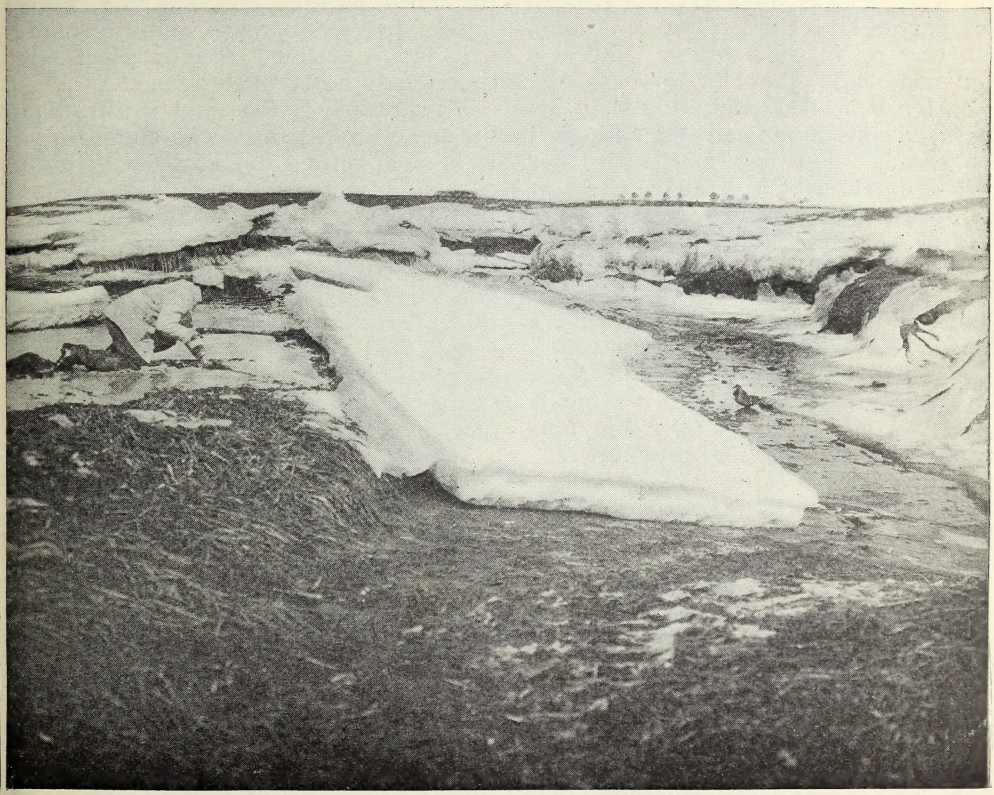
ridiculous fashion, to disappear for an incredible period, reappear and repeat endlessly.

"Looks good to me; get busy. A little later we'll see if we can't fool some of those birds with *another kind* of an ice cake. Guess it'll be a trifle more menacing to their state of health, and the noisiest junk of frozen pudding they ever went up against. First of all a fire, and here are the goods. Peel those glad feathers of yours, get into jeans, and look pleasant, for one of us is going to take that ice chisel and cut a hole in the brook for water for the coffee — *my coffee.*"

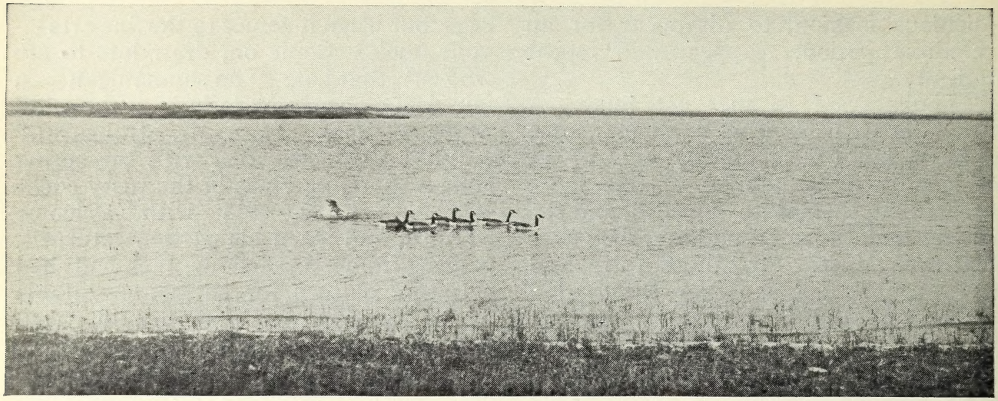
"Oh, don't swell all up until you look like a pouter pigeon over *your coffee.* I made some fit for the king of Siam before you was born."

"That's right, just right, and it's been as black as that ever since. Nay, nay, you're all the taffy at boiling or frying eggs, but when it comes to the fine arts — your uncle. Come on, draw lots to see who cuts that hole — no shinnanigan — a fair deal — heads or tails — never mind which, *you lose.* Ta ta, Mr. Strongarm."

While Clyde wrestled with the spring hole, a snapping blaze in the rusty cook-stove displaced cold with welcome warmth, and when his partner returned, panting from his exertions, Jack had shed his store clothes for garments suitable to the occasion, and was busily engaged stowing away baggage and putting things to rights for their three days' housekeeping. He had made up two comfortable-looking cots against the opposite wall, and his chum stood with his back to the fire, looking things over with a critical eye, ready to make suggestions more or less in order, until called into action by his pardner, who tossed a broom his way with an emphatic announcement that "here was no boarding house, where



"SUSPICIOUS, BUT NOT EXACTLY CERTAIN"



"NOW—BRING ON YOUR BIRDS"

everybody worked but towheads — get busy."

"Give me a chance to catch the atmosphere of the joint, you slave driver! Oh, yoi! Yoi!! Mostly smoke and musty air. Did any one ever come here since Rip Van Winkle hunted rhinoceros in this pasture? I think I see a spider's web way up in that corner. You're a bum housemaid, Jack!"

Biff! a half-filled pack sailed by his head, as the individual he addressed remarked, "You hot foot with that broom, or I'll attach a few cobwebs in the open rooms of your alleged thinking apparatus. You're a morris chair sport, *you* are. I never see you come out of the bandbox to your desk in the Standard Union, but I want to slam you with a soft sunfish and muss your faultless toilet. Of course I see some *little* improvement since you hung yourself onto me, but it takes you a day or so to round into proper shape and let your beard grow."

"Huh! Big chief make heap smoke talk! When the time comes to mow down some of those ducks, I'll go so fast you'll meet me coming back before you start. Say, Bo, I'd rather stay here *one day* than play any other game a *week*. As for clothes I reckon I won't forget how you made me chuck my Stetson at Billy Soule's, because the shape didn't suit your fastidious taste."

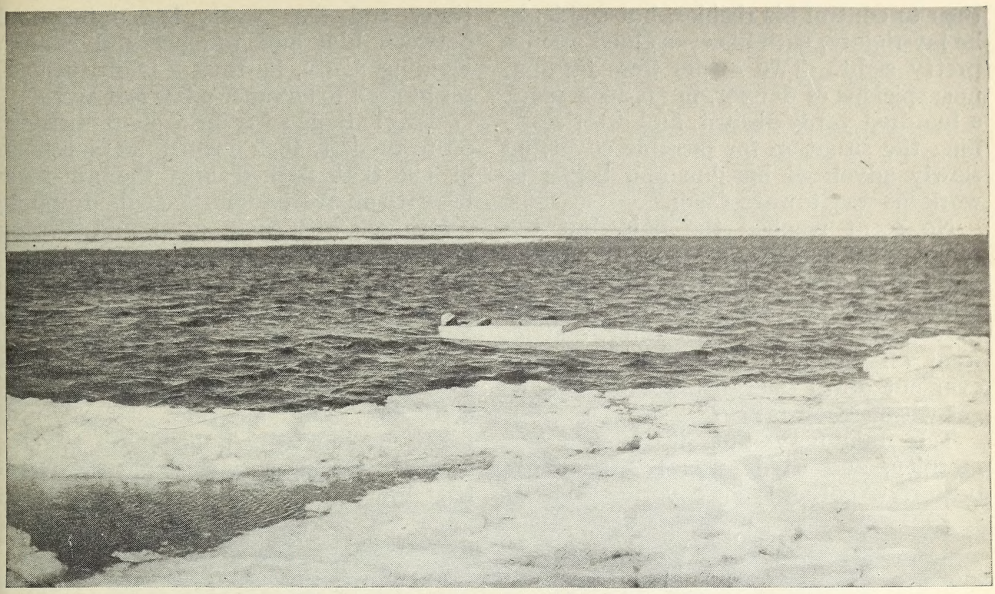
"Mush! Hear that wind howl! Just as soon as I get your fuel box stuffed we'll take a sneak around the shore and try a hand at catching some birds under a lee somewhere. They must be pretty close in to-day."

"Did you say *eat?* Don't tease me or I'll make a hole in the fodder that'll gladden the heart of all producers," and for a few minutes little was said, while knives and forks were vigorously used, and Jack's cooking received silent but exceedingly hearty endorsement.

How simple is the right prescription for those unfortunates who complain of lack of appetite, and groan with indigestion pains when they have forced themselves to partake of undesired food. Just a radical change from mincing out of an elaborate menu, new surroundings, vigorous exercise, with limit extended as their bettering condition will permit, simple food and plenty of it, more exercise, and above all, an *object* in view constantly, in order that every sense may be quickened to healthy alertness.

It may well be asserted that the absence of this last element accounts for the failure of many a man to acquire best results, who tries to amuse himself in the open without a proper equipment of rods or guns. A man may have exceedingly poor luck, catch few fish and shoot little game, but if he will go forth determined to get results if they are to be found, he will be astounded at the difference in the caliber of his enthusiasm and the razor edge on his appetite.

Breakfast dispatched, just as the sun peered over the ocean brim, warm wool-



"JUST A SECOND AND THEY'LL ALL GO"

ens were covered with oilskins, and with shooting mittens and lap-eared caps completing their outfit, dishes were left as mute reminders of the devastation wrought, and the pair caught up their shotguns for an engagement with worthy rivals in the sportsman's game of hide and seek.

Creeping with utmost caution along the edge of the shore, they eagerly scanned every inch of the marsh without success. Plenty of flats were there, but it was plain the ducks were feeding further out where the receding waters left newly exposed mud. The tide had turned while they were doing the cabin chores, necessitating a new course of procedure.

"Now you'll see why I told you to wear those trousers outside your rubber bootlegs, my son. It's a case of get right down on your little tummy and crawl in the channels while you keep a sharp lookout around points and ice cakes for sleepy birds or busy foragers. Fifteen or twenty pounds of mud in your boots help mighty little in making progress, while they detract from what comfort may possibly be found in squirming through salt water ooze. While you're about it, you might as well tighten up your sleeves with these rubber bands — keep your cuffs from a mud veneer."

"Show me how you do that land-crab wriggle act before I take a chance — no kidding me along, Jack. C. Q. D. I'm onto your curves."

"*Don't get sloppy.* Go along over there about a hundred yards, strike a parallel course to mine, work to windward, and look sharp. For a minute or two Clyde sized up the situation, but when he saw Jack drop on all fours and crawl away along the edge of the drift ice, with a lugubrious glance at his outfit, he paced his distance and followed suit."

Silently they advanced toward the water edge from where the mud had dried somewhat, into channels of slime that soon painted them with a color like itself, until from a little distance they blended perfectly with their surroundings.

Worming his way around a big floe, Jack heard a suspicious sound just the other side, stealthily rose to his knees an inch at a time to find himself gazing into the thunderstruck visage of his pal, who had borne unconsciously to the left and closed the gap between them.

With a hearty laugh over the comical situation, they again separated and continued stalking. Moving forward carefully, Clyde had to pause every now and

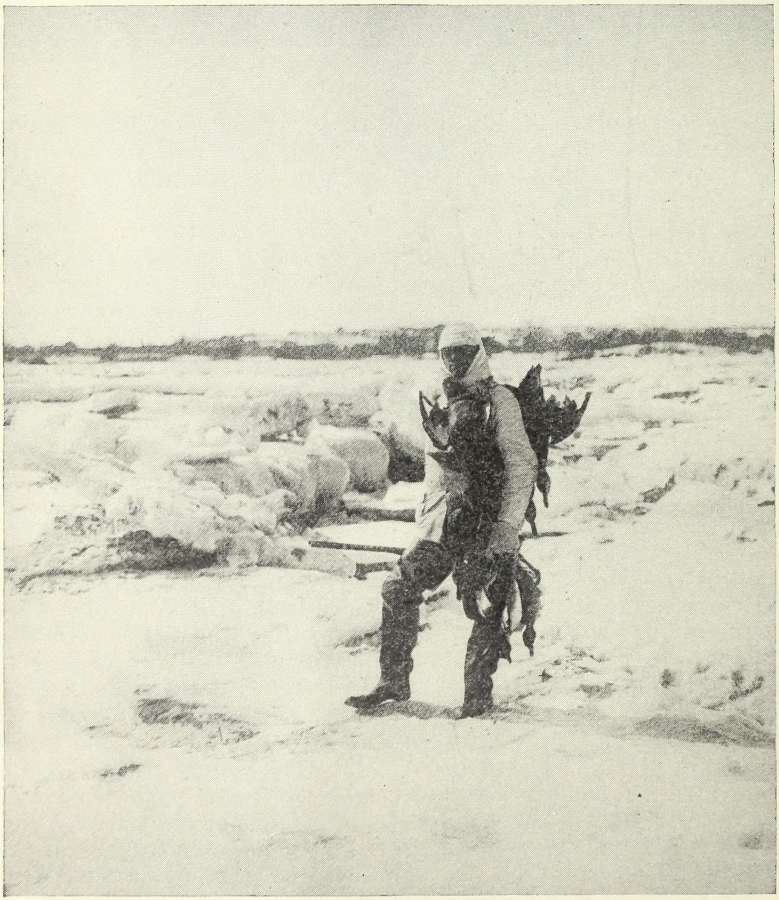
then to control his risibles, but suddenly he lay rigidly, with his eyes glued upon a pretty sight. Two ducks were feeding, unsuspicious of danger, in an open space a hundred yards distant, and after scanning the situation for possible cover, he slowly advanced his gun and began to work his way toward them.

No scent reached the pair, but the drake grew restless, stretched his neck and looked about, directly at the curious mud bunch in the channel, but no movement betrayed the hunter, and he went on feeding. Could human being ever cut down that distance enough to get within good range?

Ten minutes — but it seemed an eternity, and Clyde was twenty yards nearer. Another space covering eons of time, and five yards less intervened between him and the peaceful couple. Holding ready, he took a fresh toehold, set himself to advance a few feet and ——

Bang! Bang — from a short distance off to the left, Jack opened fire on a flock of six that flashed into the air from beneath an overhanging ice pan, dropping a fat duck with each barrel, and sending another charge of number twos along the wind as the survivors bunched and wheeled seaward, while Clyde found himself beset with heaps of trouble.

At the first report, the game he was watching with covetous eyes scurried in confusion, and as they sprang into flight, he hurriedly pulled both triggers at once, getting a shock from the recoil that did not tend to steady his nerves.



"HAVE TAKEN MORE, BUT THESE LOOK GOOD"

The drake came headlong to earth with a broken wing, as his mate shot across the skyline, and hurriedly reloading his right barrel, Clyde let go at those Jack had sent up, as they winged fast to leeward, getting two birds with the single shot.

Clambering over the slippery footing he went sprawling on top of his wounded drake, just as Jack mounted the ice bank and witnessed the plunge. The fluttering beauty dashed mud in his eyes and completely blinded the excited young man, who rolled around in the mire, hanging onto the cloud of wings with both hands, regardless of his pal, who squatted above him and roared and gasped by turns at the comical figure below.

"Oh, I say, you freak, let up. What is that hold, half Nelson or hammerlock? I'll put my pile on the bird."

"Yes, and you'll *lose*. Laugh, you Indian! He's worth more to me than the U. S. Treasury," and blissfully unconscious of his ridiculous appearance, Clyde attempted to look grieved, but only succeeded in piling on the agony of excessive mirth, until Jack fairly howled and rolled about on the ice in paroxysms so intense that laughing became painful.

"For heaven's sake, gather up those birds and hike for the cabin. When I declare that you *are* a human being I am not assisted in the least by the evidence of my eyes. Come along before a collector of rare specimens ambles this way, or you'll have to cash in."

Five birds for a morning's sport was not too bad, and they were perfectly satisfied to get to the cabin and change their wet garments before a red hot stove. When Clyde caught a glimpse of himself in the small mirror, he gazed for an instant, and solemnly turned to Jack, holding out his hand. That individual, who had just washed up, waved it aside with a curt, "Don't know whether you're a dog or not, but you can shake your own paw."

"That's the hand that pulled the triggers of the gun that killed the most birds to-day. Take it or leave it. I'm proud to possess it."

The second morning broke clear and cold, and Clyde did a few fancy steps to keep warm after he left the warm blankets, and started pulling on his heavy woolens. Those shore cabins "sure do get chilly" during the night, but comfort arrived shortly, and before daybreak they were in a white gunning float, sculling toward open water to skirt the windward shore, in the lee of which they had seen several large flocks through their glasses the day before.

Setting low on the water, drawing a scant three inches, the craft might easily be mistaken for an ice cake, excepting that a little hump, the top of a man's white-capped head, looked a trifle unusual, but ice assumes peculiar formations at times, and *all* birds are not wise.

It certainly did require an insistent hand upon the short oar in several instances, to scull and maintain the right course, but good progress was made, and the shooting grounds were reached as the east became light-tinged.

When a flock was sighted, they bore down upon it until within gunshot, when a quick sitting up was succeeded by a fusilade of shots, which in many cases materially added to the number of trophies already secured the previous day. The ducks were hugging the shore and many were surprised as the float rounded a bend, when some fine shooting on the wing, the delight of real sportsmen, was enjoyed.

Returning to the cabin with seven fine birds as the result of their prowess, an interesting day was spent with some natives from the nearby village, during which arrangement was made for sport the next morning shooting over live decoys, when Jack kept his chum on the anxious seat by repeating, "Shoot in the air, old chap; each of those feathered friends of ours is worth more than the thirteen cents in your pocket can pay for." Eight birds were added to the total when they returned to the lodge and packed for home.

Sitting at ease in the smoker of the Pullman, an old friend came along, accepted a cigar, and inquired regarding their success, after which he launched into story telling, and related this personal experience.

"Talk about duck shooting — never tried it but once, and that'll about do, I

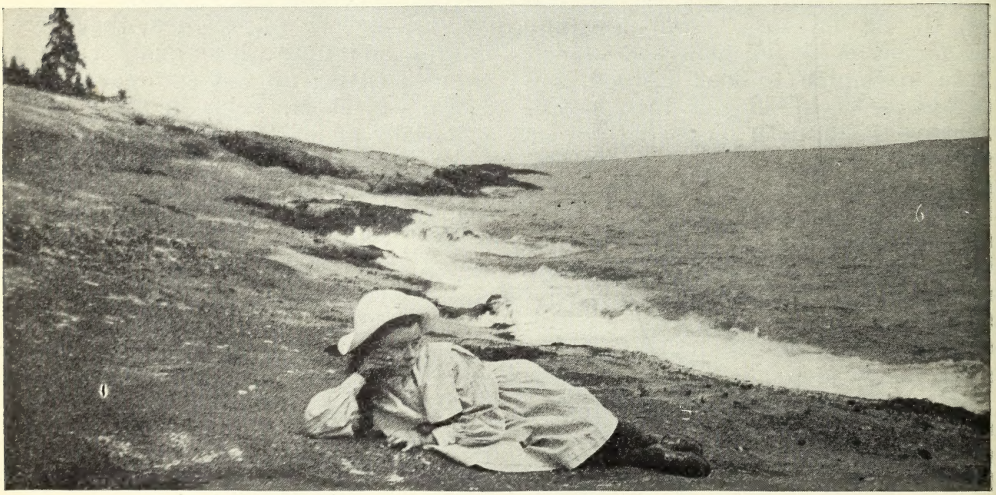
reckon. It was this way. After several invitations I accepted one with Al — you know Al — one of Portland's gallant fire laddies, as the story books would put it, and we slunk away from town to a friend's farmhouse down in Maine.

Bright and early next morning he took us down to the shore and stationed us where he said ducks were certain to fly over. It was colder than the stare of my best girl when I tell her ice cream is injurious, but I sat there and waited. Then I waited some more and *then* some more. After several months of this kind of delight I wondered where the rest were, and finally started for the house. Nothing doing — every mother's son of those chumps were sitting it out in the cold, cold world.

Thinks I, this is my turn to start something, so I began to fire away all the shells I had, about forty of them, and filled the neighborhood full of lead. Great snakes! you ought to have seen them come hustling up — thought I had struck a mare's nest of all the water fowl on the coast. We went home that night, and I have a notion no one was sorry. There *may* be hope but not for me in this line. By the way, Jack, which method of getting ducks does your friend like best? I hear you have tried them all."

"Let the kid answer, Bick; he's bashful, but sometimes speaks in meeting."

Clyde scratched his head, gazed into Bick's face solemnly, then into Jack's, assuming the expression of a wise old owl. Then he pulled out his notebook, made a lot of figures, and finally replied, "Doing the land-crab act for 'em."



A QUESTION OF INTERPRETATION

I saw two tears in Grandma's eyes,
Beside the shining sea;
But oh, the waves have never told
A tale like that to me!

And sister Sue — well, I'm no fool,
I guess that I can see;
But pshaw! the waves have never told
A tale like that to me!

I love to listen while they sing
Of corals, heaps on heaps!
While on the dripping ledge of rock
A lovely princess sleeps.

The Crescent-Enthroned Queen of the Maine Coast

By RAYMOND WARNER

"WHATEVER else may be said of Maine, one cannot get away from the fact that the Almighty has been most kind in showering here His richest gifts. Everywhere the strongest allurements meet the eye to appropriate the benefits He has so richly bestowed. Had He ransacked the universe He could not have gathered a finer assortment of good things with which to bless the throngs who turn annually Maineward, and no other section of territory in any country can supplant her in the affections of those who have once tasted her God-given joys. In each state there is always some *fairest spot of all*, but *here* are so many, each with ardent admirers, I stand in constant terror of the consequences should I cross the path of Maineiacs by adoption, and attempt to argue for or against their particular section."

"True, Ned. I learned this to my cost on the Pullman yesterday, when I ventured a remark on the superior beauty of one chain of beautiful lakes in this grand north country, over another, from which an elderly lady had just come. She simply transfixed me with an icy stare through a solemnly adjusted lorgnette, and sarcastically remarked, 'When this young person has seen as much of Maine as I have, she will learn to appreciate *real* beauty.' I felt as though I had trespassed upon holy ground, and, concealing my confusion as best I could, quickly changed the subject and excitedly talked 'woman's rights.'"

"You neglect to state, Barbara, whether you all agreed in the essentials of the new theme. Were any men present? In the absence of the tyrants of creation I presume there *may* have been perfect unanimity of opinion."

"Well, hardly. You see some of us were married and others would like to be, and in view of the fact that we might be quoted, with men very scarce just when they could be most useful, we were very guarded in our utterances, and softened each little sarcasm with reservations and exceptions to such an extent that we could evade unpleasant cross exams, hold up our hands, and individually and collectively answer, 'Not guilty,' if suddenly called to account on a charge of *lese majeste*."

"Interesting — exceedingly interesting! To revert to the choice spots in the Pine Tree State, did you find any who were at variance with you regarding the plans we have so nicely laid for a month's sojourn 'at the center of a crescent of shimmering sand,' fifteen miles from Maine's metropolis, on the shore of Saco Bay?"

"Not one. Their complaisance reminded me of the saying, 'See Naples and die.' The physical features of Old Orchard are decidedly like the Bay of Naples with its two horns and island of Capri. We talked mountains and woodland, plains and delightful water courses, and there were as many opinions as people, but when we talked *seashore* it was freely admitted that New England's rugged coast line, nay the whole Atlantic from Newfoundland to the south of Florida, must concede the palm of superiority to Old Orchard Beach. Daytona was mentioned, but in an aside remark, as though it must be a self-evident truth, that *beach alone* could not be seriously considered in the running with a country abounding in numberless attractions of unending variety. You have no notion how proudly I retailed the results of a half year's study, and discoursed learnedly upon the whys and wherefores of this place."

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SEVEN SHORES BY MOONLIGHT

LOOKING NORTH TOWARD PINE POINT

"That reminds me — while the orchestra is so beautifully rendering a set of waltzes, won't you finish your story of the early days, the hardships of the settlers, local lore, etc., not forgetting to tell me why this place is so named, and all about it? *That* was to be included in your part of the responsibilities — posting yourself and laying out the program. I did this for you, 'In the Heart of the Hills,' at Bethlehem away among the White Mountains of New Hampshire, and it is now *your* turn. I am at a disadvantage here, for you have the experience of former seasons, and I verily believe you to be part and parcel of this place. Our agreement is 'Old Orchard, and a general run about until the last of August, then the mountains for a month,' but now, what's the story?"

It was a late afternoon hour in early July, part of a day that had been marked by excessive heat, and the verandahs of the Hotel Vesper, shady and cooled by a southwest breeze, seemed never more inviting than after dinner, at the time of the rendering of the orchestral program.

Just within the wide-open windows, several couples of young people could be seen as they flashed under the electric lights in terpsichorean rhythm, and the large rotunda was crowded with a gay throng, busily discussing themes interesting to society of the world in general, and to that of Old Orchard in particular, but quiet groups out of doors seemed to have all the best of it, and the others were not long in discovering the fact.

Soon every available chair was taken, and many couples went slowly promenading, never out of sound of the music, while our two familiar friends of Bethlehem days sat a little apart, and began to adjust themselves to the seaside world into which they had just come.

A year has passed since those honey-

moon days, hardly time in which to arrange and rearrange many stage settings in their life drama, and their fresh, young faces have been commented upon pleasantly by many who cast furtive glances their way during the dinner hour.

At a distant table four people were sitting, and the gentleman in the party nodded cordially as he caught Ned's eye, turned to his companions and made some remark, evidently of a humorous nature, for the lady opposite turned quickly, smiled and blushed.

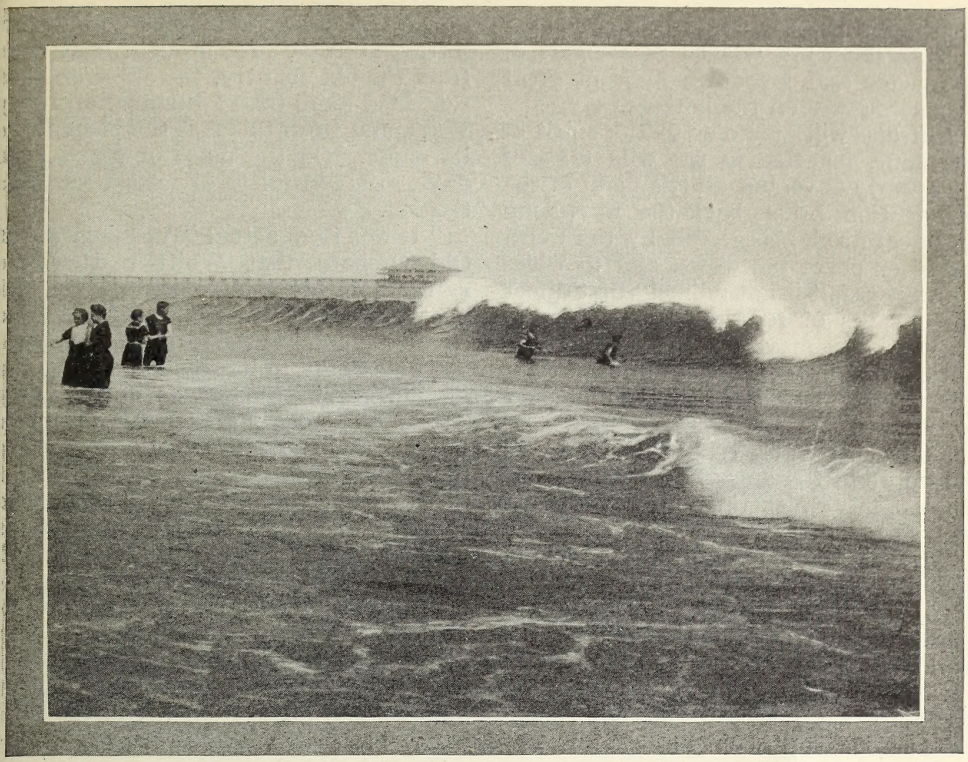
"As I live, Barbara, there's the young couple who took our apartments at Turner's Tavern, to whom we sent the 'Good Luck' post card. That was a great year for weddings, and as the observed of all observers, I hope they had as fine a time as we did. That motorcycle trip was the best ever, and there are times now when I wish we had the old machine instead of a runabout, although I know you like the new auto better.

"That's the man of it. The first I knew about a change from the old way of flying was the day you drove up to the door at home and took me for a ride. I confess I *do* like the auto better since you have learned to drive with *one* hand. Those people seemed very nice, and I shall be glad if you will contrive an introduction. The lady at Mrs. New's elbow looks enough like her to be her mother."

The nearness of familiar faces detracted not the least from their pleasant thoughts as they sat and saw the lights flash out along the streets of the town, and as her husband lighted a fresh cigar, Barbara slowly munched a bon bon, settled herself comfortably in an easy chair, and read from her notebook as he had suggested.

"From the extreme eastern point, Prout's Neck, where the Dunstan River leaps into the ocean's arms, to Fletcher's Neck on the west, just beyond the mouth of the Saco, is a stretch of six miles, and these Necks form the horns of a beautiful

THE AWFUL NIGHT OF AUGUST 15, 1907



THERE'S RARE SPORT IN THE BREAKERS

crescent, with a beach forefront, bending to a central point just at the Boston & Maine railroad station, which is three miles inshore from a line drawn from river mouth to river mouth; thus the town has an unobstructed view of the open ocean, as there are no islands of great size immediately off its shores.

"For the entire distance the widest, solid sand beach in New England curves away on either side, sloping gradually, at a rate of about ten inches per hundred yards, for a distance of at least two thousand feet, as determined by reliable soundings, from shore to ocean depths.

"Partially landlocked as it is, there is no serious undertow, the thousands of bathers demanding no protection of lines or life-saving service. Accidents are of exceptionally rare occurrence, none marring the history of this grand resort, except in a few instances where foolhardy individuals have braved the might of the breakers after a heavy storm. During the height of a tempest, fourteen green combers in succession have been counted in mad charge upon the sands, all in sight at one moment from the beach, a distance of a half mile offshore, running from twenty-five to forty feet in height.

"Here the Indians congregated in great numbers from time to time, either to depart on warlike mission bent, or to smoke the pipe of peace and worship the Great Spirit, whose voice they heard in the tumbling waters, or tarried to gaze awestruck at the evidences of His might.

"When the all-conquering whites set up their rude huts here, and began the series of abuses and double dealings that blot the pages of this nation's history, it was in and about this section that some most thrilling lines were chronicled, and Prout's Neck, Garrison Cove, and Googins Rocks yet bear mute testimony to awful experiences, of which one can still get the atmosphere when basking in the

sunshine with a good novel for company, despite the white-winged messengers of commerce and low-down hulls of great steamers away on the horizon.

"If one will give o'er to the spirit of the hour, reflected in the wild tales of those early days, but a little flight of the imagination brings back the warwhoop and death song, succeeded by the weird music of peace powwows, and to wide-staring eyes, it is not unlikely that direct descendants of red-skinned warriors of those times may present themselves, but bearing in their hands curios of their strange art, instead of scalping knife and tomahawk."

"Great! Great! When in the world did you find the muse hovering at your elbow and whispering into your ear such things, little woman?"

"Never mind, Mr. Inquisitive. You'll find I have received *other* impressions down in that white sand, when the waves were gurgling tender sentiments, and the world got dreamy. It's in the air, and one cannot escape, even were inclination present."

"Oh, I say, I'm mighty glad I happened around before you had too many of those 'dreamy sessions,' or I might have found the gates of paradise close locked, and some other fellow holding the key."

"That will just about do for now. Don't get my mind off my work or I'll prove a poor apology of a school marm with an unruly pupil. You charged in like Lochinvar, and I had little to say to the entire program. I presume it would have been the same had you galloped in here."

"Never mind that. We're in the same boat, and I like the sailing. We won't argue about who's captain."

A withering glance from a pair of very blue eyes, followed by a caressing hand upon his sleeve, and Barbara continued:

"A short distance from Googins' Rocks, a part of which remain unsubmerged by the encroaching sands, and *this* remnant soon to be further reduced by blasting to lengthen the auto-speeding course, Goose Fare Brook, the feeding ground of geese, flows into the bay, and near this point was planted the first orchard in Maine. There Thomas Rogers settled in 1638. He brought fruit trees from the old country, the apple orchard remained more than a hundred and fifty years, and from this fact the place takes its name. On the maps of the earliest days, the vicinity is called Roger's Garden.

"It was from actual happenings about Old Orchard that Whittier drew the material for his poem, Mogg Megone, and another, Mary Garvin, rendering the country famous in the realm of literature.

"Pine Point, to the eastward, is given prominence in the annals of the early days as the home of settlers from Dunster Parish, England, and receives its name from the fact of the residence there of Charles Pine, known as 'Pine, the Indian Killer,' who was a famous marksman and a remarkable individual.

"Grand Beach is a modern settlement, the summer home of many prominent Portland people, and a place deeply regarded by the late Thomas B. Reed, who there entertained many people of national and international repute.

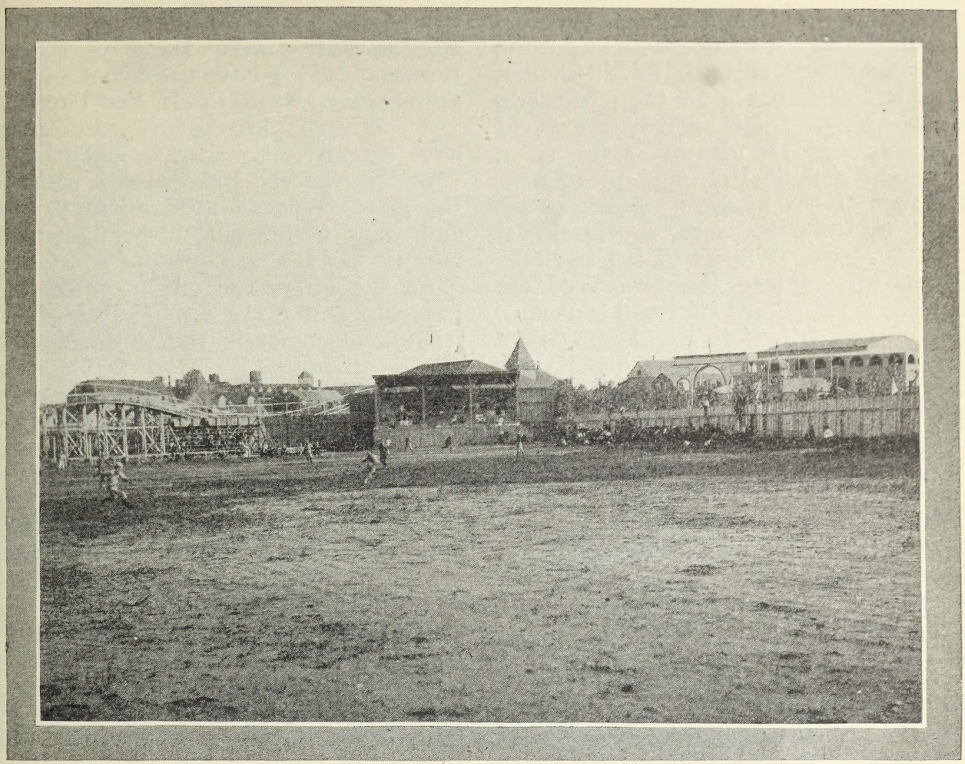
"Next to the westward of world-renowned Old Orchard proper, with its inviting hotels and hundreds of cottages, is Ocean Park, the campground of the Free Baptist Association, where Chatauqua, other educational meetings and religious services are held annually, in a spacious tabernacle. There are several good hotels, and a large number of private residences.

"Further along the beach we come to Bay View, where a family hotel of the same name is filled with an ever-returning throng of ardent admirers of this particular locality. Near this house are many shady walks, and ——"

"Never mind about the walks just now. We'll take those together. I want to make new history for all secluded nooks for a distance of twenty miles about here, you chronicler of interesting things."

"Better make it fifty miles, Ned. You know the trains have been running here for several years, and even before the days of *autos*, fast horses, and good drivers existed. Ah, me!"

"You're making me frightfully jealous, Barbara. Your resourcefulness might



THE ATHLETIC FIELD, SEASIDE PARK

be more refreshing if you were less attractive. I have had my doubts for a year of the reality of all this happiness, and I fear an awakening from my dream of possession. Yes — I don't."

"I love to hear you say nice things, but can you lose the coat off your back unless you remove it? Wait until you get the club habit and smoke your cigars away from home. I'll call you up by phone every five minutes."

"Wouldn't taste right unless you held the match to light 'em."

No guests were looking, and after several minutes of vocal silence, when eyes, lips, and hands render speech entirely unnecessary, the young woman, with heightened color, resumed.

"Beyond are Camp Ellis, Ferry Beach, and Ferry Beach Park, favorite spots for many picnic parties in the course of the summer. On Fletcher's Neck is quite a large settlement of cottages and several hotels, the fame of Biddeford Pool is everywhere mentioned in measures of laudation, and Stage Island, where the fishermen dried their nets on flakes or stages, is near by.

"Directly off the mouth of Saco River, the finger of a mile long breakwater, built of massive blocks of granite, at a cost of $150,000, points toward Wood Island, so called because it is so heavily wooded. At nightfall the flashing red eye of the lighthouse, visible thirteen miles away, marks the eastern end of the government reservation. During the day a white tower is conspicuous against the horizon."

"There's the light. Ever been out there, Barbara?"

"Once, and I'll never forget it as long as I live. A friend owned a small yacht, into which eight of us climbed one fair day, a party equally divided as to sex but wofully lacking in knowledge of things nautical. Not a man beside the skipper could tell the jibstay from the fore to bob.

" It was simply bullee going out, and our dinner on the island, after inspection of the lighthouse, enthused us still further, until we went aboard for the return trip with regrets. Right merrily the yacht swept toward the mouth of the river, but soon a radical change spread over the face of the heavens. Black clouds rolled up from the south, and in almost less time than it takes to tell the tale, heavy squalls tore the bosom of the ocean and hammered the small boat until it careened frightfully, and shipped a sea over the lee rail, that flooded the cabin in which we sought shelter, with six inches of water.

" As the boys were simply in the way, my friend bucked up against the hurricane, one hand on the tiller, the other holding the main sheet, and while the squall drove heavy rain upon him in buckets, he gave us an exhibition of seamanship, luffing and bearing away, that would do any tar credit. He succeeded in beaching the yacht and the receding tide permitted the boys to take us on their backs and carry us to terra firma. I felt like the old lady who stamped her foot on land, after a rough passage, and ejaculated, 'Thank my lucky stars, I'm on old vise versi once more.' "

" None of that in mine. If a whale ever gets me he must come this side of those breakers."

" Speaking of breakers, let's go down on the pier, breathe ozone from off the crest of the ragged combers, and hear the clatter of the crowds. We must catch the spirit of the place as rapidly as possible."

As the happy couple wended their way oceanward down the broad approach to the station, they overtook another, walking arm in arm (or was it *waist* in arm?). The gentleman turned, raised his hand to where his hat was usually found — he was bareheaded — and drew his companion to a right about face.

" Pardon me, sir, but I think you are from Dobb's Ferry on the Hudson, and in the absence of a formal introduction I want to thank you for your kind post card at Bethlehem, and assure you that we took good care of the country, and turned it over to worthy successors the day *we* came away. My name is Jack Barnes. May I have the honor of presenting Mrs. Barnes to Mr. Ned Travis? "

" The very pleasure my wife and I have eagerly anticipated. Shake hands with Mrs. Travis, and will you come to the pier? What a little world is this, and what a fine one, always set with familiar faces."

As the quartet strolled through the turnstile and away to the end of the longest steel pier in the world, earnest conversation, that was freely interspersed with laughter, caused a general remark, characteristic of each group they passed in turn, " Those people have forgotten there are others in the world, they are so deeply interested in each other," and this was the fact, the similarity of their mountain experiences at once imparting that spirit of comradeship so essential to sympathetic understanding.

It is remarkable how the hours fly when no note is taken of their passing, and the many attendants began to wonder if the young people would ever take the hint of disappearing lights from the casino.

How inspiring to noble thoughts was the atmosphere of that night. Turmoil and trouble seemed divorced from a fair world, and sky and sea and human life blended in perfect peace, while the soft gurgling waters went swirling about the great iron pillars that defied persuasion to let go their hold, give o'er the work of bearing aloft an immense weight, and enter the spirit of the game of tag played incessantly by these caressing sirens.

Ever and anon salty breezes stole around the great log abutments, against which excursion steamers had ground their fenders, leaving many a scar, and seizing upon a stray wisp of hair, teasingly drew it across a face above the coat collar so handy by, in an attempt to draw attention to attractions other than soft murmured nothings, and soon succeeded.

" What a fairy land this must have been before the devastating hand of the fire fiend laid low seventy-two buildings, whose windows had been won't to dance like fireflies away to the darkness of the trees on the skyline, when evening

LOOKING WEST FROM THE GREAT PIER, 1908

illumination turned night into day."

"Yes, and on such a night as this clear as cloudless skies can make it, the distant, twinkling stars, away on the edge of the world, and the glimmering beacons at the Pool and Prout's Neck, blended so perfectly with it all, that the universe appeared to be set dancing by the flashing crimson beam on Wood Island. I have dreamed away hours at a time, unconscious of anything other than the unbroken harmony of it all, until ——"

"All out — all out," broke the thread of Barbara's musings, and with a burst of amused laughter, they hurried through the dim balconies and back to the hotel, where "Good nights" were soon said, and to the rhythm of wave-smoothed sands, they sank to rest, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

During the smoke talk among the men on the broad porch, the following morning conversation turned upon the distressing calamity of August 15th, 1907, when all the world said, "It is the end. Old Orchard can never arise from her ashes. For years she lost ground, and saw other attractions supplant her in the affections of a fickle public, and just as the tide seemed to be swelling with a grand promise of returning popularity to follow the best season for many years, in four hours nothing of her most populous section remained but a waste of ruins, from which were upflung anguished arms of twisted iron among charred skeletons of chimneys and overthrown party walls. Her loss is nearly a million dollars. She can never come back."

"I said just that myself, Mr. Travis. It always seemed to me there was a woful lack of proper sentiment and aggressive enthusiasm here. I felt the lack of public interest among the people locally, and there I placed the responsibility for loss of prestige and wane of popularity."

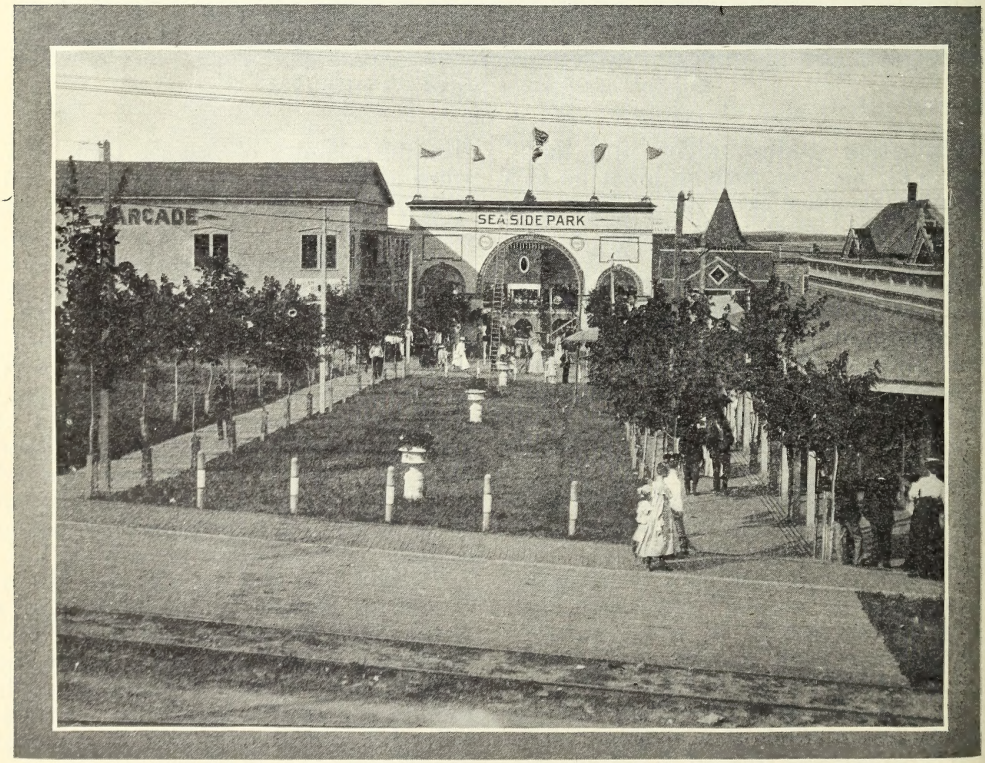
"You cannot be mistaken, for to what other causes could this be traced? Does the sun shine brighter elsewhere? Could one find a fairer country? In natural advantages inland, varied landscape, and ideal sites for summer homes, can this place be surpassed? Has your mind's eye a finer location, one so accessible? Can grander beach than that glorious arch exist?"

"Nowhere, Mr. Barnes, and while we clasp hands on that, I want to tell you a charming story to all who have loved this place for many years, aye, all their lives. The awful darkness of succeeding days proved but the shadow just preceding dawn. Staggered by the fearful blow, groping against a blind wall of distraction, almost of despair, the real men of the town found all their senses called into action as never before, and in the common calamity they turned first to each other and saw new men they had never dreamed existed.

"For years and years good things had surged into the waiting arms of those who cast their lots here, until they had thought it must ever be thus. If the season proved poor for any reason not understood, they considered it but a temporary lull and with confidence looked for better things when summer should again smile upon them. Thus the decline was so gradual that they might have gone on endlessly in this frame of mind had not the elements torn away the veil that obscured their vision.

"Suddenly they heard the voices of *unknown* breakers, felt the shock of the rocks and wreck and ruin was all about them.

"No man could stand alone. They offered and accepted mutual support, and, setting their teeth hard, when their blurring vision cleared, they thought of no surrender, but, with everything to gain, began to grapple manfully with their tremendous problem.



ENTRANCE TO THE AMUSEMENT PARK

"Behold the result of a few months' earnest and self-sacrificing toiling! Their get-together spirit won friends right and left, up and down the land, and from everywhere came assurances of eagerness to assist in a rehabilitation that should outshine even the dreams of early days, when 'Old Orchard' was about the only name that spelled attraction to the State of Maine, from an outing point of view.

"All the sons and daughters of Maine do not live within her borders, and the

"Far o'er the deep, when the world is asleep,
They think of their home and thine;
In the dear land, the fair land, the Maine land,
The land of the cliff and pine,"

truth of this sentiment, was instantly proven to the stricken town by substantial tokens of unselfish love.

"The State Legislature went the limit of its power to assist the town, provided against excessive burden, and left the situation clear for vigorous advance steps.

A young and enthusiastic board of trade met at very frequent intervals to discuss, adopt, and put into operation measures for permanent improvement. Various live committees wrestled with problems presented and solved them.

"The annual town meeting passed measures preventing cheapening processes; forbade ramshackle structures as the homes of fakirs or for *any* purpose within the town limits; set the lines of a boulevard along the water front, which should be developed and beautified from year to year; made provision for a fifty thousand dollar water system; perfected their fire service; underdrained a brook across the beach, always an eyesore and aggravation to autoists and pedestrians alike; voted to macadamize all approaches to the beach; concrete the sidewalks of the town, and in general set about building a *city*, and let the only Coney Island do business in New York without a jealous eye or desire to emulate it.

From this time on, the standard is to be set high and remain there. As an inducement to the always desirable men and women who travel in their own train — the automobile — steps were immediately taken to perfect nature's magnificent driveway, the beach, by removing one set of pillars and thus opening a passage sufficiently wide for several autos to pass abreast — beneath the pier, and when this work, the underdraining of the brook and blasting away of a big boulder at Googins Rocks, is completed, the Old Orchard speedway will stand unrivaled along the Atlantic coast, or any other.

"A recreation ground and pleasure park not far from the station, known as Seaside Park, well equipped with amusements dear to young and old; the great pier with other attractions, daily vaudeville, Sunday band concerts, the Princess roller skating rink, and the proposed excellent golf links will cater to general taste, while hundreds of excellent drives and excursions offer unending variety to those whose visits are long or short.

Arrangements are being perfected for yacht races off the beach, with the entire course well in sight from the town front, and a cosy club house is being agitated for the yachtsmen.

"Surely God helps those who try to help themselves, and so do *men*. No sooner had these advance steps been taken than plans were exhibited for the building of a hotel on the beach front, to cost, exclusive of furnishings, one hundred thousand dollars. Temporary structures hastily constructed the season after the fire will be removed in good time, and a bigger, better, more beautiful Old Orchard is fast becoming a reality — aye, in so far as surety is concerned, it is here."

The smoke talk ended, Ned and Jack sought the ladies, and repeated the inspiring news to willing listeners. Vieing with one another in painting pictures of the Old Orchard of the future, Mrs. Barnes, who had now become Nina, as all the ceremonials were relegated to the long ago, released a silvery little laugh, and exclaimed, "That's all just grand, and no doubt we shall plan bungalows — twins — side by side, but I, for one, desire to see Old Orchard just as it *is*, which won't take anything away from what it *will* be."

"All out for a walk. Here's my license — I'm guide," and Barbara seized Jack by the lapel of his coat and set the pace up the street.

THE GREAT LEVELER—ALL ARE FRIENDS IN THE SURF

"One good thing is planned for the future, an Arbor Day celebration, to become an annual event. That means in time, beautiful trees along these streets, but in the mean time, I'll show you Fern Park, destined to receive careful attention, and become one of the very loveliest bits of woodland in New England."

Soon they left the highway and followed a driveway into the forest, where the woodsman's axe was evidently a stranger, and the landscape gardener's knife as well. Tortuous paths led in all directions, and woodsy nooks abounded, the coziest of which was on the top of a high bluff, overlooking an exceedingly pretty bit of country. Away in the distance a small body of water gleamed like burnished silver, birds were singing everywhere, wild flowers bowed to scent-laden zephyrs, and here they rested and enjoyed a few minutes' talk, to a running accompaniment of chocolates, Ned had thoughtfully taken along.

"Where's the maze? There *is* one somewhere about, and I'd like to see it."

"Perhaps we *have* seen it already. We have turned on our own path so many times I am by no means certain I know the way out, Nina."

For a time they charged along a by-path in anxious search for the driveway, until Jack halted, struck an attitude, and dramatically remarked, "I never saw the sun anywhere in the heavens but south at this time of day, and there it is, so here's east," and starting off at right angles, he led the party through the woods, coming out upon the highway, where a cross street led into the camp ground. Following this, they visited the great natural amphitheatre where religious meetings have been held for many years, and have become world famous for the great sums of money that have been raised at single sessions. $121,000 was the result of one day's collections for foreign missions. The capacity of the auditorium is in the neighborhood of ten thousand people, and it was such a throng as this that greeted Frances Willard at the beginning of her work.

On every hand are hundreds of cottages, and "at the camp-meeting season they are crowded with people from all over the world," was the information given by a gentleman on the grounds.

Their ramble over, with ravenous appetites they returned to dinner, after which they took a long spin over the beach to Ocean Park and through the cities of Saco and Biddeford, stopping at Scarboro, "Dunstan's Corner," for a shore dinner instead of regulation hotel fare, after which they motored to Pine Point, and home across the shore front.

On the following day they enjoyed their first dip in the surf, remaining in bathing costume for a couple of hours, a part of which time was spent in digging holes in the sand, burying each other to the neck, and engaging in running races with some children as an appetizer for dinner.

Throngs of people from the hotels and cottages were in the water, which was just the right temperature, and the surf, always good, was that day at its best to welcome these new friends.

Not content with jumping the breakers, Nina demanded a teacher, and just beyond the reach of the combers, made fine progress, although her husband assured her, "You never can swim; one foot's too heavy, and will persist in seeking a toehold on bottom."

"Wait till Ned gets hold of you — he'll teach you as he did me."

"How was that, Barbara?"

"Took me out to a swimming pool in New York. One part of it was shallow and the rest ten feet deep. I could kick about a little but had no confidence until he pushed me off into the deep part and made me get out the best I could. I did all right, refused to speak to him for an hour, but found I could take care of myself, and the trouble was all over. That night he proposed to me. Guess he thought he *had to* after that, to show he had no intention of letting me drown. I got even then — accepted him. That's the costliest joke he ever played."

What with long spins in the runabout, a delightful steamboat ride from Camp Ellis to the Saco River, bathing, yachting, fishing, dancing, and many delightful trolley trips, the time passed all too soon, and the day set for their departure was but twenty-four hours away. Several thousands of visitors

were expected on the morrow, for it was to be a gala day, with fêtes, carnival, etc. Several of Uncle Sam's warships were in the offing at night, and their searchlights played along the shore, disturbing the rosy romance of many a snugly tucked-away couple of "spooners."

"One place, the best of all, we have left for the last. Let's spend the day at The Cascade, Jack."

"That's a bet. Lunch, some good novels for you and Barbara to read to Ned and me while we smoke, and a whole day all by our lonesomes. Don't that sound good?"

Two miles up the Means road, in a delightfully sequestered place, is a lovely cascade, bordered by beautiful trees and, retired from disturbance of any kind, they remained until the sound of the express whistle recalled them to an evening engagement at a sendoff, planned in their honor by the hotel proprietor. As the auto sped beachward, Ned directed his machine a roundabout way, and finally came to a stop on the sea wall, a half mile from the pier.

"Busted your carburetor, Ned? Shall I send up a wireless for the life savers? STRANDED IN THE WILDS OF OLD ORCHARD wouldn't look well in headlines to-morrow."

"Nothing like that in my family. Just wanted you to see this spot by moonlight. I looked the town all over, saw a real estate agent and got a refusal of these two lots. Think we'd better build those twin bungalows, so the people can say of us, 'They sighed side by side down by the ocean side.' No better place is on the map for a summer home than this splendid beach, and I move we adopt it."

"What say you, Nina and Barbara? Ned and I have prepared this proposition as a happy surprise for you at the last minute. This quartet came mighty near beginning married life together—shall we merge these families into one?"

For a few moments the girls stood apart from the expectant fellows and conferred in low voices, then, with arms about each other's waists, they took their places by the side of their wondering partners, stood for a time gazing across foaming waves seaward, and looking at the stars, they chanted solemnly, "Under one of those bright bodies each of us was born, and we call upon those dieties and the Great One over all, to grant our lives full blessing as we plan to establish our new homes under the protecting care of 'The Crescent-Enthroned Queen of the Maine Coast'"

THE ARBUTUS

By ELIZABETH GREY

Out of a rose-flushed sunset sky,
One flower-like cloudlet sank,
Down through a drifting, shimmering haze,
Down to a mossy bank.

The night wind whirled the fallen leaves,
And covered the cloudlet gay.
Under the silent, starry sky
The winsome wanderer lay.

And lo! when the dawn flushed field and hill,
All in the waking hour,
Under the dry leaves, old and brown,
There bloomed the first spring flower!

IN NEW ENGLAND

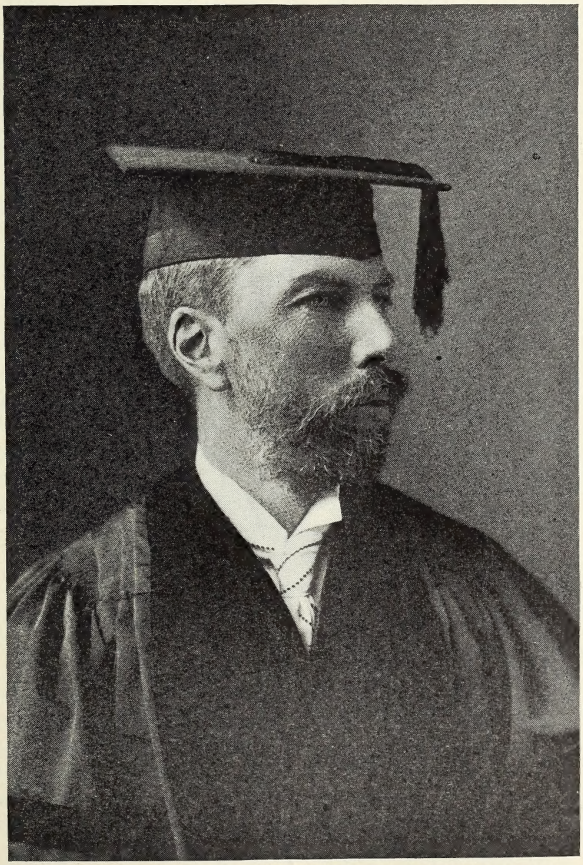
A NOTE OF WARNING

President Arthur Twining Hadley, of Yale University, in a recent address, called renewed attention to the value of the "intellectual group," in educational work, and the importance of guarding it against the disintegrating tendencies of too free an application of the elective system. This system, he declared, had resulted in keen competition between teachers and had accordingly raised the standard of teaching. At the same time it had reduced competition between students, and tended to lower the standards of scholarship among them.

This is a very important statement from a very high authority. The country has learned to respect Dr. Hadley's utterances for their soundness and sagacity.

What the class group meant formerly most old college men very well remember, and that its ruthless sacrifice to supposed "progress" is not to be allowed to pass unchallenged will be a source of considerable satisfaction to them.

Even in maturer years, and among men who are natural intellectual leaders, the "intellectual group," as all students of literature know, has been a power out of which has arisen the best Even the commanding figure that stands heads and shoulders above the group in apparent isolation — a Goethe, for example — has received from the group far more than is commonly understood. Real intellectual isolation is rarely productive. The subject is one of the deepest interest and importance.



ARTHUR T. HADLEY, LL.D., PRESIDENT OF YALE UNIVERSITY

COLLEGIANS AND THE PRESIDENCY

In the natural enthusiasm of Yale men over the election of their fellow-collegian to the presidency of the

United States, Yale-Taft dinners are becoming regular functions. As there is scarcely a Yale Alumni Association of any importance in the land that will rest satisfied until it has one, there are several score yet to be heard from. But, seriously, there is a good deal of good for thought in the event. President Taft is not an accidental, he is a typical product of the American university. His administration will follow that of an ardent collegian, and it is more than an open question if the old type son of the soil, self-made politician can ever again attain to presidential eminence in these United States.

LENGTHENING LIFE

Professor Irving Fisher, of Yale University, has recently called attention to the economic importance of the lengthening of life — this in an address before the Association of Life Insurance Presidents.

The points which he makes are well substantiated, and should lend a new impetus to the growing movements toward sanitation and disease prevention. Professor Fisher shows conclusively that these movements are capable of reducing the percentage of mortality at certain ages and lengthening the average span of life sufficiently to materially affect life insurance schedules. It is only fair to ask if the work already accomplished in the last decade has not been of sufficient practical importance to be already reflected in life insurance schedules. This is a point that will and should be watched with a jealous eye.

TO DEVELOP BOSTON

The results of two years of investigation by the Metropolitan Improvements Commission are embodied in an elaborate report which was submitted to the Legislature March 16th.

The report discusses various plans for the improvement of Boston's transportation facilities, both by land and water. The results of this prolonged effort are to many a disappointment, in that a definite and practical scheme, with working details, is not presented. The Boston Herald says, "the mountain has brought forth a mouse." The commission recommends the appointment of a second "special commission," with a "council" attached, representative of the entire Metropolitan district. Whether or not such a commission is capable of presenting a working plan may be open to question, but one thing is certain, the motive that prompted its creation is representative of a very deep and widespread civic movement in the city of Boston and the adjacent district, and such a spirit creates the atmosphere out of which results come as a matter of course.

The NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, therefore, rather than joining with those who find nothing but disappointment in the commissioner's report, sees in it much of value and a sign of great encouragement.

THE MANHATTAN GRAND OPERA ENGAGEMENT

Beginning March 29th, Mr. Oscar Hammerstein's Manhattan Grand Opera Company open a two weeks' season at the Boston Theater. The subscription for season tickets closed on the 20th, and the sale of seats for single performances opens on the 22d at 9 A.M.

This engagement brings to New England that remarkable group of dramatic singers which Mr. Hammerstein's keen business and artistic sense has gathered. It is such a gathering of talent and such a program as gives evidence that Mr. Hammerstein is himself a lover of Grand Opera. It is not wholly commercial; there is a touch of "art for art's sake" in it. And the public appreciation of this fact is evidenced by the rapidity with which the house was sold. The two weeks' capacity of the Boston Theater allows, at the prices obtained for Grand Opera performances, a sale of $140,000 worth of seats, and this very large sum is likely to be more than realized. There

could be no stronger evidence of the genuine interest of New England people in Grand Opera than this remarkable success.

Mr. Hammerstein is a believer in "home talent." That is to say, he is generous in the use of his splendid organization for the development of American singers. His most conspicuous success in this respect is Miss Mary Garden. His company, although it is its first visit to Boston, is already well established in New York and Philadelphia, where it has met with distinguished success. Mr. Hammerstein is bringing his full company and best talent with him.

In addition to Miss Garden, who is a great favorite among opera lovers, we will have an opportunity to hear the celebrated Mme. Tetrazzini, who is of herself quite a sufficient star attraction to carry a whole season of opera. Mlle. Labia is also coming. She is one of Mr. Hammerstein's younger singers, said to be of noble blood and of a charming personality.

And there we have allowed the word to slip out that gives the true tone color of the Hammerstein singers. Tetrazzini, Garden, Labia (for all have reached that stage of distinction and hold on the public heart which renders first names and titles superfluous) are singers characterized by personal charm — magnetism, if you will have it so.

A great deal has been written about the Grand Opera voice and the Grand Opera manner; but it would be more to the point, often, to point out those engaging personal qualities, the presence or absence of which make and unmake Grand Opera singers. Mr. Hammerstein's singers are possessed of that charm. It clings to their very names. Already the boys on the street can tell you something about Mary Garden and Tetrazzini, while Labia bids fair to make fully as deep an impression.

When we consider that Grand Opera singing, in addition to these qualities, must possess something of the heroic, mental and physical, it is easy to see that the successful organization of a Grand Opera Company is an artistic achievement of the most difficult nature. The Manhattan Company is to be regarded as such an achievement — an artistic unit, as distinct from the artistry of the individual singers.

Mary Garden as Thais

The Manhattan Company, among other excellent qualities, gives evidence of great courage and originality. For it surely takes courage, considering the enormous financial losses that may possibly be involved, to put on the stage untried productions.

MME. TETRAZZINI

While the Manhattan company will present a number of the old favorites, the two weeks' program in Boston Theater this year is the most liberal presentation of pieces unknown to the public that we ever remember to have seen put together into a single Grand Opera program.

Such productions as Debussy's Pelleas and Melisande, Charpentier's Louise, Massenet's Thais, and Offenbach's Tales of Hoffman, are unknown to Boston audiences, save as they may be known by name to a few. It is true that they come with all the prestige of New York and Philadelphia successes, but even so it is a bold venture to put forth in a new city so untried a program.

All this goes to show that the Manhattan Opera Company is an organization possessing individuality and dominated by a strong, guiding spirit.

The engagement is the society event of the season, theatrically speaking. Symphony Hall is, for the time being, forgotten. No attempt will be made by

the symphony management to present a leading attraction while this event is before the public.

But it is not society alone, in the narrow sense, that is to fill the vast auditorium of the Boston Theater. Many a dollar is being saved in very humble quarters to enable some lover of music and the stage to revel for a single night in the uplifting artistic splendors of Grand Opera. The "public" more, perhaps, than the few are full of appreciation and anticipation.

Under the title of Drama we are discussing the principal musical event of the month in New England, the Boston engagement of Hammerstein's Metropolitan Opera Company.

Outside of this engrossing attraction, Easter season events loom largest on the musical horizon.

THE HANDEL AND HAYDN CONCERT

Sunday, April 11, at 7.30 P.M., in Symphony Hall, this well-known choral society under the experienced leadership of Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, and Mr. H. S. Tucker, organist, will present Gounod's Redemption. The soloists will be Mme. Jeanne Janelli, soprano, Miss Pearl Benedict, alto; Mr. George Hamlin, tenor; Mr. Claude Cunningham, baritone, and Mr. Leverett B. Merrill, bass. The chorus numbers four hundred voices.

The Redemption has always been a great favorite with the public. It has been given seven times by the Handel and Haydn Society, the last time in 1901.

THE CECILIA SOCIETY

This is the thirty-third season of this strong choral organization, and its third Jordan Hall Concert will be given Thursday evening, March 25, at 8.15.

At this concert the society is to present La Vita Nuova, by Emanno Wolf-Ferrari. This will be the first performance in Boston of this cantata based upon Dante's text. Mr. Wallace Goodrich will be the conductor, which ensures a thoroughly appreciative rendering of the piece. The soloists will be Mrs. Frances Dunton Wood, soprano, and Mr. Earl Cartwright, baritone, with Mr. Alfred de Voto as pianist, and Mr. Albert W. Snow as organist.

The composer of this cantata, Emanno Wolf-Ferrari is one of the most prominent of the young Italian school. He is now living in Munich, devoting his time wholly to musical composition.

CHARLES FONTEYN MANNEY

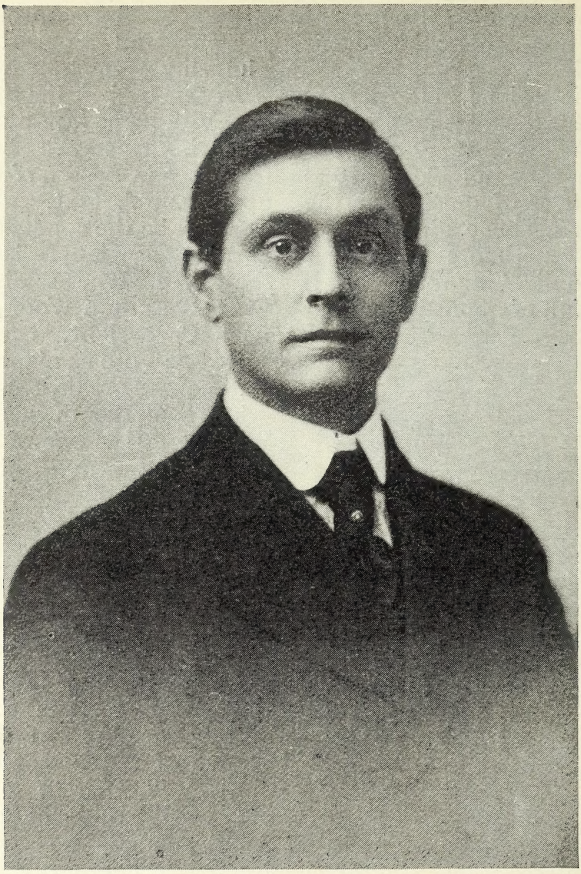
Among the most interesting features of the Easter Music in Boston will be the performance both at Trinity and at the Church of the Advent of a new Easter anthem, "Open to me the gates," by one of the youngest of Boston's composers.

Mr. Manney was born in Brooklyn, New York, February 8, 1872. He studied harmony with William Arms Fisher and Wallace Goodrich, and composition and counterpoint with Dr. Percy Goetschius.

He is a serious student, and has already composed a comic opera, "The Duke's Double," two sacred cantatas, "The Resurrection," a favorite Easter piece of great merit, and "The Manger Throne," for Christmas festivals. He has also produced a number of piano pieces and many songs, both secular and sacred, anthems, services and part songs and translations into English verse of French and German song texts.

His latest piece, the anthem above mentioned, is dedicated to Trinity Church, where it will be presented on Easter Sunday morning, under the leadership of Mr. Wallace Goodrich.

Mr. Manney's future work will be watched with the deepest and most serious interest.



CHARLES FONTEYN MANNEY

THREE MODERN GERMAN PAINTINGS

By Alfred Johnson, A.B., Lit. D.

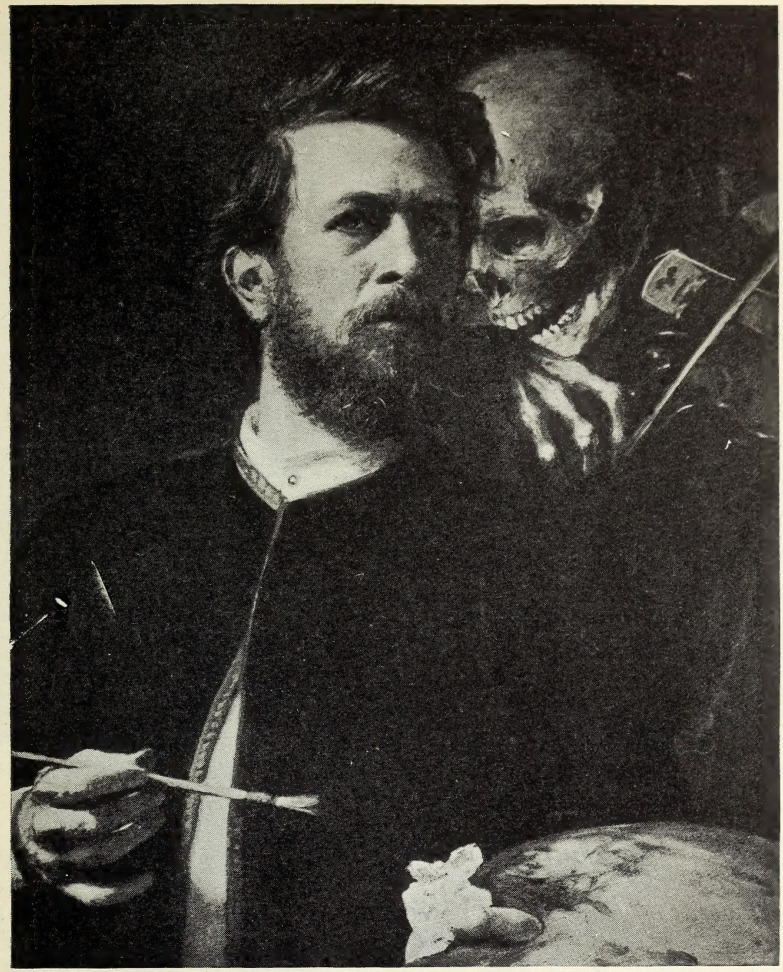
Three of the most important and characteristic of the remarkable collection of Modern German pictures exhibited by the Copley Society of Boston, at Copley Hall, during March, are reproduced in this issue.

They are: The "Théâtre Gymnase," by Adolf Von Menzel,— the glorifier of Prussian fame, and first German painter to reproduce accurately the pulsating out of door life as he saw it about him, and the first "plein air" painter.

The "Fiddling Death," by Arnold Böcklin:—the lyric interpreter of German genius and sentiment, as seen through the medium of his own poetic personality; and the "Hessian Peasant Girl," by Professor Karl Bantzer, an essentially normal and correct painter of modern German life.

Menzel's "Théâtre Gymnase," painted in 1856, is not only one of the best works in color by this modern German master, but its skilful and picturesque differentiation of the artificial lighting of the stage, and of the auditorium, mark, perhaps, a turning point in the development of the art of painting.

The fact is significant that Monet was only twenty-three years of age, when Menzel, then a mature artist of forty-one, painted this finished work.



OWN PORTRAIT WITH FIDDLING DEATH—*Arnold Böcklin*
Owned by Royal National Gallery, Berlin

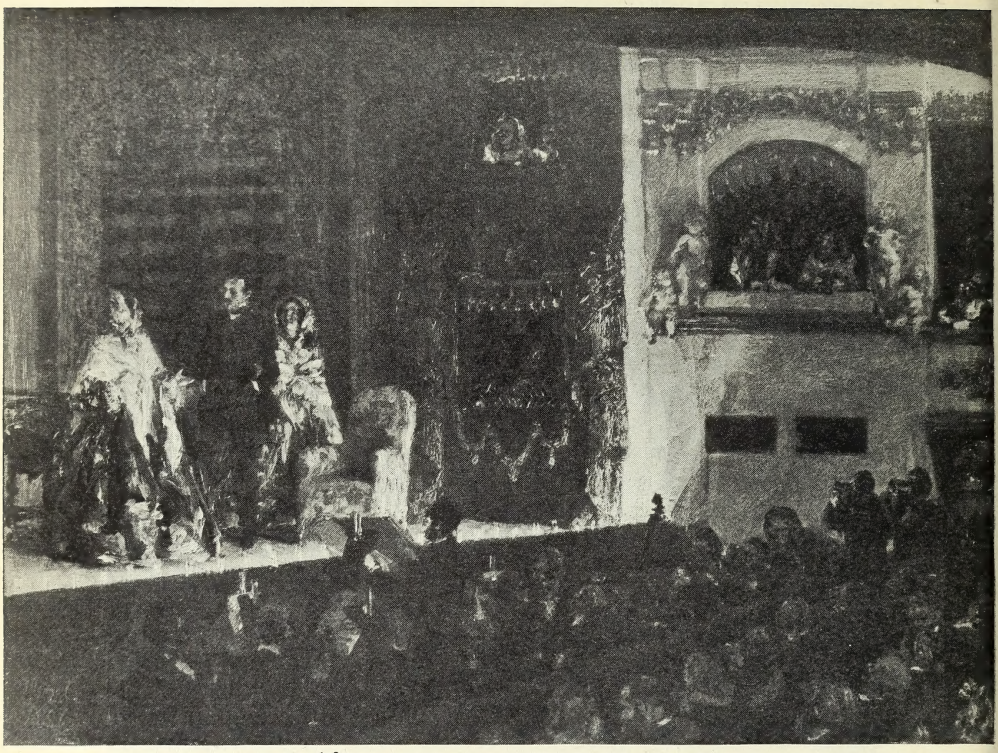
There are, moreover, pictures by Menzel, painted about the year 1850, depicting an humble room, through the windows of which the sun's warm rays shine and play.

These are nothing more nor less than impressionistic pictures of the yards and gardens of Berlin, as they were a half century ago. Thus, the German art critics have given to Adolf Von Menzel the right to the title of *Father of the Impressionists.*

Böcklin's picture of himself, called here in America the "Fiddling Death," has afforded much speculation during the exhibition at Copley Hall, as to its symbolic meaning.

Böcklin, as is now a matter of record, had several strokes of paralysis, and it is the opinion of those who knew him, as well as the physicians who are competent to judge, that in this picture he is trying to record his first slight shock.

The picture represents the figure of the artist who has heard something new and strange while at his work. The listening poise of the head, the erect and backward sway of the body, the arrested attention in the raised right eyebrow, the locks tossed back, the suspended lips, and the



"THÉATRE GYMNASE"— *Adolph Von Menzel*
Owned by Royal National Gallery, Berlin

momentary inactivity of the nervous, delicate, artistic hand which holds the brush, all indicate the alertness and tension of a sensitive and keen mind, intent upon catching some imperfectly heard sounds. The skeleton of Death bending over Böcklin's left shoulder, with an impudent insistence and effrontery seems to be playing into his very ear. The wrist of the bony hand, as the bow is drawn down, bearing heavily across the one remaining G string of the violin, almost touches the listening ear; and we can almost hear the mocking laugh hissing over his shoulder, through the gaping, repulsive skeleton teeth. The fact is significant that the three lighter strings of the violin are broken and gone and only the silver G string, strongest of all, remains. This, to Böcklin, undoubtedly typified what was left to him of his life, and the firmly grasped palette and brush typify, of course, his work. Böcklin had studied medicine, and recognizing what the slight tremor and momentary stupor following the bursting of a blood vessel meant, seized his brush at once and attempted to record in the method best understood by him his sensations, and his willingness to face death bravely and cheerfully, and to go at his work with renewed vigor. The fact is significant that his best pictures were painted after this warning.

Professor Bantzer's "Hessian Peasant Girl," is one of the most characteristically German pictures in the exhibition, both as to its subject and treatment. It is hoped that this picture may be presented at the close of the exhibition to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

This picture seems to me honest and competent work, and particularly characteristic of the soil which produced it. I seem to see in the face of the peasant maiden and in the somberness of her costume the generations of oppression and

"HESSIAN PEASANT GIRL"—*Professor Karl Bantzer*
Which it is hoped will be presented to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts

resignation to the conditions of slavish toil which have been necessary to evolve the present great and unified nation. At the same time I find in her eyes a longing, an aspiration for something better, and I leave the picture always with a cheerful confidence that as the present transitory condition of the human mind evolves in conformity with the immutable laws of development the toilers shall no longer be stunted through their toil. More and more will the brains and not the hands be the important factor for all employers of labor. These hands and arms, of course, tell, as does the face, the story of the girl's life. The very firmness of the clasp of the right thumb over the left, and the sinewy fingers, show an almost ambidexterity born of generations of manual training.

The hands have taken shape and color from her own personal life, and her toiling existence in the open; the face is a reflection of the peasant training and environment, and the pre-natal influence of countless generations of feudal ancestry. This is the type of peasant girl I stopped by the wayside to chat with as she was at work in the cabbage fields, or in the evening during the Tanz-pause in the big room of the local Gasthaus or inn. And one old mother told me of the one other American she had known who had come to the dances years ago, and danced with her, and asked her name, and who had been in the same guest room in the little inn and who wrote in the balcony all the fine spring day, and talked to everybody in the village as they passed

by, making friends with them all. That American was Bayard Taylor, who at the time was translating "Faust," which was published in 1879, here in Boston.

A NEW NOVEL BY ALICE BROWN

The publisher's announcement of the Story of Thyrza describes it as "a powerful and moving story of a woman's whole life,"— and they might have added, as told by a woman. For this is essentially a woman's story of a woman, and it has perhaps for that very reason a great deal more of that which is simply human and a great deal less of "the eternal feminine" than appears in the usual woman of fiction.

Thyrza is introduced to us as an intense, imaginative, little girl, to whom the accident of not having been born pretty is in itself of tragic significance. Through the humor and pathos of these childish scenes Miss Brown leads us with conscientious care and fine sympathy. But if Thyrza's deep emotions and warm imagination mother and father her own tragedies, they also inspire her with the courage and the essential goodness to turn tragedies into victories, even when, at last, the little tragedies have vanished into the inscrutably smiling past and a great heart tragedy takes their place, her victory over which lifts Thyrza out of the little world of herself, and Laura and Rosie May and Andy, and into the great universal world that is the home of our common humanity.

Miss Brown, as special providence for the world which she creates, dispenses calamities with all the traditional "irony of fate," and keeps us duly waiting for the largesses of her justice. In this capacity she is, perhaps, a little less convincing than as an analyst and delineator of individual character, where her skill and truth are truly marvelous.

The story abounds in dramatic situations and is of the kind that grips. The book is brought out by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., at the traditional copyrighted novel price of $1.50. (Query: If some courageous publisher should venture to invade the sanctities of that price, would it be a blessing or a bane to the literary toiler?)

A KIPLING OF THE PHILIPPINES

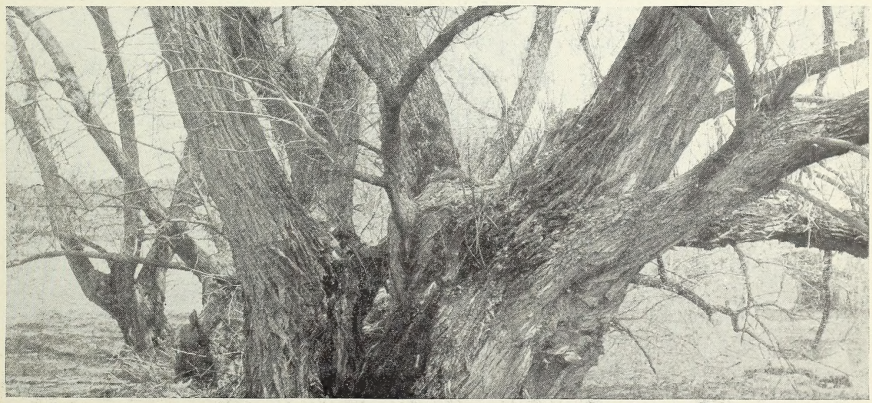
It was an excellent idea to collect the short stories of Mr. Rowland Thomas into so thoroughly enjoyable and salable a book as "The Little Gods," which is one of Little, Brown & Co.'s spring publications,— $1.50, of course. As an artist Mr. Thomas is of the impressionist school, and depicts action, atmosphere, moving light and shadow,— the objective world, without comment or apology.

The most telling test which can be applied to any piece of literature is, *Is a second reading of it enjoyable?* "Fagan," which serves as the first chapter of The Little Gods, meets the test unflinchingly and wins out. A second reading of Fagan and the other stories (now chapters) *is* enjoyable. We predict for The Little Gods a well-merited success. The book is illustrated effectively, and bears an attractive color drawing on its cover.

THE WEB OF THE GOLDEN SPIDER

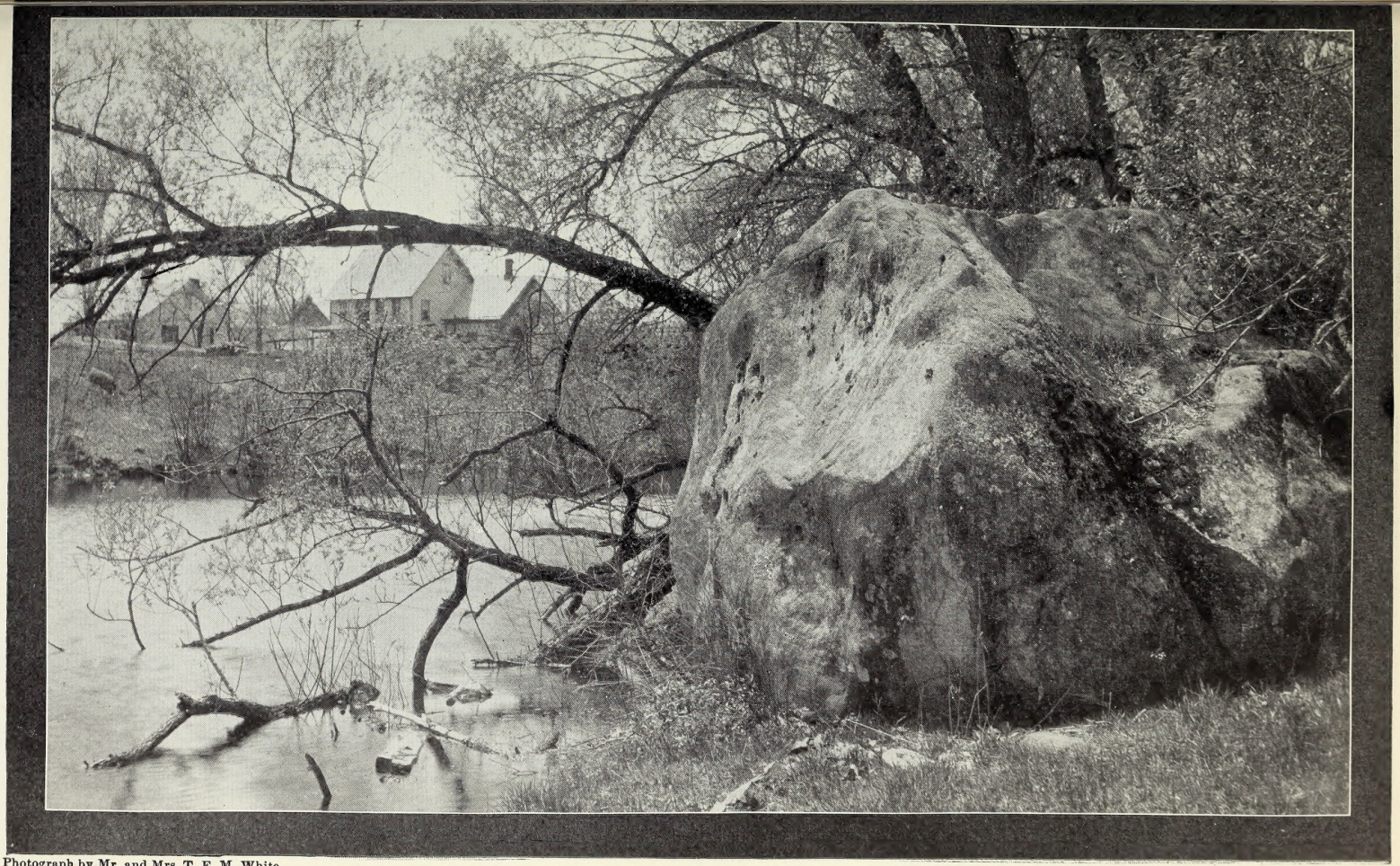
This is one of Small, Maynard & Co.'s spring leaders, and is from the pen of Mr. Frederick Orin Bartlett, author of "Joan of the Alley," etc. The Golden Spider is a little bead-eyed heathen puppet that casts a wonderfully hypnotic spell over the beautiful heroine, converting her into a trance medium and tool of the treasure-mad old soldier, who is searching for the fabulous wealth of a hidden Indian shrine. And thereby is woven the web that is finally brushed aside by love's loyalty. The book is delightfully impossible, gravely realistic, infectiously adventurous, and thoroughly good company for as long a time as it demands for a reading.

Beautiful New England



Photograph by Mr. and Mrs. T E. M. White

WHITE MOUNTAINS AND FOOTHILLS, FROM NORTH CONWAY



Photograph by Mr. and Mrs. T. E. M. White

THE BIG BOULDER, MILL BROOK

Photograph by Mr. and Mrs. T. E. M. White

HUMPHREY'S LEDGE, WHITE MOUNTAINS

Photograph by Mrs. T. E. M White

A North Conway apple orchard

Photograph by Mr. and Mrs. T. E. M. White

EARLY SPRING IN THE WHITE MOUNTAIN DISTRICT

Photograph by Mr. and Mrs. T. E. M. White

MOAT MOUNTAIN, FROM BALD HILL

From the painting by Joaquin Sorolla

"After the Bath"

(This painting was given the position of honor in the exhibition at Copley Hall, Boston)

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THE WOMAN'S CONGRESSIONAL CLUB

By MRS. HENRY T. RAINEY

FEW persons living outside of Washington have any conception of the work performed by the average member of Congress, of the multitude of details a conscientious member of Congress is called upon to master and the numerous demands upon his time. The drudgery of the position he fills is comparatively unknown to the constituents he represents. Few, if any, of his constituents have any idea that the wife of a member of Congress is called upon while in Washington to assume any duties social or otherwise. As a matter of fact, a Congressman's wife, anxious to assist her husband and to discharge her duty fully to the constituents he represents, is called upon to undertake a multitude of social requirements.

It is true, indeed, that a Congressman's wife need do nothing at all. She may remain at home, receive no visitors, and render no social service.

The new Congressman's wife finds social customs reversed. Here she is expected to make the first calls. She is permitted to select her own friends, she creates her own social environment. She makes it as large or as small as she pleases. She may simply attend the theaters, go to the President's receptions, visit the galleries of the House and Senate occasionally, go to the National Museum, visit Mt. Vernon and the Congressional Library, go up in the Monument, and go home; or she can take up the more complicated social life and render her husband and his constituents and herself a real service.

To the thoughtful woman public life entails certain obligations, and she is not inclined to shirk them without some excellent reason to advance in explanation thereof.

Only a few members of Congress are millionaires. Only a few of them maintain large establishments in Washington. The greater number of the members of the House have worked their way to a place in Congress through the drudgery of a country law office. Nearly all of them come from the great middle class of the country. Washington is democratic, and society in Washington is typical of the democracy of the country. People who are accustomed to social observances in other cities cannot possibly understand the extraordinary social fabric which exists in Washington. It is political to the core, as a matter of course. It ranks men and their wives, not according to their culture, their wealth, their intellectuality or their social status at home. It is the office which counts. Position goes with office and in almost every instance the woman who holds an official position and improves her opportunities is able, with an occasional lift, in the social procession, to keep up her end, be she transplanted from city or country, from Arkansas or New Hampshire. She readily tunes herself in harmony with her surroundings and fits in to the social scheme just where she can be most helpful to others and where she will get most out of the life she must lead while here.

About one third of the membership of Congress changes every two years. The man who remains here for the greatest period of time and who is industrious acquires methods of doing things, an acquaintance, a knowledge of details, and a prominence in the official life of Washington, that makes him of the greatest service to his constituents. In no other place in the world does energy and ability count for as much as it does in the House

of Representatives. A man's progress there depends upon his own efforts. Millionaires and country lawyers have presented to them equal opportunities. It is equally true that the progress in Washington made by the wife of a member of Congress depends upon her own efforts and upon her own energy and ability. Her husband engrossed in the details of legislation and in the multitude of things, little and big, which he is called upon to perform, finds little or no time for the discharge of social duties or for making acquaintances outside of the ordinary routine of business in the departments. Man is a social being. He gets along better if he is assisted more generously by others. It becomes necessary for him, therefore, to form social ties. The more of them the better. Having no time to attend to these matters himself, this duty falls upon his wife. If she is ambitious, energetic, and tactful she can render most valuable assistance.

Washington is the only city in the world that is primarily and distinctively a capital city. It was planned, founded, and built solely for the purposes of government, and the story of its social development is the history of the growth of a political center, and while other cities rank higher in population or wealth or art or commerce, Washington is and will continue to be the great Democratic city of the world. Because it is not a commercial center and it never should become one (begging the pardon of the Washington Chamber of Commerce, whose ambition is that the Goddess of Liberty on the Capitol dome shall soon hear reverberating from the shores of the Potomac the shriek of factory whistles), and because it is not a great city, there is found here leisure for certain social customs which no longer prevail in any other large cities.

Etiquette prescribes calls as the first of social duties. Calling is indulged in by the Washingtonian on a scale that puts Londoners, Parisians, and Berliners, who pay their calls not in person, but by post, hopelessly to shame. It frequently happens that the wife of a member of Congress will in one afternoon make one hundred calls. She is supposed to have one day each week at home. If she lives on Capitol Hill, her day at home will be Monday. If in the northwest section of the city, her day at home will be Tuesday. She should at each session of Congress call upon the daughter of the Speaker of the House, whose social rank gives her the same receiving day (Wednesday) as that observed by the Cabinet ladies, upon the wives of the members from her own state, upon wives of members of the Ways and Means Committee. She should form the strongest social ties possible with the wives of the members of the committees upon which her husband serves. In fact, she should call upon the wives of nearly every member of Congress. The wives of the senators from her own state demand especial attention socially, and the wives of other senators who may in some way be of assistance to her husband, or whom she may herself wish to know. Thursday is receiving day at the homes of the senators. She should call upon the Cabinet ladies and make the usual formal call upon the wife of the President. If possible, she should call upon the wives of heads of divisions and bureau chiefs who are likely to be brought into official contact with her husband.

It will thus happen that an energetic wife of a member of Congress may have upon her calling list six or seven hundred names. One woman told recently of making twenty-five hundred calls in one season.

In the Congressional circles of Washington mere wealth counts for but little. The fortunate or unfortunate possessor of some thousands of dollars' worth of diamonds and jewels carries with her in Washington on that account, no more prestige than the modestly gowned wife of an average member of Congress. In Washington brains and tact and energy count for everything. Mere wealth, dress, display of jewels, unaccompanied by the other things, are of no value. Wealth is not the open sesame which it is in some cities. We hear much about the winter colony of wealthy Americans who make Washington their home during the social season, and they are coming in increasing numbers each year.

The New Yorker comes because Washington is so serene and nobody hustles.

Photograph by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

MRS. HENRY T. RAINEY, CHARTER MEMBER OF THE WOMAN'S CONGRESSIONAL CLUB

Some are attracted by the lure and glitter of the diplomatic corps.

Many persons of note as well as fashion come because social conditions are unusually favorable for those who desire to meet distinguished and cultivated people, and they obtain by personal contact that mental stimulus which comes from conversation with those who are engaged in literary and public affairs. In fact, during the season, everybody comes to Washington. The social functions of the wealthy are not considered a success without the presence of government officials of rank and note. The lions of Washington are its statesmen, generals, admirals, ambassadors, and ministers of foreign countries. The wealthy must have present these distinguished officials to make even the smartest function really desirable, because office is more than wealth, and official position carries with it a dignity and respect which mere wealth can never push to the wall.

HOME OF THE WOMAN'S CONGRESSIONAL CLUB, WASHINGTON, D. C.

There is not the danger here of social life being dominated by the class of large wealth and aimless leisure that in some cities threaten its higher interests. Washington to-day considers those who represent the political, military, intellectual, and religious interests of the world quite as essential to the completeness of social intercourse as those who stand for material prosperity.

There are ninety-two members of the United States Senate and three hundred and ninety-one members of the House of Representatives. There are about five hundred women, wives, daughters, sisters, and others in the immediate families of the senators and representatives. These women have exchanged visits, but not half have ever met the other half, or if they have, they have not been able to remember both the face and the name, and as a majority of them have the same reception day, they are compelled to stay at home and receive while they should be calling upon each other.

Think how brilliant the conversation and how pleasant the social intercourse of persons constantly occupied in the mental gymnastics of putting a name on a face, of mentally running the alphabetic gamut of states to decide to whom they are talking. Think of flying from house

to house, up elevators and down long halls, distributing cards. Think of going down a receiving line of thirty-two women, all Congressmen's wives. Think of making one hundred calls in one afternoon. Think of calling this kaleidoscope whirl, this utterly senseless formality, "society."

For many years in Washington there has been a constantly increasing desire on the part of wives of members of Congress to make possible closer social ties without the necessity of so much laborious attention to details, and out of this desire has come the Congressional Club.

Few things in Washington are new. The Congressional Club is the newest, it is the first of its kind, and so long as there is but one United States Congress, it will be the only one of its kind.

Less than a year ago a group of twenty-five women, who had for several years discussed the possibility of a Congressional Club, decided that the time had come for effecting an organization. A meeting was called, to which the wives of all senators and representatives were invited. A constitution, brief and concise, was adopted, articles of incorporation were taken out with one hundred and ninety-five charter members, representing forty-two different states, a committee was appointed to secure a permanent home. The club was at last an established fact.

Like a debutante, the club was much entertained. Mrs. Fairbanks, Mrs. J. B. Henderson, Mrs. Crane, and Mrs. Herbert Parsons, and Mrs. Dalzell each gave a reception in honor of the presentation of the club to the social world.

It was not intended to introduce any radical changes in established customs. It was not intended that club life should do away with the custom of exchanging calls. Calling is the polite courtesy which should always be extended, but it

LIBRARY OF THE WOMAN'S CONGRESSIONAL CLUB

Photograph by G. V. Buck

MRS. CHAMP CLARK, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE WOMAN'S CONGRESSIONAL CLUB

is expected that a pleasanter and a less superficial acquaintance among the Congressmen's families will be the result.

The object of the organization is purely social, to promote acquaintance among its members, to facilitate their social intercourse, and to provide a place of meeting and for entertaining distinguished persons who come to Washington.

The club has now a membership of nearly three hundred women from the immediate families of the senators, representatives, and ex-members of Congress. The wife of the President and Vice-President of the United States are eligible as honorary members of the club.

The dues are twenty-five dollars per year for each member, and five dollars for non-residents.

The organization has leased for two years the famous old Blatchford mansion, in MacPherson Square, in the very heart of the fashionable northwest section of the city, for its club house. It was at

one time occupied by the late Senator Arthur P. Gorman, of Maryland. It is a large three-story brick structure. It was built—no one seems to know just when—many years ago and connects the old days with the new.

The first floor is suggestive of lectures, receptions, and dancing. Parlors are spacious, ceilings are high. The decorations are not elaborate, but in excellent taste. A corps of servants is provided. The building is open every day and each member is at liberty to bring friends for afternoon tea. Arrangements may also be made by the members for large receptions and teas, and I regret to say that in order to render the greatest service to members rooms are reserved for those who wish to play bridge. But I record with pleasure that bridge is not particularly popular in Congressional circles, and it is to be hoped that its popularity will wane rather than increase. In contradistinction to this feature, a large, airy, cozy, well-lighted, and quiet upstairs room is reserved for a library. Newspapers and magazines are on the tables.

Miss Wood, of New Jersey, treasurer Woman's Congressional Club

The first donation of books was made by Mrs. Frank Vrooman, daughter of General John C. Black, president of the United States Civil Service Commission. She has presented to the club, and they are already installed upon the shelves, over three hundred beautifully bound volumes. It is peculiarly appropriate that this donation should have come from Mrs. Vrooman. Since the founding of the American republic, every generation of her family has sent a member to the House of Representatives.

The club is not intended alone for the women. Representatives and senators are also welcome. At least, there is no law prohibiting their calling for their wives and sisters, and they are always invited to the regular Friday afternoon receptions, and to drop in on Sunday afternoon for a cup of tea, if they feel that they can get along with so mild a beverage. We offered the distinguished William E. Curtis a cup of tea after his talk before the club on one of the Fridays at home. He replied, "I will talk to the ladies, but I will not drink their tea." But, though the men generally do not take tea, very few of them take anything stronger. Indeed, one of the most remarkable things in public life to-day is the number of total abstainers.

The presence of the Tafts in Washington in December not only decided the date of the house-warming, but gave to it an official importance. The first evening reception was held in January in honor of the Vice President and Mrs. Fairbanks and the Speaker and Miss Cannon.

It is expected that the result of the organization of the club will be to make Congressional society less artificial, to enable members of Congress and their families to meet on a plane of absolute social equality, to make closer and pleasanter friendships than could otherwise exist, and to brighten up the dull monotony of official life and duties.

Drawn by C. Scott White

In and out of New Bay

By LUCY INGRAM TOPLIFF

With illustrations by C. Scott White

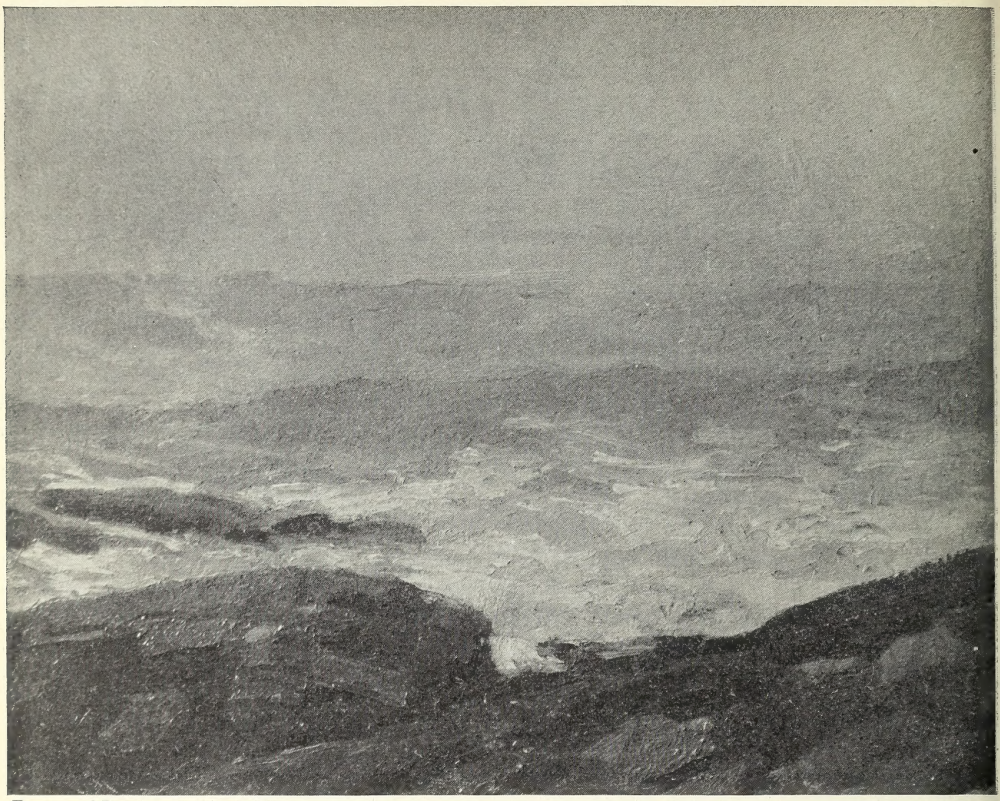
IT isn't really "new," this little village by the sea. On the contrary, it is old, as years are counted here in America. For one hundred years and more the village of New Bay has rested there on the hillside while the men have gone down to the sea in ships and the women have worked and waited and watched for their return.

It was love at first sight with us. We had declared that this particular summer we must, could, would, and should spend far from crowds. We wanted the country; we wanted the sea; we wanted to be where the summer girl was not; where though the name of the great French preacher was unknown, people lived unconsciously the simple life; and the gods granted our wishes and gave us — New Bay. It happened like this. We had been cruising for a week in a friend's yacht with the full understanding that when the spirit moved us, then and there we would desert the ship with full consent of the officers thereof. It was such a summer evening as poets dream of and artists try in vain to subdue to oil and paint that we cast anchor in the little harbor. The church in the center of the village on the hill was outlined clearly against a sky of living fire. The cottages clustering near as if for comfort when the winter storms brought sorrow into many homes, seemed to spill over the town limits and run down the hillside to shake hands as it were and be sociable with the fish-houses along the shore. The boats on the water seemed floating on a sea of gold. Then slowly the wonderful glow faded. Lamps were lighted in the cottages and sent through the windows cheery streams of yellow out into the gathering dark. The church bells rang out for the evening meeting and everywhere on every side was the resinous odor of the fir-balsam and spruce from the woods near by.

Our hearts were won. Here is where we would spend the summer. This was the place of our dreams. No sooner thought of than we spoke our wishes. No sooner had we spoken than according to the terms of the bond a boat was lowered and soon we and our bags and baggage, our "scrip and scrippage," were on the way to the landing. Where were we to stay the night? That was an unimportant item. Had we not always been taught to take no heed as to what we should eat, drink, or the wherewithal we should be clothed? To that list we would now add — lodging. On reaching the pier, however, we thought it advisable to make a few inquiries. "Can we get board anywhere in the village?" we rather anxiously asked one of the men standing on the wharf. "Well, I don't know," he answered; then looking us all over as we stood there in the dim light, he humorously added, "There's a man over there," jerking his thumb in the direction of some one just coming down the pier; "mebbe he'll take you, if he likes your looks."

We hurried in the direction indicated, praying that our looks might not belie us, and saw a genial-faced man with kindly, merry eyes coming toward us. We made known our desires, and after a little delay the bargain was completed. For a season at least we should be — for so we liked to call it — citizens of New Bay.

And so our happy summer began in that land of loveliness; a land unex-



From an oil Painting by C. Scott White

THE GROUND SWELL

ploited yet by the conventional tourist, undiscovered by the shooters of the shutes or those who twirl their vacations in merry-go-rounds; where vegetables were fresh; where the hens laid eggs while you waited; where the fish and the lobsters seemed to flop right into your boat so anxious were they to be eaten. We had agreed to take as our motto the words of one wiser than we and " jest set down and rest and not work at nothin' else," but of course we did things in a gentle and leisurely fashion. Sometimes on a gray morning, we fished for cunners off the big rock; sometimes we built bonfires when the night suited and roasted all sorts of indigestible things, which we promptly ate with no evil effects; or again out in our boats in the harbor we watched the sun go and the dark come while the guitar made fitting accompaniment to plantation melodies or songs which could not by any means be called classical, but which delighted the small boys athirst for entertainment who followed in our train; for the boy of New Bay takes to the water like the proverbial duck, and infants of five or six are better able to manage a dory than most grown ups. When the skies were very blue and the wind came straight from the northwest without interruptions then we would go for a tramp through the woods, stumbling over fallen spruces with laughter, leaping over mossy rocks with delight, and breathing in all the while great long breaths of the wonderful balsam-scented air.

One feature of New Bay made it unique along the coast. We boasted of a lobster pound and no other village for miles around possessed one. The pound really was the head of our own particular cove

separated from the main body by a big gate. In this enclosure were the lobsters kept. There they stayed until the "rush" orders came from the big cities. Then indeed business was lively. The great nets were first thrown overboard and four or five thousand lobsters caught in one hawl. Next the cove was drained and the men went out in oil skins and rubber boots that came to their waists and scooped up with hand nets the sprawling creatures so ugly to look upon, so delicious to eat. The final act was the most astonishing when the men calmly walked along the muddy bed, stooped, picked up a lobster from behind a rock where it was cunningly hiding, and returned in an amazingly short space of time with arms full.

"Much of a catch?" we asked the low-voiced, quiet superintendent.

"No, not big this time, only forty-five thousand," was the answer.

We gasped our surprise as we questioned what would be a "big one."

"Well, we ought to get seventy thousand," he replied; truly, we decided we were in the country of surprises, where we could learn something new every day.

Of course we went sailing. Who could stay even a week at New Bay and not take a trip with Captain Crozier? It is true that sometimes the sailing turned into motoring, for our captain was a man who welcomed all new inventions, but that mattered little to us so long as we could go cruising up and down the coast and listen to the stories of our skipper.

"What is this island, captain, we hear so much about?" we asked him one day as we were clipping along right smartly over the bay. "They say it doesn't belong to any state. Do you know anything about it?"

"Lord, I should say I did. Born

From a water color by C. Scott White

FISH HOUSES

From an oil painting by C. Scott White

AN OLD FISH HOUSE

there," and he laughed a big, hearty laugh.

"But what is this talk about, anyway?" we persisted.

"Well, some say that when they were drawin' maps of the state once, this island some way got left out: so, of course, when the folks on the island found out, they just said they wouldn't pay any taxes. I don't blame 'em. They support their own schools and they take care of their own poor, so why should they?" he asked.

We couldn't give any good reason why they should, not being students of political economy, but we rather hoped they acknowledged the United States as their country and said as much to the captain.

"Acknowledge the United States?" ejaculated the captain. "I should say they did. Why, after the Civil War the one hundred people on that island sent three thousand dollars to help pay off the national debt! How's that for a record?" and the captain glowed visibly with just pride in his birthplace.

This talk whetted our desire to see the place, so one day the captain took us over to the island. The breeze blew fair enough and the furrow followed free enough to please the most fastidious land-lubber, and we certainly were not exacting, but the captain scanned the horizon where the sea met the sky in the hazy blue, with some anxiety. It was not long, however, before we were anchored in the quiet island harbor. Such a snug little island! Not so very little, either, as we found when we walked its length of three and a half miles; the shores sometimes thickly wooded; sometimes green with pasture land, rising in gentle slope to the clean white schoolhouse on the crest of the hill. Across down and over the island ambled the wooded roads charming the eye of the pedestrian, but not wide enough for a carriage. We pointed this fact out to the captain.

"Don't need to be any wider," he commented. "There aint any horses on the island," and then as though desirous of being absolutely accurate, he added, "I believe though now Ike Brown has one or two."

So we walked through the fragrant wood-ways, passing picturesque stiles which served as exits and entrances to

neighboring farms, until we came to "The store." There are two on the island, but "The store" is also the post-office and the business of the whole village centers in that little room. One could purchase there whatever he desired, be it a sugar-bowl, a kitchen stove, or a pair of shoes, and whenever he came he would be treated, as we were, with open cordiality and kindness. A big, broad-shouldered son of the island answered our eager questions and smiled humorously at our honest admiration.

"Any town meetings?" he repeated in answer to our inquiry as to the government of the village. "Once a year. That's often enough. All we do there is to elect a school agent. How long does he serve? Just a year. I had the job for three years and a darn poor job it is too."

Here a reminiscent twinkle appeared in his eyes and we realized again as we often had before that the whole world is kin. For here on this lonely island they, too, in company with the great ones of earth had evidently experienced the joys and sorrows of the educational problem.

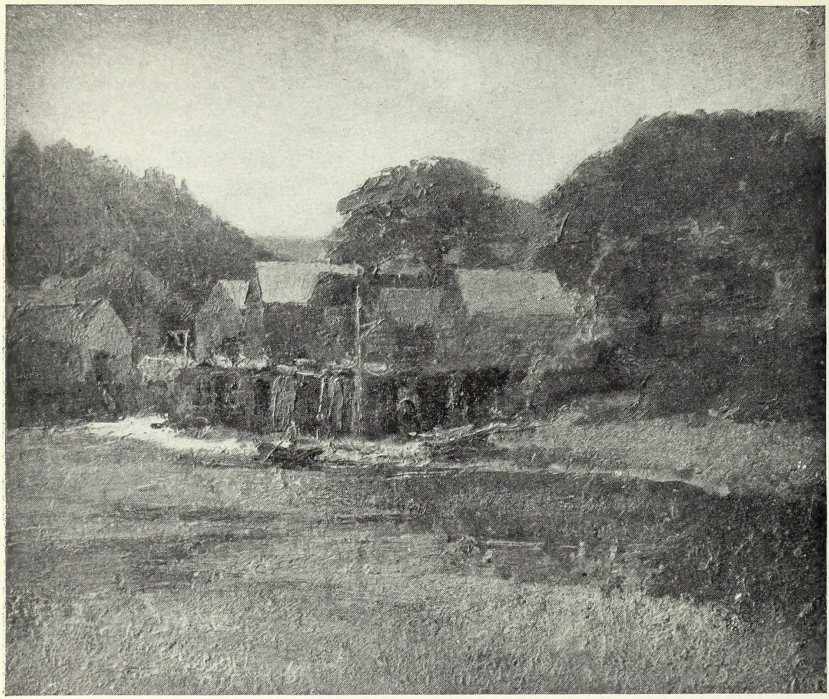
Suddenly, as if by magic, we were aware that the whole world, our world, was transformed. Where was that interesting-looking farmhouse, clean white and newly shingled we had noticed on our way to the store? Where was the stile through which we had passed? "Yes, jest a lettle mite of fog," said the captain. "I saw it a-comin'. But we'll get home all right. Don't you worry. I know my way back as well as I know the way from my house to the barn."

We followed him without a word. Now and then a ghostly outline loomed before us, which if transplanted into sunshine and blue sky would have meant a well-kept, well-cared for home. Now an animal of monstrous size obstructed our path, but on nearer approach this resolved itself into a meek, mild-mannered cow. At last we reached the shore only to find that our boat was lost. That is, we thought it was lost, but the captain laughed in his big cheery way.

"Lost, is it? You'll see."

From an oil painting by C. Scott White

THE NO'EASTER



From an oil painting by C. Scott White

LOW TIDE

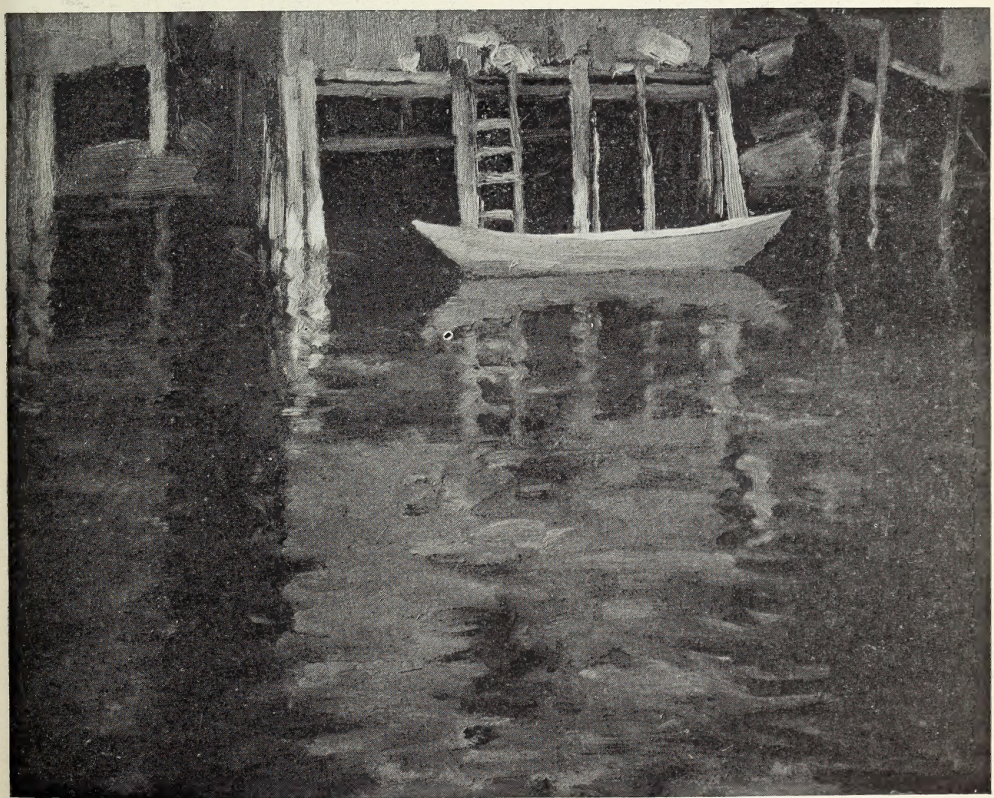
And we did see, for in five minutes we were pulling alongside of her and were soon scrambling over the "gunnel." Then came the sail home. No, not sailing, but motoring was our destined aim and end, for wind and fog seldom keep company. The captain stood at the helm, his keen blue eyes searching sky and sea with close scrutiny. On we went, not swiftly, not at full speed, but surely; the steady swish-swash of the waves against the boat would have lulled us to rest under other circumstances, but there was no sleep for us with that intangible, elusive baffling fog threatening to engulf us at every lap. All of a sudden the captain called out with just a suggestion of relief in his voice, "There's the ledge, over yonder. Now, we're all right."

We looked, but could see nothing. We strained our eyes "over yonder." That impenetrable wall of gray mist separated us from the rest of the universe. But the captain knew, and after a little, we with our untrained vision could make out a mass of something rising from the water. It was "the ledge," sure enough. And then another miracle happened. The fog lifted, drifted, floated away out to sea and the broad highway was now our own. With full sail, for the wind had sprung up fresh and keen, riding the waves like a bird, plunging into the hollow only to rise gayly on the heights, our stanch little "Jennie Foster" swept us triumphantly into the home harbor, just as the sun pushed the clouds away in the west and smiled genially on the just and unjust alike.

But sometimes there are worse conditions than fog for the men of the village to meet, for even in New Bay, contrary to the words of the song, though good fellows are often gathered together, it is not always pleasant weather. Three miles from the Bay the shore is bolder and more precipitous, finally terminating in a pointed ledge of rock extending for a mile out into the ocean. Here is where the seas foam with greatest fury when a gale is blowing. Here is where the schooners are sometimes tossed like play-

things back and forth as though a big game of battledore and shuttlecock were going on. And here is where the men of New Bay as elsewhere have proved themselves brave men in very truth. But they are loath to speak of anything of that sort. The most that we ever could make them admit about a heavy sea was that it was a " bit hubbly outside," and when it came to talking about the " Big Gale," we would have matched them against the most expert lawyer and given him odds too, and then we could have beaten. We who rather prided ourselves on our ability to obtain information were as children before them. All that we ever succeeded in eliciting were such statements as " Yes, 'twas a breezy wind " — the gale had been blowing for twelve hours — or " she pounded herself to pieces pretty bad," referring to the schooner. " Did we save 'em? Oh, yes, some of 'em." Just this and nothing more was all the information we ever obtained on that subject.

But when it came to fishing, then indeed were we considered worthy auditors. A man had better keep quiet about saving a fellow man's life, but a good haul of fish was a suitable subject for conversation. Such seemed to be their unwritten creed. And in this respect our friend Hazen was a source of never-failing entertainment. His contagious humor was a constant delight. Even his speech had in it the tang of the salt sea. " Ther' aint enough doin' to keep us fellers out o' mischief," he told us one morning, as we stood together down by the fish house. " Squiddin' is durn poor and the dogfish is as thick as flies on that durn sticky fly paper my wife sets round on the kitchin chairs." Here Hazen's eyes twinkled. " Yesterday Jerry Hanny didn't git nothin' but dogfish off 'en his trawl and he throwed half a bucket o' bait into my



From an oil painting by C. Scott White

THE DORY'S HOME

From an oil painting by C. Scott White

THE SPRUCES

boat an' said he guessed he'd sell out an' go a'farmin'. O' course we git some lucky days when them big fellers keep our lines crackin' an' snappin' " ——

" O Hazen," we interrupted, " do tell us about that fish you caught. We mean the biggest ever pulled in round here."

" Gorry, it was a big 'un. Two hundred and ninety-eight pounder dressed. Let's see. That was fifteen years ago," and he puffed away meditatively on his pipe as though living over again the glory of the encounter. " I was jest off the point," he went on after a little, " wa'nt expectin' no sech bite as that. It was the first day of April, if I ricollect right, and ther' was a mite of a chop. I'd been havin' putty fair luck an' started to haul in my line agin, when it seemed to be ketched on bottom. I gave a yank and reckoned I was tryin' to pull up the bed of the ocean. But them big fish are allus lazy at first. After that he kinder played a bit. All to once he seemed to take a notion to go to the middle grounds. Then we fit. Lord, how we had it between us! 'Twas nip an' tuck I tell you. First he had the line, then I had it. At last I got him alongsides. Didn't have no gaff, either, so I out with my fish knife and gave him a jab, jest under the gills. 'Twas a pretty good aim and did the business, for it knocked him so he stopped fightin'. Then I had him. How'd I manage? Jest ran my hand in his mouth and poked my line through the hole, tied him before the critter could flop. But the rest wa'nt easy, neither. Landin' a seven-foot fish in a twelve-foot dory aint no laughin' matter, an' I had aboard about six hundred pounds o' cod, to say nothin' about a load o' water I'd shipped durin' the fight. Gorry, I didn't know whether I was standin' on the ocean or in my boat," and Hazen gave a low chuckle.

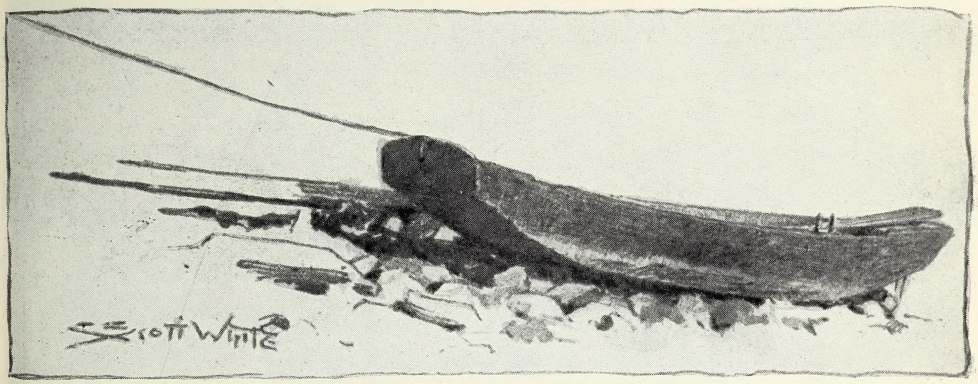
"But you got home all right?" Sometimes it was necessary to call Hazen back to the reality of every day.

"Oh, yes, I got home all right. I generally do. Don't mean no sharks shall feed on my bones."

"Sharks," we exclaimed. "Not in these waters."

"Gorry, I should say ther' was. Dozens of 'em," and Hazen tried not to show surprise at such ignorance. "Why, t'other night one old feller thought the propeller of my boat was the fin of a fish an' the way he fit was enough to make a dog laugh. Once I had jest a leetle mite o' nap and when I woke up that feller had swallowed two o' my squid jigs. That made me mad, an' I jest made up my mind that was the last squid jig ever eat off'm me or anybody else. He was a troublesome cuss, but I landed him. Cost me fifty cents, them squid jigs, but 'twas wuth it," and Hazen walked off with the air of a man who would willingly squander money provided he could win out in the contest.

So one after the other days slipped by and one morning we awoke to the fact that a branch of the big maple in front of the door was turning a bright crimson. Yes, it was time to go back, but we had stored away days and weeks of happy memory against a time of drought, and we were content. And to all who like simple things and quiet, kindly ways of real people, we say, "Go to New Bay. Take a boat at Portland and New Bay is 'the second on the left.'"



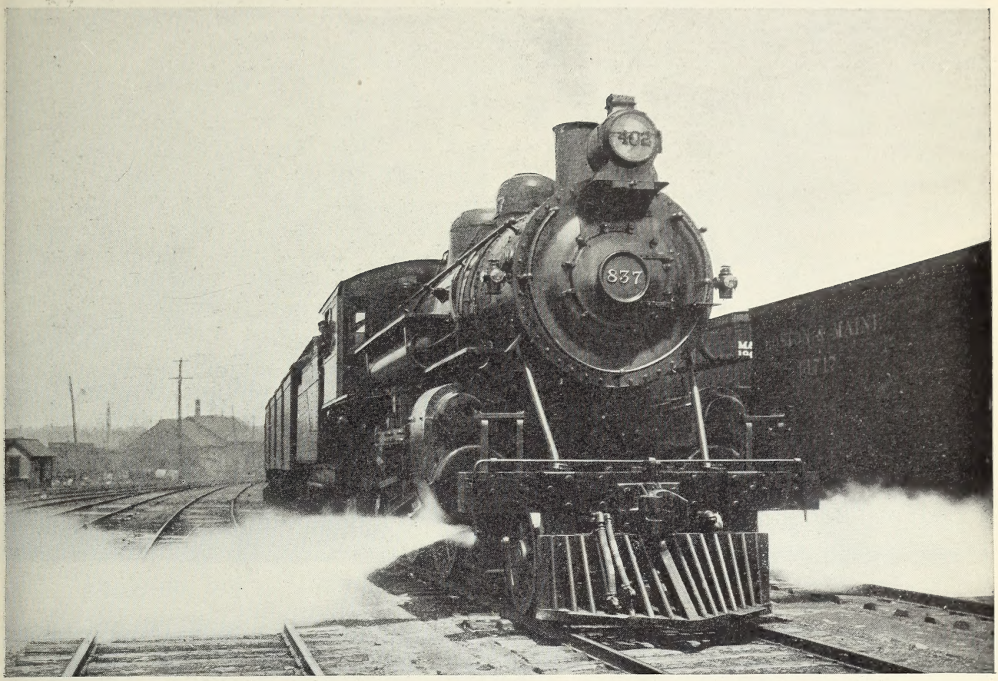
TO A BROWN THRUSH

By ANNA PERLSIUS CHANDLER

Thou voice of spring at floodtide, sing again!
I feel the season's joy, yet mutely long
To give it utterance, for words were vain
To body forth the gladness of thy song.

Poised on the topmost twig of yonder tree,
In rapt abandon, thou dost sway and sing,
Perfect expression of the ecstasy,
Which cometh with the glad, life-giving spring!

THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS

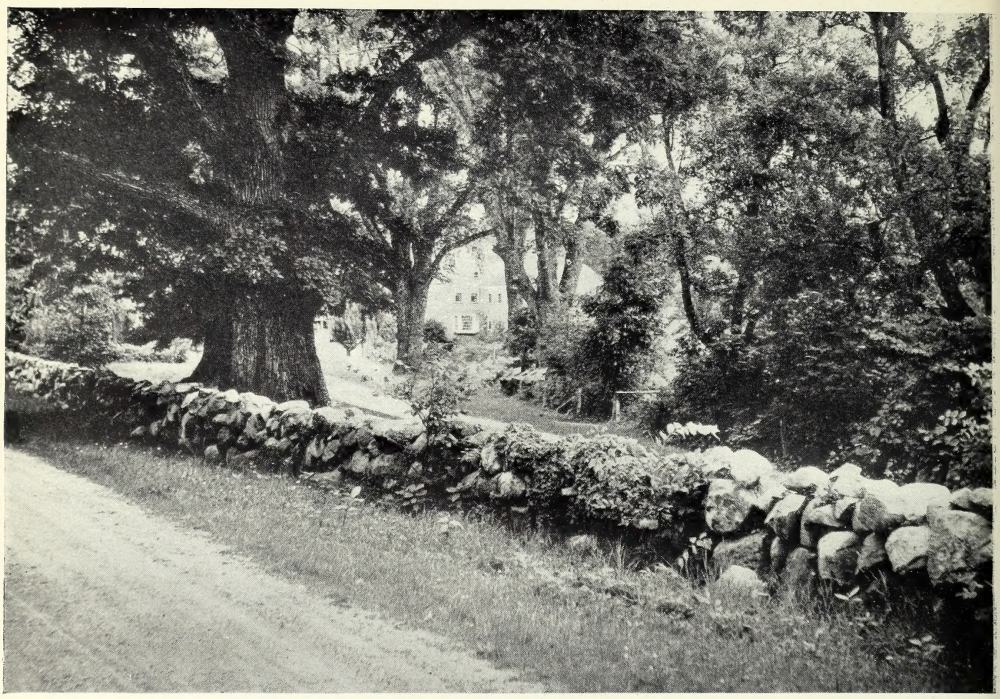


The Grapes of Tantalus

By RUTH DAME COOLIDGE

IT is only with shamefaced guilt, they say, that the modern American bears Baedeker 'mid the pleasures and palaces of Europe. Its telltale covers, even, are bound in solemn black, that the world may not brand its owner with the curse of provincialism. For those already branded, however, by the still pressure of circumstances, the outward and visible sign has no terror. To the traveler Baedeker may be the symbol of ignorant seclusion; to the provincial, it is the portal of the infinite; and the mere sight of those little red-covered books has power to set me aflame with the restless, consuming passion for travel. Other books of travel are alluring, but to my super-sensitive mind they are consciously triumphant over the actual accomplishment of my dreams. Baedeker is stolid and practical, the accumulated experience of men, indeed, but experience dedicated, as it were, to the novice like myself a useful key to the promised land, accepting as a natural sequence the possibility of my European trip.

There is no real merit in reading Baedeker; it is a playing with hope so practically that mere chance becomes probability. One test there is, however, of utter altruistic unselfishness, and that the study of books of foreign experience without the prospect of travel. One must have the home-staying, complacent serenity of Emerson, or the imagination



A NEW ENGLAND RURAL ROADWAY

of Coleridge to catch fire at other people's enthusiasm and remain in stationary solidity. "A finished and finite clod" firmly embedded under one sky is perhaps more enviable than the travel-consumed "Explorer" of Kipling. Yet even a clod has some "upward stirrings," and the soul of the restless American turns as naturally to travel as the first blades of spring grass to the sun. Given the desire, and the American travels; he may say no farewells, he may make no long tarryings, he may give no suspicion of absence to his friends, but he knows his travels have begun.

When I set out on my travels, I know no better companion than George William Curtis. With him I feel assured I shall enjoy visions beyond the canals of Venice or the minarets of St. Sophia, without the disillusionments of stagnant water or the howls of half-starved scavenging dogs. No man had more ideals of Europe unvisited than he has shown in "Prue and I," a book of happy dissatisfaction, instinct with contented regret. The author feeds upon his longings, crowds his Spanish castles into western sunsets, and dandles his yearnings into a semblance of reality. There are few of us who can make the flower of regret bear fruit,—few who can gain substantial nourishment from the grapes of Tantalus.

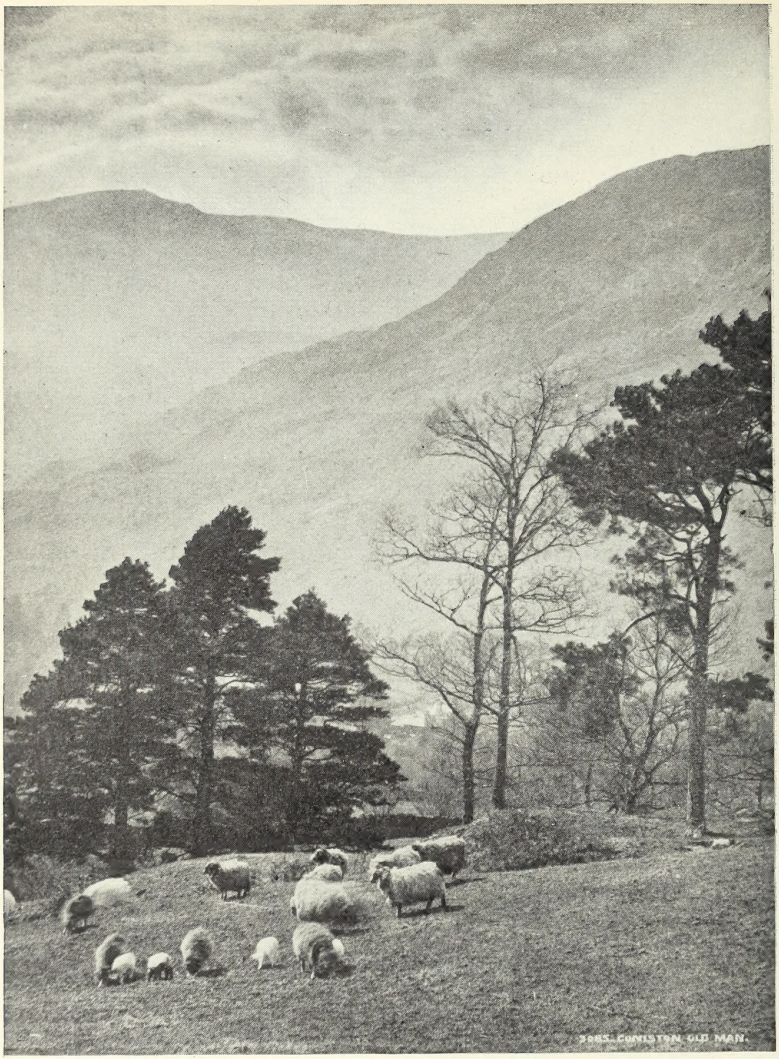
I sometimes wonder what manner of woman "Prue" was, who stayed so quietly at home, darning stockings and listening to the dreams of her visionary husband. Those tall ships did not bear her imprisoned soul to India or China, nor did she even seem to haunt the water-edge to see their low black hulls disgorging foreign treasure. Did she look upon her husband in the tender half superiority of contented love? Did the great world in the four walls of home and in the opening imaginations of her children fill her soul to overflowing without the intrusive incongruities of Europe and Australia; or was aught beyond the world of the practical outside her imagination? Perhaps she afforded the best of the world of the real to her husband, and made him content with his salary and his dreams. Alive herself

with unselfish pride in the unsubstantial world of his own creation, she found it sufficient to be his all in the world of fact. In any event she was the true wifely ideal of self-effacement, the mooring buoy of his wandering bark.

To a less volatile imagination than Curtis's, books are a solid aid. One is reminded of Charlotte Brontë's brilliant brother in the gray Yorkshire village, who surprised a traveler one day by telling him a short route through the streets of London. He had pored over the maps so long in a very frenzy of travel that the mazes of London were as clear to him as the moorland paths through the heather. I confess myself to a passion for cathedrals which cannot gratify itself in America. I could walk almost blindfold around the choir aisles of Westminster, climb the steps under Henry the Fifth's chantry, and prostrate myself like the pilgrims of old at the shrine of Edward the Confessor. I could swerve from my path in the Poets' Corner that my steps might not sound on the pavement that covers Browning and Tennyson, and I could even find my way through the cloister to the tiny grave of "Jane Lister, dear Childe." For Wells I feel such enthusiasm that I meditate on legal ways for an American to become an English archbishop and live in the palace by the moat. Should I lose Bath and Wells, I could be content with Salisbury, Exeter, or Canterbury. I have learned their history, their architecture, and their famous dead in all preparation. Nor can I offer any objection to Lincoln, York, Ely, Peterborough, Chester, or Durham. My tongue delights to linger on their names, as Homer's on the catalog of ships, or Milton's on Bible scenes. "Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams," were never half so resonant and suggestive. In occasional sane moments I forego all this to become a postilion in Devonshire, to go dashing through the white villages and down the heathery hills, the drag on the wheel but a rapture in my long horn.

Moments there are, however, when books seem a sorry excuse for the outward eye, and I feel more of the original sin. I have broken the tenth

A TYPICAL ENGLISH LANE



THE WESTMORELAND FELLS

commandment and envied my traveling neighbor. Even Curtis needed to lay a material hand on the hull of a great ship, home from the Indies. So wharves afford to every travel-laden soul a whiff of the infinite. We are all like Hovey, "fevered with the sunset" and "fretted by the bay." To us all the "schooner in the offing" has "her topsails shot with fire." The tang of the salt air to the descendants of the Anglo-Saxons is like the smell of spring smoke in Kipling's nostrils.

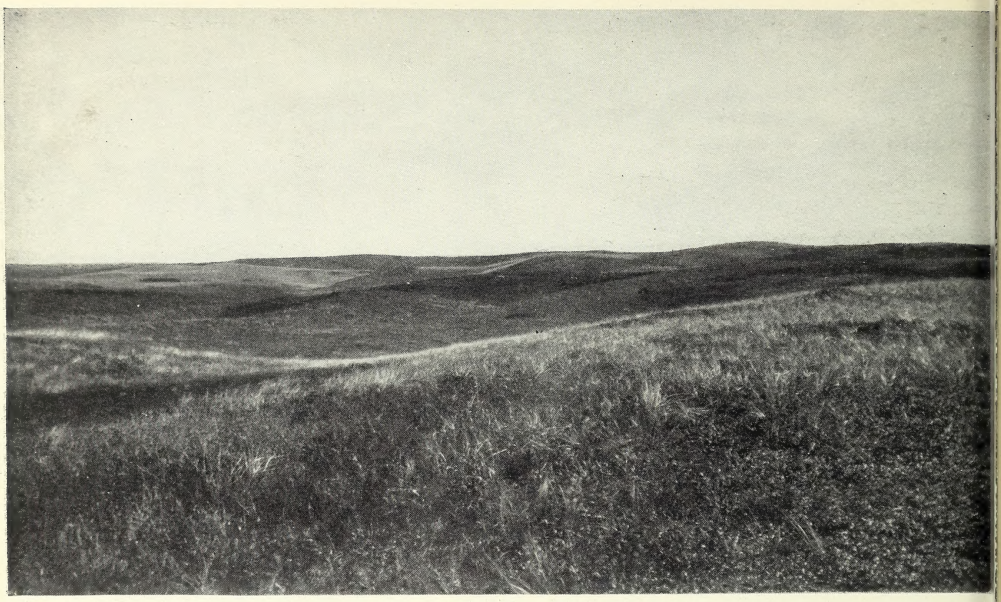
But there are other practical palliatives beside the ocean. Nothing save the first glimpse of blue across the sand dunes is more stirring to my blood than a mighty railroad station belching forth smoke and steam. Heavy puffing engines tug viciously at their burdens and snort aloud in impatience. Luxurious sleepers and parlor cars, with smiling black porters trail a magnificent trail behind. The great masses of steel and iron are all aquiver with life. Human life too is in the equal excitement, rushing and impetuous. Some one has

PROFILE LAKE, FRANCONIA NOTCH

said that the postage stamp issued for the Buffalo exposition which bore a locomotive under full speed was the true symbol of the American ideal. And there is something greatly sympathetic between the man in the station and his iron steed. Whether he is coming in to work from a suburban district, or whether he is running to catch the great through train for Manitoba and Seattle, the man in the station is as tense and expectant as the locomotive. There is a romance of uncertainty, a throbbing possibility that one may have made a mistake at the station, and that this petty local is after all a through train with no stops before golden California or Portland, beyond the snow-crested Rockies. Fate has decreed our happiness, and unintentional but willing victims, we are under full steam for God's country.

It is unfortunate that these journeyings end always like the trail of smoke dissolving in the valleys behind the engine. Alas! neither in imagination nor in books, neither in dreamy rambles along the docks nor in close conjunction with the stirring restless mob in the station is there more than a whetting of the appetite and vanity of vanities. The apples of Sodom have fallen to dust. The greatest peace, after all, comes from a free translation. It takes a Curtis to create castles out of sunsets, but a lesser imagination can make transcripts from the original. Anywhere in New England, —which chances to be my peculiar field of provincialism,— I can stir into life the fire of old romance. There is one spot near Boston, in the Middlesex Fells, from which one sees the long blue reservoir through the russet oak leaves of late November with flocks of duck wheeling above the ruffled water. I never come across it without fancying that I am James FitzJames in the "Lady of the Lake," and that

> "One burnished sheet of living gold
> Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled;
> In all her length far-winding lay
> With promontory, creek, and bay."



SAUL'S HILL, NANTUCKET

The Scotland of the "Lady of the Lake" indeed reappears in old Nantucket in almost literal translation. There are valleys enow, hardly valleys, but swales, among whose huckleberry bushes, bayberry, and sweetfern, Roderick's whole clan might have lain concealed. It takes but my whistle alone, for in Nantucket I choose the role of Roderick Dhu,— to

> "garrison the glen
> At once with full five hundred men.
> These are Clan Alpine's warriors true;
> And, Saxon, — I am Roderick Dhu!"

I wave my magnanimous hand; they sink back into the bracken, and Fitz-James and I pass on to Coilantogle Ford.

Without recourse to Scottish romance, there are old New England lanes where poison ivy, rumcherry, and barberry have so muffled the old gray stones that I can walk between English hedgerows.

"Dear little lines of sportive wood run wild."

Occasionally too an old country house, deep set in wide-arched elms, has the deep soft turf of a century's tending, and the manor houses of England with their deer parks could not have a greater air of antiquity. Even in the heart of Boston there are soft hazy days in spring, when the streets become the Paris of the modern landscape painters, and the North End on washing days outdoes the postal cards from Naples and Genoa.

It is a poor translator, after all, who cannot enjoy the original. Doubtless I should see old England through new world spectacles, measure Salisbury spire by Bunker Hill, gauge Westmoreland fells by the White Mountains, Stonehenge by the Plymouth Rock, and Land's end by the bleak Maine coast. A perverse chameleon imagination indeed, full of apologetic pleasure as it is. There were times as a child when I loved to play with opera glasses, looking at the same scene through both ends, bringing the distant into my very grasp, transfiguring the near into a far ideal. So I dally with New England, though the time has come for me to put away childish things. Then discarding all glasses I look at her face to face, see the russet woods where the Indians were encamped, the blue winding streams that rang with the hammer of the shipbuilder, the quaint old streets that knew the Puritan and the Quaker. Her every phase has stolen upon my heart. She is base and substance of my dreams. What matter if she have but a paltry century or two of

tradition? To my finite mind three hundred years seem as long as three thousand. My brain will travel no further. The Lexington minuteman is my medieval knight and the story of Miles Standish and the Indians has as fine a flavor of romance as Henry the Fifth and Agincourt. The graves at Plymouth and Concord, the old altar tombs in King's Chapel are as significant to me as the tombs of princes.

Provincialism! I am branded without the betrayal of Baedeker, if the narrow confines of New England can supply to me the world of beauty, romance, and tradition. Yet surely I can travel none the worse that I find the world at my doorstep. Some day perhaps I shall set material foot on European shores and sample the old world by the new; some day, with the pride of New England behind me, I shall bear my florid Baedeker through London, Paris, and Rome, and still be unashamed.

COLONIAL DAMES

By WILLIAM ADDISON HOUGHTON

I

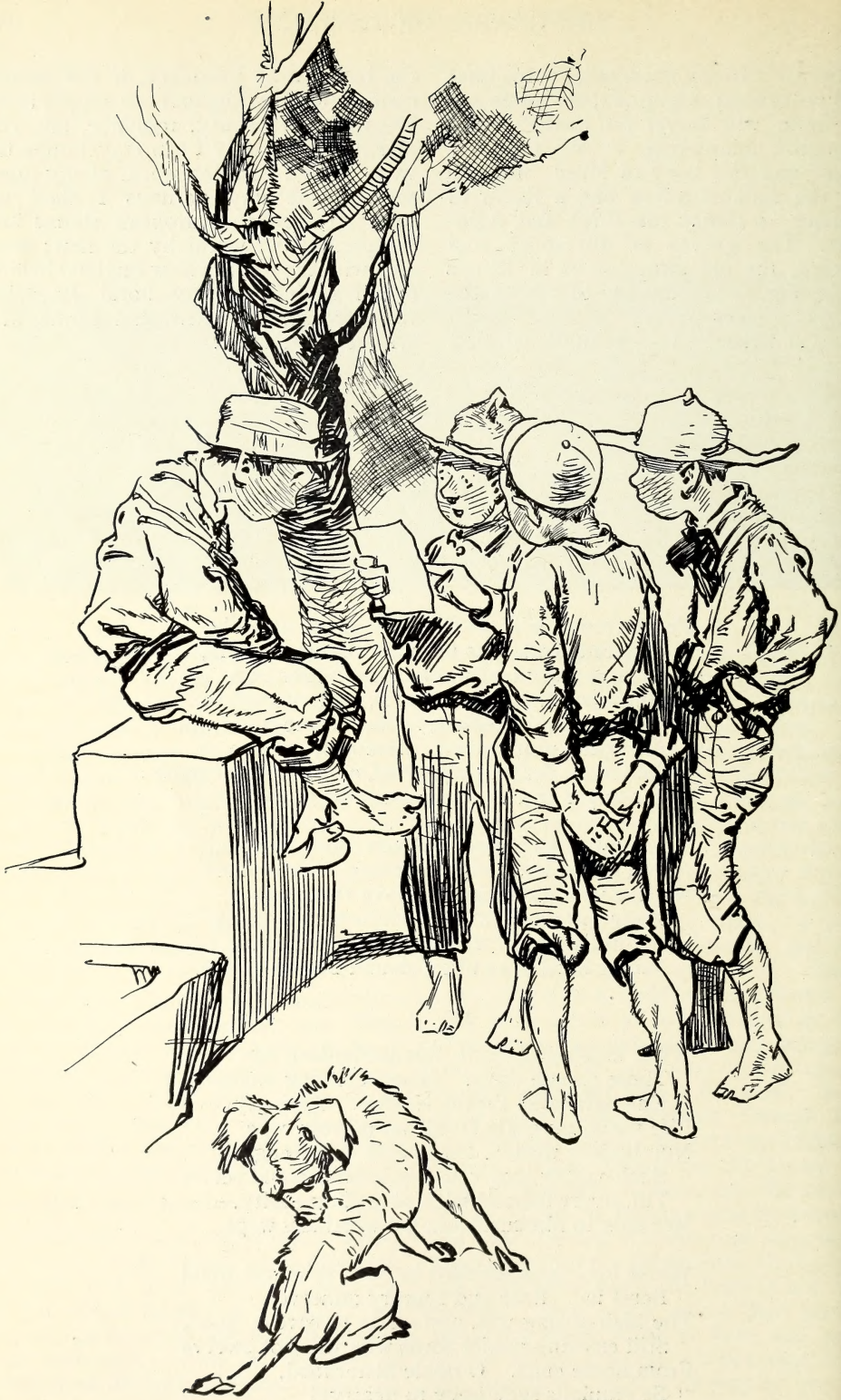
Forth from the sacred land of home and kin,
O'er unknown seas unto an unknown shore,
Matron and maid unflinching hither bore
Rich, faithful, English hearts, and entered in
Where husband, brother, father, scarce could win
A fireside unmolested. Hardship sore,
Affliction, death, they faced, and feared far more
God's anger and the consciousness of sin.

Ye daughters of such mothers, born to ease,
Can ye do less than reverence their names?
Not for vain glory, but for love that frees
Their virtues from forgetfulness, and aims
To be like them in trying times like these,
Facing hard duty like Colonial Dames.

II

What kinship binds to this portentous age
Those simple days? Man's cunning enginery
Has harnessed tyrant Nature. Daringly
Life soars, an eagle freed; no narrow cage,
Numberless worlds, the ardent mind engage,
Each vaster than our wisest sires could see —
Till, overwhelmed with sheer immensity,
Men sink to pleasures and her worthless wage.

Worse foes than shrieked in dark primeval wood
Beset us: Ease and Luxury unnerve
The high-strung will, and chain to earthly good,
Still envying nobler souls who will not swerve
From noble ends. O noble Sisterhood,
Be emulous such envy to deserve!



Drawn by Dan Sayre Groesbeck

"Some git up o' Doc Henderson's," said Johnny Simmons

The Wax Works at Warsaw

AN ALEXANDER STORY

By BEN BLOW

Illustrations by Dan Sayre Groesbeck

FATTY PETERS, perched crow-like on the horse block, was meditating; the reflective way in which he wiggled his toes made plain his frame of mind.

Close by and prone upon his stomach, his hind legs spraddled out astern, lay Alexander, meditating too, but watching Fatty's feet with apprehensive eyes.

The sun beat down on boy and pup with sullen blaze, the seven year locusts even droned in lazy cadence, the sole activity apparent in all nature was evidenced by two tumble bugs that toiled like Sisyphus made twins.

Far down the road the heat waves danced about a cloud of dust that swelled, developed, and advanced by fits and starts around a nucleus composed of Whitey Wilkins, Johnny Simmons and Billy Day.

"Hullo, fellers," said Fatty, wearily, as they approached, "what's up?"

"Sun! Y' durn fool," answered Johnny Simmons promptly, applauded by wild howlings from Whitey Wilkins and Billy Day.

"Think y're smart, hey, don't y'?" responded the occupant of the horse block, writhing his toes violently in an effort to produce some scathing and unanswerable response. "Any old fool c'd tell that from the feelin', gee, but I'm clean wore out." As he concluded he slid down from the horse block and stretched himself so violently that his shirt emerged above the waist band of his pants.

"Giddy, giddy, gout,
Shirt tail's out,
Half of it in,
An' more 'n half out,"

Said Billy Day, and then, perhaps abashed by the forwardness of his remark, subsided and drew a careful circle in the dust with one great toe, while Whitey Wilkins, patting the front of one blue leg invitingly, addressed the pup.

"Here, Sandy," he said, "here, puppy, c'me 'ere, y' lazy fool." The pup approached, was duly patted, and then Whitey spoke again.

"Tired?" he said. "What in the Sam Hill you ben a doin' to make you tired, you ain't a goin' to claim you ben at work."

"I ain't ben doin' nothin'," answered Fatty, "jest settin' here a watchin' durn fool tumble bugs, that's all." And in conclusion, merely to divert attention from himself, he thumped Alexander upon his slat-like ribs with one bare, briar-scratched foot. The pup responded to his master's effort with utter promptitude, and scrabbled wildly from the zone of danger, almost upsetting Whitey Wilkins, who did some scrabbling on his own account.

"Durn it!" said Mr. Wilkins, recovering his balance and his power of speech. "Seems to me you keep a pickin' on the pup all the time; what's eatin' yo', can't yo' never leave him be?"

"Gwan," responded Fatty, promptly, "what's it to y'? If I can't kick him, who kin kick? Now, what y' got to say to that?"

This presentation of the case precluded any further argument, and Whitey changed the subject promptly, as he scaled the horse block.

"Heard anything about the wax works?" he inquired, "I bet you ain't."

"Wax works?" asked Fatty, promptly. "I ain't heard nothin' about no wax works; what is them?"

"Tell him about 'em, kid," said Johnny Simmons, addressing Billy Day, and then, before the individual thus invited could unlimber his batteries of speech, himself explained.

"Mis' Perkins wuz over to Billy's house this mornin', an' any time Mis' Perkins goes any place she has all the news settin' on the edge of her lip ready to slip off. Anybody that gits in a word edgeways when she gits to talkin' is blame lucky, an'——"

"An' if they is anything smart," interrupted Whitey Wilkins, "that that pie-face Thaddy o' hers has said or did, she's bound to tell it before she gits through talkin' or bust."

"Thaddy Perkins!" said Johnny Simmons, with intense disgust. "'Taint nothin' but Thaddy this an' Thaddy that, an' he done this an' he says that, till y' git so sick at th' stomick y' can't set up."

"An' he's in 'em," added Whitey, remembering the various perfections of Warsaw's model boy, and speaking with asperity if not contempt. "O' course Mis' Perkins is a goin' to shove that kid o' hers in any place she kin. He gits in free an' gits free ice cream an' cake, becuz he acts a part."

"Him an actor?" asked Fatty, hardly believing. "Well, I'll be durned!"

At this point, Billy Day, possessor of authentic information, was permitted to explain. "Wax works," he said, with gravity appropriate to the subject, "is live people makin' out they is busts and statutes of the ancients, Nipoleon, George Washin't'n, an' Henery Clay."

"Some new fangle git-up o' Doc Henderson's," said Johnny Simmons, interrupting Billy, who subsided gracefully and delved again into the dust with one great toe. "We ain't rested none since we heard about it till we learned more." And diving into one deep pocket he produced a smeary piece of paper, almost worn to shreds. "Read that," he said, "an' see if you kin make a dern thing out of it, I can't."

Fatty accepted the paper with alacrity, read it laboriously, and shook his head. "Derned if I kin, either," he admitted, "and I ain't goin' to try."

"Some git up o' Doc Henderson's," said Johnny Simmons. "Git people to talkin', git 'em ixcited; he says once to the old man when he wuz a tellin' him how he run things in Congriss, 'Git 'em to studying, an' nachully they has to think.'"

"That ain't no lie," admitted Fatty, cordially. "Doc Henderson ain't nobody's fool. Would he a ben elected to Congriss if he wuz? No sir-ee. Everybody sets right down an' thinks this thing over, an' not bein' able to make no sense out of it nachully they'd bust wide open if they didn't find out so they has to go an' see."

"Read it out loud, Fatty," said Johnny Simmons, and Fatty thus implored, began:

> "If I had a donkey
> That wouldn't go,
> To see Mrs Jarley's wax works show,
> Do you think I'd keep him?— Oh, no, no."

Then, after a brief moment of brain-racked thought, he inquired, "Who is this here Mis' Jarley anyway, some lady that travels 'round a givin' shows?"

"Kind o' seems to me," reflected Whitey Wilkins, "that they wuz a fambly with a name most like that lived over Goose Crick way last summer, hey, Johnny, did y' ever hear o' them?"

"Gwan," said Fatty, promptly, "gwan, y' make me sick. Them people wuz named J-O-L-L-Y, Jolly, an' they didn't have nothin' 'ceptin' about four sets o' sore-eyed twins an' some crow-bait horses, them people wuz horse tradin' movers, they wuz, an' they didn't have *nothin'*, let alone the fixin's to make up a wax-works show."

"Shut up, Fatty," said Johnny Simmons, "give the kid a chanst to finish. Go ahead, Billy, don't be so doggone bashful when y' got anything to say."

Upon this pointed invitation Billy Day resumed the thread of his remarks. "It's give by the Sunday school," he explained, "to git 'em a melojum. Two bits to git in, ice cream an' cake an' tabbleos, an' 'mongst the rest of 'em is Thaddy Perkins actin' Cupid with bow an' arrers, what you think of that?"

"Gee whiz!" said Fatty, recalling Cupids more or less immodest, "Mis'

Perkins ain't a goin' to let her Thaddy set there nakid, is she? Je-ru-sa-lem!"

Johnny, excited at the idea of Thaddy doing anything improper, replied with something of asperity, if not contempt.

"Nachully bein' girls there, he can' plum strip," he said, "course he don't go nakid, he'd nachully have drawers on, hey?"

"Anyway he gits in f'r nothin'," said Whitey Wilkins, striking at the vital part of it, "gets free ice cream an' cake, an' gets a chanst to set right up in front, while everybody sets an' gaps at him, an' says, 'My land! If that ain't Thaddy Perkins actin' plays!'"

This presentation of the case excited Fatty, who replied with great disgust, "Huh!" he said, "he makes me sick. It's a durn shame none o' us fellers is in it. I ain't a carin' about myself, but Billy here'd a made a blame sight better-lookin' Cupid, he ain't so doggone scrawny, an' besides he ain't bad lookin' when he's ben washed up."

"Aw, Fatty, shut up," said Johnny Simmons, "an' maybe we kin fix some way to keep Mis' Perkins's Thaddy from showin' off."

"Maybe y' kin, an' maybe y' can't," said Fatty, oppressed by doubt. "If y' kin, how 're y' goin' to?"

"Go ahead an' tell us, Johnny," said Whitey Wilkins, "don't mind Fatty's askin' you fool questions, he can't help it if he wuz born that way."

"Well!" said Johnny, "Nachully the wax works is on the platform at the end. Over that is a garret that y' git into from the outside. First, y' bore a hole in the floor over where Thaddy sets, an' then when he gits to lookin' real pretty y' take an' drop a little cayenne pepper on him, an' nachully he busts loose in a sneeze. An' then ——"

"An' then," said Fatty, interrupting, and enthused beyond the power of self-restraint, "Mis' Perkins is a goin' to get right up an' have a fit. Gee Whillikins! If Thaddy busts the show up won't it be pizen for his maw!"

"You bet," said Whitey Wilkins, with undisguised delight. "She's a goin' to coop him up an' fix up his hair curly so's everybody'll set up an' gap at him an' say, 'My land! Don't Thaddy Perkins look like pictures of the angels,' an' then to have him bust it up'll fix his maw."

"I hope he gits it good," said Billy Day, drawn forth from silence and picturing the scene described by Whitey Wilkins with unholy glee.

"You bet he'll git it good," said Johnny Simmons. "He ain't a goin' to git no chance to show off none if I kin help it, an' I guess we kin."

"I know durn well we kin," said Whitey Wilkins. "Gee whiz, I wish the show wuz comin' off to-morrow, I kin hardly wait."

And then a boyish inspiration seized on Fatty. "Say, fellers," he said, "le's go in swimmin', come ahead.

Unanimous approval greeted this suggestion, and all fled wildly whooping to where the cool and shaded swimming pool held surcease from the heat. Far in advance ran Alexander, frisking gayly until he spied the water, and then, remembering unpleasant happenings of other days, he paused, but paused too late. A brown, grimy hand seized him by the scruff of his neck, another brown and grimy hand grasped him far astern. Deftly he was upended and with Johnny Simmons controlling the hind legs, which scrabbled wildly while Fatty held his front, he went to torture with protesting howls.

"Give it to him good, said Johnny, "le's land him in the middle of the crick.'

"Swing him," howled Whitey, "it'll do him good an' maybe drown the fleas."

And even Billy Day contributed, reciting with painful rhythm this age-old and entirely appropriate bit of verse:

> "One for the money,
> Two for the show,
> Three to make ready,
> And four for to go."

Alexander went at four, a canine comet, with wildly waving paws and flapping ears and doleful wails. A huge splash swallowed him still wailing, and then, as his wet and snake-like head appeared above the ripples, wild shouts arose, the bushes blossomed forth with pants and shirts, and Johnny Simmons, naked first, made this profound remark, "Last one

Drawn by Dan Sayre Groesbeck

"WE LEFT HIM AT HOME TIED UP IN THE BARN"

in's a nigger," with a fancy dive that scarcely raised a splash.

Laboring madly Fatty did his best, but Whitey Wilkins, and even Billy Day preceded him, and when he thumped the water with a mighty bellywhacks, loud yells declared him "It."

. . . . . .

Time in its march is slow but sure. The seconds tick on into minutes, the minutes march on into days and weeks. And so the evening of the wax works came at last.

"Henery," said Mr. Peters, pausing by the family carryall, "y' sure y' tied that dratted pup up tight."

"I couldn't tie him up no tighter 'thout shuttin' off his wind," responded Fatty. "Come on, le's hurry, the wax works might begin."

"Gid ap," said Mr. Peters, while Mrs. Peters laughed and patted Fatty. As the sound of wheels arose a muffled wail came from the barn, a whoop of desolate loneliness from Alexander, fast tied, shut up, and left a prey to solitude.

Before the Warsaw schoolhouse were vehicles from far and near, for all the country round about was there. Inside a hum of voices buzzed; folks visiting around. Far in the rear sat Whitey Wilkins, Fatty Peters, and Billy Day. Across one end a curtain billowing to and fro concealed the mysteries beyond.

The buzz of voices dwindled down to whispers, the whispers stilled to silence as Doc Henderson walked slowly up in front and raised his hand.

"Gee whillikins," said Whitey Wilkins, craning his neck excitedly, "look at them yeller gloves o' his'n. Takes him fur style."

"Shut up," protested Fatty with indignant whisper, "let him talk."

With easy confidence, as well became one whose path had led to legislative

halls, Doc Henderson began, told of the purpose for which the entertainment was being given, named those who had devoted time and talent to its success, referred to the schoolhouse as a Fount of Knowledge, in which, perhaps, some future president was gleaning golden grains of truth, enthused, touched upon the refining influences of religion, the necessity of a melodeon, the beauties of sweet music, the advantages of frequent social gatherings, drifted into politics, and attained an awful precipice of oratory before he retired, leaving the American eagle soaring close before the sun, screaming democracy at power and oppression, viewing the republican party with a watchful eye.

It was a beautiful speech, such as perennially makes the great state of Missouri go strongly democratic in times of war or times of peace.

" Je-ru-sa-lem! " gasped Whitey Wilkins, enthused almost to suffocation, " you kin talk about your Patrick Henrys and your Daniel Websterses, but if they'd a tackled Doc Henderson he'd a made them hide out in the weeds till he'd left that part o' the country. Everybody jest set an' gapped when he wuz a speakin'. I lay if that man wuz to die right now, Congriss would have hard times."

But no response came to this enthusiastic appreciation of Doc Henderson's ability; the tableau had begun.

" Three fishers went sail - ing out in - to the we - st,
Out in - to the we - st as the sun went dow - own —— "

Shading her agonized eyes with one hand, her hair flowing in mermaid tangles about her waist, one of Warsaw's fairest young ladies related the sad history of the " Three Fishers," who never came back to the town, and the curtain closed, only to reopen after a brief moment for the purpose of displaying the sad finish of the three fishers, while, " three women knelt over them, wringing their hands." It was a beautiful tableau, much in vogue thirty years ago, and was enthusiastically received, so cordially, in fact, as to resuscitate the water-logged mariners, who arose and bowed in acknowledgment.

" Gee willikins," said Billy Day, " I thought they wuz drownded, wouldn't that be awful, hey? "

" Shut up," said Fatty, " don't show y'r ignorance in comp'ny, keep still."

" But, anyway, them tabbelos is great," said Whitey Wilkins, his blue eyes shining with enthusiasm. " Say, Fatty, how'd you like to be a actor, the girls all throwin' kisses, an' everybody bowin' at y', hey? "

" Shut up! " said Fatty, once again. " Y' make me sick a gabbin' all the time; can't y' keep still? "

When all the tableaux had been given, a cadaverous young man, black clad, with sad side whiskers, appeared upon the scene.

" Gustus Wilkerson," announced Fatty, " clerks for Norwine, come down here from St. Louiee for his health."

" Does look kind o' tiziky," admitted Whitey Wilkins, " seems to hurt him when he talks."

With much use of his facial muscles, his finger tips pressed raptly together, the superintendent of the Sunday school, for it was he, explained that there would be a brief delay while the wax figures, which were very heavy, were being set in place. Conversation buzzed again. People visited around telling and listening to all the county news. Some strolled outside to get a breath of air or tighten slipping halters. Back in the scrubby, blackjack oak trees, lay Johnny Simmons with a purloined ladder, waiting the moment when vengeance should descend on Warsaw's model boy.

There was a rattling of chairs in the schoolhouse, the stragglers hurried in as the curtain swept aside disclosing figures stiff and powdered ghastly white. With mien as melancholy as a country undertaker the superintendent dusted each most carefully, and then, with noisy watchman's rattle poised, he spoke, and all the silences of St. Helena, all the struggles of a captive eagle's soul were pictured in the sadness of his voice.

" Our first," he said, " is that great man, Napoleon, which shook the world."

An application of the noisy rattle to his spine awoke Napoleon, who started, stirred, and waved a horrid broadsword at his foes, and then subsided into ghastly stiffness while the superintendent wound the next.

About the platform, in a semi-circle, the wax works were arranged. Perched at the center back, upon a real stump, sat Thaddy Perkins, vainly endeavoring to keep from grinning like a Cheshire cat. Clad in pink undershirt and drawers, a flaming slant of ribbon crossing gracefully from shoulder down to waist he poised a dainty bow and aimed a ribboned arrow at a girl reclining at his feet.

Down one side went the superintendent, crossed over and started toward Thaddy Perkins, whose bosom swelled with pride. The wax works worked and subsided, the watchman's rattle clattered, the audience looked on enraptured, even the superintendent almost smiled as he paused before the model pupil of the school.

"This group," he said, "pictures the meeting of love and lovely innocence," and glanced at Thaddy, who prepared to draw his bow. Red lights flared up to the right. Red lights flamed to the left, giving a blaze of glory for the curtain's fall, and producing fluffy rolls of smoke. And Johnny Simmons, in the garret, poked cayenne pepper through a crack above the place where Thaddy Perkins sat and smiled.

At this tense moment, when all the pleasure of the evening focussed to its end, there was pandemonium at the door, and Alexander catapulted in, a gnawed rope fluttering from his neck, a tin can rattling at his heels.

Fatty Peters' jaw dropped. He tried to speak, but muscular paralysis, brought on by sheer amaze, prevented him, and Whitey Wilkins supplied the needed words.

"Je-ru-sa-lem!" he said, "gewehillikins; durn my pictures; dog my cats." This awful outburst simply evidenced a vast astonishment; the words meant nothing but a piled up mountain of surprise.

The pup, accompanied by the can which hit his legs at each wild jump, went down the center aisle. His face was agonized, his heart was filled with woe that voiced itself in anguished whoops. Plump into the middle of the wax works he dove, red fires to left and right of him, ghastly white figures gathered all around.

Up in the garret, Johnny Simmons, startled by the inexplicable commotion, upset the can of pepper, and it filtered down and pervaded all the room, its source concealed by the smoke.

Frantic with terror at utterly unheard of surroundings, Alexander blundered madly into Thaddy Perkins, upsetting him before he even had a chance to draw his trusty bow, and then became entangled with the curtain in which his frenzied struggles rolled him up like some Gargantuan cocoon.

A sneeze sounded, a series of sneezes sounded and swelled up like some distant cannonade. The wax figures came to life and everything was turmoil and thick, sneeze-producing smoke. Under the curtain, Alexander, still pursued and frenzied by the can, plunged yet more wildly. The sneezes gathered resonance and swept into a roar. There were vast sneezes that sounded like some some nearby bomb, there were genteel and eminently proper little sneezes from the spinsters who deemed a public sneezing party a vast disgrace. Even Alexander sandwiched sneezes in between his howls for help.

Completely crazed and utterly despairing of finding Fatty to disengage the can, he scrambled to his feet, tore through the flimsy curtain and bolted madly for the outer darkness and the only place in all the world where peace dwelt always; the hole beneath the barn at Macedon. As he fled through the door the can caught long enough to throw him one vast sommersault, and then the string broke and left him free to fly the unknown terror that had seized on him.

Inside the schoolhouse all was turmoil, and the rattle of windows hastily thrown up. Everywhere was indignation against the man who mixed red fire of such a sneeze-producing brand.

Outside stood Johnny Simmons, his manner thoroughly indicative of innocence, his attitude one of absorbed delight. Against his legs fell Alexander, rolled over wildly, gained his balance and set off for home, howling, out through the night-palled thickets, his homing instinct taking him to Macedon as the crow flies in an undeviating straight line.

Far in the darkness of the woods the

dead leaves whirled up about the pup. A prowling possum, overtaken, played possum, simulating sudden death. But Alexander noticed nothing, his whole being was crystallized into whirlwind flight, and his voice as it came back from the dark hills made the early prowling coons stampede madly to their hillside caves.

"Which one o' you fellers canned him?" asked Johnny Simmons, when the boys came out. "Gee, it wuz fine."

"None of us did," answered Fatty. "That's what beats me. We left him at home tied up in the barn, he gnawed loose, trailed me over here an' somebody got him an' canned him an' as usual he jest wallered around in trouble. I don't know who done it, that's all I know, but I lay if I find out I'm a goin' to git even, fur they ain't no one kin treat my puppy that-a-way."

The crowd thinned out. Wheels rattled in the darkness and now and then a farewell good night sneeze. The swinging lanterns made long, stripey shadows through the woods, and Fatty Peters, sandwiched in between his parents, replied to questionings with utter and convincing truth.

"Cross my heart, I ain't got no idea in the world who did it," he said. "Us fellers wuz all a watchin' Thaddy Perkins. Gee, wuzn't the smoke from those red fires the beatin'est, sneeziest stuff you ever seen? But it wuz fine, an' didn't Doc Henderson jest spread hisself an' soar?"

His head drooped, his eyes closed, and his lips parted in a sigh of deep content as he pillowed his head upon his mother's breast which fluttered with its lift of mother's passion for her child.

"Mother," said Mr. Peters, smiling in the darkness, "sometimes I kind o' wish I wuz a boy again like Henery. Gid ap, there!"

The family Dobbin broke into a joggy trot, and Fatty Peters, wrapped in peaceful sleep, was driven back to Macedon, where Alexander waited underneath the barn.

CONSUMMATION

By GERTRUDE BROOKE HAMILTON

It was my best I gave to you;
Could you not see the gain?
I did not bring a young soul's dream,
I knew the price of pain;
I brought you rest.

I brought you heart-chords hushed;
I could not if I would
Have loved for Love again. Dear Heart,
If you had understood!
It was my best.

Photograph by the Misses Allen, Deerfield

SITE OF THE BATTLE OF BLOODY BROOK

Great Fights in Early New England History

III. THE BATTLE OF BLOODY BROOK

By H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

IN 1675, at the time of King Philip's War, the Connecticut River marked the uttermost limits of white habitation in Massachusetts. Here, as always along a frontier, the settlements were few in number and sparsely populated. Beginning with Northfield and including only Deerfield, Hatfield, Hadley, Northampton, and Springfield, they extended in a thin line down the valley of the Connecticut. From the economic standpoint they were most advantageously situated, for they stood amid fertile meadows and verdant hills that gave every opportunity for successful farming. But they were cut off from the older settlements along the coast by many miles of wilderness, and in their weakness and isolation could not possibly hope to withstand an armed attack of any magnitude.

For this reason, the colonial authorities were prompt to send troops to their aid the moment the news reached Boston of the siege of Brookfield and of King Philip's presence among the Massachusetts Indians. It was realized that a fierce conflict was impending, and that its theater would unquestionably be the lonely frontier region. Besides hurrying westward soldiers who had been employed in the successful Plymouth campaign against Philip, fresh levies were called out, and reinforcements were asked and obtained from Connecticut. Within a week after the relief of Brookfield, some four or five hundred armed men were scouring the country between Brookfield and the frontier settlements in search of the allied Indian forces.

Yet, try as they might, they could not come into touch with them. The Indians had disappeared as completely as though the earth had swallowed them up. Still, it soon became evident that they were always within easy striking distance, and only awaited a favorable moment to deal a crushing blow. About a fortnight after the Brookfield affair one hundred soldiers fell into an ambuscade at what is now known as Hopewell Swamp near the present village of South Deerfield, and had a sharp fight, routing the Indians, but losing men killed or fatally wounded. Within another week Deerfield itself was attacked while the troops were operating in a remote section of the valley. The Indians were again beaten off, but they were more successful in an assault on Northfield, which was laid in ashes by a band of Nashaways under the leadership of two noted sachems, known to the English as Sagamore Sam and One-Eyed John. And, on the day following the destruction of Northfield, a small contingent of troops advancing to its relief was surprised and cut to pieces.

All this was most disheartening both to the settlers and soldiers, and to the colonial authorities. The great difficulty was that the forces in the field had knowledge neither of the country in which they were fighting, nor of the ways

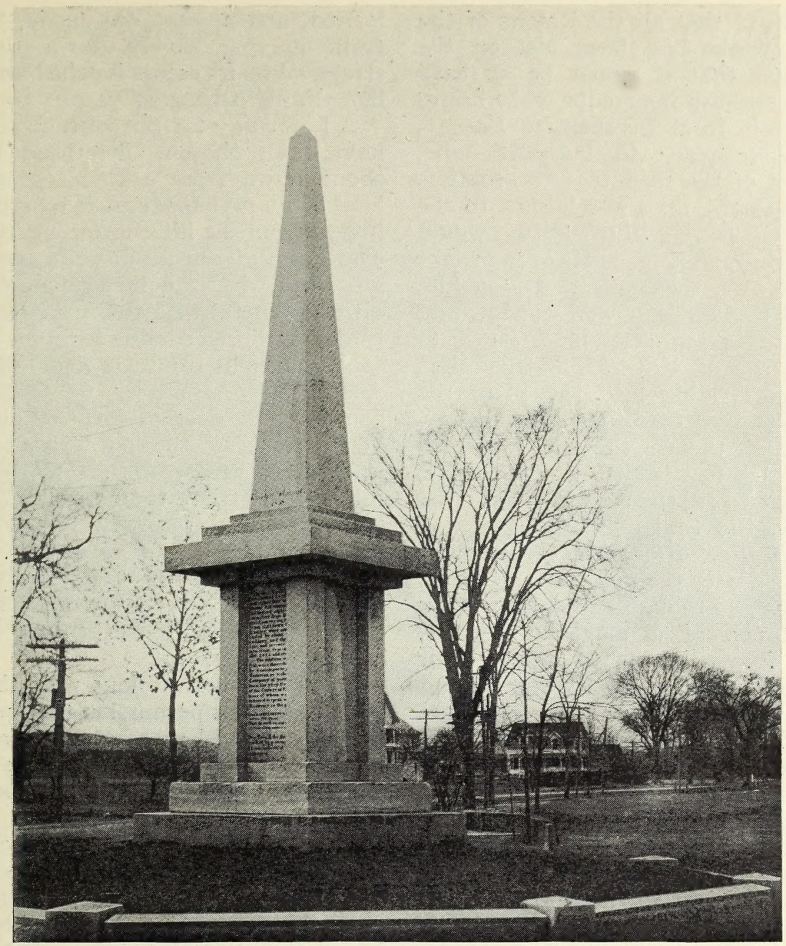
of Indian warfare. Most of them, indeed, officers, and men alike, had had no military experience, and were merely volunteers recruited from the farm and the counting house. The commander in chief, Major John Pynchon, of Springfield, was a fur trader, an estimable man but quite unfitted for military leadership. His second in command, Major Robert Treat, of Milford, was more of the born soldier, and was distinctly capable, but had had little or no acquaintance with the actualities of the soldier's life. Even those who had been in battle, men like the celebrated Captain Samuel Mosely, of Boston, the hero of a naval duel with Dutch pirates, were handicapped by their ignorance of savage tactics.

Reluctantly, therefore, but wisely, it was decided to abandon all attempts at field operations and to adopt a purely defensive policy, throwing garrisons in the different frontier settlements and establishing strong lines of communication between them. This, of course, was a confession of weakness, yet under the circumstances it was the best course to pursue, and had it been strictly followed would have saved much unnecessary bloodshed. Unfortunately, within a few days, acting under pressure from the Connecticut authorities, fresh troops were ordered to the valley, and plans were laid for both a defensive and an offensive campaign. According to this new scheme headquarters were to be established at Hadley — about midway between Springfield and Deerfield, the most northerly outpost since the destruction of Northfield — and a determined effort was to be made to come to grips with the elusive foe.

The latter, undismayed by the formidable preparations to crush them, continued their sudden and terrifying raids. Directed by the master-mind of Philip, and led by their tribal chieftains, they were sure to appear where and when least expected, and to vanish the instant their deadly work was done. Deerfield seemed to be their main objective, but it was so stoutly defended that they were unable to make any impression on it, beyond capturing a careless sentinel, plundering a remote blockhouse, and burning a few cabins. Once they succeeded in ambushing a score of its garrison, who were passing from one blockhouse to another; but by rare good fortune their intended victims escaped without the loss of a single life. Next day, when reinforcements reached the settlement, and a punitive expedition went in search of the raiders, not an Indian was to be found for miles around.

Such was the situation in mid September, by which time Major Pynchon had assembled a substantial volunteer army at Hadley. It included in its ranks men of every age and from every walk in life — farmers and traders from Connecticut, merchants and artizans from Boston, even representatives of the distant coastal towns of northern New England. It was a superb collection of brave, earnest men, animated by an unflinching determination to conquer at all hazards. As troop after troop swung into the little frontier settlement, hope and enthusiasm rose increasingly high. It was felt by Pynchon and his associates that the recent disasters would soon be retrieved, while the people of the valley looked confidently forward to the day when they might once more occupy their homes and cultivate their lands in peace and safety.

Perhaps the greatest enthusiasm was aroused by the arrival of the Essex County contingent, one hundred strong, under the command of Captain Thomas Lathrop. Captain Lathrop, like Captain Mosely, was known to be a redoubtable fighting man. He had settled at Salem when quite young, had at once become identified with military matters, gaining the captaincy of the Salem artillery company after having occupied various subordinate posts; and had fought under Sedgwick when the latter reduced St. John and Port Royal in the Acadia campaign of 1654-5. It was even whispered by the admiring people of Hadley, as they watched him in conference with Pynchon, Treat, Mosely, and other commanders, that he had seen service in the Pequot War of forty years before. He was now a veteran of sixty-five, but his frame was still robust, and he still displayed the fiery spirit of indomitable youth. The men under him, almost with-



Photograph by the Misses Allen, Deerfield

MONUMENT TO CAPTAIN LATHROP AND HIS MEN

out exception, were young. They came from Salem, Lynn, Marblehead, and surrounding towns, were from well-known families in that section, and were one and all eager to be up and at the enemy.

Naturally, they chafed at the idleness imposed on them while the final preparations were making for the combined forward movement. And it possibly was because they were so uneasy that Major Pynchon hit on them to serve as escort for a provision train from Deerfield. There was no thought that the enterprise would prove hazardous, for scouts had reported the entire absence of Indians; but it would at least give the fiery spirits from Essex County something to do. Accordingly, Pynchon instructed Lathrop to select fifty of his men, march them up the valley to Deerfield, and bring back some three thousand bushels of wheat stacked in the fields, but spared by the Indians because they expected to use it themselves. This was on September 15, or September 25, in the modern calendar, and the next day Lathrop was busily superintending the threshing and loading of the wheat.

From their hiding-places among the hills overlooking Deerfield Philip and his sachems watched the progress of this work with mingled feelings of chagrin and wrath. But presently as their spies

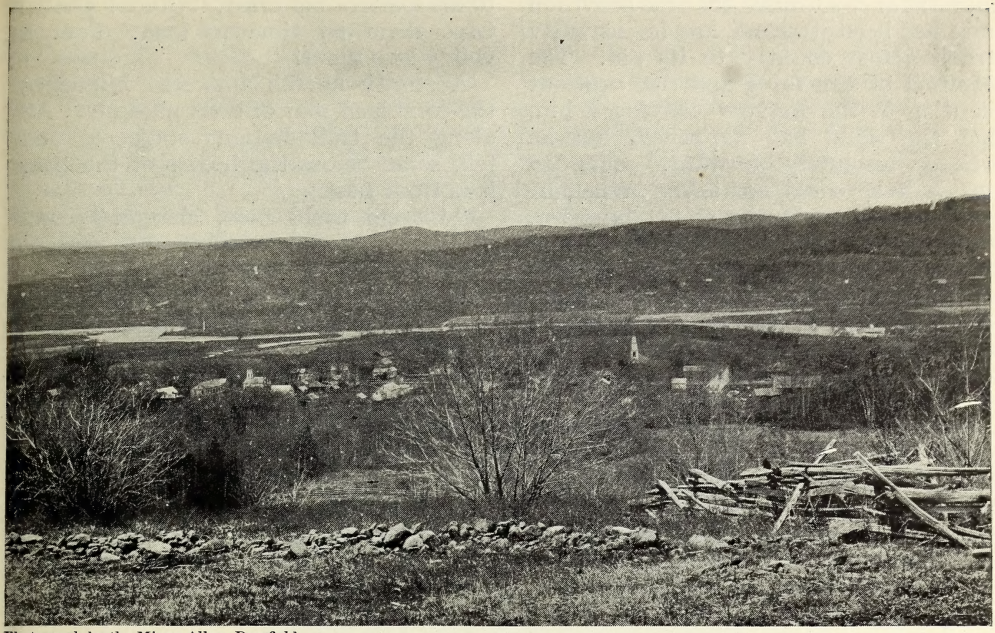
brought word that all the lessons of the past few weeks had been lost on the whites, and that it would be an easy matter to ambush the troops while bringing the grain from Deerfield to Hadley, dismay gave place to buoyant hope. Every foot of the road that the soldiers must necessarily take was known to the Indians. On leaving Deerfield they would first pass through three miles of luxuriant open meadows, then ascend a long hill, and after this enter a well-wooded and well-watered plain stretching south to the meadows of Hatfield and Hadley. Soon after striking into the plain the path would lead them into a swampy thicket, and thence through a marsh traversed by a sluggish brook. Here, at the point where the troops would cross the brook, the Indians resolved to lay the ambuscade. From hill to hill swift runners sped with their chieftains' orders, and at once, as though called into being by the touch of a magician's wand, shadowy forms began to make their way out of the rocks and the forests and creep down into the valley. Before dawn of September 18 many hundreds of Indians — variously estimated at from five hundred to twelve hundred — were in waiting at the appointed place, completely hidden from view by the underbrush and by the marvelous blending of their scarlet feathers and crimson war paint with the glowing foliage of the dying year.

Meanwhile, all unconscious of the peril that menaced them, Lathrop and his brave young soldiers were cheerfully bidding farewell to the people of Deerfield. They had pressed seventeen of the settlers into service as teamsters, and they jokingly promised the wives and daughters of these men that they would guarantee to return them safely home in a day or so. Mosely had arrived with sixty soldiers the evening before; Appleton, who was ere long to win fame in the great swamp fight in the Narragansett country, had already placed a fairly strong garrison in Deerfield, and no one dreamed that the Indians would venture near, much less contemplate an attack. At an early hour in the morning, six or seven o'clock, the last bag of wheat was loaded, and a start was made, the long train moving slowly down the main street, while its escort laughed and jested like the light-hearted youths they were.

A fairer day for the journey could not have been chosen. Overhead the sun shone down from a cloudless sky, the heat of its rays moderated by a delicious breeze from the hills encircling Deerfield. The grass of the meadows gleamed and glistened with the lingering dew. The air was tuneful with the melodies of song birds, even then coming together for their southern flight from the rigors of winter. As they drew nearer to the wooded country, the eyes of the soldiers rested delightedly on the gorgeous reds and browns and yellows of the forest's autumn robe. Little they thought that, beneath this wonderful tapestry woven by the incomparable hands of nature, savage eyes were watching their every move, and savage fingers were only awaiting the signal to let loose against them a death-dealing storm.

So utterly unconscious were they that with Lathrop's permission they presently threw their muskets among the grain bags in the carts, and began to pick the delicious wild grapes growing in abundance by the roadside. It is easy to imagine the cynical satisfaction with which Philip and Sagamore Sam, One-Eyed John, and the Quaboag leader, Mattawamp, must have watched this reckless performance. But they gave not a sign of what they thought, or what they intended to do, until the soldiers, still unarmed, crossed the brook and stood lounging in an open space just beyond the marsh, waiting for the teamsters to catch up to them. Then a shrill whistle broke the quiet of the glorious morning, the warwhoop rang exultantly, and a sheet of flame burst from the embowered undergrowth.

Like a stroke of lightning it fell upon the astounded soldiers. Lathrop, the brave but imprudent, sank to the ground, slain with such merciful swiftness that he had no time to realize the extent of the disaster which his carelessness had made certain. Fully half his following perished with him at the first volley. The rest, many of them badly wounded, ran or



Photograph by the Misses Allen, Deerfield

VIEW OF THE DEERFIELD VALLEY

staggered back towards the carts. But they were not given any opportunity to recover their arms and make a last desperate stand. Already the Indians had surrounded and shot down the teamsters, and now they closed in upon the helpless handful of survivors, deaf to all appeals for quarter. Only three escaped the fearful carnage. One Henry Bodwell, of Andover, a man of giant physique, managed to seize a musket and, using it as a club, fought his way through the horde of redmen and fled into the forest. Another, a Newbury man, named John Tappan, flung himself into the brook and hid among the bushes that overhung its banks. He afterwards reported that, as he lay prone in the bed of the stream, more than one Indian trod upon him. The third to escape was an Ipswich man who, having been stunned by bullet and tomahawk wounds, was left for dead.

Within a few minutes from the time of the first attack the slaughter was complete, and the Indians turned their attention to plundering the bodies of the slain and emptying the bags of grain into the blood-dyed mire about the carts. They must soon, they knew, vanish once more into the fastnesses of the hills, and they worked with feverish haste, shouting and hallooing to one another in ghoulish glee. The horror of the scene stands out in bold relief, even after the passage of nearly two hundred and fifty years. In fancy we see again the long winding trail, disappearing in the dismal depths of the swamp; the overturned carts, the scattered wheat, the open space with its ghastly groups of mutilated dead, their blood trickling into the earth and tinging the waters of the slow-flowing brook, or dripping from the hands of the triumphant Indians. It is easy, too, to picture the frenzied grief and wrath with which, while the victors were still absorbed in pillage, another body of white men hurrying to the rescue beheld the fearful evidence that they had arrived too late.

Shortly after Lathrop left Deerfield, Captain Mosely had started out on a scouting expedition with his sixty men. It was undertaken simply as a precautionary measure, and his amazement was great when, between nine and ten o'clock, he heard musket shots in the distance. Not an Indian had been seen by him,

but he at once surmised that the provision train had been attacked, and he instantly struck across country to its aid. The cessation of the firing and the exultant shouting of the Indians convinced him that the worst had happened, but he pressed resolutely forward, eager to avenge if he could not save. When he did burst in upon the scene, however, its horror so overcame him that for a moment he was utterly unable to advance a step further, and with his men stood gazing blankly at the bloody spectacle before him.

The Indians, for their part, were no less surprised by his unexpected appearance. But, seizing their guns, they boldly yelled a challenge, some among them, who chanced to recognize him, shouting, "Come on, Mosely, come on! You wanted Indians. Here are plenty of Indians for you."

Roused by this taunt from the first paralyzing shock of surprise, he turned to his soldiers and cried, "Quick! Quick! Give them no time to load. Pour a volley into them!"

A sturdy hurrah answered him, then the combined roar of sixty muskets. All along the trail Indians staggered and fell, some across the bodies of the poor lads from Essex.

"Charge them now, charge!" commanded Mosely, waving his sword. "Follow me! Follow me!"

For a moment the Indians stood their ground, but only for a moment. Then, a disordered rabble, they fled shrieking into the marsh and the forest. Some of Mosely's men plunged in after them, to be recalled by the stern voice of their commander.

"No! They would ambush you. We have had too many ambushes already! It must be enough to recover our dead."

A musket ball whizzed past his ear, and buried itself in a distant tree. Another followed, and another. The

Photograph by Halliday

OLD HADLEY, WHERE THE COLONISTS STOPPED FOR REST

Indians had rallied, and were firing from the underbrush along the trail. One or two men fell. Again Mosely gave orders to charge, and again the Indians fled. But in a few minutes they once more began a desultory fusillade. A third charge failed to silence them. Now Mosely ordered his soldiers to reply in kind, shooting at long distance and from the cover of friendly tree trunks.

In this way the battle continued from eleven o'clock in the morning until nearly four in the afternoon. Then, to Mosely's dismay, it became evident that the Indians were slowly but surely surrounding him.

"We must make for Deerfield," he told his men, "if night finds us here, daylight will find us with Lathrop yonder."

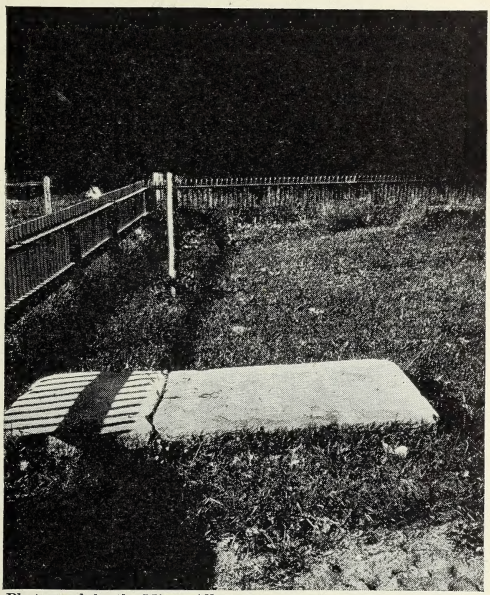
At that very moment, shrill and clear in the afternoon air, rang the note of a bugle. Nearer it sounded, still nearer, always nearer. And now voices could be heard, good, honest, hearty English voices. The Indians, whooping angrily, redoubled their efforts to dislodge the white men from the sheltering trees.

"Hurry on, hurry on, whoever you are," entreated Mosely, "we are all but gone."

"It is I," called back a robust voice, "Treat of Connecticut, on my way to recover Northfield. I have with me one hundred of my own men, and nearly as many Mohegans. Stand firm but a little longer. Thank God we heard your guns."

Crashing their way through the forest, the rescuers at last reached the open. Now it was their turn to receive a baptism of fire. But, responding with a mighty volley, they swept forward in a charge that this time put the enemy definitely to flight.

Led by the Mohegans, allies of the English ever since the days when Uncas and John Mason fought side by side in the Pequot War, a two hours' pursuit immediately began, and was pressed with such vigor that the fugitive braves had no opportunity to set another ambuscade. Yet, so swiftly did they flee that few were slain before darkness put an end to the desperate chase. Then, with reluctance, the pursuers turned their steps to Deerfield, to carry thither the sad tidings of the disaster at the brook — Bloody Brook, as it has since been known to this day. Well might they dread meeting the anxious gaze, the tearful inquiries of the people of the settlement.



Photograph by the Misses Allen

GRAVE OF CAPTAIN LOTHROP

Such was the battle of Bloody Brook, a battle fraught with momentous consequences to the dwellers of frontier New England. It sealed the fate of Deerfield, which was abandoned by its grief-stricken people before the week was out; it brought the frontier down to Hadley and Hatfield, and completely disrupted Pynchon's plan of campaign; and it so encouraged the hostile reds that, swooping constantly further south, they carried the torch even into Springfield. Ere the snows of winter fell they were practically masters of western and central Massachusetts, and all New England awaited with painful anxiety the coming of the spring and the certain renewal of the war. Philip the Wampanoag had in very truth advanced far towards realizing his dream of driving the hated English into the sea.

Photograph by Bristol

BELLOWS FALLS FROM FALL MOUNTAIN

Bellows Falls

By CHARLES M. ROCKWOOD

"THERE is one sure thing about changing cars at Bellows Falls," said the man with the sample case to the advance agent, "you may regale yourself at the cleanest depot lunch counter in all New England."

"But if I stop off," said he of the lurid pen and exclusive tips, "how will I fare?"

"You will probably go to Frank F. Shepard's house, the Windham, and there you will find as good a table as you could want."

"I want pretty good."

"And you will find very good. A good hotel is an important factor in the business welfare of a community, and Bellows Falls is to be congratulated on the Windham and its management."

"You seem to know the town pretty well."

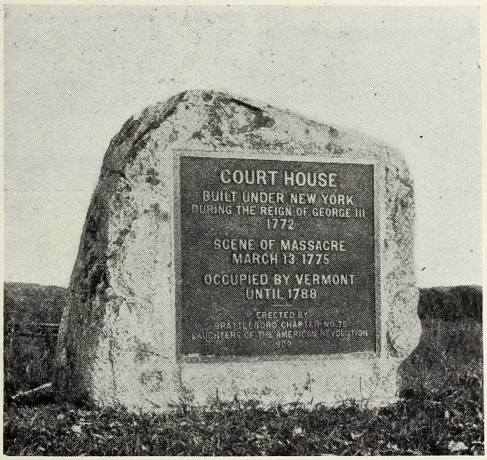
"Not as well as a New Englander ought to know a place of such historic interest and commercial importance; but I like it."

"An old town, is it?"

"Oh, yes. This is historic ground, you know,— first blood of the revolutionary war, Indian fights to make your hair rise up, and all that."

"Oh, come now! The first blood of the revolutionary war was shed at Lexington."

"My boy, the first blood of the revolutionary war was shed at the Westminster courthouse, in the town of Rockingham, Vermont."



Photograph by Bristol

MONUMENT ON SITE OF WESTMINSTER MASSACRE

"That's interesting, but never mind it just now. Come down to the present. I am here to study the possibilities in locating a new industry here. Whom do I want to see?"

"You should see J. C. Day, president of the Board of Trade. Mr. Day is himself a successful business man. He takes his important position at the head of the Board of Trade seriously, and will meet any fair proposition at least half way. Then you should see Mr. J. H. Blakely, the postmaster and secretary of the Board of Trade. He is one of those busy men who can always find time to do things that ought to be done but that nobody finds time to do because they are everybody's business.

"Then I would advise you to see a few such live, energetic men as Editor W. C. Belknap, of the Bellows Falls' Times, and Mr. Geo. R. Wales, one of the successful merchants of the city, and a man of broad views and keen business insight. Of course you will see Edward L. Walker, president of the Bellows Falls Trust Co., and such strong, progressive men as Frederick H., George H., and John E. Babbit. In fact, if you are in earnest, you will find good helpers at every turn."

The advance agent began to brighten up. "I feared that I was up against one

Photograph by Bristol

OLD ROCKINGHAM MEETING HOUSE

of those slow, decadent New England towns that we hear about — a strong corporation or two, entirely self-centered, and everything else gone to seed."

"Well, if there are such towns as that in New England, Bellows Falls is not one of them. There are some strong corporations doing business here, but it would not be just to call them self-centered, and the town is very much alive outside of their interests."

The talker was one of those well-informed, latter-day traveling men who do so much toward the breaking down of local provincialism, and whose alert and judicial observations are worth noting.

The city that they were approaching, one of the brightest of New England's manufacturing communities, was Bellows Falls, beautifully located on the Connecticut River, in southeastern Vermont.

The man with the sample case was already gazing lunchward.

"If you wish to gather a good idea of the place," he shouted, as he swung off the platform, "buy a copy of that beautiful little volume published by the P. H. Gobie press. It is a work that would do credit to a Metropolitan printing establishment."

Bellows Falls owes its appropriate and euphonious designation not, as might be supposed, to its sounding waters, but to the interest taken in its first settlement by Colonel Benjamin Bellows, the same whose active operations opened so many of the town districts in the New Hampshire Grants. One or two abortive attempts preceded the actual settlement. There is record of a charter granted to one Palmer Golding, by the Massachusetts House of Representatives as early as 1736. Subsequent events divorced the district from the Massachusetts colony, but some weight seems to have been attached to this early charter, for when

in 1752, Governor Wentworth of the Province of New Hampshire granted a charter to Colonel Bellows and others, the name of Palmer Golding appears among the grantees, although he could have had no active part in that movement.

Actual settlement was not seriously attempted until toward the close of the French and Indian war, when the power of the tribes of the North was sufficiently broken to put a practical end to the long list of savage incursions which have given to this district in history the well-earned title of the " dark and bloody ground."

From time immemorial this natural gateway between the North and South had been a scene of savage contention. Prehistoric sculptures are found on the rocks that are evidently the memorials of ancient conquests, and not even the Indian dared to plant a village in a place so open to perpetual raids.

Perhaps this very element of danger as well as the celebrity of the district for its scenic grandeur entered into the motives that drew thitherward the hardy pioneers.

The Great Falls, as it was then styled, was one of the natural wonders of the New World in the eyes of our forefathers. An early writer sending a description of the locality to London declares that all the waters of the North are condensed and poured through this narrow gorge, where they are so crowded as to render the liquid impervious even to the thrust of an iron bar. Heavy boulders and bars of steel, so he declared, floated upon its surface like corks.

Without resorting to unnecessary hyperbole, the scene was sufficiently grand, as it is even to this day, although the hills have been denuded of their majestic forests, and the waters harnessed to the tasks of men.

One of the safe and sure ways of tracing

Photograph by Bristol

IMMANUEL EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Photograph by Bristol

THE SQUARE

the early history of any New England community is through the evolution of its ecclesiastical life.

The town of Rockingham, of which Bellows Falls is the principal center, was sufficiently advanced in development by the year 1773 to justify the organization of a church and the settlement of a pastor. This man, Rev. Samuel Whiting, who served the community for nearly fifty years, is one of the grand old men of Vermont. His loyalty, wisdom, and piety were important factors in moulding the life of the new settlement. In his parsonage was first convened the general convention of the Congregational churches of Vermont. To his energy and foresight was largely due the organization of the Vermont missionary society. The old Meeting House which was erected at that same date, 1773, at Rockingham Center, is still standing, and is one of the oldest existing structures in the state of Vermont. Until 1887, when the present Opera House and town hall block was erected in Bellows Falls, it was the only building owned by the town and was formerly used for all town purposes. It is now preserved at the cost of the town merely as an historic monument, and it constitutes one of the most interesting examples of early colonial architecture in existence.

The first church building to be erected in Bellows Falls was that of the Immanuel Episcopal Society in 1817. It is very safe, therefore, to regard this date as that of the emergence of Bellows Falls as a center of population distinct from the farming community.

This church had in the person of Rev. Carlton Chase its great constructive pastorate. Appointed rector of the new parish in 1819, this able clergyman remained until his election as bishop of New Hampshire in 1844. The parish has always been a strong one. It at one time supported the Saint Agnes Hall School

for girls, one of the earliest institutions of its kind in New England. The present beautiful Gothic church was erected in 1867, and in its tower hangs the old Paul Revere bell, which was cast for the earlier edifice.

In 1835, Bellows Falls had developed a sufficient population to make room for a second church, which was organized by the Methodist denomination, who still occupy the original building, which, however, has been enlarged and improved from time to time.

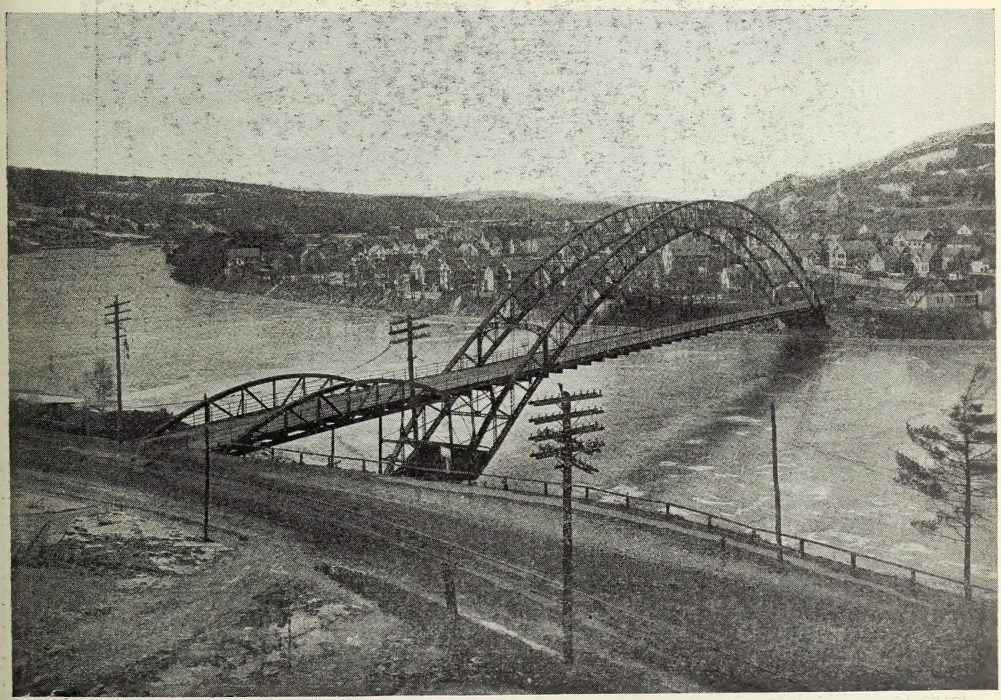
In 1850 a third church was organized, the Congregationalists of the village being sufficiently numerous to indulge in the luxury of a church of their own and avoid the long Sunday journey to the old mother church. This society also still occupies the original building, although it has grown rapidly, and is one of the most prosperous and useful religious societies of the town.

A Baptist church was organized in 1854, a Catholic church in 1871, and a Universalist church in 1879. The Catholic church is to-day the largest of the community.

A study of these dates will indicate four waves of population: 1773, when pioneer life emerged into town life; 1817, when village centers began to overshadow the farming community, and Bellows Falls appears as the most considerable of these villages; 1850, when the place began to assume commercial importance, and 1873, from which time the modern manufacturing era may be said to date.

Before, however, we turn to the consideration of this commercial development, there is another phase of the history of old Rockingham that well merits our attention, for we are here walking on historic ground.

It is a matter of record that a larger majority of the men of Rockingham were attached to the Liberty Party than of any other community in the New Hampshire Grants. Dr. Reuben Jones appears to have been the Ethan Allen of the district, and that celebrated leader himself was a frequent and welcome visitor.



Photograph by Bristol

THE GREAT STEEL ARCH BRIDGE OVER THE CONNECTICUT

Photograph by Bristol

A PATH THROUGH WILLIAMS' ORCHARD

In the historic Westminster massacre was shed the first blood of the revolutionary war. This early conflict which took place March 13, 1775, appears more and more creditable to the men of Rockingham and vicinity as historic research brings out the details and places them in their true perspective. What was at that time wildly denounced by the tyrannical Governor Tyron, of New York, as a mere disorderly riot, now appears as a firm and patriotic resistance to outrageous injustice, while the act of the British governor or his agents, in firing into the unarmed body of men who had taken possession of their court house as a rightful act of self government appears more and more atrocious. Undoubtedly the incident did much to crystallize patriotic opinion in the New Hampshire Grants. It was the logical precursor of Ticonderoga and Bennington, in both of which mem-

orable battles as well as at the battle of Bunker Hill the men of Rockingham were participants.

During the conventions for organizing the republic of Vermont, and later in the delicate negotiations by which this once independent state that boasted its own mint and its own postmaster-general, was safely guided into the Union the men of Rockingham through their leaders, Doctor Reuben Jones, Joshua Webb, and Moses Wright, were always found on the side of Liberty and Union.

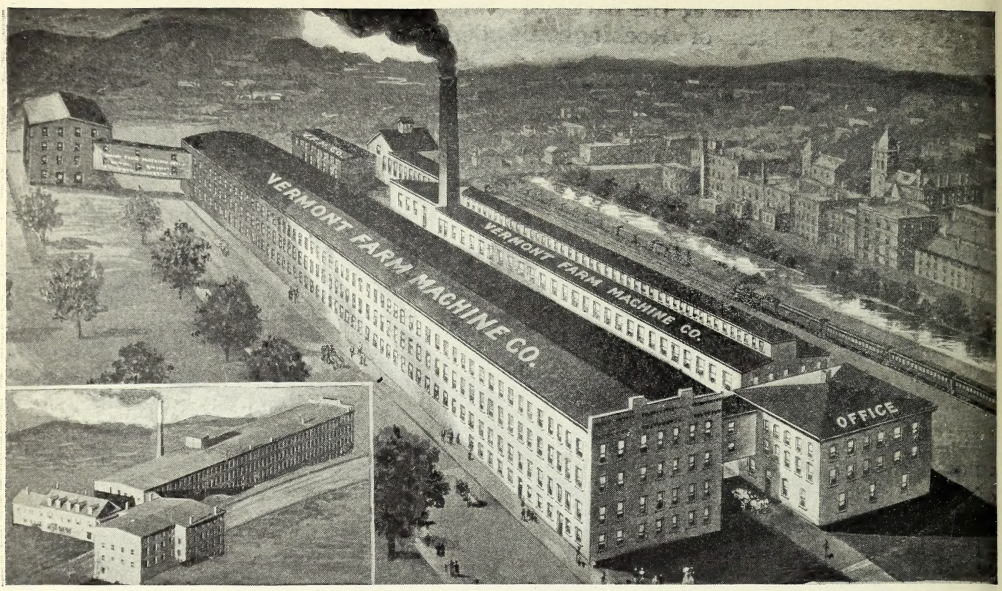
The Bellows Falls of to-day is a manufacturing community, and the development of its industries is the story of its life and growth. Perhaps the best thread upon which to weave this story is that of the development of its greatest resource, the waterpower, with which nature has abundantly supplied it.

The construction of the canal around the Falls was first undertaken in 1792. The corporation undertaking the work was known as the "Company for Rendering Connecticut River Navigable by Bellows Falls." The promoters of the enterprise had not the slightest idea of its value for waterpower. An enthusiastic English promoter speaks as follows of its glowing possibilities: "A water communication with the river Thames!—a glorious prospect for both countries, and a source of commerce and wealth to draw still closer between them the ties of amity." The idea of ocean liners sailing up the Connecticut to Bellows Falls seems somewhat remote to-day, but the work of these early builders was by no means in vain.

For seventy-four years the canal was owned in London and was a losing enterprise. In 1832 the company began to acquire land along the banks of the river and through the town, and this has since been one of the sources of its wealth. In 1857 the corporation was in such bad shape financially that it was deeded over

Photograph by Bristol

RESIDENCE OF MR. J. C. DAY



PLANT OF THE VERMONT FARM MACHINE COMPANY

The medallion is of special interest as showing the historic Island House, now part of this plant. In this view the great main shop conceals the second range of buildings

in trust to Mr. George Atkinson. In 1866 the English holders sold their interests to Ex-Governor S. W. Hale and E. F. Lane of Keene, New Hampshire, and the price paid is said to have been about $65,000. In 1871 the majority of the stock was purchased by Hon. William A. Russell, and extensive improvements were undertaken for the purpose of developing the waterpower privileges. The canal was widened to seventy-five feet and deepened to seventeen feet, and at low water gives a horse power of 13,855. The manner of lease is to divide this into what are termed mill powers of eighty-five horsepower each. Of these there are one hundred and sixty-three and at the present time the International Paper Company hold one hundred and thirty-five. The commercial development which followed this improvement may be estimated from the fact that the population of to-day is just five times that of 1871.

Manufacture of paper was first undertaken in Bellows Falls by "Bill Blake," in 1802. The paper was finished by being hand scraped with knives, and the output was of course very small. To-day Bellows Falls turns out fifteen hundred tons of finished paper every week, and ships in addition one thousand tons a week of wood pulp. Into this product fifteen million feet of logs are annually reduced to pulp.

The most important manufacturing industry in Bellows Falls to-day is the Vermont Farm Machine Co. Under the management of Gen. N. G. Williams, this great enterprise has developed from a mere nucleus with twelve employees, to one of the largest concerns of its kind in the world.

Few industries call for more executive ability in their management than those which supply agricultural necessities. The territory covered must be very wide, and the individuals reached are often living under conditions of practical isolation. To keep in touch with this vast and scattered constituency is a work calling for the most brilliant capacities of organization. Although to-day New England is but a small part of the market of this noble factory, its history is curiously related to the trend of New England agriculture.

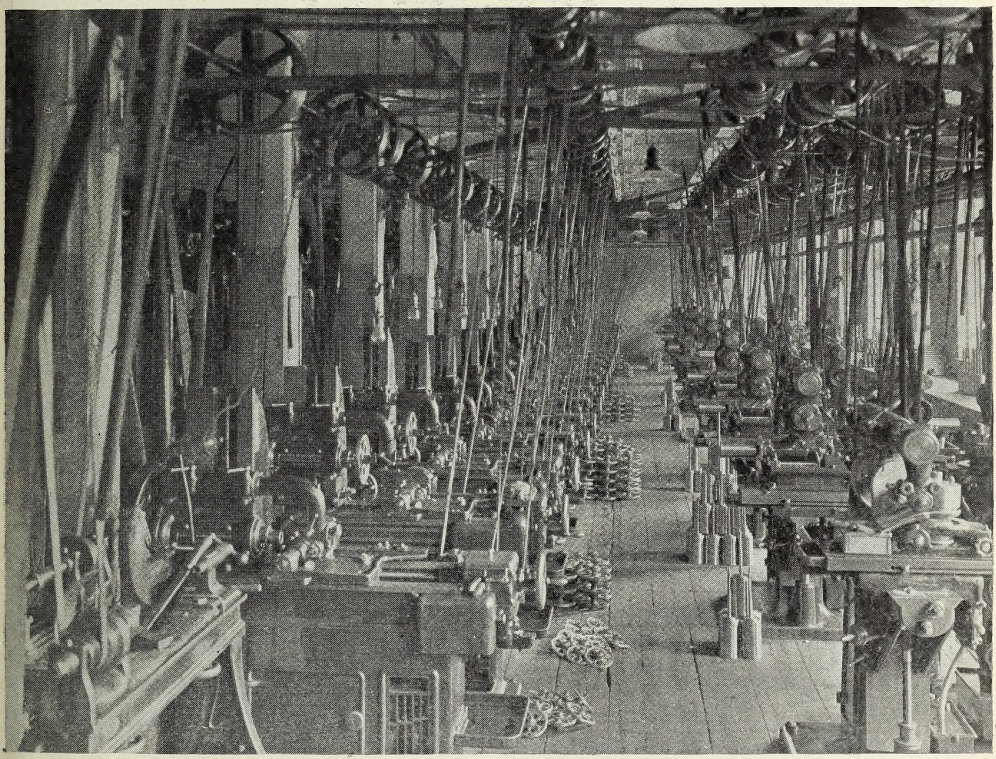
The company was organized in 1868, under the title of the Hartford Sorghum Machine Co., to manufacture the Cook sugar evaporator, which was improved later by James B. Williams. This evaporator soon attained world-wide reputation. Samples of its product, in 1893, were selected at the World's Fair, Chicago, as the standard by which the other exhibits of maple sugar and syrup were judged.

On February 15, 1873, the company was incorporated, and the name was changed to the Vermont Farm Machine Co. At that time horse rakes were one of the outputs of the factory.

The demand for Cooley Creamers, Davis Swing Churns, butter workers, and butter printers became so great that the making of horse rakes was discontinued, and the company's whole strength devoted to manufacturing dairy appliances.

The present phenomenal success of the business began about seventeen years ago when the U. S. Cream Separator became its chief product. The manufacture of these machines has carried the name of Bellows Falls to nearly every civilized country on the globe, and every year sees a marked increase in the sales of the U. S. Cream Separator.

From its primitive room over a livery stable the company has grown to such proportions that it has been obliged to move several times. In 1889 the large range of buildings illustrated above was erected, and has since been occupied. The old Island House, for so many years a noted hostelry throughout New England, was recently purchased by the company and reconstructed for manufacturing purposes, and is now connected by a two-story steel bridge, to the main factory, making one complete range of



Photograph by Bristol

GEAR-CUTTING ROOM OF THE VERMONT FARM MACHINE COMPANY

The longest row of gear-cutting machines in the world

Photograph by Bristol

RESIDENCE OF MR. FRED BABBITT

buildings extending nearly from Union depot to the old Tucker toll bridge. At present the company occupies over three and one half acres of manufacturing floor space, which does not include their fine three-story office building, the large new warehouse back of the old Island House, which is two hundred and fifty feet long by forty feet wide, nor the sixteen distributing warehouses located in the United States and Canada.

During the selling season of 1908, while all other manufactories were nearly at a standstill in Bellows Falls, as well as the country over, the Vermont Farm Machine Co. were running full force, and having a larger payroll than at any other time in their history.

A visit to the works of this great manufactory is a never to be forgotten experience. Skilled labor, the most costly and most modern machinery, order, system, effectiveness are illustrated at every turn. With the exception of the crudest castings, every part entering into the completed product is manufactured on the premises. An interesting farm journal is published by the company, and a well-equipped editorial office occupies one corner of the vast factory.

The principal product of the factory, as above indicated, is the U. S. Cream Separator. This is a thoroughly scientific specialty of high efficiency, and a source of increased profit to the fortunate farmers who possess it.

It is a wonderfully compact and graceful little machine, and, like all successful inventions, handled with the utmost ease. What the sewing machine has been to the seamstress, this wonderful little piece of mechanism has been to the dairymaid and the farmer's wife, an emancipator, a servant, untiring, unfailing, uncomplaining, efficient.

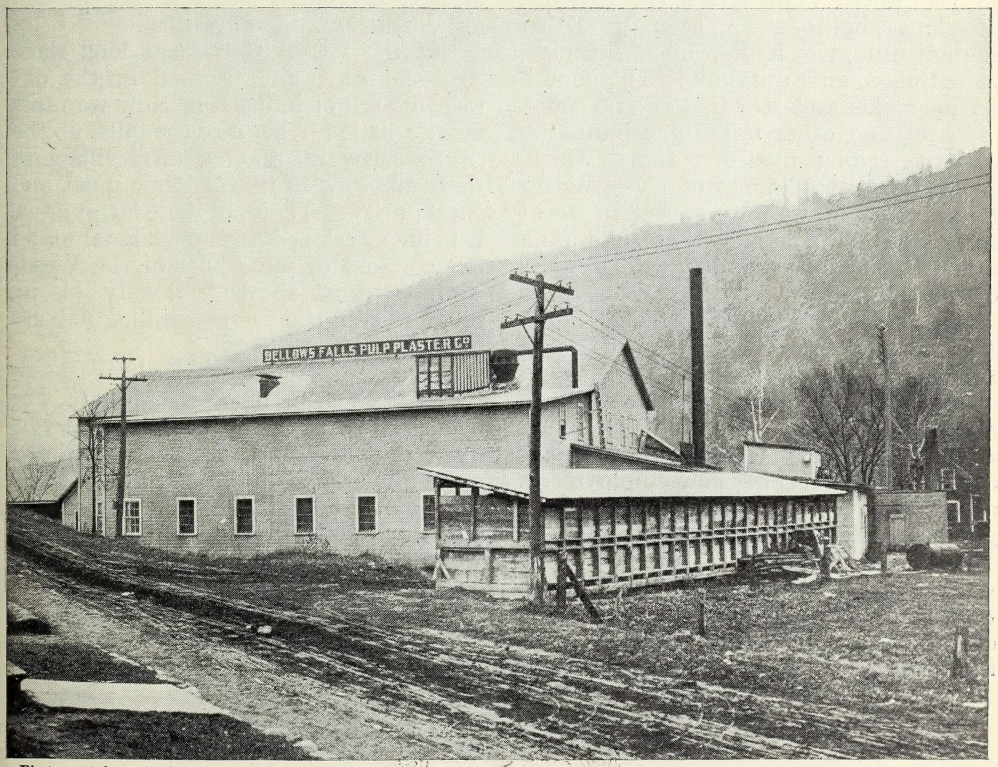
The development of this manufacturing industry is a national asset, one of the commercial successes of our American republic, and the chief factor in its success. Gen. N. G. Williams, wise, broad, practical, tireless, modest, retiring, is of our noblest type of business men.

Another contribution by Bellows Falls to the agricultural community is the manufacture of scythe snaths, conducted by Derby and Ball, of which concern Mr. Herbert D. Ryder is the present business manager.

This is the largest plant of its kind in the world, manufacturing from one hundred and seventy-five thousand to two hundred thousand snaths each year.

This industry was founded by Albert Derby, who, as a member of the firm of Frost, Derby & Co., began the manufacture of scythe snaths in Bellows Falls in 1857. In 1882 Mr. Franklin P. Ball, who had been engaged in the manufacture of scythe snaths in Springfield, Vermont, since 1852, came to Bellows Falls and added his interest to the firm, which then assumed the present title of Derby & Ball. Mr. Ball was the pioneer of scythe snath manufacturing in the United States. He died in 1896, after a life of rich beneficence, memorials of which are among the things in which the people of Bellows Falls take a loving pride.

Indeed, all the members of this progressive firm have been and are strong forces in the community life. The plant, situated near the north end of the city, has undergone enlargement and improvement many times under the demands of its growing business. It is operated by steam, thus affording good evidence of the possibility of the indefinite enlargement of Bellows Falls as an industrial center, when her marvelous water power shall have been wholly utilized.



Photograph by Bristol

PLANT OF THE BELLOWS FALLS PULP PLASTER COMPANY

Another extremely interesting industry located at Bellows Falls is the Bellows Falls Pulp and Plaster Company.

The corporation's executive officers are G. F. Hendee, president, and A. T. Pierce, secretary and treasurer. It commenced business five years ago, and the trade has rapidly increased to an extent unlooked for, requiring the enlargement of the works a number of times already, and promising a still greater advance in the future.

The product of this company is an elastic plaster to take the place as a building material, of the primitive sand and lime plaster of the past century. It is an innovation and marks a long step of progress in the builder's art. It is a substitute for all other plasters for covering walls. It contains no sand or lime, and makes the most perfect plaster known. One of its most important ingredients is fibrous wood pulp, made by a patented process that retains the fiber and strength of the wood. This gives it elasticity, toughness, lightness, and strength. Other ingredients give it hardness, firmness, smoothness, and durability. The combination makes a plaster that has no equal.

These and other important industries are the strong nucleous about which, under the wise guidance of a very active board of trade, we may expect to see at no distant date a city that shall rank among the leading manufacturing centers of New England.

Among the advantages which Bellows Falls has to offer for manufacturing are, first, an abundance of intelligent, high-class labor. The large employment of skilled labor in the community supports so many families whose young people are constantly seeking new employment, and who have had the advantage of the good schooling and wholesome influences of this choice New England town. Nowhere can labor of a higher grade of intelligence and character be found. This, of course, is a primary advantage of an inestimable worth. Railroad facilities and generous provision by the railroads for all the needs of the factories located on their lines are a second advantage. To many manufacturers now crowded within the narrow quarters and paying the exorbitant rents, taxes, and insurance rates of New York, Chicago, Boston, and other great cities, and feeling the irritation of the traffic regulations that are so necessary to such dense populations, and suffering under the moral conditions that surround their help, the opportunities afforded by this beautiful New England town among the hills must appeal not simply sentimentally but very practically.

It would indeed be strange if a place so beautifully located did not feel the pressure of demand from the hosts of summer travel. From the earliest days of New England history this beautiful locality has attracted the interested attention of the lovers of nature, and at one time its great Island House was one of the most famous and fashionable resorts, a favorite of men and women prominent in national history.

But the Island House has long since vanished or been absorbed in the onward march of industry. Now we must move a little farther into the hills, up the Saxtons River to the beautiful village of that name, with its academic quiet and rural purity. There, in these latter days, is being developed a summer hotel under the conduct of mine host of the Windham. Report speaks goldenly of its progress, and the eye is a willing witness to its beauty.

The air of culture that always associates itself with an academic site, the beautiful view, the noble hills, the verdure, the elevation, the cool and wholesome air, and in the midst of all a hotel with every modern improvement, managed by a master of that difficult art—with these advantages it would seem certain that the summer traveler will learn his way to the Saxtons River House, and mark it as one of his choicest discoveries.

Our Birds

By L. W. BROWNELL

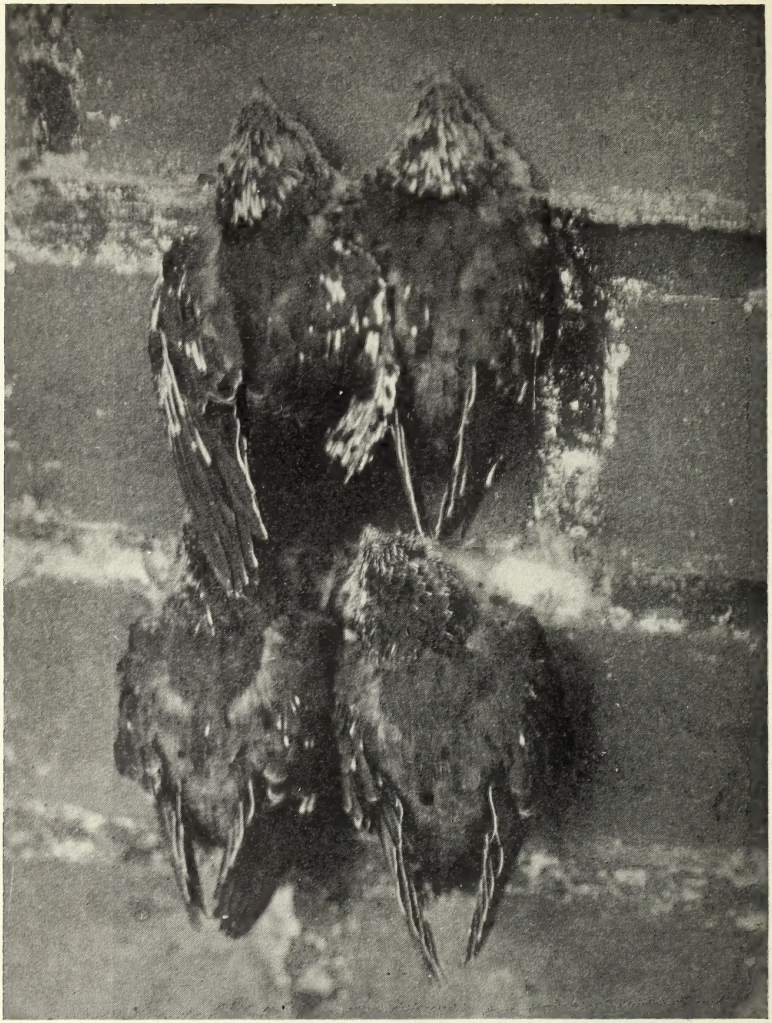
MANY people there are who, having eyes and ears given them to see and hear with, yet lack the knowledge of how to use them. Consequently they are only capable of hearing and seeing those things that form the intimate accompaniment of their daily lives, missing entirely the thousand and one little things of nature that help to make life more beautiful and worth living.

I know a woman who, having lived all her life in the country, yet confesses to the absolute knowledge of but three birds; the crow, the chicken, and the robin, and she is is not entirely certain of the robin. To one who cares for nature and the wild things, this seems pitiful, and yet her case is a common one, and she, at least, can be proud of the fact that she knows two more birds than do the majority of her city sisters.

It may come as something of a surprise to those of my readers who have never learned to know the birds, to be told that there are between thirty and forty species that regularly inhabit the immediate vicinity of our country houses, building their nests and rearing their families year after year in our very dooryards and orchards, and yet this is a fact and I have not counted the infrequent visitors that number as many more.

ROBIN FEEDING YOUNG

Let us take a tour through our yard and orchard, if we own one, on some bright day in middle June, and make the acquaintance of some of these feathered friends and neighbors of ours. It will not be difficult nor call for any great exertion, and I can assure you that the pleasure derived from so doing, if you are a normal,



YOUNG CHIMNEY SWIFTS CLINGING TO INSIDE OF CHIMNEY

life-loving being, will more than repay you for the time spent.

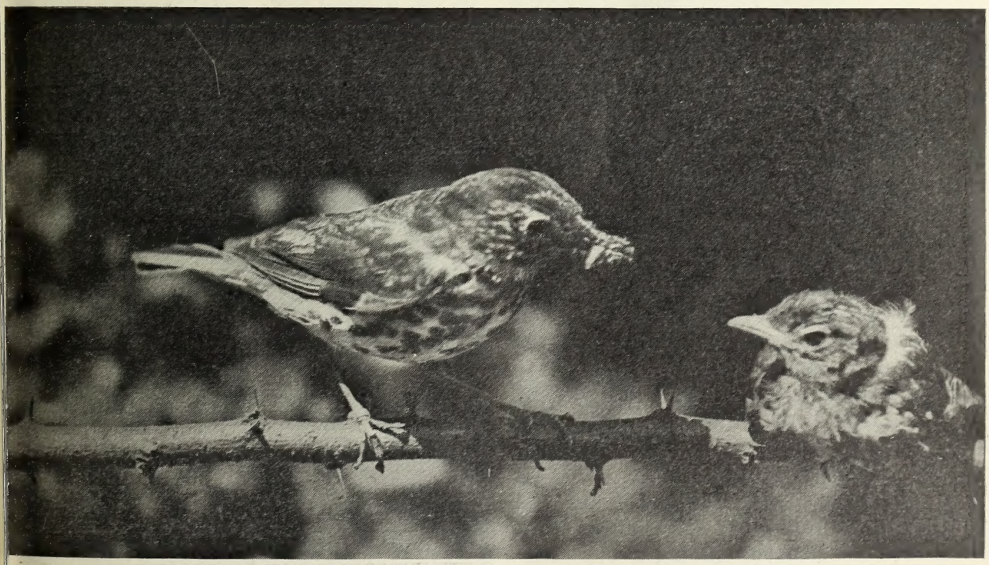
We cannot more than step from the doorway before we are greeted with a plaintive "phe-e-be-e, phur-r-wit," the author of which, who takes his name from his most often-repeated note, Phoebe, is sitting upon the end of a branch of some nearby tree, or the gable of the house or barn. He is a demurely colored bird, his back, his wings, and tail dark olive brown, his head grayish, and his breast white, shaded into a grayer tone on chest and throat. If we search we can probably find his nest, undoubtedly containing young at this time of the year, placed on a rafter underneath our porch or some outbuilding, although if there is a bridge in the immediate vicinity, that is where he would choose to build, on the stone piers, or girders, beneath the flooring. He is a member of the Flycatcher family, three other members of which we will meet a little later, and he is one of the first comers of the spring to arrive from the southland, often braving the storms of late March and early April, and not infrequently having the young of his

first litter full fledged by the first of May.

The robins are busily engaged on the lawns in their favorite occupation of searching for angle worms, the wood thrush, that delightful songster whose "cher-r-o-kee-e" can be heard to best advantage at early dusk, is carolling from the nearby maple, on some limb of which is probably placed his nest of clay and straw, containing eggs or young, and from the liliac bush comes the chittering song of the chipping sparrow, that inquisitive, little, chestnut-capped fellow whom we can see on any day searching for small insects along the paths of our yards.

Overhead the swallows are darting hither and thither on tireless wings, crossing and recrossing their own and one another's paths in a ceaseless search for insects, now dipping downward in a swinging rush close above our heads, again soaring high into the air, until they become mere specks so far above us that it is difficult for our eyes to follow their movements. The swallows are the greatest and swiftest travelers of the feathered tribe, which is to say that they are the greatest of travelers of all living things. They can undoubtedly fly more than a thousand miles in a single night, and the story is told of one to whom a small brass plate was fastened on which was the inscription: "Prithee, Swallow, whither goest thou in winter?" The bird returned the ensuing spring with the following answer inscribed on the plate: "To Anthony of Athens. Why dost thou inquire?"

Two species of the swallow family are common about our homes: the barn and the cliff or eave swallow. They are both excellent examples of the progressive spirit of birds, for both were originally dwellers of the cliffs and caves, on and in which they built their nests. They were quick, however, to grasp the advantage to them of the advance of civilization, and now almost invariably build under the eaves of our barns or outbuildings. The former places his saucer-shaped nest of clay, lined with straw and chicken feathers, inside upon some rafter close up under the roof where they are safe from almost every enemy, while the latter elects to fasten his peculiar, bottle-shaped abode on the outside, close under the projecting eaves where the rain cannot reach it to moisten the clay and cause it to fall. They are both gregarious in their habits, the cliff swallows, in particular, congregating in colonies of from half a dozen to as many as a hundred pairs, and building their



WOOD-THRUSH AND YOUNG

BLUEBIRD AT NESTING HOLE

nests so close together that they are often separated, one from the other, by but a single quarter-inch wall of clay.

Another bird, who is pretty generally, but erroneously, classed with the swallows by the uninitiated, from his somewhat similar appearance and manner of flight, although, in reality he bears no near relationship to that family, is the chimney swift. He also originally nested in caves, but more frequently in hollow tree trunks, but with the coming of houses and the building of chimneys he wisely concluded that here was a situation much better fitted to his wants than were the tree trunks and caves, and now his frail, shallow nests of twig fastened together with a gummy solution which he secretes, may be found in nearly every brick chimney in the country which is not in daily use and to which he can have free access. This nest would seem to be too slight a structure to bear even the weight of the parent bird, let alone that of the four or five young ones as they grow toward maturity and, indeed, this is often the case, as is evidenced by the number of young birds that come tumbling onto our hearths during every nesting season. These seldom perish, however, for they are strong climbers, and, if they have passed the first week of their existence, are generally strong enough to scramble up the rough sides of the chimney again to where the old birds can find and care for them. In point of fact they naturally leave the nest much sooner than do the young of most other birds, and remain clinging to the inside of the chimney until their wings have grown strong enough to bear them.

The chimney swift is a near relative of that far-famed bird of Java and adjacent islands, who builds nests entirely of a gummy secretion that hardens upon exposure to the air, that are prized by Chinese epicures as articles of food, and which are, in consequence, gathered in immense quantities every year, forming one of the chief products of the islands where they are found.

But we must not spend too much of our time with one bird, for there are many others that claim our attention and which we must not slight.

Over there, hovering around that clump of flowers, is the daintiest little jewel of all our feathered friends, the ruby-throated humming bird. He at least should be familiar to us as he poises before each flower on wings that move so swiftly as to be practically invisible to the human eye. Let us watch him for a few minutes and see if we can learn

RED-EYED VIREO AT NEST, FEEDING

YOUNG OF THE DOWNEY WOODPECKER

something of his habits. Each flower is visited in turn, and the nectar extracted with surprising rapidity, and suddenly, as we watch, he has disappeared. But no, if our eyes are quick enough we can follow his flight, although it resembles nothing else so much as a streak in the atmosphere. There, he has alighted on the lower limb of that beech tree, close to that curious-looking knot. But what is he doing? Apparently jabbing his bill into the knot. Surely he can find nothing to eat in that. In truth he does not, for now he has gone again as suddenly as he came, and, if we will allow our curiosity to govern our actions, we will go at once and examine that knot. It is not until we are directly beneath it and have looked at it from all sides, however, that we realize it to be, instead of the knot we had supposed, in reality the nest of this diminutive creature, intentionally so built, saddled to the limb and covered on the outside with small bits of lichen, as to almost exactly resemble a natural excresence of the limb itself. We reach up and pull down the limb that we may examine this dainty little abode at closer range. What a diminutive structure it is, seemingly too small for even the two mites of young ones that it contains, but how beautifully it is built, composed almost entirely of the pappus of various plants. What was that? Something flew close by our ear, humming like a huge angry bee. There it is again! Ah, now we see, it is the lord of the miniature castle returned to do battle for his offspring, for despite the fact that he is the smallest of our birds, he is, nevertheless, the most courageous in the defense of his home and young, so let us leave him in undisturbed possession.

We are now on the confines of the orchard, and if we are using our eyes and

CHICADEE

CATBIRD AT NEST

ears, we cannot help but be struck by the number and variety of the birds it contains. Our ears are assailed immediately by the rollicking song of the house wren, that saucy, small, brown sprite of the orchard, who with tail cocked over his back peeps at us with inquisitive, black eyes, roundly scolding us the while for our intrusion into what he considers as his rightfully exclusive domain.

Here is the yellow warbler, or summer yellow bird, as he is commonly called, searching the leaves for insects, twittering the while to himself; there is the American redstart displaying with spread tail and fluttering wings his gorgeous livery of orange-red and black, while on that limb sits a small, somber-colored bird, motionless except for an occasional jerk of his tail accompanied by a rather mournful sounding "pee-a-wee-e." Let some misguided insect fly too close to him, however, and there is a flash of wings, a snap of the beak, and he is back upon his perch, giving voice to his plaintive note before we have had time to realize that he ever left it. This is the wood pewee, a close relative of the phoebe.

Over our heads a hawk comes sailing along and immediately, with a loud challenge note, from a distant part of the orchard a dark gray bird with white breast, somewhat smaller than a robin, rises to meet him. This is a kingbird, another member of the flycatcher family, and straight toward the pirate he soars, loudly giving voice to his cry of defiance, and displaying the plume of flame-colored feathers which he wears on the top of his head. Straight upward he goes until he is above the hawk, then swoops down on him in fierce anger, darting about, swooping and striking downward between the great wings, so constantly

active that he eventually drives his enemy from the field, more in mental than bodily torture, and the victorious kingbird, having pursued him a quarter of a mile or so, leaves him and returns to his nest situated on the topmost limb of some one of the apple trees.

Another member of this same family that we may find here is the crested flycatcher, a brown bird with sulphur yellow breast, and a crest that is frequently raised in either anger or excitement. His nest is placed in the cavity of some rotten apple limb, and is remarkable from the fact that it invariably contains the cast skin of a snake.

From overhead comes the plaintive, inquiring note of the bluebird, called the harbinger of spring, and who, even at this late date, may have a brood of young in that deserted woodpecker's hole over in that dead apple limb although they are among the earliest of the breeders. Did you ever hear how the bluebird got his coat? Well, this is the way the Indians explain it: One beautiful day the male bird, in the exuberance of his spirits, flew so high that he rubbed his back against the sky, and the blue, rubbing off, stained his coat. Coming home his wife was so struck with the beauty of it that she decided to get one for herself in the same manner, and so flew away upon that quest the very next morning, but, the day proving to be not so bright as the preceding one had been, the stain she got was not so intense, and so, to this day, the male bird's coat is much brighter in coloring than is that of the female.

What is that flash of fire through the trees ahead? A scarlet tanager, one of the most brilliant of all our birds, on his way to his nest with a bill full of food for the hungry maws that are awaiting him there. He is the Prometheus of the Indian legends who, according to them, brought the first fire in his beak from the sun to the earth. His brilliant scarlet and black plumage is worn, however, but a small part of the year, merely during

PHOEBE AT ITS NEST

the spring and early summer or, in other words, during the mating and breeding season. In late summer he changes this dress for one of a uniform dark olive green, thus appearing in a similarly colored dress as that in which his wife appears at all times.

That neat, trim-looking bird over there, dressed in an olive green coat, white vest, and with a line of white edged with dark green over each eye, is the red-eyed vireo or greenlet. He seems to be constantly searching for insects, and he divides his time about equally between this search and a delivery of his short and characteristic song. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher once said of this bird: "That little fellow has found a land of plenty up there and he says grace, like a little Christian, at every mouthful." His song is like the bird himself, clean cut and precise. Wilson Flagg has called him very appropriately, the preacher, and has given the following excellent transcription of the song into English: "You see it! You know it! Do you hear me? Do you believe me?"

But probably the two most characteristic birds of the orchard are the Baltimore and the orchard orioles. When Cecilius Calvert, first Earl of Baltimore, became Lord of Maryland, his followers were quick to recognize the exact correspondence between the orange and black of his livery, and the same colors that were displayed by the gorgeous bird that was then and still is so abundant in that part of the country as well as farther north. In consequence of which coincidence the bird was named "Baltimore Bird," which name he has borne ever since. He is well deserving of considerable attention, for not only does he belong in the first ranks of our birds as a songster as well as for the beauty of his plu nage, but his nest is a veritable marvel of the weaver's art, so constructed and placed that it is well nigh impossible for any of his enemies, with the possible exception of man, to disturb its contents.

His cousin, the orchard oriole, is a bird of much more somber coloring, but is the real gentleman of the orchard, his nest, made entirely of bleached grass, being seldom placed elsewhere than in some apple or pear tree, and, in its way, it is almost as remarkable a structure as is that of the Baltimore oriole.

There are many other birds besides those I have enumerated, which frequent the orchards more or less constantly. The flicker, that large bird of many aliases who belongs to the woodpecker family, and his smaller cousin the downy woodpecker, are both to be found there upon occasions. The cedar waxwing is very partial to apple trees as a nesting site. The rose-breasted grosbeak sometimes builds his nest and rears his brood there. The chickadee and the cuckoos, both yellow and black billed, are far from being strangers on these preserves.

Necessarily in a short sketch it is impossible to make mention of all the birds that inhabit even so restricted a place as an orchard or a dooryard, and so a good many I must leave the reader to discover for himself.

There is no place better suited for the study of our birds than this same orchard and dooryard. There is no place of like size that harbors so many varieties, but would we keep them there we must rid ourself of the house cat, for she is the most persistent enemy of the birds, and there is no young brood safe within a radius of several hundred yards of a house wherein resides a cat.

BOBBY

By FRANK H. SWEET

BOBBY CAMERON came into the dining-room shyly and sat down. His nose was swollen, and there was a raw, bruised place, about as big as a ten-cent piece, between his eyes. He didn't seem anxious to draw attention to these defects, and was unusually quiet. Presently his father put down his newspaper, and his glance fell upon hapless Bobby.

"Robert," he said sternly, "what is the matter?"

"I got hurt," muttered Bobby, with his mouth full of oatmeal.

"Got hurt! I should say so! I can see that for myself. *How* did you get hurt?"

"I jumped off the oat-bin and struck my head against the pole of the carriage."

"What possessed you to do that?"

"Well, a boy stumped me, and so——"

"A boy did what?" interrupted his father.

"Stumped me," repeated Bobby, growing more and more embarrassed.

Mr. Cameron looked at his wife.

"What is he talking about, Jane?" he said helplessly.

"What do you mean, Bobby?" asked his mother gently. "What is it to be *stumped* by a person?"

"Why, it's when a fellow says you can't do a thing and you say you can; and then you've got to do it, or else you're stumped, and all the other fellows will jeer at you. I'm never stumped,—never!"

"But, Bobby, if it is something perfectly impossible?"

"Ah, if you think it's like that, why, you can ask the fellow that stumps you to do it himself; and if he can't do it that lets you out. But if he does it, you're bound to do it too. That's a *lead* stump when he does it first; and it's a *dare* stump when he says you can't do it, and you say you can. I never take a lead stump, and I haven't taken a dare stump this year." His father looked at him severely.

"Well, I want you to understand, sir," he said, "that I'm not going to have you jumping off from oat-bins, and breaking your nose against carriage poles. I don't want to hear any more of stumps or such ridiculous performances!"

Bobby didn't answer. He looked much depressed.

After his father had left the table, his mother turned to him and said:

"Now, Bobby, did you hear what papa said?"

"Yes," he answered impetuously, "but mamma, I can't—I can't be stumped. I haven't been stumped this year."

His mother looked at him thoughtfully.

"We can't have you running such risks, dear, and hurting yourself, perhaps for life. Come upstairs now, and I'll put some plaster on your nose; and you must try to be more careful."

Mr. Cameron was at his office, and Mrs. Cameron was in her own room, sewing, about the middle of the afternoon, when a little boy rushed in, breathless and excited.

He was a neighbor's child and Bobby's dearest friend. He was so frightened that he was quite pale, and his freckles stood out in bold relief, like spatters of mud.

"Oh, Mrs. Cameron!" he gasped "come quick! Bobby's got the door-knob in his mouth, and he can't get it out!"

"The *what?*" she said, rising hurriedly.

"The door-knob of the play-room. George Nelson stumped him to put it in his mouth, and Bobby tried and tried, and at last he did, and now he can't get his mouth off!"

Mrs. Cameron hurried to the scene of disaster. There stood poor Bobby, fastened to the door, his jaws opened to their

utmost capacity and clinched around the knob. They had just slipped over the smooth porcelain surface, and closed upon it. The knob seemed as firmly fastened in his mouth as one of his own teeth. It was nearly choking him, and the tears were streaming down his face.

Several boys stood near, offering advice and sympathy.

"I say, Bobby," said one, "I'm awfully sorry I laughed at first, 'cause you looked so funny. I wish I'd never stumped you now."

His mother came near him. He cried afresh at the sight of her. He would have bawled, but the door-knob in his mouth prevented.

"Can't you get it out, Bobby?" she asked anxiously.

He tried to shake his head, but being fastened immovably, he could only roll his eyes at her. It looked a little as if he must spend the rest of his life fastened on to that door.

"Can't you unscrew the knob?" suggested one of the boys.

"What'll he have to pull against then?" objected another with scorn.

This was true. Bobby with a door-knob in his mouth and nothing to pull it out by would certainly be in a worse fix than Bobby fastened to an entire door.

His mother said nothing, but seemed to be considering.

"Go up to the desk in my room, Georgie," she said, "and bring me down that big ivory paper-cutter. Not the little one, but that big, flat, white one. Now, Bobby," she added, kissing his forehead, as his mouth was otherwise engaged, "you mustn't be frightened. If your mouth opened wide enough to get it in, we can get it out. Don't cry, and keep cool. One reason why you can't get it out is because you are nervous and frightened."

When Georgie brought her the paper-cutter, she put it in the corner of Bobby's mouth, so that she could pry with it against his teeth, and then, taking his chin in her other hand, she told him to open his mouth as wide as he possibly could, and she would help him.

After one or two unsuccessful trials, the rob slipped out, and Bobby was free.

The first words he said were: "There, George Nelson, I did it, after all."

He spoke thickly, for his tongue was swollen and his jaws stiff.

"Bobby," said his mother, "you must come into the house with me now;" and they went in together, while the little group of boys disappeared, after examining the door-knob carefully, as if it were full of unusual interest.

Half an hour afterward Bobby was lying on the sofa in his mother's room. There was a handkerchief, wet with some arnica, under his chin, and he looked somewhat pale and subdued.

His mother had some books on her lap. She looked at him lovingly, and passed her hand over his head once or twice before she spoke.

"Bobby," she said finally, "I've been thinking about this stumping business of yours, and I've concluded it's one of the greatest things in the world."

He looked at her in amazement. He hadn't expected this.

"Yes," she said, "I don't think the world would ever have amounted to much, if it hadn't been for the men who wouldn't be stumped."

"Why, mamma!" he said.

"It's true, Bobby. All the great generals were just men who wouldn't let their enemies stump them. Christopher Columbus wouldn't be stumped when he started to discover America; no, not by poverty nor by the jeers of all Spain—not even when his sailors mutinied and wanted to kill him. George Washington wouldn't be stumped, nor General Grant, nor Napoleon, nor any of those men that you like to have me read to you about. All the Arctic explorers, and the people who have gone into Africa were men who wouldn't be stumped. Sometimes, Bobby, it is your life, and not another person that stumps you. You want to do something, and it seems as if your life said to you, 'You can't.' But all the famous men, all the men who have succeeded, were men who turned around to their lives and faced them, and said, 'I *can*.'"

There was a little silence. Bobby was alert and interested.

"I am going to read to you about two

men who wouldn't be stumped. One was Winstanley, who built the Eddystone lighthouse, the other was our own Sheridan, who won the battle of Winchester. And then I want to read to you about the sinking of the 'Cumberland,' and how she fired that last broadside, just as she was going down; I think that was so splendid."

Bobby nestled contentedly on the sofa. He loved to hear his mother read poetry. He told her once it was "just like the dribbling rain on the garret roof." It seemed a queer compliment, but she understood it, and thanked him.

He was very much interested that day and his eyes were bright and shining when she had finished.

"Were those really all stumps, mamma?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes, dear," she said, smiling, "I think they were; and I want to read to you about some more — listen."

She took up some newspaper cuttings, and began:

"'Mose Putnam yesterday jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge. He had wagered one thousand dollars that he could do it. The jump was made at 3.30 P. M. Putnam was knocked senseless on striking the water, and instantly sank. His friends were beneath the bridge in a boat, and one of them promptly jumped in after him and succeeded in bringing him to the surface, and he was taken at once to the hospital. He is still unconscious, and it is not thought that he will recover.'"

Bobby looked a little uncomfortable as his mother read this. It did not strike him as a very noble deed.

She read another:

"'There was a strange spectacle yesterday on Broadway between Tenth and Twentieth streets. Mr. Harvey Johnson had laid a wager that he would wheel Mr. Sam Skeehan ten blocks on Broadway in a wheelbarrow, if Harrison was elected; and yesterday he fulfilled his promise. Quite a crowd followed him. Mr. Skeehan is reported as enjoying his ride exceedingly.'"

"Oh, mamma, don't!" said Bobby softly.

She smiled, but read on.

"'The contest between Mike Stevens and Paddy Hennessy as to who could eat the most oysters in a given time came off yesterday; and Hennessy having disposed of three hundred and forty-five oysters in five minutes, was declared the winner.'"

"Oh, mamma!" said Bobby again, "don't read any more like that. They seem so silly after those others."

"Bobby," she said slowly, "nobody could have looked sillier than you looked this morning, fastened to that doorknob."

Then they both laughed, but Bobby looked very much ashamed.

"It isn't always brave not to be stumped, is it?" he said, after a pause.

"No," she answered thoughtfully, "you see for yourself that it isn't."

"But, mamma, how can you tell? How can I tell,— with the boys, you know?"

"I was thinking of that," she said. "I don't quite know, dear. It will be hard to decide, but it seems to me that I wouldn't do a foolish thing just because I was stumped into it. It's good to be strong and quick and fleet. It's good to aim straight and to throw far. All stumps that make you run or jump or climb I should say were worth taking, but not the foolish ones that only make you seem reckless and silly. Sam Patch, the Jumper, was reckless, you know; do you think he was brave?"

Bobby didn't answer; he seemed to be thinking hard.

"Do you think it would be silly," he said, "to climb up on top of the cupola of Gilman's barn?"

"Certainly I do," she answered promptly. "Why?"

"'Cause Joe Gilman stumped me to do, and I was going to do that after the doorknob, you know; but I won't now."

His mother leaned over and kissed him and wisely left to his own reflections the boy who wouldn't be stumped.

The Minor Arts

By JOHN LA FARGE

With illustrations from examples in the Boston Art Museum

STRICTLY speaking, perhaps, we could say that there are no minor arts. There is art turned, let us say, into less important spaces, into minor channels. And some of these less important spaces we so call, because they are strictly useful. Thereby they seem to escape, to be out of the greater ideal. We think so, for instance, of the details of a cathedral porch. And yet, not only the mass of these details, but even some part of them may be as beautiful, as wonderful in the artistic meaning as the big building itself. They may be more so. They may be less the work of convention. They may have an amount of personal life superior to that of the building, which building may be impersonal — one may say agglutinated. We may see that in the execution of certain mouldings, whose personal carrying out, upon a fixed program, saves the wall from commonplace. It would puzzle the very best sculptors of to-day (and our sculpture and European sculpture is going through an experience of life which is encouraging for the future), it would seem impossible for our very best men to equal in interest and artistic grasp most of the work done in mediæval cathedrals, merely to fill in spaces with something ornamental. Our puzzle comes, our suggestion of an error comes, of course, from this, that the whole question is: Who is it that does? For example again: if we decide to call some of the helps and details, the ornamentation, the beautifying, the poetising, the uplifting of architectural work, minor as art what shall we think of the man working in the minor art of glass who made the tremendous windows of Chartres? He (or we perhaps should say they) were certainly superior to most of us painters to-day, even those of us covered with the honors of an academy, or followed by the respect of students, or the admiration or jealousy of fellow artists. A few of us may stand on that level. I bring this before you to break the bonds and classes for momentary definitions. We can always get back into them whenever we wish. By dropping them for any better view we can more easily use them again for classification.

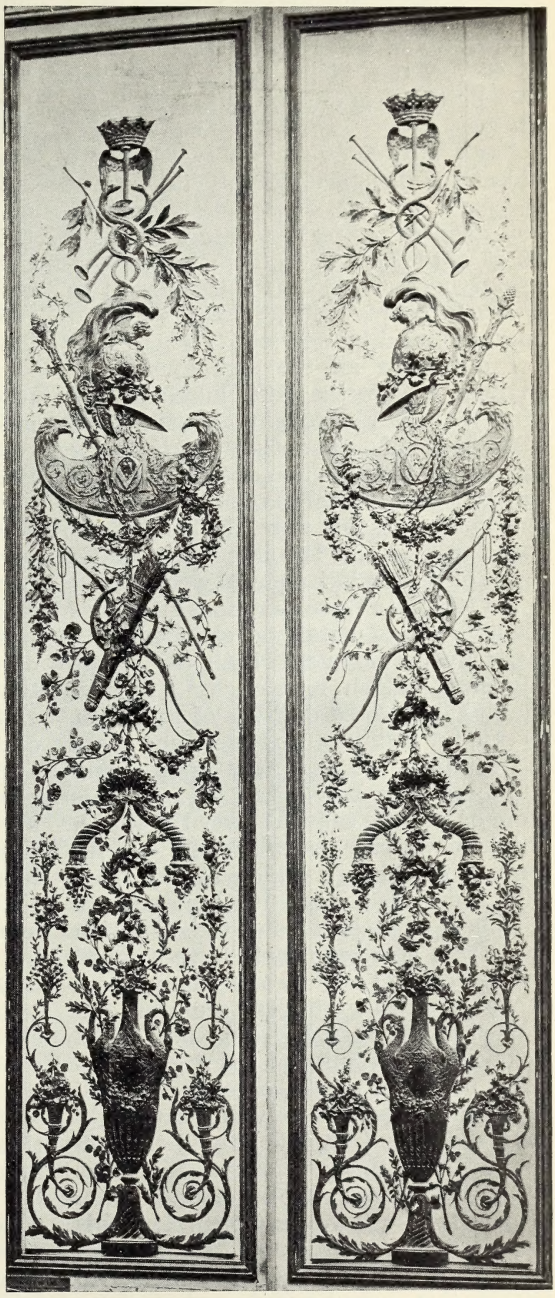
In such a discussion one should have examples to point to. We have now to supply by memory the lack of the sight which might occasionally rest on very small materials. We must keep in mind the halls of our museums and suppose ourselves within them. There in a museum we realize that many of these divisions are made to fit mechanical reasons. Divisions of wall space, let us say, and not getting a Greek Tanagra figurine in front of an absurd thirty-foot painting. So these divisions have their value, only we should be ready to displace them, as you have already displaced them while listening to my last sentence.

For teaching, these divisions, which have become established, through the action of the last century, are dangerous. As we have seen, they are of value for momentary handling. They seemed impossible to the Japanese Imperial Commissioners, who twenty years ago went to Europe to study the modes of artistic education and the joining of these to museums. They found carefully segregated special departments, under government teaching, for the art of decoration. As of an art having laws different from those of what might be called higher aims. To them, these experts in art, as to all remaining in the path of ancient ways, this seemed a curious error. It was bad

in its effect, destructive of the healthy reflex influences of the workman, and certain to encourage the meaner sort. For thereby the more important artists, those with the greater sweep of execution, with the most serious studies, with the greater ambition of mind, with the more poetic need for saying something, would be kept from any intimate relation with decoration. This, of course, was a change from what there used to be in the greater past. One cannot think of the older artists before the crash of modern revolution, without realizing how near they were to their assistants, and their assistants to their workmen, and all the way down and up as in all real professions.

We see in picturesque form, Michel Angelo or Raphael on the scaffoldings with their workmen, all getting the benefit of the life and experience in common. To the last workman, the influence of the greater poetic mind must have reached, and the reverse, the practical toleration of the limits of work, the benefit of momentary equality, we have in accord in the anecdotes clustered about such names as I have mentioned. Instead of diminishing their weight to us, instead of lowering them, these relations of the entire body of workers in art have a charm of superiority, intellectual and poetic, that does not envelop the segregated artist of to-day.

This segregation, this division which my Japanese friends found especially prevalent in French teaching, is not peculiar to France, and has been the danger everywhere. It has had, as we are remarking, a persisting influence on all the art of the nineteenth century, and curiously enough has struck especially at the greater qualities of what are called the highest forms of our art of spaces. As I am trying to suggest, it has injured, by the creation of imaginary difficulties, the development of the more poetic painters and sculptors. To hear of the struggles, necessary for the French painters who have tried mural painting, one would suppose that such a thing as the adornment



PANELS ON WOOD AND STUCCO, GILDED. LATE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, FRANCE

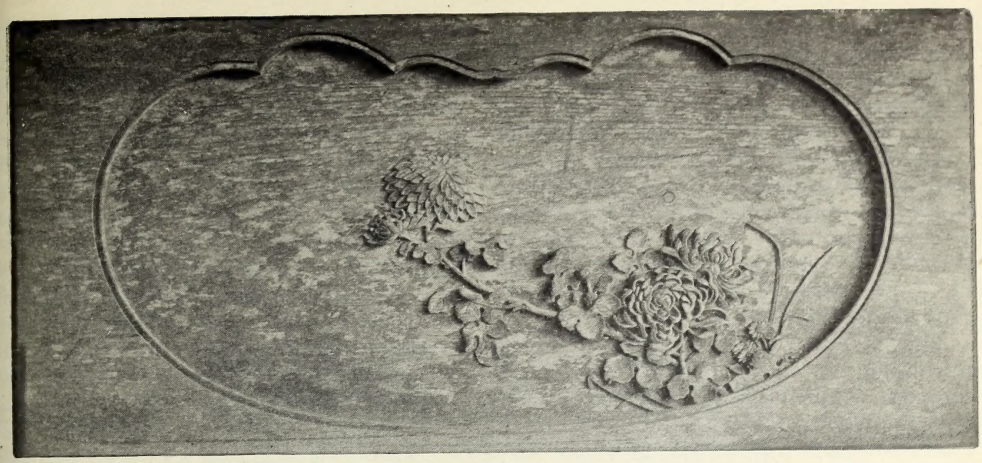
of the wall was a novelty, a new invention. As if right along streets they did not see men with pots of paint and ladders going about to paint walls in houses. As if the ordinary house decorator had not plenty of secrets known to all the trade, which can help and make clear for the high-toned academician the better use of his paint and his brushes.

For whatever we see to-day which we object to, though obliged to tolerate or accept it in part, there are, of course, any quantity of reasons. It will be for all of us to dwell upon them and understand them, all the more if we wish to open new courses which in reality are old ones, modified by necessity.

I put aside all the enormous social changes which the last hundred and fifty years have brought about; which destroyed guilds and their relations for artists — which set up academies, dividing the superior from the common people; and which put, as it were, the hand of the government upon the more democratic forms of the old monarchical world.

Let us add to these enormous influences the influence of certain developments. I mean by development, both the things happening which increase or diminish the value of some division of art. Let us say, for instance, that more and more did sculpture retreat from architecture and become a specialized art. It was more or less the same all over the world, but here we can remember the queerer form of it, when a white, chalky mass with some high ideal title spotted the red plush or green reps of the Victorian era. You younger people have escaped a little of that. It is not many years ago that one of our best sculptors explained to me that he could not afford to take the commission for a great exterior bas relief on the outside of a wall of a church, because it was what workmen did. And people would be reminded of the time when he began. This was a minor art, might degrade him. So you see we have improved. At this date my fellow artist would take a square mile of it if there was that to give. Besides this curious withdrawal of sculpture to the graveyard and the drawing-room, the art of painting was developing in ways that are strictly separable from relation with the other arts. It was pursuing through landscape and landscape intentions the problems of color and light which had never been attacked so seriously as forms of study. When quite recently the painters wished to connect again with the other arts, some of them have suffered through these trainings, which they have found difficult to use, though at every step they must have been on the point, on the edge of using, on the contrary, these studies of law for the reconciliation of the older forms of their art — what we call the arts of decoration, the wall and ceiling and the opening of the window. Therein, of course, we shall find the clue — the path which followed will bring most things together. These studies of nature became entangled by a natural confusion of intention — that is to say, the realities seen, being treated as the object of the painter and not his means. That is to say — roughly — through the prevalence of forms of realism. This could not be otherwise, and must persist in some division of the art of painting which may honestly help all the other divisions,— if, as we are maintaining, these gates and fences are to be put up and taken down as best for the special circumstances.

But, meanwhile, these vast experiments into naturalism, many of which are glorious, tended to exaggerate for those who were not in it the so-called idealism of the schools. And within that retreat they were beautifully useless, and often foolish and sentimental, but with all the dryness of recipe. I need not name the names that come up to our minds. And they were helped, of course, by the idea of division. They could manufacture a so-called ideal — a so-called style — something unnatural, anyhow, so that the result of the separation of the decorative — the decorative and representative sides of painting, has been a number of foolish recipes for what is called composition — that is to say, arrangement of spaces within a set space. One sees these little rules applied innocently enough by well-meaning artists, entangled in these paths which



PANEL FROM BALUSTRADE OF THE PIAZZA OF TOSHOIA. (A. D. 1750.)

they suppose to be the old and higher ones, because they have been so taught in their school days by their school ma'ams, or else we see arrogance insisting on cheap forms of what the French and Germans call stylization; which, alas, with them means running an iron ramrod through the growth of things — a process which seems impossible in countries where any Gothic building has innumerable lessons wherein nature turns into style, as it should, without our being able to lose the sense of nature or the sense of style. All this we shall explain to ourselves further and further, as we go along, and we shall see how natural and excusable it is because of the enormous cause, the bad teaching, which affects the just and the unjust equally. That bad teaching it is, of course, our hope to readjust, not by issuing laws like those of that ancient academician Procustes, who used to stretch, you know, people on his iron bed and shorten them or lengthen them, according to the bed, until Hercules interfered in his usual abrupt but sensible way.

If once we can get thoroughly taught composition, which is arrangement, the principle of all space, art cannot be represented by a few common-school formulæ, while, of course, its variations must be as numerous as the possible combinations of geometry. Now, geometry is within the habit of ever so many of you. There is hardly any escaping of it in any schooling past the lowest. And it is a very simple geometry; it is very simple mathematics, which has sufficed to guide the work of the minor arts through the last five thousand years up to the present day of common school and academy. As in most things that are really living — speech, for instance, — the grammar is mostly unconscious or has become so. It is catching, if I may so say. So children learn, and in the best way, because they mix with their betters and do not feel divided from them as if in a different class.

"Make your acquaintances of your superiors; if that be not possible, then consort with equals, but never with inferiors — because we are the result of what we touch." — *Confucius.*

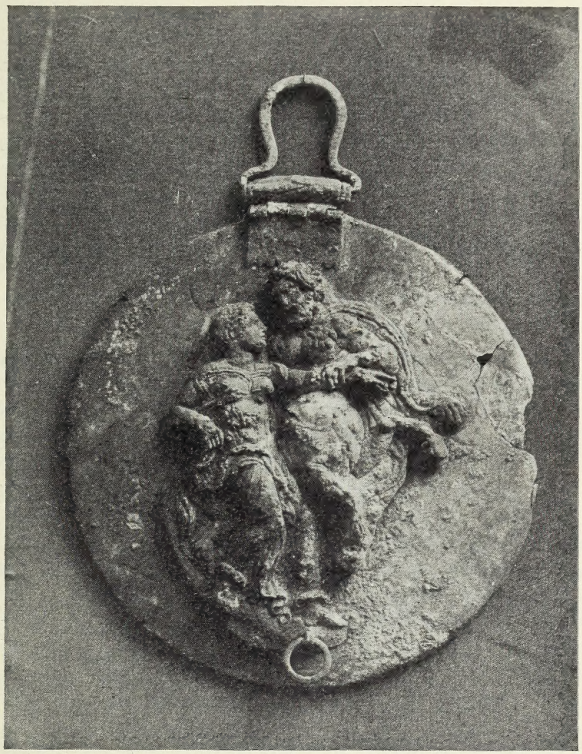
And so the Oriental nations still retain this basis of work, this fitting of the subject to the place. This we see quite free, as apparent in the Japanese, and very set in the nearer East, which under the influence of the Mohammedan rule gives us only variations of the grammar in the way of the geometric pattern which underlies of necessity whatever we see. I cannot help remembering a séance of a well known foreign decorator who has, of course, as every one has, plenty of merit, in which discourse to various serious and important architects he explained how "cheap and nasty" was Oriental decoration, how anybody could do it, how you struck a red sun somewhere and you put a stork or two alongside, and

lo, you had the very best of Japanese decoration. To this he opposed the solemnity of British art. The art of Bond Street, or Piccadilly, or wherever it is the thing flourishes — remember that I have been all through it, and he gave us its principle in one single grave lesson, taken from one of his own patterns — a perpendicular, which was a tree in the middle — a tree that grew in one of the London streets, or rather the London shops, and then on one side a lady with a musical instrument, I think, and a gentleman in some sort of Anglican costume. This he gravely showed to the serious architects, who kindly smiled. I do not quote him at all, as in the way of reproach. It is merely an example of the profundity of poor thinking, which allowed an otherwise respectable person to believe in himself, and in his practice, to such a curious extent. This gentleman was the victim of what might be called the exaggeration of pure decoration — of the necessity for a classification. It was some years back, and the fashions may change and are changing, so that such firms as he might be connected with would give us other patterns. But one explanation goes on with him. The decorative side of art — of the arts of space — which is nearest to fundamental principles and beginnings, has been, therefore, forcibly separated in the arts of painting and sculpture from that side, which represented stories, or again which aimed at copying the aspect of nature, oblivious of rule, if I may so say. Therefore, as we have been seeing — the artist (I have to use this special term) was more and more separated from the artisan (another term which is also disagreeable to me because it helps to keep up this absurd artificial classing). Instead of lifting the artist, this degraded him, as happens to all parvenus, and he sought to make his pictures by recalling stories or subjects or intentions, or using studies from nature, and polishing them out of their natural appearance, instead of carrying all these things out through the physical qualities and advantages of his art. Therein he separated, and without knowing it he threw the whole power of his side of art to increase the apparent value of the other side. His very refinement and exclusiveness blossomed into commerce, as it has in England in forms of art which we may associate with certain names, for instance, that of Morris. All the genius of Rossetti and the intelligence of Burne-Jones could not escape from it. Burne-Jones complained to me that his own stained glass became commercial — and he could not see why, being immersed in the same waters. And if this intelligent artist was impressed by it, what could we expect from others? Burne-Jones had painted outside of his work for glass, and was a master apart from this. We shall see in a moment, as we go through the mechansim of teaching and making, why this had to be. With the separation that we have spoken of, no great artist has devoted time to these minor arts, except in the superficial way I am trying to explain. The result has been necessarily middle class art — the art of the house decorator, the ecclesiastical art furnisher. And against that we could not have a word to say if that could be lifted and expanded as it was in the past. Meanwhile, when the commercial decorator can challenge the artist in any other line, he may have a right to lead, but not before. We shall see in a moment why our teaching, not because it is work, but because it is narrow, has helped this.

Meanwhile, to relieve us from a rudeness of classification, I mean a cruelty of classification regarding the house decorator and the ecclesiastical furnisher (and to show that there is nothing but what is justifiable for the present in this inferiority) let us throw ourselves back some four hundred years and ask ourselves what we should do if we wanted some memorial, either for the past or for the adornment of the present. We should go to-day to a shop or place where they furnish things, and we should have done so at that period. We might have found and asked young Raphael or old Cellini to do the work for us. We should have found them with their workmen. And though these two cases are rather on the edge of poetry, they would not have assumed that their work was of a different

class from what the intentions of our search for help would indicate. Raphael would have painted for us the St. Cecilia in memory of whoever it might be, and would have put in the proper saints which we would have bargained for. He would have to have the help of John of Udine to paint the pattern of the dress and the wonderful musical instruments — he might have charged less on that account. It would not have occurred to him, except from that consciousness of natural superiority (which may make a man modest as well as proud) that he was shut up in a different line of action from other people who were doing similar work at less price, and less beautiful. Allow me to go perhaps a little further in an imaginary visit, further than perhaps would be strictly accurate, but still in the direction to which I am tending all the time. He would hardly have shown us samples of his work of which we should get duplicates. The point would have been, on the contrary, that we should ask for something special of its own — even if the general pattern was not different from other religious pictures, that is to say, a Madonna in the middle and saints on each side. But at that time we should certainly have expected that the work should be as individual as possible, even if the general pattern was the same as lots of others. So that now we come to the great point of difference — the line which divides the work of art from the work of commerce — a principle just as easy to feel in a little carving as in the great fresco of Italy.

And, again, we must remember not to be cruel to the work of commerce, which has its place and which has its use such as the pavement has to walk on. Let us go back to an example such as I wish we had alongside of us at this moment, such as we see on the walls of the Museum. There is one there, or there was one which used to worry me, while I admired part of it. There was a fragment, an ornamental Greek moulding of extreme beauty.



MIRROR CASE. GREEK, FOURTH CENTURY, B. C.

It is not necessary to say what it was. It was composed of the usual pattern, whatever that might be, but the charm of it was like that of a beautiful painting. Now, that fragment had been continued, and the continuation was a cast repeated over and over again; while the original had no duplicate surface anywhere. Of course the point was to show some broken space — some injury of time or man covered up, but one could feel, with the original artist, the cruel killing of what he had done. This casting and recasting was meant to show the pattern, apparently, from which the workman had worked. Yet being a Greek and anyhow an artist, his pattern was simply a pattern, not more sacred to him than a round or

LAKE IN THE LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE

a square or any more general direction. And it was in the make, in the actual feeling for the special curves, in the special lights and darks produced by these curves, that the beauty of the Greek ornament, the superiority of the Greek workman left behind, even the most accomplished of modern work. Even the modeling of our good sculptors' good figures would have not more feeling. You see that commercially it would be foolish to do this particular ornament all fresh like this, as if never done by man before. But intellectually, the excuse for a pattern of ornament is to give a chance to the person who makes it, or rather works from it, to express himself. I mean by that, to express his appreciation of and delight in the *ideal* of that pattern. As when the Japanese artist draws a twig, a branch; the pattern of that branch he knows, the pattern of that willow, the pattern of that oak; but, as he says, when you draw a branch you must feel as though you were that branch yourself. That cannot be taught in the ordinary teaching. It can only be taught at the two extremes; from one hand to the other of the artisan teacher and the artisan pupil, or from the thinking man who expounds it in the higher teachings, regardless of usefulness. And what I say is so simple that minds accustomed to thought will hardly realize that in the practice of modern art such a statement would appear as novel as once did the explanations of Galileo or Copernicus.

By "ideal," therefore, I do not mean a certain difference of pattern. I do not mean a particular pattern or what is called a "standard" carefully chosen out. Of course, in commerce, the handsome young man with the red hair who spells art with a big A, is sure to say, "Oh, yes, madam, the ideal is this. Our No. 327," and he reaches it down from the shelf. No, I don't mean that. The ideal of the pattern must vary, though its form is the same, according to the race who carried it out, and the place and end it was for. It is no longer on the Pandrosium as on the Parthenon — nor is it the same in Sicily, nor again in Asiatic Greece, nor again in Buddhistic India, nor in further Japan, even if its basis is the same. According to each mode of thought and civilization must it be different. It must vary according to the light and according to the height,

and according to whether it is to cut in or break more or less, to stop or to correct, to soothe, to sparkle, to distinguish or to pass over. It will be made to increase the effect of horizontal or of perpendicular. The *pattern* will be the same, the *thing* will be different. So that the Greek could go on and copy that pattern over and over again, and make it perpetually new indefinitely for centuries. Yes, and though in white marble or in gray stone it had more light and shade and more color than a whole French salon, and more artistic expression than a mass of sentimental modern English paintings put together. Try! Look at it when you are tired of having been through a modern show. It has carried the soul of some individual to you as well as the taste of his race; it is as if you heard the voice of the singer with the music that he followed.

But one may say, we have not got the men who are men enough to do this. Yes we have; I can think of a dozen of them. Don't you think that Mr. St. Gaudens, Mr. Adams, Mr. French, could cut a good moulding? But remember that we do not ask for the expression of an ideal in our modern art. We *ask for the careful copying of a pattern.* So that millions of dollars are spent on ornamentation, upon which thousands of men are employed; all of which together are not worth a square inch of the good old work which reproduced carelessly sometimes, loosely perhaps, but reproduced an ideal. This goes so far that even the *casting* made by a Greek or a Japanese has more feeling than the original handwork of many of us moderns. That is to say again that they followed, not the accuracy of the *pattern*, but the accuracy of the *ideal.* If this idea had more or less deserted the teaching of modern art, on account of commerce, why should it not find a place in the teaching of a college or university? There are no objections to it there.

I used the word music a moment ago. Our aim would be to make, gradually, our people sensitive to the feelings of the eye as expressing thought and sentiment, as they are to the effect of sound. And to a man of my age that is not so hopeless, for I have seen the slow growth of the appreciation of music. But it is extraordinary to see, for instance, some architectural friends of mine following each variation of sound in some symphony or variation of note of a singer, and in his own profession, absolutely untouched by the difference of the quality of light and of color, so that one tone is like another. Nine tenths of what color can do he does not notice, nor would he be to blame for this ideal person if it were not his profession to be otherwise. I am reminded that years ago I saw, in fact I owned, a rather large book of the eighteenth century which was devoted to various recipes and manners of making whites and delicate variations of white. To-day the ultra-millionaire gets anything that the decorator and the architect will give him. So that we know that this can be done. There is such a thing as a white — a pattern — there are thousands of manners of using that pattern and so for each color, and it is just like the making of those mouldings of which I spoke, the pattern is something, and necessary for definition, but it is how the thing is done. And I was so pleased to read, last summer, in a number of the Cornhill, a lecture by Mr. Thomas Hardy, who, as you know, was an architect and engaged in the restoration of old work before he began to write his charming novels. Through them I seem to see the education of a man who has studied the past and learned what we get through the consideration of other arts and the one we are dealing in. I shall only quote these few words: He is speaking of the difficulties of restoration, of making another modern copy to reproduce an old one: He says, " Such a duplicate as we have been considering can never be executed. No man can make two pieces of matter exactly alike. But not to shelter the argument behind microscopic niceties, or to imagine what approximations might be affected by processes so costly as to be prohibitive, it is found in practice that even such an easily copied shape as a traceried window does not get truly reproduced. The old form inherits, or has acquired an indefinable quality — possibly some deviation from exact geometry — which never

reappears in the copy." That superiority of the hand-made work for which the pattern is only used, as a manner of doing something well, is to be seen near here in Trinity where the old windows sent out from English Boston have at once that something of life, that something of what makes the past interesting, which, of course, has to be wanting in the church itself, a *modern* Boston church. Mr. Hardy could not have chosen a better example than the traceried window. Rodin, the sculptor, would tell us that the sculpture should meet the future by being in advance irregular, fluctuating, as it will be later when weathered. So he would say that it should have at the beginning the look of having weathered already, of meeting joyously the sun and rain and air and the changes of line, it being something more than the mere pattern of a project or the map of a country.

INTO MINE OWN

By ROBERT FROST

One of my wishes is that those dark trees,
So old and firm they scarcely show the breeze,
Were not, as 'twere, the merest mask of gloom,
But stretched away unto the edge of doom.

I should not be deterred, but that some day
Into their vastness I should steal away,
Fearless of ever finding open land
Or highway where the slow wheels pour the sand.

I do not see why I should e'er turn back,
Or those should not set forth upon my track
To overtake me, those who miss me here
And long to know if still I hold them dear.

They would not find me changed from him they knew —
Only more sure of all I thought was true.

Miss Yin Yang, of Shanghai*

By DAISY E. M. F. CAMPBELL

ROBERT HESSELCROFT appeared neither dignified nor comfortable. Perched upon a revolving chair, and with corrugated brow and stiffly arched index finger, he was engaged in a staccato exercise upon that most feminine of machines in its complexity, a typewriter.

His sojourn in Shanghai had covered two weeks and he was occupied in reporting progress to the New York office. The day previous he searched for and found a stenographer who quite fluently assured him that he "takee allee kind dictation." This proved to be true, but Chan Lo's efforts to dispose of the squirming hieroglyphics after their capture would have been amusing had Hesselcroft's sense of humor been able to pass the bounds of exasperation. In justification of some of the more glaring blunders relating to an electric enterprise, the queue-adorned one placidly remarked:

"'Lectlicity velly new dis countly; no know him muchee."

Profiting by experience, Hesselcroft purchased a machine and determined to write his own letters until he might procure a typist, native or otherwise.

"If I write my letters in longhand, even a moon-faced Chinaman ought to be able to copy them," thought he.

Examining the machine carefully, he commenced the report to his superior in New York. "Shanghai," followed by the date, was a work of art. Greatly elated, Hesselcroft banged the machine down and proceeded to write his august manager's name and address. Carefully placing an interrogation mark after "Mngr?" instead of the customary period, he lifted the carriage with airy grace, and found to his wrath that he had neglected to space for the line below. By this lapse from duty "Mngr." and "Shanghai" had become inextricably intermingled on the same line.

"Oh, hang it!" ejaculated Hesselcroft, "I didn't come over here to punch a typewriter. Wish they would send a stenographer from home."

Placing a fresh sheet of paper in the machine, he was interrupted by a tap at the door. "Come in," he called in American fashion. No one accepting the invitation, he rather impatiently strode to the door, and opening it, discovered a young Chinese girl in brilliant native costume, one small hand grasping a huge paper umbrella.

"What can I do for you?" inquired Hesselcroft.

"You want typer lady?" asked the small one.

"Why — I don't know," replied he doubtfully, her butterfly appearance not inspiring him with confidence in her skill as a "typer." "Can you run a Remington?"

"Yeh, me lun Lemington," she replied nonchalantly.

"Very well; we'll try it for a few days and see how everything goes."

"All lite," she acquiesced cheerfully and seated herself upon the recently vacated chair with a funny little air of possession.

"Now, Miss ——," began Hesselcroft, then remembered that he had not asked her name. "What am I to call you," inquired he.

"My name Yin," she replied.

"Miss Yin?" he said interrogatively.

"No, Yang,"— smiling mischievously.

"Oh. Miss Yinyang I'll call you, then."

"No, no," said she laughing. "Yin my flont name. Wha' you' name?"

"Robert Hesselcloft," she repeated after him, then added, with a little emphatic nod, "Velly plitty name."

Hesselcroft's thoughts for a moment reverted to the lovely damsel in far-away Boston, with whom he had unsuccess-

* *Copyright*, 1909, *by Miss Daisy E. M. F. Campbell*

fully endeavored to share that "plitty" name, then he turned his attention to the immediate present.

"You may write a letter to this man," said he, rapidly scribbling the name and address that she might spell them correctly.

The tiny fingers seemed quite at home on the keyboard, and Hesselcroft proceeded to dictate, stopping occasionally to spell some unfamiliar word. He was pleased to find that, although Yin Yang's tongue perversely used "l" for "r," her spelling was not thus affected. She watched his face anxiously while he was reading the letter, her small hands folded in her lap.

"Very good, indeed, Miss Yin Yang," said he, "only next time you may omit 'Esq.'" She had added on her own account, "Esq." after "Mr. J. C. Schreyman."

"Yeh," said she, "but my ozzer man, he say *always* put Esq."

"English, wasn't he?" inquired Hesselcroft briefly.

"Yeh, he English; his name Guggenheim."

He glanced up, suspecting her of humorous intent, but she was unaware of anything amusing in the information.

While occupying himself in getting correspondence into shape for Miss Yin Yang to copy, he was conscious that her oblique black eyes were taking an inventory of his personal charms. Amused at her childlike scrutiny, he said,—

"Well, Miss Yin Yang, what do you think of me?"

"I theenk you velly bee-u-tiful," was her disconcerting and unblushing reply.

American men are fond of admiration by womankind, and are prone to become dyspeptic and pessimistic when deprived of such consolation for any appreciable time, but what man is there in existence, even though beautiful as a Greek god, who could receive with equanimity so outspoken a compliment from a pretty damsel?

Yin Yang broke the somewhat oppressive silence which followed, by inquiring about her work, and the afternoon closed without further incidents. Making a profound salaam, she left the office, and Hesselcroft watched her trip down the street like a bright-hued flower given the power of locomotion. He remained awhile, preparing his work for the morrow, and smiling at times at the remembrance of his quaint little helper.

Then suddenly his face became grave as he recalled the old life at home, and the bitter disappointment of Elizabeth Blake's refusal to become his wife. To be sure, she had promised to write him occasionally, proving that she was not without interest in his future, but things had not turned out as he had planned, and the tiny pessimistic corner of his usually buoyant nature kept taunting his really fine and well-balanced optimism. However, in sunny temperaments the shadows rarely linger, so, squaring his broad shoulders, and with uplifted head, he left the darkening office and walked rapidly down the street.

The days in Shanghai followed along, one after the other, much as in any large city, and the abnormal number of pigtailed citizens ceased to appear quite so appaling.

Hesselcroft received a batch of home letters, bringing with them a touch of homesickness, followed by the reaction of adjusting himself to circumstances. Among the letters was one which had no interest for him; so thought Miss Yin, as he put in it the drawer without even reading it, but that night she might have witnessed a strange scene in view of his apparent indifference.

Arrayed in his finest, and placing before him a photograph of his willful lady-love, he opened the sadly neglected letter of the morning. Possibly Hesselcroft's gray eyes had an unusual gift for reading between the lines, for the optimistic side of our friend was smiling a broad grin when he finally went to bed in a happier frame of mind than since his arrival in Shanghai. All because the disdainful Puritan maiden of some weeks before had tossed him a sweetmeat in the words:

"I never realized before that Shanghai was such an *awfully* long distance away."

In the office next day Hesselcroft worked so energetically that the small typer-lady was fairly deluged with

letters. As he was about to give her some instructions, he sneezed two or three times.

Miss Yin Yang suspended operations until he had recovered, then inquired with much sympathy:

"Have you a coldness? Too bad."

Suppressing an inclination to smile, Hesselcroft assured her that his cold was not at all serious, when, with a funny little air of tenderness, she patted his hand, at the same time saying:

"Tha's nize; coldness make you' nose led."

"All right, Yin Yang; now we must get to work if we are going to catch that steamer," said Hesselcroft in strictly businesslike manner.

Miss Yin's affection at times was almost embarrassing to Hesselcroft, but it was that of a spontaneous, childlike nature, and any attempt at repression would result only in grieving his cheerful little assistant who took reproofs very much to heart. Besides, her interest in his welfare was not altogether unpleasant.

That afternoon Hesselcroft had opportunity to attend to personal affairs and spent considerable time constructing an imaginary letter to the fair Bostonian. In his exuberance he composed such a letter as he would write Miss Elizabeth if the facts justified the effort, and to make it seem even more realistic, carefully placed her name and address at the top.

After amusing himself in this fashion, he composed another and saner epistle to his heart's desire, in reply to the one received from her. As it neared completion, Yin Yang's soft voice broke the silence, calling him to talk over the telephone with Mr. Porter Green of the Lighting Company. Conversing with him some moments, Hesselcroft said:

"All right, Mr. Green, I'll bring the contract over," and rushed away.

As the afternoon shadows were lengthening, Hesselcroft called on the telephone, saying, "Is that you, Yin Yang?"

"Yeh, tha's me," she responded sweetly and ungrammatically.

"I wish you would get the letter I left on my desk," he continued, "write it carefully, sign it with the stamp, and mail it to-night without fail. The address is on the first page."

"Yeh, Mr. Hesselcloft," she replied, and repeated the instructions.

"Very well. Be sure to keep a copy. Good by," and he rang off.

Yin Yang found the letter readily. It was long and contained unfamiliar words, over which her forehead puckered perplexedly, but at last it was completed to her satisfaction. Then Yin Yang closed the office and made her way home, tired but proud of her ability to attend to such important work.

The following morning she arrived a trifle late, and found Hesselcroft impatiently awaiting her.

"Good morning, Yin Yang," said he. "I don't find the copy of that letter to Green & Company."

"Wha' letter to Gleen & Company?" asked Yin, with wondering eyes.

"Why, the one I telephoned about. You surely wrote it?"

"Yeh, I lote letter you said on you' desk, but it not to Gleen & Company; some ozzer body. Here is copy. I put it 'way so it not get lost."

"Oh, thank you," said Hesselcroft, taking it with some misgivings. The first line was sufficient to prove that his fears had ample foundation.

"Great heavens! Yin Yang; you never sent *this* letter?" he gasped; dismay and wrath struggling for the mastery in his voice.

"You said letter on top you' desk, and addless on flont page, and I find, and lite, and send, just like you tell me," said poor, frightened Yin, her pursed up small mouth bearing eloquent witness to repressed emotion.

"But, Great Scott! child," he continued, "you never wrote such a letter before, and you ought to have known better."

"I do just like you tell me, and now you closs at me," wailed the little lady, her tears beginning to flow.

Moved to compunction by her grief, Hesselcroft tried to comfort the girl.

"Never mind, Yinnie; don't cry," said he, smoothing her bowed head as one would caress a weeping child. The sobs still continued.

"Come now, Yin Yang, don't cry any more. I'm sorry I was impatient. Very likely I left the wrong letter."

"I don't care nozzing 'bout letter, but you mad to me," said she, "and I do just like you tell me," — sitting up and endeavoring to repair the ravages of her tears.

"But I'm not angry now," said Hesselcroft, diplomatically, glad of anything to restore peace.

"All lite," said Yin, smiling through her tears; then, pursuing her advantage, "You not make me cly any more, and you all to fault?"

"Yes, Yinnie; I suppose I shall have to call it an error in judgment, and profit by the experience."

"All lite," she acquiesced; now cheerful once more. "It *aw—ful* hard letter to lite; words all so *dee — ferent*," she added.

With an uncontrollable impulse he laughed at the humor of the situation, then grimly read the offending letter from start to finish.

Elizabeth Blake, Esq.,
61 Bedford St.,
Boston, Mass.

My Darling Betty: Your dear letter, with all its glorious expressions of love, has lifted me into a state of exaltation which only such assurances from the dearest and loveliest girl in the whole world could produce.

When we parted in Boston, you so apparently indifferent, and I with so aching a heart, I little dreamed of the wealth of love for me which you so effectually concealed. But I understand it all now, dearest. I appreciate your noble sacrifice, but, sweetheart, I suffered deep anguish and sorrow over your refusal, until your heaven-sent letter reached me yesterday.

I count the days, beloved, until you come to me. There is a delightful little house, all furnished, that I have engaged, and I have even arranged with the rector of the Episcopal church for our marriage. Does not that sound strange? — "our marriage."

Cable me, darling, when you are sailing. Rob White's mother will be in Shanghai for several months, and you will stay with her until we are married. I must leave you now, beloved.

With my heart's best and deepest love,
I beg to remain,
Yours respectfully,
ROBERT HESSELCROFT,
Shanghai Agent for Lane & Co.

After reading this astounding composition, with its grotesque beginning and ending, Hesselcroft sat in stunned silence. What should he do? The steamer had sailed at six o'clock that morning and would be three weeks en route. He finally concluded to allow things to take their course and await developments from across the sea.

Having made up his mind to this plan, he turned his attention to business, in a desperate effort to forget the unhappy occurrence. In his memorandum case later he found the beautifully tactful letter which should have gone to "Dear Miss Blake," in place of the fervid one so merrily on its way.

"It is simply maddening," thought he, "and I had meant to go so cautiously." Tearing the now useless letter to bits afforded his surcharged feelings some relief.

Now followed days of business anxiety, so that Hesselcroft had little time to dwell upon the unfortunate letter. Each morning he consulted the bulletin for news of the Mongolia, but apparently she had no intention of sinking, to help him out of his dilemma. Eventually she reached port at San Francisco. Then came days of vain speculation upon his fate.

Would Miss Blake read beyond the very proprietary salutation, and if she ever so scornfully waded through the incomprehensible mass that followed what would she think to be assured that he was "Yours respectfully, etc.," signed with a stamp, and the whole Byronic composition printed on a machine. Horrors! Even a Paris soubrette would resent that!

At last the time of arrival in Boston was at hand, and Hesselcroft knew that Miss Blake must have received the fateful letter. All day he was restless and at night slept fitfully, awakening about three o'clock with the impression that some one spoke his name. He heard a voice saying:

"Will sail nineteenth; Betty," and saw his lady-love clad in a pale blue gown. Then the vision faded and he fell into a restful slumber, which continued until time to arise for the day. Unaccountably exhilarated after so restless a night, he arrived at the office early, and found Yin

Yang in deep distress over some suddenly developed obstinacy of her machine.

"What is the matter, Yin Yang," he inquired kindly.

"Machine all gone bloke," she replied, looking very worried and troubled.

"Broken, you mean," he corrected her gently.

"Yeh, gone bloken," repeated his willing little pupil.

"Well, what are we going to do about it," inquired Hesselcroft. "Telephone for some one to repair it, I suppose,"—suiting the action to the word.

Conversation with the man disclosed the fact that he would be unable to come until later in the day. This sad news was received by Yin Yang with becoming gravity, and a moment later she remarked:

"You not want me, Mr. Hesselcloft; I go home."

"Why, yes, Yin Yang. You may as well do so," replied he. "This afternoon you will have the machine again."

"Man never come when he say," eagerly replied Yin. "I come again tomollow."

Scanning his face anxiously and not finding the hoped-for permission, she added, her small fingers nervously interlocked,——

"I go to mally to-day."

"What!" ejaculated Hesselcroft in open-mouthed astonishment. "You are going to be married?"

"No, no," she patiently explained; "I go to *a* mally. One my flends."

"Oh, I see. You mean a wedding," much relieved to find that his small assistant was not contemplating so serious a step. "All right, Yin Yang, you may go. If you had asked me yesterday you need not have come this morning."

"I 'flaid you not like," said she, then thanking him, hastily took her departure.

Smiling to himself as he watched the small gorgeous one take her way down the street, a sudden suspicion entered his mind. Examining the "bloken" machine with greater care, he discovered that it was in its usual health and spirits, except for the fact that the pin holding the ribbon together had been bent double, which prevented movement of the reel.

"Well, I'll be hanged! The little imp!" he remarked to himself. "For the sake of a holiday she would let that man come down here just to take the kinks out of a bent pin."

At this juncture a boy entered with a telegram for him. As in a dream he read the familiar words, "Will sail nineteenth; Betty."

He was capable at first of grasping but one idea. "Elizabeth was coming; would be there in a few weeks." Then the full meaning of the message burst upon him. By some heaven-born impulse she had overlooked all the incongruous details of his ridiculous letter, and was crossing the sea because she loved him. "Elizabeth," as he saw her last, had by the magical force of four words traveling through the depths of the ocean, become merged into the beloved and most lovable "Betty."

In fancy he met her upon her arrival; later he showed her the quaint sights of the unfamiliar city; their wedding day was at hand; "Betty" a charming and stately bride, became once more the dignified "Elizabeth" of former days; now they entered their home together——

He was suddenly and rudely awakened from his delightful fancies. Great Scott! that house! Here he sat dreaming and the house existed merely in his imagination. What would Elizabeth think if that charming residence of his description failed to materialize? And Mrs. White! He had not even called upon her.

The remainder of the day was passed in many unfamiliar duties. Mrs. White rose to the situation most gracefully, and was delighted to take Miss Blake under her protection.

The house proved more troublesome, but just as he was beginning to feel those pangs of utter despair which can only be appreciated by the unsuccessful house hunter, his search was ended.

Yin Yang's interest in the approaching event was almost as great as his own. As for Hesselcroft, in the exuberance of his spirits he with difficulty restrained himself from taking the diminutive lady in his arms and tossing her up to the ceiling, as he was wont to do with his small nephew at home.

" Where you goin' get weddinged? " she inquired one day.

" We shall be married at the Episcopal Church, Yin Yang," then added mischievously,——

" And when the happy day arrives, you needn't bother with bent pins. The office will have an attack of suspended animation for a few days."

Yin Yang with much dignity ignored reference to the pin episode and hastened to inform him that she would wear a new " led dless " at his wedding.

The boat arrived at last and Hesselcroft went to meet Elizabeth. Very sweet and charming looked Miss Betty, and the lovelight in her beautiful eyes was sufficient reward for his time of anxiety and suffering.

Yin Yang's share in the fearfully and wonderfully constructed letter was duly explained, and Elizabeth admitted that, while some features of the epistle were not in accordance with her sense of the fitness of things, the all-important fact was so convincingly presented that, as the daughter of a Boston judge famed for his extreme mercy in declaring sentence, there was but one answer possible.

" Besides," she added, " after you had engaged the house, it seemed such a pity to disappoint — the landlord."

The wedding passed off happily, although both regretted the absence of old-time friends and relatives. Yin Yang, resplendent in a gorgeous red silk gown adorned with much gold embroidery, outshone the bride in brilliancy, while Elizabeth, clad in softly shimmering white satin, and carrying a bouquet of sweet peas, was to Hesselcroft's happy vision truly an angel of light,— not from heaven, but from that place which was created next in rank — dear old Boston.

A MINUTE

By BENJAMIN REYNOLDS BULKELEY

'Twas only a minute that would not stay,—
  But how many noticed its flight?
And yet for one it parted the way
  Betwixt life's bloom and its blight.

It pointed the newborn baby's breath,
  First felt on the mother's breast;
For another it sounded the summons of death
  And a weary one gone to his rest.

At that moment two souls were together wed
  Till death should call them apart;
Another to virtue bowed his head
  And consecrated his heart.

Ah! big was the moment that flitted away,
  And hardly one noticed its flight,
And hundreds of minutes make up the day,
  And hundreds are lost in the night.

GLEN NOBLE*

By WINSLOW HALL

CHAPTER XVI

WHEN Glen reached the village street, after his interview with the major, the early March night had already closed in. The lights from the few stores and snugly banked and tranquil-looking dwellings, with their white-painted storm doors and double windows, came yellow through the frosted panes, setting the rare traceries of miniature fairy forests, dells, and glazier mountains on the glass aglow with radiant diamond lights and colorings.

He walked rapidly northward, head bowed and brow wrinkled in deep thought.

Just as he reached the outskirts of the village and struck into the middle of the road, to secure a less impeded path, the first pale streaks of the rising moon showed above the eastern snowclad hills.

The wind was rising, and the clear crunch of the footsteps of the on-walking figure, and the clean-cut vibrancy of every distant sound, told that a night of keenest cold was in store.

The snow lay deep upon the level, and along the reaches of meadow fences it was drifted until those artificial boundaries were, in many instances, submerged. At times, combated by two huge drifts, the narrow sled tracks and the regular-distanced moulds of equine feet between them, veered to the bordering fields, entering at hastily improvised gateways and proceeding along those less obstructed private levels, until the condition of the highway further on warranted a return to the public road.

Gradually the moon sailed further up the arched plain of the night, dispelling the darkness, setting the snow-clad hills and valleys a shimmer with vast millions of diamond lights, and casting a broad beam of radiant energy down the crystal slopes, converging on the lone pedestrian, and casting on his other side a black, elongated silhouette of his form, which writhed and teetered over the uneven snow in companionship with his progress.

With strong tenacity or dumb apathy, Glen strode ahead in the teeth of the northeast wind, stumbling into the crusted ruts, but unconsciously spacing his strides, for the most part, to fit those of his dumb equine brother, who had some time previously during the day gone over the road and broken out the way. The road was one known locally as the Washington Pike, and led straight northward, from Ludlow to Elmdale, twelve miles away, and thence, northward still, towards the international line.

By eight o'clock he had traversed quite half the distance toward his destination and the March night was glorious with pulsating light. Keener, stronger blew the blast, and the northern lights flashed and flamed like polished rapiers of a contending giant host, and Glen, unconscious of it all, bore his weight against the gale and forged ahead, too absorbed in meditation to heed the sight of a piebald pony drawing a cutter sleigh, which seemed to spring from the white verge of the hill above, and fall precipitously down the level plain.

He was but dimly conscious of a blurred mass, which for a moment shut out the reflected light of the snow in his eyes, of a shrill cry, the swift swerve of the object, and the swirl of snow and wind as it passed him, and then he went on, as oblivious to the danger from collision which he had escaped as though he had been in a condition of perfect somnambulency.

The cutter, with another swerve of the piebald pony, regained the center of the road and bounded from its shining

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runners as the lash descended upon the animal's back, and he responded to the stinging blow with a sudden acceleration of his already headlong rate of speed.

As the sleigh settled again to the glared surface of the indented tracks, Clarence Burland, with one mittened hand dragged down one side of the high, thick coat collar which muffled his face and ears, and craned his head, so as to look backward over his shoulder. He saw the gray figure of his chosen enemy still plodding up the backward ascent, and he breathed a deep sigh of relief, and turned again to guide the galloping pony.

Neither he nor the girl by his side spoke until the brow of the hill was reached and the sleigh dipped upon the level. Then she said in a voice tremulous with emotion, "Did you see him, Clarence?"

"Well, could I help seeing him?" replied Clarence, in a tone which betrayed both fear and anger. "I thought your scream had given us away, too. You want to get your nerves under almighty sight better control if you're going to see this thing through," and the girl settled further down into the robes, while her companion gave his attention to the pony, sawing viciously on the bit until the animal was brought to a more even stride and went forward at a swinging trot.

In the deceptive glare of moonlight on the snow, the elopers had not observed Glen until the horse was almost reared upon his bent figure, and only a swift and powerful swerve had prevented the curved dash from striking him down. In the brief instant of their passage his set face had been revealed to them in the moonlight, like the graven features of an image, and now its white, stern likeness rested upon their memories with an ineffaceable distinctness.

It had been Flora's voice, in a startled cry of dread, which had pierced the quiet of the night as the identity of the wanderer had been recognized and his peril realized.

Unconscious of the meeting, Glen plodded on, and the moon was near to setting when he reached home. But the long and tedious walk in the keen air had borne result in a final decision. Deeply canvassing all the circumstances which surrounded him, Glen had finally decided to go away, so, three days later, after putting his affairs in order, he bade his friends and home "good by."

Chapter XVII

When, after several hours of journeying, Glen stepped from on board the train in the city's vast and shedlike structure, filled with fumes of soft coal and oil, and tense with the sound of hundreds of pulsing feet on asphalt and plank, the clack of metal, the call of nervous voices, the mellower notes of gong and bells, the shrill purr of steam and the throb of pistons, he was alone.

What that sentence may convey to the average reader I may not hazard. As for me, to my mind, speaking by the book, as they say, it expresses the breadth and the depth of solitude, the Gethsemane of loneliness.

The sea, with its illimitable sameness, has its thesis of desolation; the vast, wearisome reaches of prairie, their deadening sense of forlornness; the bald mountain top its atmosphere of desolation, yet not amid any of these environments of solitude is to be experienced the heart's dumb, yearning pain, such as a home-loving, homeless man feels amid a multitude.

As Glen emerged from the great station, New York was just waking from the effects of the memorable blizzard. On the streets boys were still crying extras, which recounted the devastation the storm had wrought throughout the country. The roar of the ceaseless cataract of commerce was in his ears; men, women, and children jostled him; the dull, dissonant cry of Babylon rose and fell, like the voice of a whirlwind down a canyon; the resonant rhythm of hoof beats sounded loud, like the clash and startle of the assembly of horse artillery in some vast medieval castle; his country nostrils, used to the scent of the undefiled oxygen of the hills, were assaulted by the pungent smell of herded men, by nauseous gases, and the city's general unwholesomeness.

With a purpose to be moving somewhere, anywhere to avoid an appearance of utter aimlessness, Glen walked slowly up the crowded thoroughfare. He had scarcely proceeded a dozen paces when he came nearly into collision with another man who, with covered head, was hastening in the opposite direction. The stranger mumbled an apology, and then hastened on, his frail and poorly clothed form being at once engulfed in the press of traffic.

Glen had gone but a few steps when he stopped suddenly. That face! It was very familiar to him. He wheeled and hurried back over the way he had come. At the corner he came again in sight of the starved-looking figure, and striding to its side he said, inquiringly, "Alec!"

The man stopped and wheeled, gazing with a startled expression up into Glen's countenance. For a moment both young men were silent, and then the one addressed as Alec exclaimed, a look of mingled relief and pleasure coming into his face, "Glen Noble, by all that's holy! How did you come here?" and the two friends of old clasped hands in greeting.

Glen had known "Alec" Stapleton at home. As boys they had roamed the fields, fished, swam, and gone to school together.

After hearing Glen's recital of a portion of his life and experiences since they last met, Alec insisted that he accompany him to see his mother.

Good, patient Mrs. Stapleton! Glen recalled her motherly face and form, and the hospitality of her home. The Stapleton farm had been a landmark on Beverage Hill, a thrifty place of a hundred and fifty acres, when William Stapleton lived. When he died Alec came into possession, and the old life was too "humdrum," as he called it, to suit him. He wanted a change, and he got it.

He persuaded his widowed mother to lease the farm to a family of Portuguese and move to the city. There he put his money into a scheme where all he had to do was wear good clothes, sign checks, and leave the conduct of affairs to his partner, who had the experience. In the course of a couple years Alec had the experience, and his partner the money, and the Portuguese owned the farm.

The old homestead now supported a family of twelve, while Alec and his mother lived in a garret and had a meal when their luck was good. It was the old story over, with only a few distinguishing variations.

The two young men went across Broadway and continued down Liberty Street to Water Street and along that thoroughfare of strange sights and sounds to a blind court, surrounded on three sides by squalid houses.

Alec led the way up a flight of rickety steps and into a hallway that smelled of mould and long decay. Along this area they proceeded, the loose boards rattling to their tread, to the rear of the building, and paused before a door.

As they entered Glen had a vision of the home he used to visit, neat, wholesome, and full of goodly bounty provided by the broad home acres; and Alec's mother, round and good to look upon, busy with her healthful occupations. From the mental picture to the one revealed, as the door swung open to the wolfish den, was a revelation.

The miserable single room was lighted by a glaring lamp and destitute of all furniture, save a bed, a tiny stove, a washbench, and some chairs. Huddled to the stove, for the poor warmth it gave, was a woman, lean, gray haired, and bowed. As Alec entered she turned, a wan smile upon her face, and was about to greet him when she saw he was accompanied, and recoiled, alarmed. When Glen's personality was made known, her emotions were pitiful to observe. Wounded pride, that he should find them thus, yet overwhelming joy at seeing him, combined to master her, and she wept and laughed by turn.

Despite their objections, Glen sent Alec out with money to procure some eatables, and Mrs. Stapleton brewed some tea, and together they enjoyed a feast and sat and ate and talked and laughed until the echoes of the mean apartment rang with sounds of happiness it had never heard before.

The hour was late when, reluctantly, Glen said good night, and he and Alec went to seek an uptown lodging house. Temporary quarters being found, the

young men parted, and Glen turned in to dream dreams of home and future fortune.

He did not waken until the following day was fairly ushered in, and was only then disturbed from his refreshing slumber by the heavy tread of other lodgers. He bathed and enjoyed an ample breakfast at a nearby restaurant, then set out cheerfully to face what the day might offer.

He was standing on the curb at Broadway and Houston Street, as the crowds swirled by, deeply pondering which way to turn, when his attention was diverted to a crowd of men and boys gathering in the street a short distance from where he stood. A team, hitched to a ponderous wagon ladened with heavy belting, seemed to be the attraction to the crowd, and, undecided for the time concerning his own affairs, Glen moved to the outskirts of the gathering to observe what was going on.

He saw at once that, for some reason, the horses had balked, and his old resentment sprang to passion in his breast as he observed the heavy lash of cowhide fall on the quivering but obstinate flesh.

Without prior plan, other than to remonstrate at the useless and worse than useless cruelty, Glen elbowed his way within the crowd just as a man of portly build stepped from a passing car and made his way also into the gathering at the opposite side of the wagon.

The horses, in a panic of fear, too bewildered by the crowd and the pain of the lash to form a connected resolve, were teetering and lunging in their collars, then back into the breechings, snorting and steaming with nervous sweat.

The portly individual's round face was red from exertion and suppressed excitement as he plowed a wide swath through the gathering.

"You, Pete," he yelled, hoarsely, "stop licking them horses," and then, as he caught the eye of the consternated driver, he fairly jumped up and down with the vehemence of his just anger, and shouted: "Come down off that seat. I told you the next time you licked them horses I'd discharge you. As good a pair of Maine horses as ever lifted a hoof, and as intelligent, and by gum ef you can do a durned thing with 'em. Go to the office and get your time," he exclaimed, as the man alighted on the ground. "I'll drive them horses to the factory myself," and he proceeded to draw on a pair of buckskin walking gloves with considerable difficulty.

The discharged driver relinquished the reins, and elbowed his way through the crowd, crestfallen, while the owner went around to the horses' heads.

Glen stood in front of the off animal, in whose fertile brain the whole exhibition had been arranged, its velvety muzzle in the crotch of his arm, his disengaged hand stroking its temple.

"Like horses?" the manufacturer said, as he came upon the pair.

"Very much," Glen replied.

"Ever have anything to do with 'em?" the man continued, disengaging a section of the nigh horse's mane from under the collar.

"On the farm, yes, sir," Glen answered.

"Charles R. Boynton, Manufacturer of Leather Belting, Lacings, Findings, and Mill Supplies in General," as his business card had it; a "down Easter from 'tother side of Passadumkeag, Maine," as he was wont to announce himself; "a self-made man, good for a hundred thousand, and with a heart as big as an ox," as his friends diagnosed him to strangers, grunted and straightening the lines went back to the off wheel and started to climb to the seat.

He paused, with one gaitered foot on the hub, and then came back to where Glen was standing.

"What you doin'?" he asked, abruptly.

"Nothing, at present," replied Glen. "I'm looking for work."

"Why?" snapped the leather goods manufacturer.

Glen explained briefly that he had but recently come from New England to see if he could better his condition in New York.

The old man snorted.

"Think you can start this team?" he asked, after a moment's pause.

"I think so, sir," Glen replied, and his interrogator looked at him out of the

corner of his eyes, a bright twinkle, however, being the only thing visible between the squinted lids.

"Know the city much?" was the next inquiry, and Glen admitted that he did not, at which the old gentleman said "Hum-m."

"Know where the Cortlandt Street ferry slip is?" he asked next, and being told that Glen had been to Jersey City and knew the way there, the man said, abruptly, "See what you can do with the team, if you want to. If they go for you, drive across and ask for that place there," and he handed Glen a business card.

The young man was overjoyed at the turn of affairs, but concealed his emotions and at once took the reins, passing them over the horses' backs to the off side. He then went to the head of the obdurate member of the pair and adjusted the blinders, which he found were bearing slightly on the horse's eyelids. Then he moved the collar up and down several times, all done more quickly than it takes to chronicle it. "A horse can think of but one thing at a time," he observed, in explanation of his movements. "Get his mind set on something else and the chances are he'll forget his subbornness."

He lifted one of the animal's forefeet, and with the handle of his heavy pocket knife he tapped a nailhead in the shoe lightly. The horse craned his head around, to observe what the unusual train of events meant, and Glen at once dropped the great foot and took the lines in hand. He mounted quickly to the seat and, tightening the reins gently, gave a cheery chirrup.

Straining evenly to the load, the horses, pondering upon this new experience, started ahead at once, and the outfit drew away smartly from the crowd, the members of which, many of them shouting words of approval and encouragement, melted back into the onmoving throngs upon the sidewalk.

Glen was in his element. With the glossy, firm backs and hips of the fine pair of horses moving before and below him, the message of animated life and willing strength coming back to his fingers over the lines and the sway of the ladened truck, he was at once his own strong, manly resourceful self again.

Although the experience of piloting a team down a crowded city thoroughfare was wholly new to him, and many of the rules of governing the traffic of a metropolitan highway at times perplexed him, he met with no mishap, and after an interesting journey delivered his charge at the door of a large factory at the location indicated by the card.

Mr. Boynton had preceded him, coming more directly, and was at the warehouse door when Glen drove up.

"Wall, young man," he called out, "you got here top side up, did you?" and then to a man standing by, "Stand to them horses, a minute, Jem. I want to see that young man in the office."

Seated in his private apartment, with Glen before him, the manufacturer asked the young man, kindly yet searchingly, much concerning himself. To the inquiries Glen answered frankly, reserving in his replies only that information which he considered private and not material to the discussion. The result of the interview was that Glen was engaged for a month on trial, to drive another team between the factory and the dock of a South American line of steamers, hauling raw material one way and the finished products for export the other, an arrangement which would not require explicit knowledge of the city, but by which he might work into a more lucrative position.

When he went from his new employer's presence, he felt as though walking on air, and his trials and troubles slipped from him. He reckoned he had at last placed his foot upon the first rung of the ladder of success, and when he had given his team into the keeping of the stableman, as directed, and joined the throng homeward bound, one now with the employed, he fell to planning with hope of old for the future.

Chapter XVIII

Thus, on All Fools' Day, began a memorable summer for Glen Noble.

Charles R. Boynton, exporter and importer of leather, as his title read in the city directory, was somewhat more than that.

The son of a Maine steamship owner engaged in coastwise traffic, wherein he had accumulated a fortune, Charles R. had shifted his residence to New York shortly after inheriting his patrimony, and ever since had been engaged in adding to his possessions. He was director in a dozen financial institutions and industries, rated in Bradstreet's as A–a and A–1 and by society as one of its most substantial members.

He had lived his life to fifty-five a bachelor, for whom fond mammas had angled constantly to no avail, until he was forty, when they retired in despair.

First off he had been too surfeited with the bribe of feminine charm and fortune to care to choose, and when a wife and establishment had finally dawned upon him as something it would, perhaps, be well to have, business had so engrossed him that he had never had time to give it the consideration he thought such matters really ought to have. The result was, he had gradually drifted to the summit of life unmated, settled in his ways, and mainly satisfied with his elegant, old-fashioned bachelor quarters on the lower Fifth Avenue in Manhattan, over which his widowed sister presided.

Great then had been the interest aroused both in circles social and circles financial, when shortly after the Christmas holidays it had been announced that he was to take a wife and endow with his millions one Jessica Wythe, the handsome daughter of Mrs. S. de V. Wythe, widow of the late James P. Wythe, financier and railroad magnate, with whom, during his later business career Mr. Boynton had been intimately associated, and over the fortune of whose only daughter the great leather merchant had been appointed co-guardian with the widow.

For a week the society portions of the daily and Sunday papers teemed with pictures and more or less truthful descriptions of the favored pair, and for weeks society circles bandied their names. Then interest lulled, to center itself upon the marriage event which was to be carried out sumptuously upon a day in early June.

Glen had learned, naturally enough, from the casual conversation of the clerks in the shipping room and office that "the old man was goin' to get spliced, after all," but none of the details, nor the name of the fortunate lady came to his hearing.

When, therefore, after Glen had been employed the stipulated month on probation, he was called up to the elegant office apartment of his employer, and, in the course of the conversation was told that Mr. Boynton contemplated an extended trip abroad, he took it for granted that the journey was arranged a bridal tour, and speculated no further upon it.

"And lest I forget it, in the midst of arranging for my absence," Mr. Boynton had said, "I wanted to see you and settle about your future.

"Fact is," he continued, between signing his name to innumerable checks, letters, and invoices, "I've rather liked the way you've taken hold of things and the reports that have been made to me concerning your work, and I'm going to be frank enough to tell you so. Though," he continued, after a brief pause, "such frankness is not always the best policy.

"I've thought," he said, between pauses, at which he either penned his name to a paper or read hurriedly some memorandum which a clerk brought in, "that driving a truck wasn't just your station. If you're bound to remain in the city you'll want to look higher, and I think I can make use of you in the office."

So, after more talk and a little further explanation of himself than he had heretofore given to his employer, Glen found himself transferred from a high seat on a lumbering truck to a high stool in the office of the concern, checking up correspondence and keeping a set of entry books.

His fellow clerks congratulated him; said he was "a lucky dog" to get so soon so good a "sit," and took him into

their confidences, giving him the benefit of their views of the business in general and borrowed sundry small sums of him pending payday.

Whether or not Glen himself really liked his new occupation he found himself unable frankly to say. It was what he had looked forward to and hoped for; but, once possessed, its round of monotony and narrow confinement palled upon him, though he would not admit it, and his unused muscles grew tired and lax.

He heard from home regularly; from the doctor, Major Terrill, and Mrs. Marsh.

Under the oversight of the former the work on the farm was progressing orderly. Alan MacLaren had been sick, delirious, but was up and now about. Mrs. Marsh wrote, with tears blotting the page, of the disappearance of Flora and of her suspicions, and fear that old Alan would not survive the sorrow.

Doctor Grey wrote concerning the progress of the work on the place, and religiously dispatched each month a neatly tabulated report of receipts and expenditures. Constance, he wrote, was slowly recovering.

The major occasionally wrote a fiery epistle to the Galatians, mailed to Glen, but addressed to the world, on the decadence of patriotism, the trend of frenzied finance and the debasement of politics.

The fall that ushered out that notable summer saw Mr. Boynton, manufacturer and financier, back with his young bride from their European sojourn.

Glen had stood the rigors of the season fairly well. He had the city pallor on his cheeks, in exchange for the healthy bloom of the country, and had lost flesh, but in a becoming suit of tweed, of business cut, with the nervous activity of the city implanted in him, he was a noticeable and pleasing, manly type of young manhood, as he passed daily over the ferry to his work.

At the end of six months he one day cast up a balance of his standing with the world financially. He had handled more money each week since coming to the city than had been his custom at home. But only by the most rigid economy was he able to save a very small sum each payday over and above his necessary expenses. When his trial balance had been drawn, he found that, during the same length of time, the farm had beat him, after also paying all expenses, just nine hundred dollars.

He could look ahead and see where it might be possible for him, taking two or three of the oldest employes in the leather house, as examples, to compete with the home folks, and, after twenty or thirty years, get to produce more in income as an employee than they could as free agents in control of the farm.

But when he conjured to his mind's eye the misshapen, health-shattered men that those old clerks and confidential advisers were to-day, he was not willing to admit that their excellent salaries compensated them for the loss of independence and health which might have been theirs in the country with a good, ample living, and a final balance in their favor thrown in.

On Saturday afternoons and Sundays Glen liked most to walk to Central Park, or go across the ferry and up into the Jersey Highlands. There he could get back, in a measure, his country poise, and dream dreams the city's noise and atmosphere made impossible.

One Saturday afternoon when the season had aged and grown hoary with the first frosts of pending winter, he had gone to the park and was seated on a bench just off the Mall, feeding a bevy of quarrelsome English sparrows with canary-seed, under the attempted illusion that they were the home flock of farm fowl.

A stylishly appointed brougham rolled by, with top closed, for the day was keen, in which two women were seated, both fur-clad and close engaged in animated conversation.

As the dock-tailed pair of cobs, with their sun-reflecting chariot of wealth, was just opposite where Glen sat, the younger and more handsome of the two occupants of the carriage leaned suddenly forward, clutching the muff of her companion and peering with gaze intent upon the broad-shouldered, ulster-clad figure on the park bench complacently feeding sparrows.

"Why, Jessica Boynton, how you startled me," said her companion. "Has the Egyptian monolith moved, or is some visiting European monarch passing by? What is the trouble, dear; you're all of a tremble."

Mrs. Boynton, bride of the great leather merchant and financier of Fifth Avenue, laughed shortly as she sank back into the deep cushion and returned the gaze of the daughter of a Washington diplomat, who was visiting her.

"Nothing at all," she replied. "Not a thing. I just thought I saw an apparition;" and both young women laughed, "the embodiment of a lost opportunity; the spirit of a real, full-blooded, clean-souled, big-brained man, that led me once to the pinnacle of the mountain delectable and showed me the valley of rest, and there tempted me."

Her words were drowned in a burst of merriment from the pretty lips of her companion, and just then the wheels grated against the curb.

"Come," said her companion to Mrs. Boynton, "here we are at Raynout's. A salad must taste good to you after such a mental flight."

It was a week later that Glen was seated at his high desk, laboring with a set of figures which represented the invoice of a South American shipment, when a voice at his elbow, one the tone of which sent his heart into his throat, as the saying goes, remarked with no concealment of delighted surprise: "It is; I did see aright; it is the disciple of the pastoral life himself, on a high, three-legged stool in the city of New York."

Glen turned to the speaker, his face first pale, then reddening uncomfortably. Her small, faultlessly gloved hand was already extended to him, and he took it in his great one, whiter than when it held hers last, and slid from his high stool, while the half-dozen other clerks were suddenly buried behind ledgers and files, their ears bent in direction of the "boss's wife" and their co-laborer.

"Why, how do you do, Miss Wyeth." said Glen, making heroic endeavor to get back his wits and his color.

A nervous little laugh and shake of her head greeted his mistake. "Oh, you didn't know?" she exclaimed, stopping and looking at the superintendent of the works, who was showing her over her husband's property. "Never again Miss Wythe," she said, tears of merriment, perhaps, in her eyes, speaking in a confidential tone and manner, "but Mrs. Boynton; as surprised to see you here, but as delighted as I hope you are to see me.

"I'll go no further to-day, if you please, Mr. Bliss," she continued, to the superintendent, "Mr. Noble and I are old acquaintances, happily met. Tell Mr. Boynton I'll not detain him," and as the aged superintendent bobbed and grimaced, she turned and renewed her conversation with Glen, who was now more normal of coloring and collected.

"I saw you in the park the other day," she exclaimed. "I know now that I did; seated on a bench just above the east entrance. And yet I could not convince myself. But it was you, wasn't it?"

Glen said that he frequently went to the park, and that it probably was he whom she had seen.

"And now tell me," she continued all vivacity, "how in the world you came here, what you're doing and all about it? But no," making a little grimace, "of course you can't; it must be a long story. And I have promised to go back to the city in time for lunch with my," a little catch in her throat "husband."

She took his hand impulsively. "Come and see me. You must. I'll arrange it. Leave it to me. I just *must* hear all about it."

She pressed his hand and a ledger on a nearby desk fell to the floor, while a very red-faced clerk made frantic efforts to gather it up.

"You are bound to do as your employer's wife says," she exclaimed, almost in a whisper, with what was very like a sob in her throat, and then aloud, "Good by, Mr. Noble, remember, I shall expect you," and she was almost running down the long aisle of desks toward the great glass partition separating the main office from the private apartment of her husband, before Glen could frame an answer.

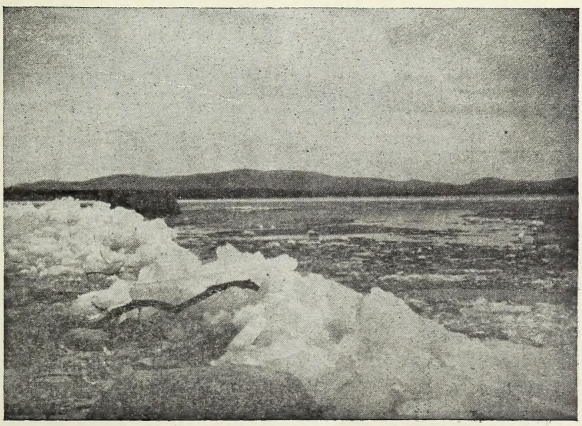
MAINE'S EARLIEST OPEN WATERS

By CHARLES EVERETT BEANE

WHEN the roll call is sounded for the states of the Union, all sections take their proper order, falling in behind old New England, by tacit consent paying due homage to her, and waiting patiently their opportunity to answer " Present " all down along the line after the Dirigo state has registered.

A rib taken from the side of the Massachusetts commonwealth, Maine, with the full goodwill of all concerned, has won her honors honestly, and her sons and daughters, both at home and abroad, glory in the integrity of their mother, and never tire singing her praises. The fellowship of her family is beyond question, and the spirit that prompts recognition by first name is contagious when non-Maine-born men come in contact with her atmosphere.

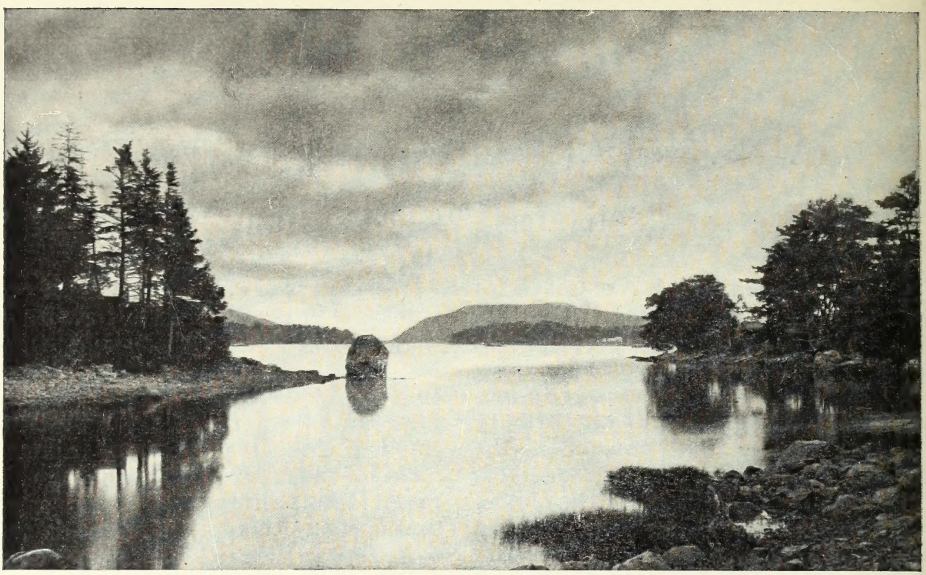
Although Kittery is the real gateway toward the south, town and city flash by the car window without exciting the "here we are feeling," until Portland extends a greeting whose cordiality is refreshing, and the eastern outing world is before one in crack of the door glimpses, suggestive of appetizing feasts to come. The long train shed at Union Station is a veritable triumphal arch hung in honor of outing lovers whose march to conquest of things delightful here begins.



SEBAGO'S FIRST MORNING OF OPEN WATER

We may well enlarge upon the opportunities and possibilities of New England trade, enthuse over the bright pages of her history, point with pardonable pride to her achievements and world-wide fame in all departments of strenuous life, and sing the praises of her imposing array of men and women who have been great factors in every field of endeavor and accomplishment, but at this season of the year in particular, all considerations are dwarfed by the predominance of her claim as the playground of the world, and Maine sounds the first insistent call to the wilds and waters, for which thousands have waited more or less impatiently for many months past.

The popular conception of an ice-bound New England, a section facetiously referred to as " a bit of country where it's mighty poor sleighing three months in the year," has received a setback for several seasons, as the records show moderate weather and remarkably temperate conditions, when one has been taught to expect continued frost and ice and snow galore; but to the fisherman and his coterie the whole universe is in the grip of the tyrant of cold when there is no open water in Maine, and from the beginning of the new year the all-absorbing



SUN-KISSED AND SET WITH EMERALD GEMS

question is heard on every hand, "When will Sebago salmon fishing begin—when will the ice go out?" and this anxiety manifests itself on the part of thousands who never saw the beautiful lake and perhaps never will.

Their minds are turning to myriad fishing grounds, Kezar, Belgrade, and Cobbosseecontee, Rangeley and Moxie, Moosehead and Grand, Sebec and Green, to hundreds of others more or less known to fame and to Canadian waters that have yielded rich trophies. All these follow close upon the first opportunity to drag a phantom minnow across the rippling bosom of sun and wind unlocked Sebago, the earliest of all eastern fishing resorts.

How remarkable is the change from closed to open water! To-day the great expanse of ice stretches away out of sight, and it would seem safe to send the heaviest double team across from shore to shore. Then comes a spell of warm weather and dark spots appear here and there. A few days of this and the field assumes a dirty aspect, with cracks and honeycomb places. At the shore appears an open border, and to-night, when you retire, a high wind is blowing, setting the ice in motion, and starts it grinding against itself and the rocks. On the morrow, a broad inland sea smiles up at the canopy of heaven, harmonizing with its deepest blue.

Once let the wire flash the welcome news and a general exodus of sportsmen of both sexes is marked by crowded coaches going "down in Maine," and at the gateway to the happy fishing grounds the stream of humanity divides again and again as the season advances and the lakes play to the tune of "follow my leader."

One week before Sebago cast off a part of her fetters, April 10th, eighteen inches of solid ice at the Lake Station gave little warning of an early season, and some of the oldest inhabitants set the date for fishing over the whole body of water at about the nineteenth, just four days too late, for on the fifteenth, twelve miles of sun-reflecting waves the length of the lake and seven across its widest part above Frye's Island, smiled a cordial welcome upon the advance guard of the most enthusiastic people under heaven, many of whom came from Maine's metropolis, only sixteen miles away. Portland sportsmen claim Sebago as their peculiar

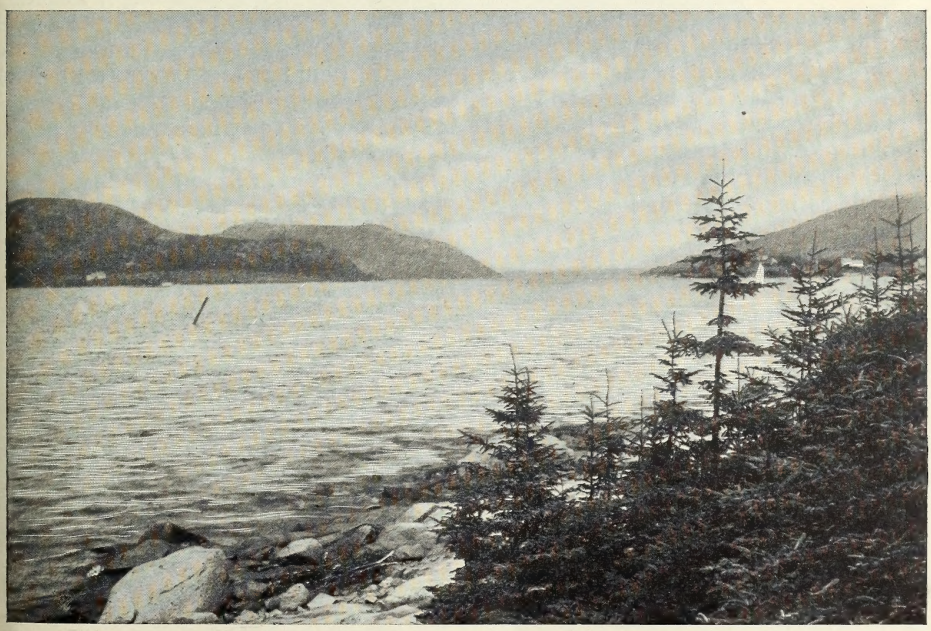
preserve, and solve themselves into godfathers by right of residence near a specially provided paradise.

One thing I have always admired in Portland men is their never-faltering belief that all things worth having begin and end in and about their beautiful city. I suppose, as the tip end of this lake is in their home faucets, their attitude toward Sebago is a pardonable one, but the great world has discovered the outing gem, and the Forest City must divide with her sister's representatives. Fishermen from long distances are in evidence this year more than ever, and over Patriot's Day accommodations and boats were decidedly at a premium. " Eaten out of house and home " was the way one landlord expressed it, as he sorrowfully turned away an eager party.

Immediately after April 1st the premier catch of the season was made by a Mr. Washburn, who located a long crack in the ice, walked along it trolling a minnow, and landed a square-tail, red-spot trout, weighing two and a half pounds, but it was the 10th of April before it could really be said the ice was breaking up. On that date it receded from about the mouth of the Songo River, and away from the west shore for a distance of about three miles, affording a good opportunity for trolling in the upper bay, when several good catches, ranging from three to nineteen pound salmon were taken. There were no signs of smelts when fishing became general all over the lake, and very good sport was reported on all sides.

It is perfectly natural for sportsmen to seek a point farthest from the railroad for early fishing, with the idea that fewer anglers will be found there, but they were considerably chagrined this year to learn that the lower lake yielded rich results for several days, and tantalizing tales were heard of rare luck within sound of the bell of the locomotive; but ordinarily at the Songo and Northwest rivers the salmon are caught earliest, and this condition prevails for some time.

At the mouths of the west shore streams, Sticky River, Sucker Brook, N. W. River, off Sandy Beach, and at Mnddy River, good results may be expected, and on the east shore, off Mill Brook, the Images, at White's Bridge, and around Frye and Indian Island,



LISTEN NOW FOR MOOSELOOKMEGUNTIC'S INVITATION

the same is true, in fact one is likely to strike the gamey salmon anywhere — very likely *some one* does just where *you* are *not*, for in so large a body of water

back channel of the Kennebec with its

"Hockamocka, jump or die,
Catch an injun, catch a fly,"

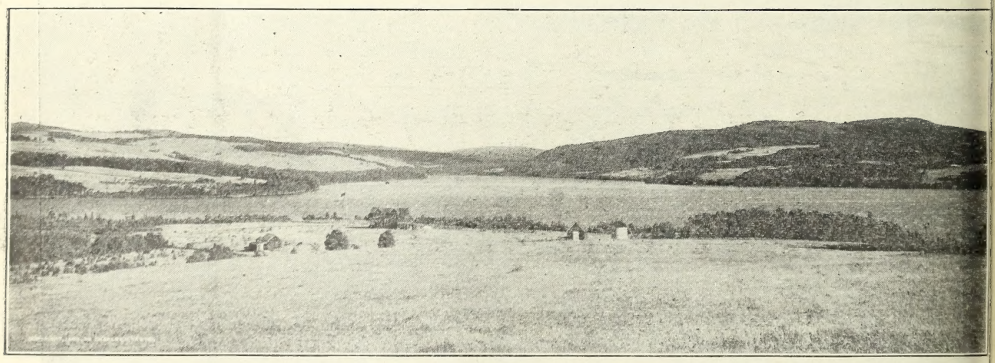
the fine sentimental cry of the pursued

COBBOSSEECONTEE WITH SONG AND DIP OF PADDLE

"spread out," as my friend Captain Bigney would say, one must take all the chances and prove his stick-to-itiveness, or he will be reckoned with the hundred "also rans" who are never heard of, when he yearns to see his name in the papers as "present *with results*."

Speaking of the Images reminds me that "the leap for life yarn" we always have with us in Maine whether it is the Indian at Hockamock, or the reverse of the story, Frye at Sebago, leaping to escape Indian pursuers, but it is decidedly unusual to skirt an imposing mass of giant boulders and be confronted with such a labor of love as that of Joe Stickney's, and see the whole business painted in heroic size.

I do not understand why the snakes were necessary to the effectiveness of the



RANGELEY IS FREE FROM ICE ABOUT MAY 10

NO WONDER THEY LOOK PROUD OF A MORNING'S CATCH

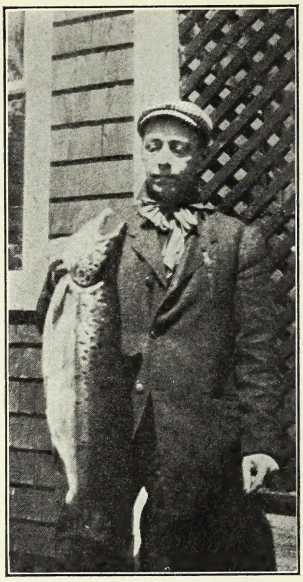
painting *in Maine*, but they are there bigger than life. (Perhaps visitors from other states were present in early times.)

There is a charming variety in the Sebago spectacle with its ever-changing surrounding country, its shifting, twisting and abruptly breaking water frontage, here rising rapidly, to give place again to sloping shores and long, low-lying stretches of rock and beach, sometimes foliage dressed and again presenting an uninterrupted far view across excellent, arable country, where well-kept farmhouses suggest all sorts of good things as naturally a part of Maine's rural life as the air and sky and spring water.

And there are the islands — all shapes and sizes, naked and clothed, fertile and barren, the two largest of which, Frye and Indian, are plainly in sight from the foot of the lake. Everywhere camp and cottage sites of exceptional attractiveness abound, but at the present rate of building it will be many years before an argument against crowding could be seriously advanced, unless by one who demands the elbow room of forest primeval with the owl's solemn hooting, his *vis a vis* in conversation over the solitary meal in front of his rough lean-to.

Should one tire of the big water place he may pass through Songo lock to Bay of Naples and Long Lake, or let him have his put-in with canoe at the source of the Presumpscot River at White's Bridge, fish down the waterway to the influx of Pleasant River, and paddle up stream to Little Sebago, three miles away.

There's good fishing all the distance, and many good catches of red-spots have rewarded the fly caster, something rather unusual in the big lake and an exceedingly rare successful occurrence if lures of bright-winged casts are tried on salmon. Phantoms, silver soldiers, or live bait seem to reach the limit of the Sebago salmon's appetite, barring the very old-fashioned worm.

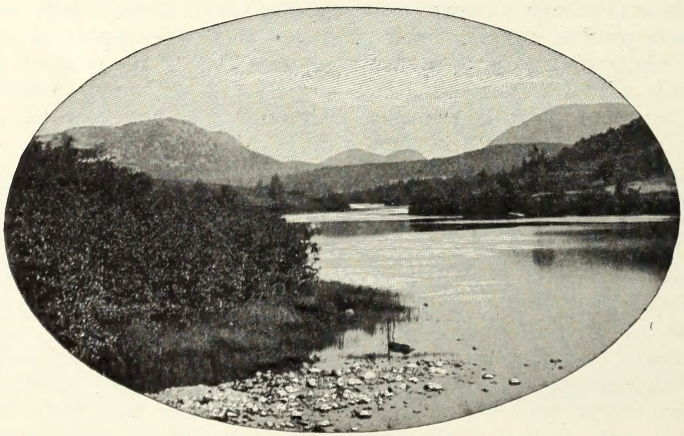


A TWENTY-POUND SEBAGO SALMON

But how he does feed when smelts are running and he has them located! Dashing in and out of a school, he fairly gorges himself until he can hold no more, and it is during this feeding time that he will annex your bait, but when he is so full of the small fish that they fairly run out of his mouth, if he stands on his head or you stand him there, he will be perfectly indifferent to all enticings, gaze with scorn, perhaps, at your bait, never giving a flip of his tail whether food exists or no, until he is perfectly empty, when he bestirs himself and finds another school. It's a feast or a famine with him.

During one of the times when the fish had been so feeding, accompanied by two friends, I attempted to catch a fish for our camp dinner, and we trolled all day until evening, when we secured a three pounder, who did not take the bait, however, but was caught by a gang of hooks that happened to cross his belly. A day or two later we caught another in the same way. It would seem there must be a *few* fish in Sebago when a dragging phantom passing among them could seize salmon in this fashion.

One of those fish, a symmetrical cock salmon, my partner determined to have mounted for his den. We drew a line around Mr. Salmon as he lay on paper. Drying the side of the beauty he desired to show on the panel when mounted, the natural slime cemented the scales firmly in place. Starting on the other side and following the life line from tail to gills with the point of a sharp knife, we carefully rolled back the skin to either side, cautiously severing the gristle under the fins, until the only attachment of skin to body was at the gills and tail, when we cut it entirely away, rolled the skin in salt and shipped it to the taxi-



PRESUMPSCOT RIVER AFFORDS RARE SPORT

"NUFF CED"

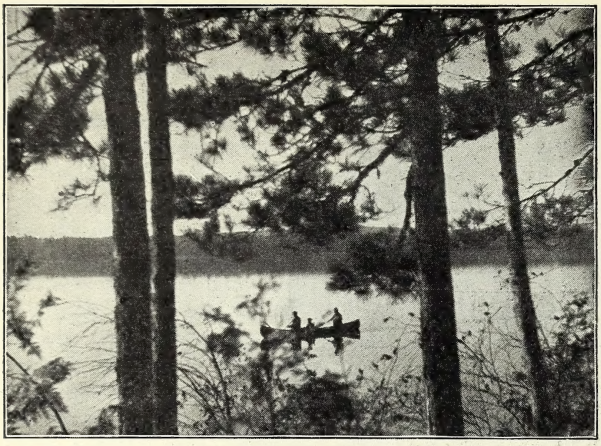
dermist. The result is a beautiful ornament and a prized trophy. Here's a hint to the fisherman who is far from an expert and desires to preserve a specimen if he is fortunate enough to secure an exceptionally fine fish. Are there many fish in Sebago Lake?

Fish — I should say so! It was reported to me on good authority that one man after a week's fishing brought into Portland one hundred and twenty-five pounds of salmon, the two largest weighing eleven and one quarter and fifteen and one quarter pounds respectively. How this could be true when the Maine law denies any man the right to take away more than twenty-five pounds unless his last caugth fish carried him beyond that weight, some one should answer.

Fish — I should remark! Go up to Sandy Beach or White's Bridge in the fall spawning season, and behold something worth going miles to see. Thousands of big salmon, some of them would tip the beam at better than thirty pounds, some say fifty apiece, lying with noses upstream, well within your reach, but the whole span of the law interposing, and they rest there in full view, slowly working to hold their position.

Should the Fish and Game Commissioners grant you permission to experiment, drop bait on their noses — they restlessly turn away from it, but should you pass a hook through the tail of a minnow and drop him onto one of those smooth places, you would probably succeed in hooking a salmon, for the male would fretfully seize the intruder by the tail to remove him from his mate's bed.

On that spawning ground is conclusive proof of the value of the work of the hatchery and the care of the wardens under direction of the state officers. If



A CHARMING VISTA AT MOOSEHEAD

you desire further evidence, take note of the tremendous increase in the catch of small salmon — two to six pounds — from year to year.

Eggs are taken from salmon netted in Sebago, and carefully nurtured until they are two years old, large enough to take care of themselves, when they are set at liberty in the lake. Last year 236,000 were so planted. That they are able to take care of themselves even against marauding pickerel and bass was satisfactorily demonstrated to my friend Bickford.

He sat on the pier at the lake station one day, and noticed a school of young salmon, two year olds, near a big rock. Just in the shadow of the piling a large pickerel was lurking, moving out gradually toward the luscious repast he had in prospect. Were those salmon so tamed in the pen that they feared nothing, as has been claimed? My friend was an interested spectator of nature's drama — would it prove to be comedy or tragedy?

Brother Pickerel decides he is within proper striking distance, and dashes toward the rack, when presto! the salmon scatter. Ever so slightly they had been sideling away from him, watching out of the tails of their eyes until he made his rush, when they seemed to rejoice in their ability to give him the laugh and mock at his hunger. What an object lesson on the wisdom in safeguarding fry a couple of years instead of turning them loose to feed other fish of less royal blood.

Another test. Four years ago when the net was cast to secure salmon for stripping, nine were taken from the pool at Raymond hatchery. Next year twenty-seven came to hand. The third year one hundred and thirty, and last season the first cast of the net brought in two hundred and forty. At this rate what will protection and proper handling do for Sebago waters in the years to come? Neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet is needed to foretell the rich sport in store for the fisherman ten years from to-day.

The residents of Sebago, Casco, Harrison, Naples, and Raymond, towns bordering in part upon this great natural salmon lake, are fully aware of the benefits to be derived when of the four

PICTURESQUE BELGRADE, AN EARLY LAKE

original salmon homes, Sebago, Sebec, Green, and Grand lakes, by far the best shall be Sebago. No other boasts land-locked salmon of such size, and it is more than possible that none shall boast such fishing. With everything in its favor, even a fair break of good fortune will present to the lovers of outing, health seekers and their friends, a mecca second to no other in Sebago, the beautiful.

And what a gold mine the good people about this wonderful body of water may draw upon without fear that it shall ever fail them. This they are beginning to realize and prepare for the time of fat things by increasing their accommodations and bending every energy to satisfy the demands of the most fastidious of their coming guests. Hospitality abounds and Sebago is emphatically on the map.

HE'S PLAYING TO THE GALLERY

SONG

The tides are all full at the flood, love,
And evenly breathing in sleep
Are the foam-crested waves of the storm-king,
Who darkens the face of the deep.

Oh, delay not nor question me whither,
For only one answer I know,
And it may be to toil or to danger,
When full flows the tide we must go!

A Word about the Weather

By BETH BRADFORD GILCHRIST

SINCE the memory of man two kinds of weather have existed on this planet, good weather and bad. This would seem at first thought a tolerably long lease of life, one liable to entitle any distinction, if still hale and hearty, to further longevity. But our century is not given overmuch to respecting inherited differentiations; we are keen for the leveling of barriers. In business, politics, theology, we are all for consolidation. So I have not been altogether surprised of late to notice that it has become the fashion among some of my friends arbitrarily to abolish this distinction and to reduce all classes and conditions of atmosphere to a monotony of wellbeing nominated the good.

Whatever one may think of this from a philosophical point of view, as a practical expedient it is not without drawbacks. Cheerfully and innocently I call Clarissa's attention to the fact that it is a bad day. "Oh, my dear, not bad!" she says. "It is a very good day indeed." Thereafter, when the wind sweeps the rain before it in long, wavering sheets, Clarissa and I avoid the weather as a topic for protracted discourse. Again, we are trying to date an event, one of those slight happenings whose exact chronology does not matter in the least, but which serve most humans now and then as an opportunity for mental gymnastics. "It was on that nice day last week," I say, certain now of my ground. "There were seven nice days last week," Clarissa rejoins, tranquilly. "Oh, but Clarissa, how can you call Wednesday a nice day?" I cry, "all squshy underfoot and horrid!" Clarissa's delicate eyebrows go up as though she had heard a friend evil spoken of. "I wish you would not call the weather horrid," she says.

Clarissa is, you see, a philosopher, and with a philosopher, in character, I have little to do. I would not poach on his preserves. Let him, if he will, banish bad weather from his calendar — he will be well within his rights — I speak only for the three hundred and sixty-five days of ordinary folk. But is a philosopher never to descend from the stilts of theory and walk sociably along the dusty highway of common talk? Give me one who bears about in his conversation no disquieting earmarks of his class. He may discourse hypothetically, if he choose, on oneness of weathers, but when he casually mentions that sleet storm week before last I like him better if he frankly calls it a bad day.

Clarissa and I, in common with our contemporaries, are for the most part energetic, well-meaning persons, though a little inclined to an obsession that shows itself in certain insane people by a continuous application to house cleaning. Progress, we say, demands that society rid itself of the accumulated rubbish of generations, and, doing all things on a generous scale, we sweep out our mental and spiritual attics on the dump cart. Old things are tumbled in ruthlessly, old men, old manners, old spellings, old learning — they have outlived their usefulness, we glibly cry. Clarissa is a more thorough house cleaner than I. In her heart I think she considers me rather shiftless, she is too polite to say so, but

she has been known to point out ways in which I might improve. For the most part I say nothing, yet at the risk of earning that cutting stigma, *old fashioned*, I call a halt when she begins to trundle old weather off the calendar.

Its longevity is to my mind a plea in its favor. Long life, whether of a man or of his thoughts, never happens by chance. Clarissa may hold, if she likes, that her prehistoric forebears were short-sighted ignoramuses; I prefer to see in mine persons of a nice discrimination.

I do not pretend to understand all their ways, but I fancy this differentiation of weathers to have been a purely business arrangement. They had been at the expense of a good deal of time and trouble and some personal sacrifice to provide their survivors with a serviceable set of instincts, the acquirement of which led them to classify everything in the universe by the rule of the first person singular, a principle not unknown to their descendants. They regarded a hurricane as bad weather for a promenade, there was nothing ethical about the matter. That countries exist in which the raingod is not a respectable member of the Pantheon does not warrant Clarissa in assuming that her occidental forebears looked on a rainy day as on anything more reprehensible than a sloppy state of nature.

Obviously I can claim to cling only to the skirt of progress, I am not of those who ride triumphantly on her shoulder, distrusting their ancestors and all their works. I hold a thing is not necessarily useless because it is old. At times, when her house-cleaning mania is on, I remind Clarissa that it is not unthinkable that future ages may reclaim some valuables from our dump heaps.

But Clarissa, besides being short and sweet and charming, is possessed of that persistence in her own opinion characteristic of philosophers. Not that I would convert her by force to mine. Clarissa's ways, like her clothes, fit her far better than would my wardrobe. It is a sign of decayed mentality when a person is content to slip into his opinions at second hand. I only wish she would not seek to set fashions in thinking for what, to borrow a political phrase, I may call her "sphere of influence." Therein I perceive in Clarissa an actual menace to society.

For the envelope of light and dark, heat and cold, wet and dry, that with its continual shiftings and counter shiftings surrounds this planet, is more than a mere incubator of physical life — the weather, as everybody knows, exists primarily as a beneficent provision of Providence for the propagation of conversation.

Who has not his weather-talk casuals, those half and half acquaintances, not wholly friends, not yet quite strangers, dim shapes peopling the unsettled borderland of intercourse, with whom on street corners and coming out of stores we pause a moment, doing brisk barter of comment on rain and shine? This kind of fellowship begins, moves on, and has its being in the weather. Health, family, business — they are the mutual concern only of familiars; now and then politics may serve, though it is a ticklish subject for those who do not think alike. But the weather! The blessed impersonal weather! It unstops a multitude of lips. What does Clarissa say, I wonder, when the sun does not shine and the wind stings out of a frosty north? What can she do but nod and pass dumbly on? It is at his peril that a philosopher casts his pearls before the unenlightened. He might better speak Greek.

I wonder how many of the real intimacies that make vocal the well-mapped regions of intercourse would be traceable, were their dim origins remembered, to a few remarks about the weather. What sum of the world's associations, how many of its loves, hates, friendships, have had their rise there? We are not very original; some few adventurous souls search out new ways of setting about the investigation of each other's minds, the majority of us rest content with nature's great stereotype. As an entering wedge to mutual acquaintance the weather has no rival. To change the tool, it is a conversational icepick unequaled in popularity. After chipping non-commitally at the frost of mutual nescience, grown weather-wise, one

judges whether boldly to make the plunge to deep waters or still to skirt the ragged edge, that shivering surface of generalities. If two agree about the weather there is no telling what treasures of likemindedness they may bring up from the under currents.

How can Clarissa have the heart to upset this comfortable state of things, to take a fact innocuous and hitherto indisputable and make it bristle with dangers for the unwary man who does not go out to conversation armed cap à pie with definitions of his terms? What if he chance to fall in with a Clarissa to whom all weathers look alike, who objects to the use of that well-seasoned phrase, "a bad day"? If only as a handy nomenclature, fair and foul should be licensed on the principle of the greatest good to the greatest number.

"Oh, very well," I think I hear Clarissa say, "if it is only a common definition of terms you stickle for, why not agree with me to call all weather good?"

Thereby Clarissa shows that she has not closely observed her kind. A day all gold and green, blue-skied and marvelous, is limited as a conversational resource. Most of us can do little more with it than silently enjoy; it yields us scant harvest of speech. The average man does not wear his appreciations on his sleeve for talkative daws to dine off; after a peck or two they find the larder empty.

Of course one may, if he be pessimistically inclined, nominate it a *weather-breeder* and search out *mares'-tails* and other patents of his knowledge of prophet-lore. *Per se*, a fine day is but a fine day. Surpassing beauty always so far transcends speech that words must fall silent for sheer inability to span it. Talking about a thing dissipates its force, and one does not want beauty dissipated.

But bad weather! There is a conversational ball worth playing with. It may be tossed without compunction from mouth to mouth, dallied with, thrown up and caught again — there is no limit to the possibilities of the game. What cudgelings of memory! What whippings-up of foresight!

"Raw? Yes, so raw and cold. Nearly as cold as that terrible day last week——"

"Oh, colder. The mercury was only some twenty-odd degrees to the bad then, certainly it couldn't have stopped short of thirty under zero last night."

"Forty below in the outskirts of town," says the milkman, taking a hand at the game.

You draw in your breath sibilantly as you peer through the lacework of frost on the windowpanes. "Do you remember that terrible night two years ago?" you demand, "Or was it three?"

And the oldest inhabitant, referee in such sports, brings out his memories,— frost-bitten, rain-soaked, but hardy survivors of forty, fifty, sixty years ago when storms were really worse than they are now,— and confounds you with his eloquence.

Noah and his party possessed an undeniable advantage over us degenerate moderns. They were present at the only bit of bad weather that can claim to being really the worst in its line, and looking on at superlatives, even of terror, has always held a fascination for humanity. From the ark the oldest inhabitant saw his high-water marks washed away — here was virgin sea for speculation.

Can you not revocalize those morning greetings? "Another bad day!" says Shem, taking a survey. "Awful, isn't it?"

"Terribly messy," rejoins Mrs. Ham. "Why, where's Ararat?"

"Gone!" explains Japhet, just down from the bridge. "Rained under in the night. We're out of sight of land at last."

But there was always the possibility that it might stop before night, and if it had to happen, at least they had the consolation of being present. A good many people missed the boat. And life on the ark could never have been called dull — there was always the zoo to go to.

Nevertheless I am thankful Clarissa was not aboard, her notions would have sadly curtailed talk. How much innocent enjoyment most of us get out of discussing quite how badly off we are — within limits, of course. There is a point beyond which any diversion ceases to be a relaxation and turns to the dull, hard business of life.

Clarissa's principles deny her this pleasure, but that is no adequate reason for her disposing of atmospheric conditions as mere matters of agriculture and geology. When in our nursery days we learned that Jack was threatened with his notorious attack of dullness, you remember the cure suggested was not monotony. Nature abhors a dunce. I am inclined to see in the weather a mammoth device for preserving man's wits and sharpening his appreciations.

There are so many interesting tastes in the world. Unfailing sunshine would cloy the appetite. A golden jewel of a day in a dull gray setting of rainclouds gleams with a lingering individuality denied its fellow whose precursors and successors are like unto it. Variety is the salt of memory; it preserves experience.

In this respect the weather of New England is ideal. There the curtain is always up on nature's most colossal variety show. In certain quarters of the globe she shifts scenes but seldom, long weeks of sunshine follow long weeks of rain. One cannot complain of this in New England. Its habitants can never tell with any degree of certainty what is going to be put on next or when it is going to happen. The great magician juggles the leaves of the calendar, and he is an ungrateful spectator who cavils at the entertainment she offers free.

I hold in my hand March, boisterous March, says nature, note it well. Typical March, wild, wet, blustering, ushered in with a belated swirl of February snow — March, cold, raw, biting, digging the frost out of the ground, loosening the ice in the streams with his tools of rain and wind. Presto, change! May, warm, soft, balmy — robins calling, *Cheer-up, cheer-up*, song sparrows thrilling their throats out by barn and meadow, bluebirds flashing by with the sky on their backs. Trickle of running water everywhere, little brown brooks sparkling under the sun, mud knee deep in the roads, snowdrops hanging green and white bells over the earth of the gardens, sap buckets swinging in the woods. Hey, presto! May is gone. Snow, great soft feathery flakes, swirling swiftly. Sleet freezing to the trees, coating the earth with ice. Tap — tap — tap, stiff elm fingers knocking all night against your windowpanes. A burst of sunshine calling you up in the morning. Rub your eyes. What's this — fairyland — this radiant place of color, this huge scintillating crystal cup? Trees sheeted in rainbows, telephone wires ropes of diamonds, every brown grassblade flashing prismatic colors in the early sun; willows in the shadow tracing arabesques of silver, and beyond, upbearing on their mighty heads the blue dome of this iridescent world, the mountains shining, wonderful.

Look at your calendar. Riddle: March or December? Drip, drip, drip; gray skies, wild wind. March again.

The performance is never exactly repeated, the costuming is never quite the same. We who know nature in New England do not expect any year to be dressed like its fellows. Some of her brightest summer days she spices with a fillip of rain, but she does not fall into the mistake of making a practice of doing it.

Where nature works so hard to give variety, it seems a pity for Clarissa to try to checkmate her by cultivating that monotonous mental attitude of hers. She is like the small boy who, whenever he was obliged by powers beyond his control to take a dose of cod liver oil, pretended it was ice cream. I have often wondered how soon his taste for cream began to wane. Clarissa is, I am inclined to think, playing the children's game of " pretend." She does not mean that by actual physical or spiritual experience she has found good in bad weather, she only means that she has chosen to regard the universe from what she terms a consistent standpoint.

It is Clarissa's habit always to assure herself that an experience will be pleasant before she takes it. Does she refuse to allow a day to be called bad lest she should prove it so, I wonder? Whatever the reason, unpleasant suggestions find Clarissa's soul locked and bolted, and a " No Admittance " sign on the door. Nay more, she fortifies her mind and throws out pickets to halt and challenge any adverse thought that may have the temerity to try to steal an approach.

All Clarissa's ideas live under surveilliance. Willy nilly, she puts them into uniform, the habiliments of the cheerful and the good. They make a select company of strict conformists; let any dingy, out-at-the-elbows tramp seek food and lodging among them, he is spotted at once by the pickets and ejected neck and crop. It is an orderly and law-abiding community, a model place, bright and sunny — almost too garishly cheerful to suit my benighted taste. I like a few shadows if for nothing but contrast. Wouldn't it grow a little tiresome in the long run? And what if some day the disorderly hordes should take it into their naughty heads to storm Clarissa's mind? Could the gay uniforms hold the citadel? I hope so for her sake, but they have seen no fighting, they have never been allowed to recognize an enemy — and what about wolves in sheep's clothing? The uniforms have been donned not always without effort.

I suspect Clarissa of being no connoisseur in weathers, after all. She has committed a fatal error in approach. For real appreciation, whether of weather or of books, lies in preserving an open mind. To be prejudiced in favor of a thing is even more fatal to the discovery of its peculiar merits than to be prejudiced against it. Why must Clarissa always sugarcoat her pills? She can never get at their real flavor.

A bad day rechristened loses all its charm. It is like a plain woman; besought to admire her as pretty, you turn combative at the word; let her be named frankly plain and none is inclined to quarrel unless it be to pick out her good points. When I have acknowledged a raw blustering day as bad weather, I have negatived half its ill — what is there to do then but to make the best of it? Otherwise, I have added irritation to its bleakness.

And foul weather is not without its positive merits. A bad day is the touchstone whereby to distinguish the true weather lover from your mere pretender. The veriest dolt may find charm in a bright sky, it takes a person of some spirit to see it in a sleety, dull season. For many, physical discomfort blots out esthetic delights. The massing of gray clouds, the drenched sleekness of tree and shrub, the slant rush of rain count for little against the possibility of getting drenched to the skin. Even a rainbow is only a relief, a mere signal of coming good, not an unportentous joy.

If you are of these prudent folk you do well to keep to the house in wet weather. But do not go further and try to hoodwink the rest of mankind out of one of its chiefest diversions. Adversity is the charm of a bad day. Who denies its adversity never tastes its spice. Going out in bad weather — there is excitement for you. The tingle of a cold rain against your face makes your heart leap up in eagerness of opposition, the storm is not with you, but against you. It is in bad weather that man adds, if not a cubit, at least an inch to his stature. Risk the loss of jeopardy, be it only of wet feet, and the thing pales to a dull monotony of trudging through puddles.

Who ever adventured on fair and smiling seas? For that one must have an adversary, be it only a windmill. Clarissa may prefer to float with the current; once in a while I want to get up my muscle, and there is no improved way of doing that. It may feel pleasanter to be a fair-weather person, buffeted by no winds of other wills, drenched by no showers of adverse opinions, but I am not sure it is wholesome to feel pleasant all the time. A hearty burst of anger is often as clearing to the mental atmosphere as is a thunder shower.

Emotions wear out if played on too constantly. The strings snap under ceaseless picking and the searching fingers evoke no sound out of the silence. If I were a child I would not go to the zoo every day. Those ark travelers must have grown tired of beasts before the voyage ended; I'll wager the sight of a lion could never afterwards raise a thrill in one of them.

For thrills are delicate affairs, they have their own subtle way of protecting their privacy. Disturb them with too officious prying, and like fringed gentians they vanish from the heart that knew them. Clarissa's mechanism may be different from mine, but does her in-

sistent cheerfulness never pall upon her? Has she never waked of a morning when the exuberance of sunshine seemed fairly to slap her in the face?

I am inclined to see a good deal of significance in the fact that humanity has made metaphor of the phrase, "a rainy day." Ill fortune is not without its good points. Sunshine alone cannot quicken the seeds in the spring earth, it needs the rainy day to water the roots of the great family of appreciations. Then there will come a time when a shy sweetness will fill the garden, and searching it out, under the hedge where the gardener has never before gone, he will find a plant of that artless, uncultivated pleasantness which alone is the hardy kind.

Clarissa caught up the objectionable word as it ran from my pen a moment ago. "There is no such thing as ill fortune," she says now. To which I can only make answer that most of us find a fairly close imitation on the market. If not the real article, it may yet serve the old-fashioned uses of adversity.

From a photograph by L. W. Brownell

ONE OF NEW ENGLAND'S FAVORITES, — THE LITTLE SONG SPARROW OF OUR FIELDS AND HILLSIDES

A "Plain Farmer's" View of the Forestry Question

ALMOST every one appears to have been requested to discuss the problem of our fast disappearing forests except the man in whose life the woodlot is a daily factor, the plain farmer. He it is who gets out and fights the fire in the toil and heat and smother. He it is who pockets the loss with a weary sigh as he sees thousands of dollars disappear in smoke and flame. *His* are the barren burnt acres swept bare and valueless. It is *his* spring and wells, *his* uplands and fallows that first tell of the denuded mountain side; but who thinks of protecting *him?* He stands closest to the problem and to the land, yet who thinks of consulting him?

And yet if there is to be adequate forestration it must be through the preservation of the farm wood lots. The state may and doubtless should preserve mountain stretches like Greylock, Everest, the peaks of the Whites; but for the best welfare of New England all the steep rocky hillsides should be clothed with the garment of verdant forests the Lord provided. The best and wisest forester among them all cannot plant so wisely or well as has nature. She knows all the secrets of rock and soil, of moisture and water sinks, of wind, and exposure that we are groping to learn. Why is it that pine does not follow pine, that maple will spring up where the hemlock is cut? What tree is best to plant on a south slope with iron in the soil? Why is that west slope covered with white birch and the north one a dozen paces beyond, with alders as nurse to the forest that is to be? Why do oaks grow on the hill and a few rods away only ash? Why are there rock maple here and near by chestnut? Nature knows. However successful scientific planting may be it is successful only in so far as it seeks to reproduce natural growth. It is and must be expensive, and to a certain extent doubtful. Too often the men appointed to similar tasks obtain the position through "pull" and are both ignorant and obstinate and conceited. It is far better for us to try to help the farmer preserve the fragments of woodland left us as a first and exceedingly important part of our efforts for reforestration.

It is a custom to hold up the New England farmer of to-day to public scorn as an incapable, ignorant dullard, avaricious, brutal, and sluggish, blind to all the beauty of New England, deaf to the music of her birds and streams, and too indifferent and stupid to observe the simplest natural phenomenon. In truth, the man who, amidst all the adverse circumstances of an eastern farmer's life, has succeeded in wresting from the clutch of government and corporation a living from his paternal acres must be a man of more than ordinary courage, steadfastness, energy, and ability. Ignorant he may be, but a keen observer he must be. He is not given to much fine talking or writing, but New England, her mountains and waysides, the glory of her autumns, the white brilliancy of her winters, and the budding glory of her springtimes dwell in his heart and live with him. He it is out of the sacrifice and poverty of his hard life who has set many a niche of pleasant wayside with grateful shade. It is his hand and the smaller toil-worn one of his wife that has planted many a vine and gracious garden, and he often sacrifices his stretches of timber with an aching heart. Gladly would he keep it if he could, but the wanton hunter, the berry picker, the tramp are a daily menace. I remember my own selling of the timber on the Peak. It never ought to have been sold, it never ought to have been cut. The lumberman offered cash. For months I refused.

There was no income and the taxes are inexorable. Then one night fires set by young men from town blazed over the next lot and " for fun " some one fired $400 worth of dry cord wood beyond. Next day I accepted the offer for the timber on the Peak lot and proceeded to hate every man and team that went near it.

Now in my " stupid, slow, bovine farmer mind " I believe it would be well for the commonwealth to protect the farmers' wood lot and aid him in caring for it and conserving it for his own best interests and the welfare of the commonwealth. One good measure has been enacted, the hunter's license bill. This reeduces the number of irresponsible hunters and also puts some measure of restraint upon others in their conduct, while trespassing upon the farmer's land. Further than this the state could enforce and improve the laws against the setting of fires in wood or field and cities and towns could and ought to require their fire departments to extinguish forest fires.

But the two measures that would have the most influence would be the exemption of growing woodland from taxation and a system of state insurance against fires. The woodlands that were not cut from, except under the direction of the state forester, should be exempt from taxation. Any tax that seems desirable or necessary should be levied only on timber cut. The woodland itself is of as great or greater use and value to the commonwealth than to the owner, while it is kept standing, and it is the duty and privilege of the commonwealth to protect it without charge for so doing. Up to date the owners have been paying for protection and have not received it. It is small wonder that they become sick and discouraged and slash off the timber which standing, is a bill of expense and a constant anxiety.

An insurance that would not be beyond the means of the common farmer would complete the system of protection. As it is to-day the farmer who keeps his woodland after it can be sold does so at a heavy risk of total loss. Most lumbering concerns wish to make " a clean thing of it," and so acres of mountain sides are denuded, washed, gullied, and sunburnt. But if there were some method of insurance thousands of acres would be kept standing and cut with prudence and good judgment, preserving the woodland to the great benefit of every inhabitant of the section. This I know to be fact. Without any insurance or any protection of any kind it is simple folly in a farmer to attempt to keep any salable woodland. For it is almost certain that sooner or later it will be burnt over, doubly sure if it is near a large town. In four years there have been four fires in our small holdings aggregating to us a loss of over a thousand dollars at a conservative estimate and reckoning as nothing the cost of fighting fires, and the constant worry and anxiety. Once hunters set a fire on a lot of young timber. It burnt for a week, devouring even the rich, loose soil for some depth. Twice a wealthy owner of adjacent land set a " burning " without notification and without sufficient precautions for controling, and burned over at one time several hundred acres of sprout lands including thirty acres of twelve-year chestnut sprouts of ours; once it got into our pines and licked up forty foot trees like matches. The fourth fire killed a few acres of young pine and hemlock! It was set for fun by boys fifteen or sixteen years old. In none of these cases was a cent of compensation offered or even an expression of regret. We still possess a thousand or more in value of fine pine, some hemlock, and some inferior wood. It covers the sources of brooks and many heretofore unfailing springs. Partly it is on rough, rocky steep mountain lands. It should be preserved for the sake of a well-populated section. *But*, am I justified in trying to keep it in face of the almost certain loss to me and mine, unless I can obtain insurance protection, especially as it is a constant source of expense in taxes and efforts to keep it from destruction? Is it not my duty to cut it without regard to the question of the welfare of the community who tax me without protecting me? And I am but one hill farmer.

PLAIN OLD FARMER

Tarry at Home Travel—1890

By EDWARD E. HALE, D.D.

Miss Reader. If you please,— I beg your pardon,— I am afraid I am very rude; but I thought you were a minister.

Tarry at Home Traveler. Certainly, Miss Reader, I am, and what of that?

Miss Reader. Well,— oh, yes, you know, I mean,— it seems as if we went about the world a good deal.

Traveler. My poor, dear child, I am sure we do. Do you mean that you are tired? I beg your pardon, I am sure! Oh! yes, I see. You do not understand; you mean that we seem to be compassing sea and land, and that you have not yet heard of any proselytes! My poor, dear Miss Reader, that is true. But you must remember that we are not Pharisees, — that is, we try not to be.

Miss Reader (thoroughly frightened). Oh, not at all, my dear Mr. Traveler,— I only meant that,— well,— you have been so kind, I meant —

Traveler. I knew what you meant, dear child. You meant what the man meant who asked Count Rochambeau the same question. The count was in Connecticut, at the head of the French army. The man was a farmer who had been " out " himself, again and again. I suppose he was a minute-man in the 33d Connecticut. But when there was no fighting he was not a soldier. And he had never heard of any soldiers who were soldiers all the time. So he asked the count boldly ," What do you do when you are to hum? " And, alas! the count did not know.

Miss Reader. Well, my dear Mr. Traveler, really you always understand me, with a little explanation. I hope I was not rude.

Traveler. My child, have you never heard that

> " Never anything can be amiss
> When simpleness and duty tender it."

I understand you entirely. As dear Dr. Peabody said, " Every man should have a vocation and an avocation." Now you have only seen the traveler's avocation; and you want to see him in his vocation.

Miss Reader. I did not mean to ask you to do anything you had not proposed. But if you would take me with you on one of our home walks,— to tell the truth, that is what I was thinking of.

Traveler. And I shall like nothing better. What I like most of all is to Tarry at Home. Have you ever been in jail?

Miss Reader. I? No, indeed; why do you ask me? Indeed, I did not know it was wrong to bring that otterskin in my trunk!

Traveler. My poor, dear Miss Reader, is was not wrong. Do not let your conscience prick you. We are not going to jail as convicts, but because we want to.

Miss Reader. Indeed, yes; if we do want to.

Traveler. Surely we want to; this is a bit of ministry. Here is Mrs. Worral in jail, and she needs just such advice as we can give her, and perhaps something more. Now, the Church of Christ goes everywhere, and as we have its business on our hands, we will go and see what we can do for Mrs. Worrel.

Miss Reader. Oh, thank you indeed for explaining. But, indeed, Mr. Traveler, you do take too much for granted, and you do not often explain as you do now.

Traveler. Oh, indeed, yes. A great many people have told me that before,— that I presume too much on the intelligence of my readers. It is because I think so well of the world. Now here is a letter asking what is the moral of my story of " Susan's Escort." And I wish I knew myself.

Well, now that you understand that you can get out of jail as easily as you go in, you will not hesitate. We ring the

doorbell at the jail, and a man comes, just as if the jail were a house. He finds out that we want to go to see Mrs. Worral. "Will I go to her room?"— because, being a clergyman, I may go to her room if I want to. But I have no such secrets as cannot be discussed on one side of the general room, and so Mrs. Worral is sent for.

Now, all you readers must understand that Mrs. Worral, though she is in jail, is as innocent, for all that, as you and I are. That is to say, under the grand and fine theory of our common law, she is innocent until she is proved guilty. And she is not in a house of correction; that would show that she had been sentenced. She is only in jail, which means, in her case, that she is waiting trial. And practically, as we use words in Massachusetts, a jail is a place where people waiting their trial are kept, or perhaps witnesses whose testimony may be needed; while people are punished by being sent to a house of correction or a prison. This is the rough distinction, not always observed, for there are exceptions, I believe, but it holds in nine instances out of ten.

Now, my good friend, Mrs. Worral,— Mrs. Worral, let me introduce you to Miss Reader; Miss Reader has come all the way from Fort Wrangel to see you;— my good friend, Mrs. Worral, is here because one of her husbands was mad with her and charged her with bigamy. He charged the other husband with bigamy, too. And they were not people who had many friends whom they could ask to give bonds for them, and so the law cast them into jail, till the time should come round when the court could find out which of the husbands was right and which was wrong.

You see, dear Miss Reader, that you must not be so dreadfully shocked till I tell you all the story. And was not it you yourself who chided me for taking too much for granted? So if I am a little long-winded now, whose fault is it? As you should know first, Mrs. Worral was once Miss Somebody,— I do not know what; Miss Smith, as you please, or Miss Brown, or maybe Miss Reader.

A truckman named Blood wooed her, and, I am sorry to say, won her. Sorry, because he was a drunken dog, and used to beat her and abuse her. She earned the money for the concern, and he drank it up; for the truck and the horses soon went for beer and whiskey; so they had a hard time of it. She had two babies, and she had to work for them and for her husband, till, in a fortunate moment, when Blood was more drunk than usual, he shipped on a long voyage.

Then there was some peace for poor Mrs. Blood and the children. And if she hoped he would stay "tradin' round" in Pacific Oceans, I do not blame her. I know plenty of husbands whom I should be glad to send there. Year in and year out of solid comfort had Mrs. Blood and the little people. And at last a good fellow came in, an old sailor friend of Blood's, and he gave to Mrs. Blood the glad news that the *Majestic* had been lost somewhere in a typhoon, and that captain and crew would never be heard of more. Ah, me! I am afraid that Mrs. Blood did not so much as buy a black ribbon. I know she did not put the children into mourning.

She just lived on. She earned her living and theirs. And they went to Mrs. Shaw's kindergarten, and then to the primary, and then to the grammar school. And things grew comfortable at home. A pretty home, with its two rooms, its nice range, and its two neat beds in the chamber. And in the evening Mrs. Blood could sit by her lamp and range and read the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE as well as you can, Miss Reader. And into this little paradise, one evening, came John Worral. He was a truckman, too,— that same man that moved your sister into Staniford Street. And he came again and again, and Mrs. Blood thought it lonely when he did not come. And he thought it lonely, evenings when she was at her sister's. And they agreed that it was a pity to have any lonely evenings, so they were happily married. And John Worral did not drink; on the contrary, as I said, he moved your sister's furniture, and anybody's furniture; he "teamed," he moved pianos or

burlaps or molasses or hemlock bark or anything there was to move. And Mrs. Worral had another baby, so that the Blood children had a doll sister, which could open eyes, shut eyes, and at last creep and walk. And things might have gone on so happily that you and I should neither have thought of them, but that, by misfortune ——

Miss Reader. That odious Blood came home!

Traveler. You are perfectly right, Miss Reader. You know when the sensation comes in; you have not read the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, and other good storytellers' work, for nothing. He did come home, like another Enoch Arden. But I think he had never read *Enoch Arden;* I think, indeed, that he could not read at all. He came home, and inquired at his old haunts if his wife were alive. And when he found she was married again he was "very mad." This is the mild form in which my informant put it. And he was so mad that he went and found counsel learned in the law, and this counsel found the prosecuting officer, and between them they arrested John Worral and Mrs. Worral, and hauled them before a magistrate, as the Scripture would say; and when the poor, frightened Worrals could not say that anybody would give bonds that they would not run away, why, they were told they must stay in jail here till the court could find out who was right and who was wrong. So here they are, and you and I have come to see them.

Miss Reader. And those nice children, and the dear open-eye, shut-eye baby?

Traveler. Never fear for them, dear Miss Reader. There is an old-fashioned institution here called the Christian Church. And that takes care that there shall be plenty of homes for babies and other children who have no fathers and mothers to care for them. So the three children are in a home, while you and I are here to see about the father and mother. Indeed, one part of our business is to tell her that the children are doing well.

I BELIEVE that even now Miss Reader and I could have bailed out poor Worral and his wife, to await their trial in the freedom of their old home. Had the old homestead existed, we would have done so. But in the hurry, not to say terror, of the whole business,— examination, court, sheriff's office, and all,— the old home had been broken up. "The range was sold!" This expresses the acme of desolation in such matters, as if one should say the altar fires were put out. As it is but two or three days more before the trial, Mrs. Worral and I determine that it is not worth while to hire a room again, and to buy a stove, until we know what the court will say. All she needs, and all Worral needs, is the "comfort" which belongs to "common force," or sympathy. You and I have given them this, dear Miss Reader, by our visit, and by telling about the children. That is what we are here for to-day; to tell them that they are not forgotten, and that, as sure as there is a God, justice shall be done. They have not done anything wrong, and they shall not be punished as if they had.

Perhaps those peppermints which you have given to the baby, while I talked with Mrs. Worral, have done as much to give the sense of good cheer which prevails when we leave the jail as any part of the transaction. The trial will be Friday or Saturday, the lawyer says.

SATURDAY has come. The case was reached on the docket, and as soon as the judge could understand it he said we were all right, and that there was no case for the prosecution. The district attorney entered a *nol pros,* and the Worrals were set free. Would you not like to contribute five dollars towards the new stove, Miss Reader?

Miss Reader. Five dollars? Why, certainly; here it is. And I am so glad you took me to jail!

Traveler. I think I should like to go to Rochester, Miss Reader. Alpha Delta Phi holds its convention there, and I am the president of Alpha Delta Phi.

Miss Reader. Certainly; let us go.

Traveler. Will you write to Mr. Chauncy Depew, and ask him to ask Mr. Vanderbilt to have a sleeping car ready at Kneeland Street, so that you and I can go to-morrow night? I see you have satin slippers on, and you might not like to soil them. Let him ask Mr. Vanderbilt for one of his best cars. I hold to the national proverb, and I like to "get the best" when I travel.

Miss Reader. Really, I do not know Mr. Depew very well. I heard him make a speech on Centennial Day. But I was never presented to him, nor he to me.

Traveler. What a pity. But here is 232 Washington Street. And here is our old friend of the Mendelssohn Club, who sings so well. He will manage it all for us with Mr. Depew and Mr. Vanderbilt. And he says we need not be anxious,— that the car shall be there.

Miss Reader. How clever! Is it because you know him, or that you know Mr. Vanderbilt?

Traveler. My child, he would do it for any intelligent traveler who was willing to come into the travelers' combine, as I am. This is what is called combination, and really, in this case, I do not know that you and I could better it.

I AM not sure but this is the very car that you and I saw them making in Pullman when we were there. Mr. Depew, Mr. Vanderbilt, Mr. Pullman, and the rest of them, have more than anticipated our wishes, and provided for us very perfectly.

And do you observe, dear Miss Reader, that we are but three travelers all together on this car, with the porter and the conductor. Somebody whom I will not name, who uses very bad words sometimes, said long ago of Mr. Vanderbilt, or of another person in the same position, that he did not "serve God for naught." In the long run, I suppose no one serves God for naught. But, taking this particular run of five hundred miles to Rochester, I doubt if the ten dollars we pay for our berths will yield much profit to anybody after wages have been paid, after the Boston and Albany Railroad has been paid, and after interest has been allowed on the money this car cost somebody. All the same, I found the car here when I chose to come here. That is worth remembering.

How fortunate that I put into my bag the *Hazard of New Fortunes!* And how fortunate that Mr. Depew has trimmed the lamps so well that we can read as if we were at home!

THE porter wakes us,— one almost says, of course, half an hour too early, so that we three have to ride, silent, grim, and hungry, in the full dress of a sleeping palace, before we arrive at Syracuse. Once arrived there, the breakfast is perfect. Mr. Depew and Mr. Vanderbilt have taken care of that. "What is this fish, waiter?" "Dat is witefish, sir."

So queerly is a dream of my youth answered. When I studied geography in my boyhood, little more was told of the peninsula of Michigan than that the lakes abounded with whitefish, which was excellent eating, and that the Indians lived on wild rice, which ripened without care. They had only to float under it in their canoes, beat it with their paddles, and it fell ready for their use.

Now, all boys are of nature Bellamyites. That is to say, they want to have enough of the best, but they want to have it with as little conventionality as is really necessary, and without more labor than need be. On the strength of those two revelations in Worcester's geography, my brother and I early resolved to go to the West to live. For my part, I had no other intent than living easily,— on whitefish and wild rice. I have learned since, what the geography did not teach me, that the whitefish should not be eaten after it has been more than ten minutes from the water. This is what they tell you on the Lake Superior boats, where they cook the fish on those conditions, and where it comes up to the best Bellamy dream of my boyhood.

As for the method of going, — we did not propose, certainly, to go in a Pullman palace; for these plans were made, say

in the year 1831. We proposed to go with our sleds in winter, so that for the long western slopes of the Alleghanies we might slide down hill, or, in the vernacular, " coast " down hill, without personal effort. Please to observe that the whole plan was based on that fallacy into which young minds are so apt to fall, which supposes that human life can be carried on without effort on the part of him who lives. I wish I had preserved what seemed to me a masterpiece of art in its time,— the drawing by my brother of the Traveler fully equipped for this expedition. He had what we called a pea-jacket on, a fur cap, a knapsack, which was to be filled with Bent's hard crackers, and a small hatchet on the knapsack. When we arrived in Michigan, the short handle of this hatchet was to be exchanged for a long one, a log cabin was to be built, and from that time till we died, we were to live on these hard crackers, on wild rice, and on the white-fish which has started these reminiscences.

And now Mr. Depew and Mr. Vanderbilt have brought me thus far on the way to Syracuse, and this black waiter brings me my whitefish from Lake Ontario. He brings me besides as much breakfast as would meet the diet scale of any ten men in any civilized army. I do not know that I dislike this, although I cannot eat a tenth part of what the man brings. As Charles used to say, " Lavishness is the essence of hospitality."

Now we are back in the car, I will answer that half-expressed wish of yours as to why we go to Alpha Delta Phi at all, and what it is. We are going to the fifty-ninth annual convention of this society. It is a society which binds together eighteen of the principal colleges of the northern states of America. It was founded in the year 1831, by Mr. Samuel Eels, in Hamilton College, in New York. The principle on which it was founded, involving the intimate acquaintance and union for good work of the best scholars of the best of colleges, is a principle so intelligible, and which speaks so readily to eager young men, that the fraternity soon became popular in the colleges, and between that time and this time new chapters have been created, and the conventions have assumed more and more dignity. As it happens, I who speak to you am at this moment the president of the united or confederate body, and we are going to Rochester that I may preside at this convention.

The University of Rochester is one of the young institutions of the country, which sprang, you may say, full-armed, into life. I think you will remember, in one of Mr. Emerson's essays, his amusing account of its birth. That account is really hardly exaggerated; I have heard old Rochester men say that it was not exaggerated at all. Mr. Emerson says in it, I remember, that the farmers of Rochester planted their peas, and had their green peas ready to eat by the first of July; and that, in quite the same way, the founders of the university planted the seeds of a university, and when the peas were ready for the Commencement dinner, the students were ready for graduation. The English of this is, I believe, that a well-considered plan had been made for transferring Madison University, which is now Colgate University, from the neighborhood of Utica to the city of Rochester. As the winter passed, so much local opposition was made to this transfer, that the people who had the nominal authority did not agree to it. But nominal authority does not go a great way in this country, and several of the professors, and most of the senior class, having made up their minds to the transfer, took the stages of that day,— pioneered, I think, by your cousin, Colonel Bissell, Miss Reader,— and arrived all together in Rochester. If I have the story rightly, they rendezvoused in the celebrated hotel which Mr. Emerson mentions in this essay of his. Of course, all the boys had lost was the time they had spent in the ride across country, and they were ready, therefore, to graduate as the first class of the University of Rochester. How much of all this is literal truth, and how much I have picked up from joking, and perhaps exaggerated conversation, I dare not say. What I can say is that the university is now

thoroughly well equipped for very manly work. The late Dr. Anderson, whom we all respected, left an admirable opportunity for his very capable successor. It is whispered, indeed, that Dr. Anderson made the suggestion to the trustees, who was the best man in the country for his successor, and that they were quite willing to take this suggestion. Anyway, here we have a college with an admirable staff, with a very intelligent and popular president, and, as anybody can see, with a very manly body of students. Then I should say, though I do not know, that it had won the cordial regard of the citizens of this rich and beautiful city, and if they choose to take it in their hands and make it their pet and pride, why, there is nothing too brilliant to be promised for such an institution.

Miss Reader had told me that she should like to see how the Fourth of July was celebrated in Boston. She intimated that at Fort Wrangel, where she had kept the center district school so long, the celebration was not conducted with much system. The fort saluted the American flag. Little work was done. Many people got drunk. And there was a considerable discharge of crackers and other small arms. She said that she supposed that in Boston, where John Adams, who invented the celebration, had sometimes lived, it would be carried through with more discretion; and that, perhaps, she could carry back to Fort Wrangel some suggestions for 1891.

I was well pleased with this suggestion. I am prolix on many subjects, perhaps on all; but on none more so than on the celebration of the Fourth of July, which in my boyhood was called "Independence Day" much more than it is now. It occurred to me that perhaps my anecdotes in regard to that celebration might interest the readers of the New England Magazine more, if they were framed with the background of 1890, than if they were dressed in the costume of 1830. A true Bostoneer generally goes out of town on the third, perhaps not to return until the first Monday in September, when his beloved public schools open. But I am a cosmopolitan for the benefit of all the readers, and would gladly "do the celebration," to give my excellent invisible friend from Fort Wrangel the benefit of the suggestions of a century, and, indeed, to entertain myself as well.

So, before Miss Reader went to bed on the evening of Thursday, I provided her with a convenient apparatus, which had been sent to me on an advertising card by that good fellow, Green Lathyrus, who sends us the bouquets for the office when we give a dinner party. It was red, white, and blue,— a red cork attached by a white cord to a blue cork,— and in this case the corks were small enough each to stop one of Miss Reader's pretty little ears. I instructed her that when she heard the first cannon cracker in the morning, she was to put these two corks in her two ears and go to sleep again. She would thus have a good appetite for the bluefish and raspberries and cream,— red, white, and blue,— and for the lyonnaises and coffee and pineapples which are appropriate to the breakfast of Fourth of July, and for the excursions which should follow. All was as the good fairy had said. Some one, boy or man, I know not, awoke in Morley Street about three, and fired off a cannon cracker which must have weighed many pounds. Miss Reader at once awoke, corked her ears, as she had been bidden, went to sleep again, sleeping the sleep of the righteous; and when, at breakfast, I gave her half a dozen roses from the garden, with the dew of Freedom on them, she was as fresh and sweet as they.

(To be Continued)

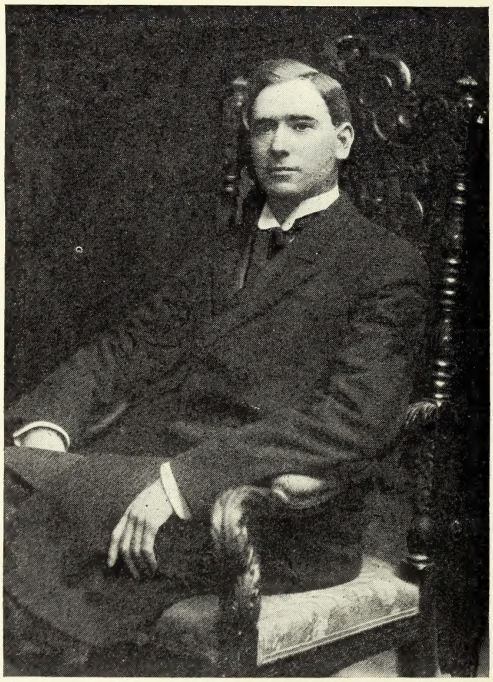
IN NEW ENGLAND

THE SMITH COLLEGE PRESIDENCY

The election of the Rev. Dr. L. M. Burton, of Brooklyn, N. Y., to the presidency of Smith College, is an event of deep interest to all New England. Smith College by this election holds to its belief that a man should administer a woman's college.

Comment has been occasioned also by the election of a clergymen at a time when this once universal practice has fallen somewhat out of fashion. The action of the authorities of Smith College is possibly only significant as showing their own purpose to adhere to their own traditions, but it certainly seems to be more widely significant. It seems to us to indicate the waning of what had almost grown to be a prejudice against clergymen for college presidencies. The existence of such a prejudice would, doubtless, be stoutly denied in quarters where it was strongest. But that such a prejudice has manifested itself in the last quarter century seems to us self-evident. Very welcome is any indication, not of a reversion to the old notion that a college presidency was a clerical office, but of a disposition to choose the man for his own personal fitness without either clerical or anti-clerical partisanship. If Dr. Burton's election is such an indication it is doubly welcome.

Of his personal fitness for his task there would seem to be abundant evidence.

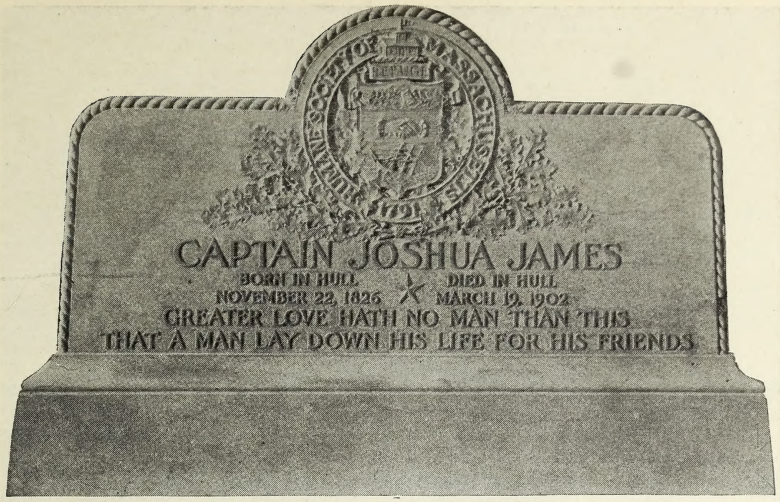


DR. L. M. BURTON, PRESIDENT-ELECT OF SMITH COLLEGE

PRESIDENT TAFT CHOOSES NEW ENGLAND

It was with genuine pleasure that the people of New England learned that President Taft had actually concluded arrangements for making his summer home among them.

While such a selection is wholly a matter of personal taste or judgment, it is not devoid of public significance. New England has not been as near to Washington in the past twenty-five years as we might desire. We look for an awakening of the interest of our people in the nation's business, for more news of national affairs in our local journals, and a perceptible broadening of local horizons. Such a result will naturally follow from a familiarity with the goings and comings of the chief executive of the nation, his personal appearance, even his family and the



MONUMENT IN PROCESS OF ERECTION BY THE MASSACHUSETTS HUMANE SOCIETY IN MEMORY OF CAPT. JOSHUA JAMES

stream of more or less important visitors for whom Beverly will for the next four years be the mecca. All this will tend to bring Washington many many miles nearer to New England.

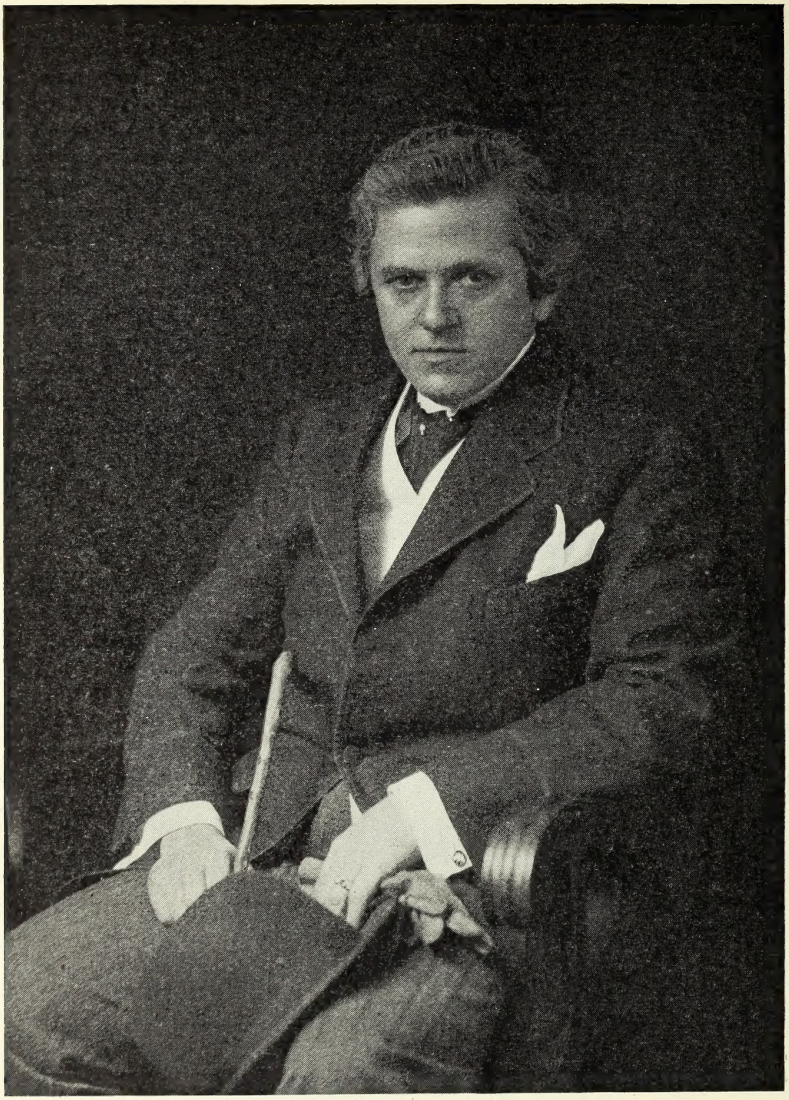
The place chosen is known as the "Stetson Place," among Beverly people. It is situated on Beverly Cove, Salem Bay. The locality affords an opportunity for almost every kind of outdoor pastime, as well as a full measure of that natural beauty which is the rich inheritance of our New England coast.

The NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE desires to unite in the general chorus of hospitable welcome.

THE "BOSTON 1915" MOVEMENT

It is now two weeks since the "Boston 1915" movement for the finest city in the world was launched at the Boston City Club. In that time the process of organization has gone rapidly forward; meetings are being arranged for conference on the features of the plan; public spirited citizens are pledging themselves to the support of the work, and the work of organizing committees to take charge of pushing the sixteen separate features of the plan is going rapidly forward. The "Boston 1915" organization has taken quarters at 20 Beacon Street, where its leaders are in daily conference with recognized experts in all departments of city activities. A series of "Group Conferences" is planned to take place in Faneuil Hall, which will gather by sections the educational, social, religious, trade, labor, transportation, medical, and charity interests of the city. "Boston 1915" has launched upon a practical career; its watchwood is to be "Sanity," and it will endeavor to determine, first, what Boston can do for civic and industrial betterment by 1915, and, second, what, with that basis determined as a starting point, Boston ought to do. Perfected organization, perfected city institutions are to make the city of Boston, in her working garb, her own "exposition" of the year 1915.

From the seriousness of Grand Opera, Boston turned with renewed zest to the excellent attractions of the past month in the local play houses.



Photograph by Sarony

DAVID WARFIELD, WHOSE APPEARANCE AT THE MAJESTIC THEATER DREW CROWDS

Notable among these were "Samson," at the Hollis Street Theater, with William Gillette in the leading part, and "Father and the Boys," at the Park, with Robert Crane in the important role of father.

The first of these productions is serious drama. It essays to portray a situation from modern Parisian life, and moves on the verge of tragedy. It is not tragedy in the classic sense, but it is tense with tragic significance nevertheless.

Mr. Gillette is strongest in the expression of conflicting emotions, doubt, and sudden transition of sentiment. His wonderful facial expression is quite sufficient even without the lines, which, in fact, are not always strong enough for the highest elocutionary effects. Is this not true of too much of our modern drama? An actor needs his lines as well as his situations and role. It is true that a good actor with a good situation and part

can do a great deal with very insignificant lines. Still, at the tensest moment, at the climax of each rising movement, the audience with bated breath awaits the spoken word, and if *this* is insufficient, the whole carefully elaborated fabric of feeling is apt to fall humiliatingly about the actor's ears.

Nevertheless, "Samson," as played by William Gillette, is a strong play. Its minor weaknesses are well covered by its strong situations and clever acting. In accomplishing this end Marie Wainright and other of the cast were of notable assistance.

"Father and the Boys" is just fun. It is one of George Ade's clever productions. In it the author discards the time-honored contrast of pathos and humor. He achieves his humorous effects without this contrast. He does not even call on tragic possibilities as a shadow for his lights, and even his villain is a very good-natured villain indeed, at least he eliminates himself with commendable promptness as soon as his further presence would spoil the fun and bring in more serious complications. Seen at the Park Theater.

Mr. Crane carries the story through to its diverting climax with perfect grip, retaining the perspective and balance of the part and bringing out the unity and movement of the story as well as the episodical effects.

The arrival of the rescue party in the office of the Goldfield hostelry, with the shout, "Stop the ceremony," reaches the very height of the ludicrous. We wish this play as presented by Mr. Crane long runs and many of them. It is pure amusement, with no discordant note.

Minnie Maddern Fiske is an artist, there is no doubt of that. But she is an artist in spite of the fact that she always has a secret from the majority of her audience — a secret as to just what words she is using to convey the meaning she succeeds in conveying.

And Salvation Nell is an unusual play — unusual and true to life. Mrs. Fiske, who can act without words, and Salvaltion Nell, whose life is a hidden book. It is a combination that draws good houses.

How much of it is the play, how much the man, was the question of those first audiences of Warfield in those first performances of "The Music Master?"

Now that the actor is so well known in other roles, it is evident that the answer is both. Warfield is always good, but he is best in "The Music Master." The public go to see him in the "Grand Army Man," applaud him and like the play, but they will go twice and three and four times to see the kindly hearted, pathetic old musician. That is why Warfield is on the eve of his fifth season of that remarkable play.

A CONCERT OF FRENCH MUSIC

A concert of French music was given April 14th in Symphony Hall, by Mlle. Jeanne Gerville-Réache and M. Charles Gilibert, both of the Manhattan Opera House, New York. Mlle. Gerville-Réache has already sung here in concert both with the Boston Symphony Orchestra and at a semi-private recital, and her singing of songs has aroused great admiration which has been greatly heightened by her admirable work in opera during the Manhattan Company's engagement at the Boston Theater. Monsieur Gilibert long ago established himself as a prime favorite with all lovers of the art of song in this vicinity. It has been some time, however, since he had been heard here in recital, and his return to the conecrt stage was warmly welcomed.

The program was divided between these two artists with Mr. Alfred de Voto, of Boston, accompanist. The program was as follows:

1. (*a*) Au bord de l'eau *Cuvillier*
   (*b*) Souvenançe *A. Messager*
   (*c*) Les Bergères et le loup
   (From the Opera "Fortunio")
   MONS. GILIBERT

2. Les Lettres de Werther *Massenet*
MLLE. GERVILLE-REACHE
3. Aria " La Jolie Fille de Perth " *Bizet*
MONS. GILIBERT
4. Still wie die Nacht *Bohm*
MLLE. GERVILLE-REACHE
5. (*a*) Petit Noël *E. Louis*
(*b*) Romance *Debussy*
(*c*) Griselidis *Massenet*
MONS. GILIBERT
6. (*a*) Chant Hindou *Bemberg*
(*b*) D'une Prison *Hahn*
MLLE. GERVILLE-REACHE
7. Duo Favorita *Donizetti*
MLLE. GERVILLE-REACHE and
MONS. GILIBERT
MR. ALFRED DE VOTO, Piano

HESS-SCHROEDER QUARTET

The last concert of the Hess-Schroeder Quartet given in Chickering Hall, on Tuesday evening, April 13th, possessed more than ordinary interest from the fact that Mr. Fiedler, the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, appeared not only as pianist, but also as composer, for he and Mr. Schroeder rendered a Sonata in E-Flat for pianoforte and violoncello which Mr. Fiedler composed a number of years ago. The Sonata has never been published and is still in manuscript. It has never before been played in this country, although Mr. Fiedler has played it in Leipsic with Julius Klengel, the noted 'cellist.

The other two numbers on the program were Haydn's Quartet in C-Major Opus 33, No. 3, and Tschaikowsky's Quartet in F-Major, Opus 22.

The success of this new organization which is now ending its first season has exceeded expectations. It has made for itself a valuable public in Boston and looks forward to next year as one of greatly increased prosperity. Its concerts during the past season have been uniformly well patronized and the work of the quartet, as must follow inevitably when four such distinguished musicians are associated together, has won warmest praise from its patrons.

TWO IMPORTANT EXHIBITIONS

THE SARGENT-BOIT WATER COLOR EXHIBIT

Whatever is to be thought of Mr. Sargent's reported announcement that he will in the future give less attention to portrait work and more to other forms of his art, it is certain that the water color drawings shown in the rooms of the Boston Art Club the first two weeks of April are to be taken very seriously. The exhibition comprised seventy-nine color drawings by Edward Darley Boit, and eighty-six by John Singer Sargent. They can scarcely be spoken of together, and yet it was instructive to see them together. Mr. Sargent is a powerful and telling draughtsman; Mr. Boit is a very subtle and delicate draughtsman. Mr. Sargent's haste to report a fleeting phase is almost feverish; Mr. Boit dwells a little more firmly upon the more constant appearances of his subject.

Mr. Boit, so far as this exhibition goes, seemed to us to be at his best in broad subjects, like his " Rue Royale, Paris, in the Rain " ; Mr. Sargent in such isolated bits as his " Boys Bathing," or that wonderful sketch entitled " Mrs. Wilfred Van Glehn." Mr. Boit finds much that can be expressed by cool and simple grays, where Mr. Sargent must have recourse to the most intense blue that his colorist can supply. Both men go forth with open and honest eyes to report the truth. They do not lisp, have no affectations, no bellicose " principles " to exploit, they play us no tricks. They are God's witnesses as to the ever-changing play of light. Such masterly drawings as Sargent's Spanish Hospital and the Spanish Soldiers, 1875, are human documents as well. One of the most completely worked out of Mr. Sargent's drawings is the Arab Stable, where, at last, we find color more subservient to sentiment. It is one of the few in the exhibition that might possibly be reproduced with

From the painting by Joaquin Sorolla

HIS MAJESTY, ALFONSO XIII, KING OF SPAIN

good effect in black and white — and yet it is not possible even in that instance to convey any adequate impression by photography of these shorthand reports on the colors of God's world.

Very, very different from these in spirit and motive — almost at the opposite pole of the painter's art, in fact — is the heroic canvas, Father Abraham, which leans against the wall of the studio of the veteran artist, Darius Cobb, where it is still receiving an occasional improving touch from his brush.

Alone on a mountain top, communing with God, the world at his feet dimly spread, and the sky rolling thunderously, the patriarch listens for but one voice, a voice that is evidently the still small voice from within, although the eye of the patriarch seems to penetrate the veil of clouds above. It is in the catching of this introspective gleam, the interpretation of the subjective side of the Hebrew faith, that picture seems to us to be particularly strong. The title of the picture might very well be generalized into that of Self Respect before God. The nobility of the gesture, the combination of deepest reverence and conscious power are expressive of all that is most grand in man's relation to God. The impersonal, representative character of this father of a nation's appeal to his God as the God of

FATHER ABRAHAM. FROM A PAINTING BY DARIUS COBB

the coming nation — the priestly intercession for the generations yet unborn, seem suggested by the mount of vision upon which the patriarch stands, and the rolling landscape, wrapped in gloom and dimly unfolded, that spreads out beneath his feet. And brooding over all this is the soul of the dreamer — that dome-like brow and glowing introspective eye.

Darius Cobb's Father Abraham is a great religious painting. We are greatly mistaken if it does not come to be taken as a type of this grand Old Testament character.

THE SOROLLA EXHIBITION

The two hundred and twenty-one paintings by Joaquín Sorolla y Bastida brought to America by the Hispanic Society of America, and exhibited in New York and Buffalo, are now on exhibition in Boston under the auspices of the Copley Society. We are showing in this issue of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE two notable examples of Sorolla's work, one as frontispiece, the other in connection with this notice. The photographs do not do justice to their originals.

Sorolla's impressionism is intelligent and controled.

It is logically addressed to the performance of that which the impressionist's technique may properly regard as its exclusive field — that truth out of the struggle to express which impressionism was born. And with this very properly goes supreme draughtsmanship. All this Sorolla's work possesses. But whence this other element, not of any technique or school, this intensity of life? Is it the warm Spanish blood, the southern temperament so different from our northern reserve? Is it *strength* or *weakness?* — a more powerful grip of life or a less powerful grip of steadying spiritual ideals? In part this intensity is attributable to the swiftness with which the fleeting impression must be caught and held; but the rest — is it the Sorolla personality or a sign of the times?

Joaquín Sorolla y Bastida is still a young man. He was born of Spanish peasant parents, February 27, 1863, and the story of his early struggles and ultimate success is very appealing. Boston, and the people of New England also, were keenly interested in the exhibition, because of the painter's nationality, and the opportunity afforded to learn thus much of the Spanish art of to-day.

AN IMPORTANT HISTORICAL ESSAY

It is one thing to collect magazine miscellany into a volume and call it a book and quite another thing to write a book and first publish it as a serial in a magazine. A serialized book is apt to make rather lugubrious magazine material; a collocation of magazine miscellany is almost certain to make a very lugubrious volume.

Mr. H. Addington Bruce in his latest book, "The Romance of American expansion," has escaped from this dilemma by a much less traveled route than either of the above. Mr. Bruce divides his material into eight separately framed pictures with one heroic figure as the center of each canvas; each new inclusion of American Sovereignty is treated as a group of facts surrounding some dominant personality: the opening of the West with Daniel Boone as star actor; the Louisiana Purchase, Thomas Jefferson in the leading role; the acquisition of Florida, starred by Andrew Jackson; the annexation of Texas by Sam Houston; the occupation of Oregon, by Thomas Hart Benton; the Alaska cession by William Henry Seward; the conquest of California, by John Charles Fremont; the acquirement of our island holdings, by William McKinley. Valuable and attractive portrait illustrations still further emphasize these picturesque figures. An index renders the information contained in the book available for ready reference, and a chapter on "hints for further reading" supplies a carefully abridged bibliography for thoughtful inquirers. The articles appeared serially in the Outlook and the book is brought out by Moffat, Yard & Co. in a dignified library volume of some two hundred and fifty pages. Let us quote one of the author's terse summaries. Of McKinley he says, "He inspired in the multitude none of the enthusiasm that had been felt for Jackson, Clay, and other national idols. But it would be hard to name another American in whom the people at large felt such abiding confidence. Men trusted in him because of his patent devotion to the highest ideals — ideals of Christian living, of domestic virtue, of public rectitude — and because of his obvious and phenomenal insight into the desires and needs of the nation."

From the mass of possible material Mr. Bruce has selected the elements of his narrative with excellent judgment, and the resulting pictures are unified in perspective, lighting, and detail, enabling us to read without effort and understandingly. This is no small achievement. He holds our interest and we turn from his pages with clear ideas of the subject that he has been treating.

Within its self-appointed limitations the book is admirable — an agreeable refreshment of our memory of American

history with no small additions to our knowledge of important epochs. Mr. Bruce has added something to that slowest of all accretions, the sum of good reading.

SOMETHING NEW IN NATURE BOOKS

We extend a hearty welcome to a clever piece of book-making, "In American Fields and Forests," by Houghton, Mifflin Company, with illustrations from photographs by Herbert W. Gleason. The preface describes the book succinctly. "This book is a collection of representative sketches by six of the most eminent American writers on nature. It has been compiled with a view to giving the greatest possible variety in subject, treatment, and locality, as well as in the point of view." This is one of the books that you will wish to leave on the reading table of your summer home. Its daily perusal will keep you in tune with the outdoor world — that great republic in which we are but just beginning to learn our fellow-citizenship with lichens, wake-robins, salamanders, and rodents.

The six writers represented are Henry D. Thoreau, John Burroughs, John Muir, Bradford Torrey, Dallas Lore Sharp, and Olive Thorne Miller, and the quotations are from eleven volumes — making it about a ten per cent dilution. The book is artistically printed and embellished with seven photogravure illustrations.

This is one of the first formal recognitions of "nature" writing as a modern literary movement, although it avoids the appearance of so academic an intention by the omission of anything like an essay on the movement itself, critical estimates or biographical notices of the writers represented. Probably the average reader will be pleased with the fact of these omissions, although we believe that the inclusion of such elements would have enhanced the value of the book. But why speak of possible inclusions when such a book is only possible at all on the basis of its omissions?

VERMONT IN HISTORICAL FICTION

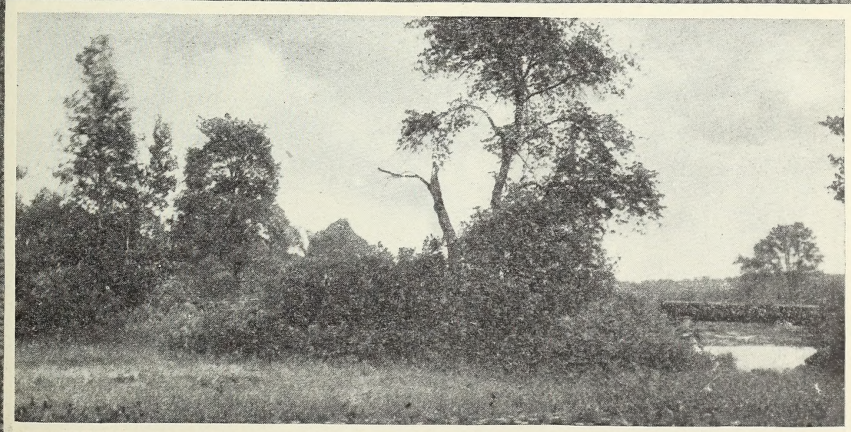
A special Vermont edition of Theodora Peck's romance of old Bennington, Hester of the Grants, has been brought out by Hobart J. Shanley & Co., of Burlington. Twenty-four full-page illustrations embellish this attractive volume, making it one of the most handsomely gotten out volumes of the season.

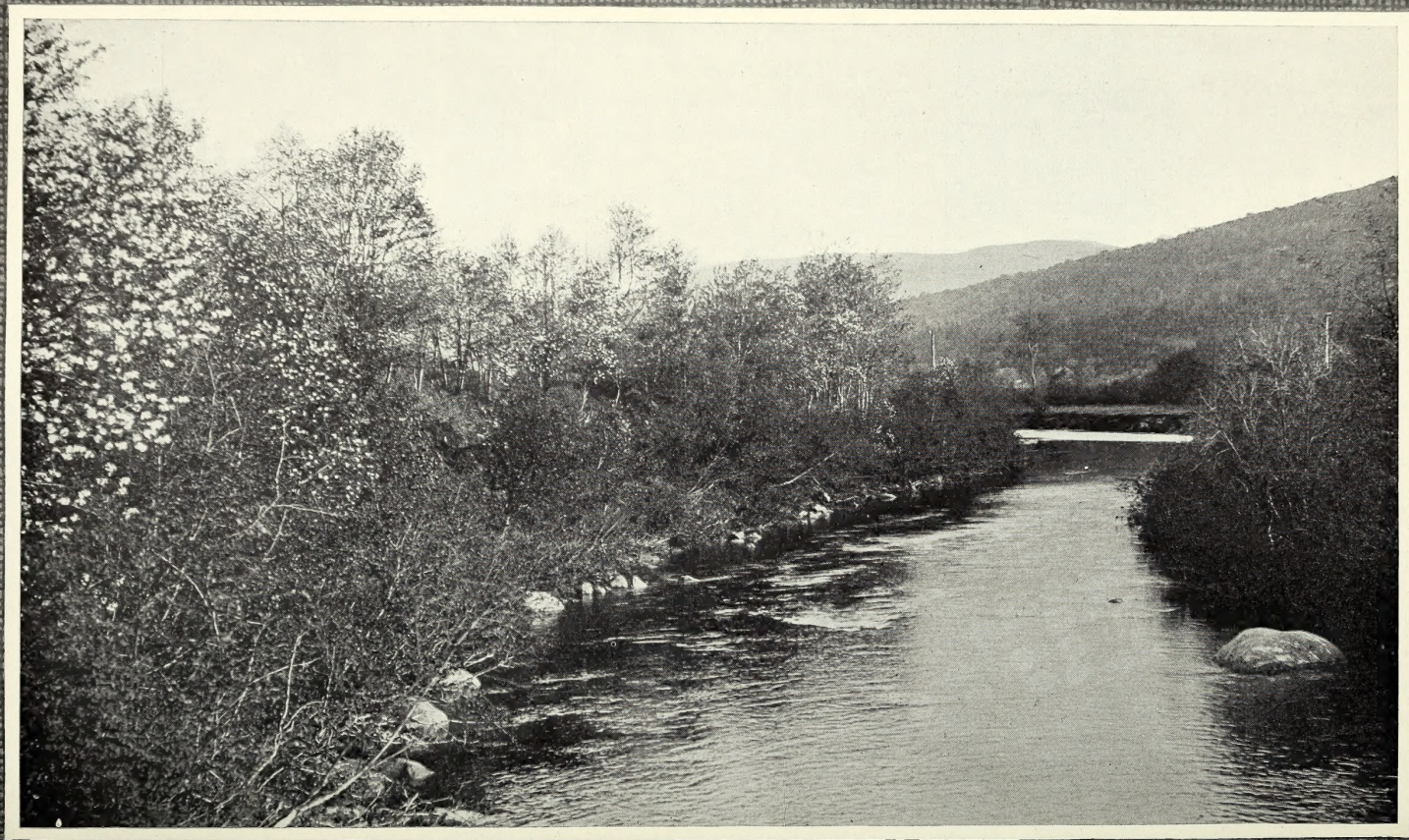
These illustrations depict the historic shrines of that section of the Green Mountain State. They are not only intrinsically interesting, but lend an additional touch of realism to the love and war romance of the days of the revolution with which the most youthful and one of the most promising of our writers of fiction was but recently introduced to the reading public.

All of the elements of good fiction are present in Miss Peck's work, differentiation of characters, dramatic situations, and that "plot" or elaboration and continuity of narrative that gives the sense of action, of moving life. One who can do these essential things so well will be able to achieve mastery of those lesser matters of technique in which the book is less perfect — in that impression of realism, for example, which can only come from long study and minute observation. But Miss Peck is a very young writer. The world in which she lives is a very beautiful one. She will be led more and more deeply into it and be able to tell us something more about it than that "At the summit of the hill a little spring, bubbling from a cleft rock by the roadside, made a tempting silvery basin in the hollow of a log," or that "His figure was tall and strongly knit." That same spring will murmur a more cosmic music and that hollow log send forth the mossy odors of a vaster antiquity, while that figure, tall and strongly knit, will have tricks and turns of its own, some of which it has brought with it from babyhood, and some of which it has acquired in its conflicts with the world.

If Miss Peck does not develop the power to bring this deeper, more significant world before us, we shall be greatly surprised. Her succeeding volumes are to be watched for, and, in the "Hester of the Grants" is to be read with much more than a passing interest.

Beautiful New England



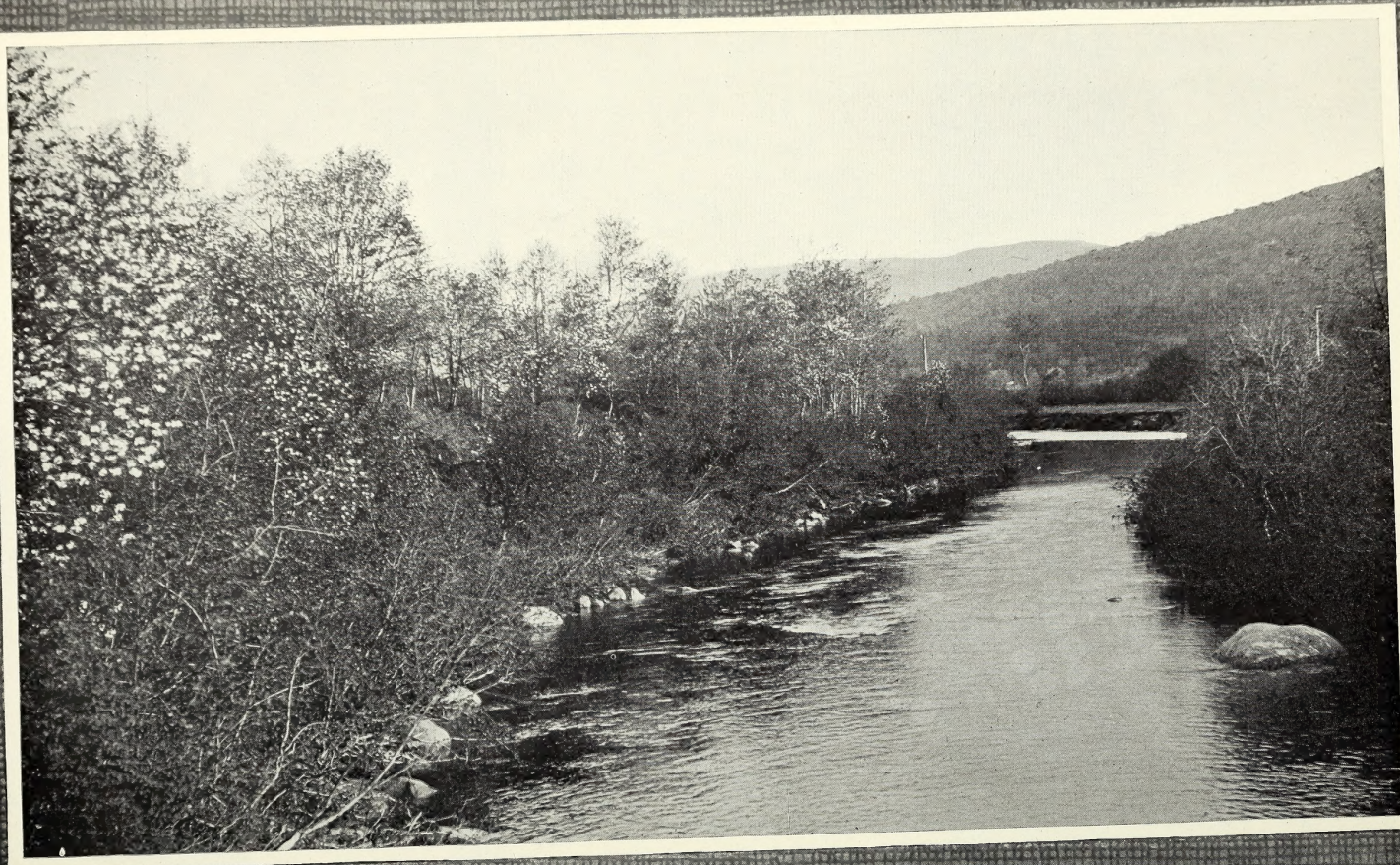


Photograph by Lamson Nature Print

SHAD BLOOMS, ONE OF NEW ENGLAND'S FLORAL GLORIES

hotograph by E. M. Astle

A TYPICAL NEW ENGLAND POND



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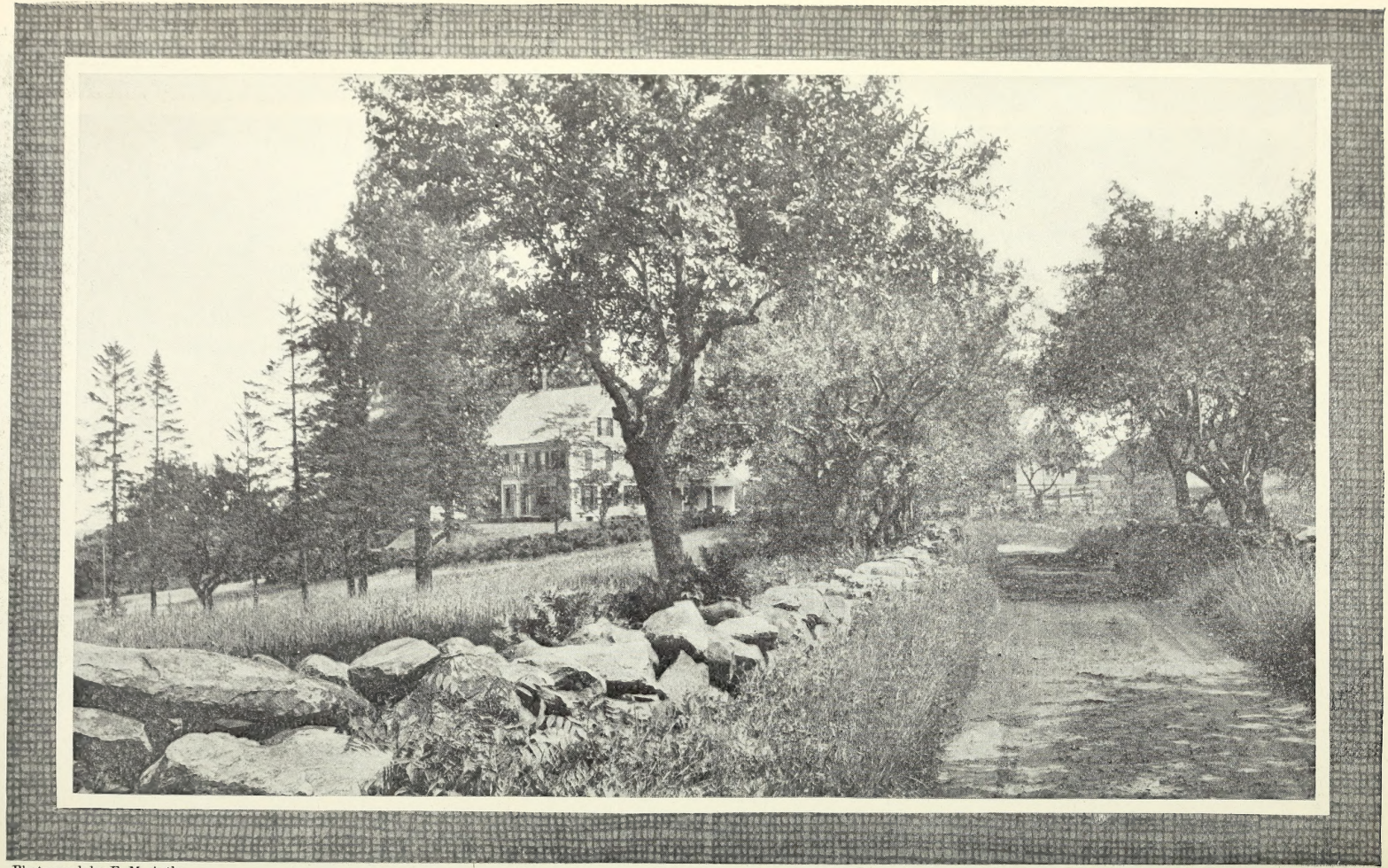


Photograph by E. M. Astle

GRANDFATHER'S LANE

Photograph by E. M. Astle

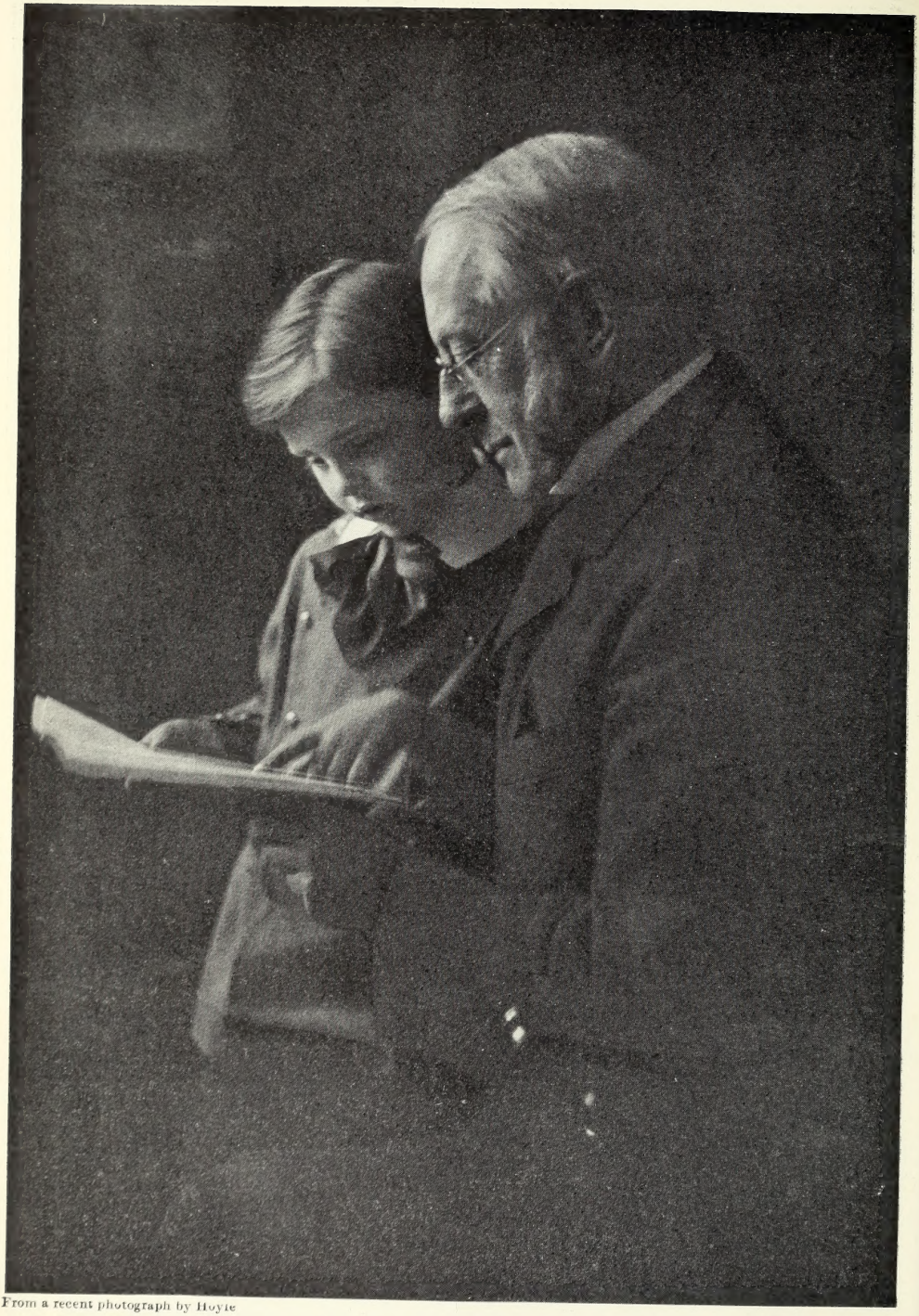
BIRCH POND, LYNN WOODS

Photograph by E. M. Astle

THE CLUSTERING MASSES OF THE JO-PYE WEED

Photograph by E. M. Aslee

THE OLD NORTH BRIDGE, CONCORD



From a recent photograph by Hoyle

MR. ELIOT AND HIS GRANDSON

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

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MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT

By CHARLES W. ELIOT

[*This article, revised for publication in the New England Magazine by Mr. Eliot, was originally delivered as an address before the Economic Club of Boston, January, 1907, and its allusions are to be referred to that date and occasion. In its present form it supplies, we believe, a fresh and invaluable contribution to the subject.—Editor.*]

THERE is the keenest interest in municipal reform in all the intelligent communities which have suffered, or believe they have suffered, from municipal misrule; and the number of those communities is very large in our country.

In the first place, we all want, it seems to me — and I say this of all the communities where I have the privilege of discussing the question of municipal reform — to keep as close to the experience of American communities as we can. We do not desire to go off into violent experiments on city government. We want to be guided by the experience acquired by American communities already, since that experience covers many of the points which must be under discussion whenever we aim at municipal reform. For instance, the experience of American cities which have within recent years procured new charters, has already demonstrated the superiority of one-chamber government to two-chamber government. That proposition we may assume, particularly in Massachusetts, where so many cities have had good experience — a universally favorable experience — of one-chamber government. It does not follow from this statement that all the one-chamber governments have been good; but it does follow that they have been better than the two-chamber in the same localities. Secondly, I believe that experience has demonstrated to our reasonable satisfaction that all the experiments of putting the government of cities into the hands of one man have failed. I cannot find a single case in which the government of a city by an omnipotent mayor has succeeded. I cannot find a single case in which it has prevented the commonest and most objectionable forms of corruption and thieving. The one-man power in the hands of a mayor has failed already in the United States as a remedy for municipal inefficiency and municipal dishonesty. It is not sufficient that you be able to put your finger on one man and say to him, "You are responsible for this evil." You cannot get municipal reform in that way. No man can really manage alone the extensive and diversified work of a great city; he cannot be justly held responsible for work beyond his physical and mental powers. He must have in order to secure efficiency

and honesty, both honest colleagues and expert subordinates.

Again it has been demonstrated over and over again in this country that ward elections will not give us what we want — capable, honest, municipal administrators. There is only one voice on that subject in our country, and the voice shouts that the election of municipal officers by wards or districts is unsuccessful. The reasons are twofold. In the first place, when you imagine a small group of electors electing a man to represent a ward interest you are attributing a wrong or petty motive to the electors. You cannot get any real business of a city done now on the principle of ward representation, or of local interest as defined by ward. To defend petty interests of that sort petty men will be elected; and the great affairs of a city cannot be entrusted to men selected with such an object. Imagine providing a ward with a water supply, or good lights in the streets, or fresh air or a good sewerage system. It is absolutely impossible to conduct those great businesses — for they are great businesses — on ward principles or on district principles. We found it absolutely impossible to get adequate sewers, water supply, and parks for the city of Boston unless we took into consideration the interests of the surrounding communities. The best work which has been done for Boston has been done by combining thirty or more communities together for a common task; and the very notion that the ward has local interests distinct from city interests is false from the start. I say, therefore, that the ward method of organizing a city government has failed and deserved to fail. Now to recapitulate. As results of experience, we have got rid or should have got rid of two-chamber governments, of the one autocratic mayor and of the method of ward election. The experience of Boston itself teaches all three lessons.

Boston also illustrates the next principle which the experience of American cities during the last few years inclines us to believe in — namely, the probability of securing capacity and honesty in a small board elected at large. The new Boston School Committee is a first-rate case in point — few in number, all elected at large, and selected, as experience shows, with reference to capacity, honesty, and public spirit. We are about to demonstrate anew the advantages of that method in the ensuing election.

Such being the teaching of experience, what remains to be studied, to be observed, and to be made the subject of experiment? In the course of the discussions to which I have listened during the last three years, often and often I have heard it said by experienced men — men experienced in municipal government, in state government, in the national government — that all these discussions about forms of government in cities are in vain. The real question is — can universal suffrage select and elect competent and honest officials to manage municipal affairs? You come down at last to the question what universal suffrage is capable of doing. What is the answer to this statement? Universal suffrage, as a matter of experience, has failed in all the large American cities, including Boston of late.

It is an actual failure of universal suffrage that confronts us. What is the remedy then? Well, some persons propose modifications of universal suffrage. An increase, for instance, of the proportional number of tax-paying voters by giving the suffrage in Boston to people who own real property within the limits of the city, but do not reside within those limits. That is one of the favorite proposals of those who believe that universal suffrage cannot be trusted to produce, elect, and put into power competent and honest men. Various other suggestions for modifying the suffrage have been made by men who at bottom believe that universal suffrage not only has failed, but in the nature of things must fail.

I do not accept this doctrine at all. I inquire, How can we give universal suffrage a better chance to select and elect competent and honest city officials? When we encounter a difficulty in the administration of free government, let us seek a remedy which is not inconsistent with the fundamental principles of our government. We all admit that universal suffrage is the foundation of our govern-

ments — of government municipal, state, and national. We believe that universal suffrage is an immensely strong educative force; and on the whole we do not propose to abandon these beliefs. For the evil conditions of municipal government we should first try remedies which are consistent with the maintenance of universal suffrage. The experience of the world — of other nations — will suggest many experiments upon the suffrage, when we have demonstrated — as we have not done yet — that universal suffrage cannot provide pure municipal government. Now, appealing again to experience, there is a group of American cities which have been trying experiments on giving universal suffrage a better chance to succeed. Is it not wise for us in Boston to carefully examine that experience to see on what principles the new experiments rest, and to consider whether it were not wise for Boston to adopt similar experiments on helping universal suffrage to an honest and competent administration.

What are these recent experiences in other American cities? They are all of one kind: First, a great reduction in the number of persons to be elected to constitute and conduct the government. Now, is not that itself a promising aid for universal suffrage? Recall what we all of us go through at each of our elections. We are presented with a ballot containing anywhere from twenty to fifty names. At the very last election in Cambridge I was presented with a ballot that contained over thirty names, and among those names there were only four or five persons of whom I had ever heard in my life. What was my resort? I just voted for all the Republicans; and I felt mortified. We shall never give universal suffrage a fair chance until we get rid of such intolerable conditions for the voter. Universal suffrage is asked to perform a function which it is totally incompetent to perform, and which the most intelligent of the voters absolutely fail to perform. I am told that the recent ballots in the city of New York contained many more than sixty names. Recent experiences in general elections at Galveston, Houston, and Des Moines, and in school committee elections at St. Louis, Indianapolis, Rochester, and Boston, demonstrate that universal suffrage has a fair chance when called on to vote for five men instead of thirty or sixty. When a voter is called upon to decide that he prefers these five men to those five men, he has a task before him which he can perform, and can perform well.

That is the hopeful direction for efforts to help universal suffrage to get a worthy result. What we want to do is to give the voters a good chance to make an intelligent selection of agents. Is it not clear that the voter can say to himself, " These are five men whom I prefer; these are the five men whom I have heard about as competent, able men of business, and men of affairs; these are the five men I know must be competent, because they have succeeded in their own affairs, in their own business; these are the men who I believe have the character and the intelligence to serve the city well?"

Then the experiences of the cities I have just named have resulted in another constructive step. They have all of them abandoned the omnipotent mayor. Several of them do not give the mayor a veto. The cities are copying here the administration of all the successful great corporations. Our great industrial corporations are not administered by one man. There is a great deal of private family or small firm business which is administered, or may be said to be administered, by one man. But city business and great corporation business have outgrown such limits. Take a great railroad, for instance, like the Pennsylvania. It is not administered by one man. It is administered by a small group of men — the president and the vice-presidents who employ experts for all their subordinate divisions. Even in a great army it is not one man who makes the most important determinations — not at least until he has consulted his staff and his corps commanders. Who was it that decided that the army of the Potomac should not attack General Lee as he retreated from Gettysburg towards the river? Not General Meade. It was the majority of the council of generals that determined that Lee should not be attacked. Six

men voted against it, and only three voted for it, and those were the three who would have had the least to do with an attack on General Lee. That was not to their discredit. One of the three was a general of cavalry, and cavalry can perform but a very moderate function in pitched battles like that of Gettysburg.

Even in military affairs it is oftenest the voice of a council of generals that guides the one man that is ultimately responsible.

I have heard myself referred to a good many times within the last month as having done many things for Harvard University by my single might. The university's business perfectly illustrates what I mean by group work. It has not been one man that has done this work; all along it has been a group, or groups, of men led or stimulated by one man; but always the effective force, the real power has been group efficiency and zeal. It must be just so in municipal government; and the experience of a dozen American cities within the last eight years illustrates the success of the small group method. Do not put power into one man's hands; put it into the hands of a group. That group will have a leader, if universal suffrage succeeds in picking out the best man for mayor; although I am not sure that it would be best for universal suffrage to designate which one of the five should be mayor. That is a point of some doubt. It might be better to do what they often do in England and Germany — to leave the council, the five men, to determine themselves who shall be their leader. Elect a group and not one man. That group will know that they sink or swim together, which is an enormous advantage from the start. The business of a great city is now too vast and too complex to be managed by one man. It is necessary to divide the city business into several groups of departments with an elected head for each group.

That is just what they have done in Galveston, Houston, and Des Moines, and are now doing in Chelsea, Haverhill, Gloucester. I appeal to the recent experience of Massachusetts. The last legislature gave three new charters to Massachusetts cities. The first resembled the Galveston charter — a catastrophe charter — and therefore it provided at the start for the appointment of five men, with provision for the gradual conversion of this appointed board of control into an elected board of control. In Haverhill and Gloucester they have elected commissions, elected at large.

These I believe to be the principles toward which the recent experience of American cities guides us. Part of this experience leads to negatives — no ward election, and no one-man power; but most of it is of affirmative nature — have one chamber, elect a group of five men, and give universal suffrage every possible help in the selection and election of pure, competent, efficient municipal governors.

Let me dwell for a moment more on the kind of man that is needed for the conduct of municipal business. We have seen in many cities of our country men elected to municipal office who have had no valuable experience in the conduct of their own business, or indeed in the conduct of any business. Over and over again men have been put in charge of this great and complicated city business who had never given the slightest evidence that they were competent to administer any large affairs, not to speak of evidence that they were honest men. Everything is going to depend on the kind of men that under better conditions universal suffrage will select. What kind of men? Men that have proved their capacity in their own affairs; that have kept a store, or run a machine shop or been successful lawyers or physicians — men who have done anything among the higher parts of human service with success, efficiency, and honor. That is the only kind of men that will answer for city government in these days.

What is the chance that universal suffrage under fair conditions will select competent men? It is difficult to estimate that chance. My opinion is that we ought to find out by experiment whether universal suffrage will select competent men. Election at large is indispensable to that result, and the diminution of the number of persons to be elected is also indispensable. But then there is another risk to be run. Will

competent and honest Americans take the job? So many times have I heard expressed an utter scepticism on this point. Granted that universal suffrage would prefer to select competent and honest men, will such men serve? Now, I believe they will, and I appeal to educational experience to show that they will. Look at the administrations of the colleges and universities of this country. Look at the administration of innumerable corporations for charitable and educational objects. Look at the service which Massachusetts has had from its state commissions within the last twenty-five years — admirable service, no better ever rendered. Indeed, I should maintain that the efficient, honest American citizen had already demonstrated that he would accept an honorable service to which he was chosen by his fellow citizens, given such conditions that he thought he could do some good work for his town or city. That is what the right sort of American wants — he wants to see that he has a chance to be serviceable in an honorable way. That is the reason why the reformed school committees all over our country are being so well manned. The men elected saw a chance to serve their city honorably and well; and they took that chance, often abandoning their private business in large measure.

Part of that good chance is a reasonably long tenure during which to work; and accordingly the new charters lengthen the tenures of city governors, or in other words, lengthen the period of service of the individual in the city government. There also the experience of educational and charitable corporations is to be relied on. They give a long tenure; and there is nothing a competent and public-spirited American likes better than that indispensable condition of effective service. Accordingly, the new charters unanimously lengthen the terms of service. For instance, every member of the school committee at St. Louis serves six years and is eligible for re-election. Each member of the Boston school committee serves three years. Many of the new charters provide for the election of experts to conduct the different departments of city business for a long term. Here we are approaching, though not equaling, German methods in the same field. When Berlin wants a mayor, the council, elected by a very limited suffrage, is empowered to make a contract with a new mayor. They look all over the kingdom for a mayor of some smaller city who has distinguished himself for capacity and power. Then they make with him a twelve years' contract. At the end of that time they are at liberty to re-elect him for a similar term if he so chooses; but if he does not, or they do not see fit to re-elect him, then he is entitled to a pension for life, having served twelve years as mayor of Berlin.

Now, we have not arrived there yet, but the sooner we get there the better, because that method means that the Germans regard a city mayor as a scientific expert to be hired on the most favorable terms possible, that is on terms attractive to the best men. We have not yet reached that sensible view of public administration, though we are on the way to it; but, for the present, may we not rest in the assurance that if the conditions of the public service are made reasonably promising in the eyes of business men, who are also public spirited, that good men and true will accept municipal service? I rest there completely. I believe that will be the result.

"Whatever benefit has been acquired is likely to be retained, for it consists mainly in the acquisition of more enlightened ideas."

— From Daniel Webster's oration on the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument, June 17, 1825.

SCENE FROM "THE MID-SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," AS PRESENTED BY WELLESLEY COLLEGE STUDENTS ON THE COLLEGE GROUNDS

The Modern Stage Decadent

By ZITELLA COCKE

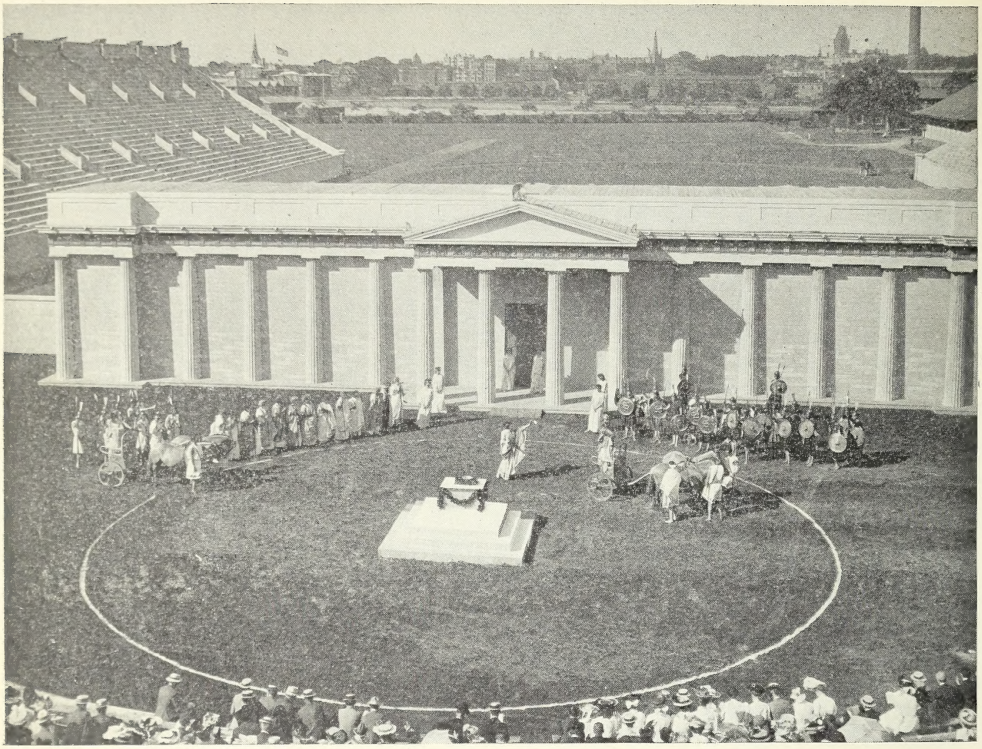
THE rebound from action is utterance. The bard sings after the deed is done — after the victory is achieved, and failure, like success, demands its bard and its song of woe. No nation ever rose to power or greatness which did not sing its song of joy and triumph — no nation ever suffered defeat or dismemberment which did not utter its wail. The poet is the voice of his age, and utters in song of gladness or sorrow what his age gives him,— and more, many a tone, many a melody, many a prophecy which the age does not give him, because the age has not recognized it.

It is the poet who hears whispers of doom and judgment, who sees the things eternal in the things temporal, who apprehends the meaning and the lesson of passing events — aye, who discovers the actions and the works of men, the hand and the mind of the gods.

There is no grander utterance or embodiment of the soul's conflicts and action, of the moral nature of human activity, of the subtle workings of thought, passion, and emotion, than the drama. Nowhere, not even in the sublimest epic, is the hope, the yearning, the discontent and the questioning of the soul of man set forth in such living reality as in the drama. The stage is, in sooth, a pulpit from which men of the past speak to the men of the present, and the drama is, as John Milton said, the noblest preaching, without sermonizing, on the most momentous truths. It is, or should be, the court, where iniquitous dealing is brought into the judgment presence of right,— where stern retribution follows vice and crime,— where stands revealed the eternal truth that men kindle upon their own hearthstones, the fires of their punishment.

It is hardly necessary to go into the history of Greek drama to realize that this idea was the inspiration of all the poets of Greece. Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides gave this utterance as with one voice, and the Greek people heard it gladly as the voice of truth. Hence, it was not without reason that Pericles enacted a law which required the state to provide for its poorest citizens the cost of admission to the theater. Intellectual and moral strength was furnished by the theater as physical strength was obtained in the national games. Both promoted the public weal, and an audience of thirty thousand persons who not unfrequently listened to the dramas of Æschylus certainly included not a few who were able to learn, criticize, and inwardly digest the truths set forth in the actions of men and the gods. The reward of virtue and the punishment of crime through the object teaching of the theater became familiar lessons to the Athenians, whose artistic sense was quick and accurate in the perception of poetic justice. All crimes against right had their Furies,— their Eumenides, and with the certainty of doom, these avenging and relentless daughters pursued the criminal to confession and atonement. Again, the dramatic use of the myth honored and nourished the pride of the nation, and in the praise of old heroes was created the stuff of which new heroes were made, and thus it was that through the drama Athens and institutions like the Areopagus, with all the tribes and clans of Greece, were lifted into nobleness.

Nor were the great minds and thinkers of Elizabethan England insensible to the influence which possessed and controlled the thought of Greece. In the Elizabethan tragedy, as well as in the ancient drama the poets had a repertoire of great antiquity, and this repertoire



STAGE OF GREEK THEATER AND SCENE FROM "AGAMEMNON," AS PRESENTED BY STUDENTS OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY

presented some remarkable similarities. The legends of Œdipus and Macbeth, of Orestes and Hamlet, of the sons of Œdipus and the daughters of King Lear, have their points of resemblance, but are all tinged by the spirit of the age and the individual point of view of the poet, yet each drama is the manifestation of the invisible mind of man. As Paley says, it is the mirror in which, while we think we are looking at others, we unexpectedly see ourselves reflected. Here, then, is the "*raison d'être*" of the drama. It is at the same time our teacher, our censor, and our benefactor.

This holding then, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature evidently was not always a mere amusement, or considered so by the thousands of spectators who believed attendance upon dramatic performance a religious duty. In the specious times of Queen Elizabeth opportunity was reaching out her hands on every side and no voice called louder or more insistently to action and to virtue than the voice of the drama. The glory of the age was its dramatic utterance, the sudden creation of a new world of thought and imagination, bodying forth the form of things. Even the authors and poets who wrote in the early dawn of English literature — the pre-Shakespearian writers, did not lose sight of the true purpose and significance of the drama, and wrought with the same intent which actuated Hamlet, when he said:

"The play's the thing wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king, foretelling in their less effulgent rays the rise of that splendid sun which was to fill the world of literature with light and life."

Why is it, then, we may ask honestly, should the twentieth century be so unappreciative or so ignorant of the true meaning and purpose of the drama? Perhaps we might more pertinently ask, why should the age be so indifferent to the plays which are presented to the

people? Without presuming to assert that bad plays — bad both from a literary and moral standpoint — are demanded; let us be more polite and ask why the best plays are not required? Whose fault is it that we now rarely have a clean, wholesome, and interesting play? We are told every day that the manager must give what the people want. Whatever may be his ability, his taste, his power to command and to control talent, with every possible accessory of position and wealth, he must please the people, and if he sets before the public plays of questionable and even indecent character, he does so because these are the plays the people want. We are all of us familiar with the old proverb, "Like priest, like people," and it may not be altogether illogical to follow in this instance the line of analogy and argue that the people become very much what these high priests of theatrical performance make them. The public does insist upon being amused or entertained, as is often said, and the experience of all time teaches us the truth of the poet's words:

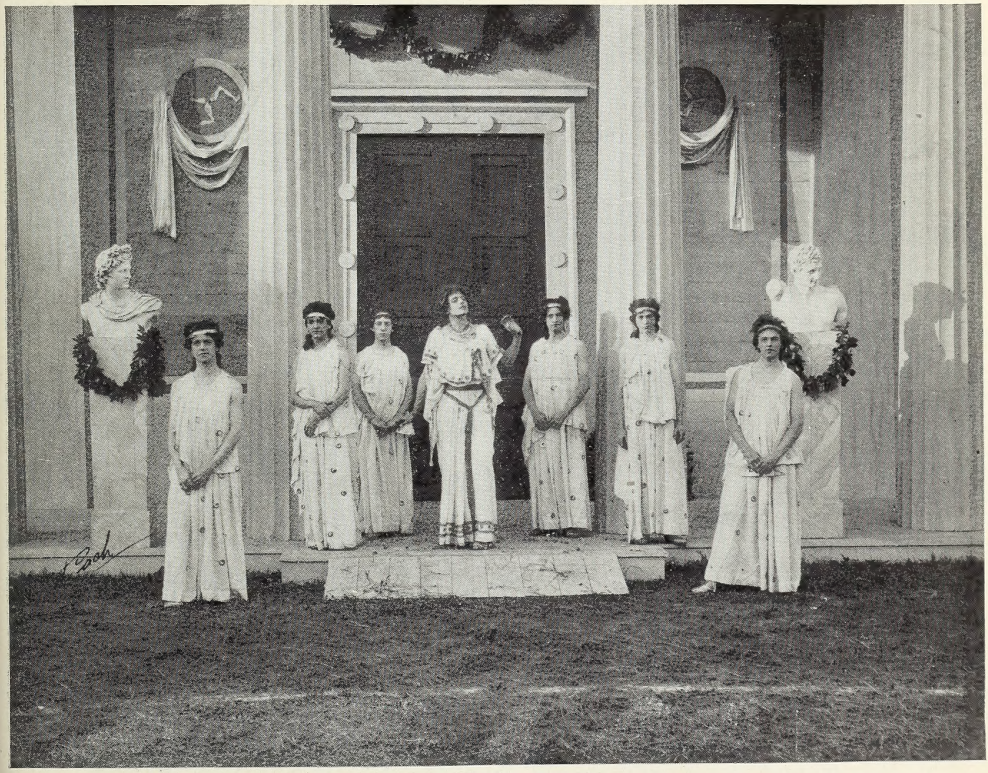
> "Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
> That to be hated needs but to be seen,
> Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

And just as true are the words of an earlier poet:

> "For truth has such a face and such a mien,
> As to be loved needs only to be seen."

Is it not true that the refined and educated public, the good people and the nice people as we are wont to call them, enjoy and desire a clean play, a wholesome entertainment, which, while it amuses and recreates, may point a moral as well as adorn a tale.

This is indisputably true, notwithstanding the repeated assertion on the



THE ENTRANCE OF CLYTEMNESTRA, FROM "AGAMEMNON," AS PRESENTED IN THE STADIUM, CAMBRIDGE

part of play managers and playwrights also, that the public does not attend a place of amusement for the purpose of listening to a sermon, or of being preached to on any subject. But unfortunately, for this argument the public is preached to in some sort. If it is not the preaching of good, it is the preaching of bad. As John Milton insisted, the stage is a pulpit. The great congregation of hearers and beholders are there to hear and to see, and the actor is a preacher as forceful and influential as he has the desire and ability to be.

It requires no Solomon of wisdom or penetration — no extraordinary sagacity to discover how quickly and cordially the American public responds to the true and the good and the beautiful, which is presented to it. With what enthusiasm and appreciation did the American public welcome Terry and Irving! Aye, with what eager attention and with what discrimination were the performances of this truly great actress and great actor studied! It was a notable fact, which argued well for the future of the republic, that her students, young men and young women, carefully and diligently conned the plays which these two celebrities presented, and not a few denied themselves luxuries in the way of edibles and apparel, that they might have the means wherewith to see and hear that which promoted the education of good taste, and which at the same time ministered to the development of moral and intellectual perception.

He does not know history rightly who fails to perceive that the poet and dramatist, and in a subordinate sense the actor, captures the sentiment and conviction of the public rather than the historian. Nor is the dramatist always to be censured. He is frequently obliged to depart in some respects from historical accuracy. He is often compelled to bring events into closer juxtaposition than is warranted by facts of the case, in order to represent them dramatically, and he must perforce paint the lights and shades of his "dramatis personæ" with a very strong and even pronounced touch, if they are to be properly exhibited in the short space of time which is available. This painting of character may be said to be the literary equivalent for that glare of the footlights which compels actors and actresses to "make up" in stage technicality, their faces in order that they may look their parts. While poetic license justifies this work of the dramatist, it cannot justify, nor can anything justify a gross misrepresentation of facts. The animus, the spirit, the purpose, and we may say the "morale," to use a French word which is comprehensive, is in the hands of the dramatist, and the educated, thoughtful, and sincere playgoer will not leave the true historian, but will revise and readjust facts by a more accurate measurement than the dramatist can give.

More truth than poetry, we hear people say every day, and the same people believe the poetry. It has entered into their hearts and taken imagination and conviction captive. It holds them by a spell infinitely more compelling and more enduring than a mathematical demonstration could produce, upon the same principle that the songs of a nation control it more than its laws. What today is the estimate of the character of Richard III, in the minds, not only of the English-speaking peoples, but of all nations which have studied Shakespeare? Is it not what the greatest dramatist of all time has depicted?

What is the conception of the character and personality of Mary, Queen of Scots but that which the German poet has presented? It may be that Schiller himself believed her capable and perhaps guilty of the intrigue and infidelities ascribed to her by the historian and the unanswerable logic of events. The web of circumstantial evidence enwraps and entangles her, but the poet had opportunity for a creation of genius in the portrayal of the sorrows of a beautiful and persecuted queen, and there is no more striking instance of the power of art to influence the popular mind than the Maria Stuart of Schiller. How many persons in the large audiences who saw and heard Ristori or Modjeska in their wonderful impersonations of the hapless Queen of Scots recalled to mind the sufferings of a more unfortunate and more

innocent captive — a young girl of fifteen years — the Princess Elizabeth, imprisoned in the tower by order of her sister Mary!

Such is the province, prerogative, and power of dramatic art. It is not law only which makes the worse appear the better reason, and the poet, the artist, and the actor has quite as much to answer for as the lawyer.

But, on every hand now, we hear the same woeful pronouncement, "The stage has fallen on evil days." In an age when men should be better able to see and better able to choose the good they not only prefer the evil but demand it. It is said that the plays which were a success in New York during the season which has just passed were the so denominated questionable plays. A young actress of no mean reputation declares that she was without an engagement the whole season because she declined to accept parts in plays which both conscience and good taste were compelled to discountenance. Again we hear the complaint which we must confess seems somewhat unwarrantable, that good plays are frequent enough, but the difficulty lies in the want of good actors. Mummers abound but actors are few, remarked a recognized critic. In this, as in many other arguments, the truth, doubtless, lies between the two statements, in that happy mean which generally proves a safeguard from error. Yet, it cannot be denied that the situation even in America is in its potentialities becoming a decidedly serious one. When a mayor of a city like Boston must in all honesty and fidelity to his trust forbid the performance of the opera Salome, ought not the music-loving and art-loving citizens realize that it is time to call a halt — to take matters in their own hands and withhold patronage from plays musical or otherwise, which a conscientious and discriminating authority sees fit to condemn?

SCENE FROM "TWELFTH NIGHT"

What if the mayor had not entered his protest? Would the fair matrons and maidens of the " Hub " have given their sanction to this prostitution of art by occupying the best and most conspicuous seats? Can we conscientiously declare that the ladies and gentlemen of Boston would have disdained to give their countenance and support to this opera? We trow not. But the music is so beautiful, they say. Not half so beautiful as Beethoven's music, which can be heard at half the cost, and, alas, there are those even in Boston who sit wearily and impatiently during the performance by one of the best orchestras in the world, of symphonies which are the most honored treasures of art, and the highest sources of musical inspiration. It could hardly be gainsaid that those who attend such performances find quite as much delight in seeing as in hearing, and a false tone in vocalization or dissonance in instrumental or orchestral accompaniment would not very seriously interfere with their enjoyment of the scene — it is not the music, but the spectacle which invites and charms. It is said that in the ancient orgies madness at some time or other surely seized the votaries of Bacchus. The love of the spectacular has become a sort of delirium among a certain class of theatergoers, who neither reason nor consider to what their steps are tending. Many modern performances are mere parades, and the mind of the common people is being educated to the appreciation of scenic effects, and the drama which appealed so powerfully, and with such glorious results to the Greeks and the Elizabethans is to them a dead letter, absolutely without meaning. The cat refuses to see the queen, the mouse under the chair it craves and will have.

That reform must come after a while we may hope, and indeed it is inevitable. How it shall come is not easy to determine, but this case may prove the exception, where the change which inaugurates a reform shall begin with the highest rather than with the lowest classes of society. The reform, of course, argues a knowledge of the cause which has produced the evil, and we strike a catholic note when we say that the prime causes of the decadence of the stage at the present time are materialism and commercialism.

(To be concluded)

THE AWAKENING

By WILLIAM F. McCORMACK

Oft when the night is deep,
And black the window pane,
I've heard the wind in sad crescendoes sweep,
And the harping of the rain.

Wild are the streets, I know,
Where cold lamps fade and bloom,
And on the pavements drenched their phantoms throw,
While all the world is gloom.

And with a rosary
Of thoughts and fears forlorn,
I muse myself to sleep and wake to see —
The glories of the morn.

So when grim sorrows shake
The soul, and hope is gone,
Ah, may I close my eyes on them and wake
To see the distant dawn!

The Initiative and Referendum

AN EFFECTIVE ALLY OF REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT

By LEWIS JEROME JOHNSON

Professor of Civil Engineering, Harvard University

OUR fathers founded this government in order to secure for the people — all the people — the blessings of life, liberty, and happiness. They devised institutions and machinery for attaining this end.

To-day, after the lapse of a century and a quarter, combinations of power, of financial, industrial, and even political power, have found intrenchment in these institutions in the face of which, for multitudes of our population, life is precarious, liberty practically despaired of, and happiness, except of a kind enjoyed by the Roman proletariat and the plantation slave, unknown. We wonder why. We know that no one would be more impatient of such conditions than our revolutionary forefathers, and no one more keen and resolute in seeking a remedy. Honor to their revered memory requires us to scrutinize their work, and modernize it if necessary, just as they modernized their inherited institutions.

Accordingly we turn first to the underlying spirit and purposes of our institutions. We find nothing to criticize, even after all this time. Even in this blasé age we are thrilled and inspired with a new enthusiasm by the ideals expressed by our fathers in founding this republic. We quickly conclude we cannot hope to suggest improvements in this quarter.

We turn next to the details of their governmental machinery. Little of their industrial methods and institutions survives. Perhaps their political devices are now equally out of date. If they are, perhaps it is not too late to supplement or replace them with better. Let us see.

We come first to the legislative machinery. At the first glance we observe something peculiar. We find the law-making power entrusted to representative bodies, the personnel of which, so far as the party machines will permit, is under partial popular control, but the output of which is, to an astonishing degree, not under effective popular control at all. On reflection, it occurs to us that the predatory interests do not work on that principle. They seek to control results, and are quite indifferent to the names, or professed opinions of the parties or men who actually deliver the goods. We realize that this is not only another instance of big business being wiser than the big, powerful, but at present dazed and more or less delirious public, but we surmise that there is a suggestion involved.

Further reflection and survey of the field convinces us that here is the loose screw of the mechanism, that whatever else need be done, and there may be much else, this glaring defect should be corrected at once, and furthermore that, when corrected, the way will be open for the rest of the progress as soon as the public can be shown that it is good.

The problem is, then, How shall the public get effective control of results?

The answer is easy.

The public must do as the other, but smaller, corporations do, which are so skilfully run for private profit. It must adopt means for dictating and revising the policies of agents and representatives whenever it sees fit, not expecting these representatives, after choosing them with all the care possible, to frame policies and produce acceptable results under broad, general instructions, without need of much interference from higher authority.

The means to this end have already been devised and tested in actual prac-

tice and have met expectations. They are called the Initiative and Referendum, or combined in one term, Direct Legislation.

The Initiative enables the people to enact, by direct popular vote, desirable measures, ignored, pigeonholed, or defeated by their representatives. The Referendum is the power of veto, by direct popular vote, of acts of the representatives. Each includes, of course, suitable machinery for its safe and intelligent operation, which will be described below.

The Initiative and Referendum secure popular control over legislation. The former corrects sins of omission, the latter of commission.

They usually result, before being long in operation, in the establishment of the Recall, or the properly guarded power of removal of unsatisfactory officeholders before the expiration of their terms. This adds popular power of removal to the already existing power of election, only it may extend to the incumbents of non-elective offices.

The Recall secures popular control over personnel.

The Recall, though sometimes, as in city charters, established contemporaneously with the Initiative and Referendum, and logically part of complete popular control, will not be discussed further here. It should be looked upon as one of the numerous desirable measures to which the Initiative would open the way, and may, more safely than the Referendum, be left to be taken as a second step.

With the Initiative and Referendum, then, and what they will secure, the people can control their own government, in cities, states, and nations, as effectively as the owners control a large private business, and with the better results to be expected in so far as honest public service is more ennobling than the pursuit of private profit or ambition.

The machinery of Direct Legislation, although not complicated, was not a possibility before the introduction of the modern means of spreading news and ideas by the telegraph, high-speed printing press and the railway. For the system presupposes not only means for quick returns from elections, but, even more important, it now presupposes an adequate system of providing each voter with the information he needs as a basis for his conclusions.

The Initiative is set in operation by volunteer groups of citizens, trade, labor, or political organizations, who draw up laws which they think good for themselves, or the public, or perhaps both. If they can get a certain moderate percentage of the voters of the city or state to sign a petition to that effect, the measure goes to the legislature for adoption without amendment or change of any kind, if the legislature is willing; or, if not, to be transmitted unchanged to the people for their decision. If the legislature thinks it can produce a better enactment in the same line it can draw it up and send it to the people with the other as a competing measure. The voters then choose which they prefer or reject both.

The Referendum, upon similar petition, usually by a somewhat smaller number of voters, calls to the popular tribunal acts of the representative body for veto or confirmation.

All this carries with it adequate and systematic means, independent of the newspapers, of furnishing each voter with the full text of the measures to be voted on, also the highly condensed form in which it will be printed on the ballot, an impartial statement of the reasons for and against each measure, and the names of those behind each call to popular action,— also the provision of a suitable amount of time for deliberation and discussion before the vote is taken. These are details which it has not been found difficult to meet in practise. In Oregon, this information goes eight weeks before election by mail to each voter in the form of a state document from the Secretary of State. The cost of this pamphlet is divided between the state and the interests who wish to insert arguments therein. Conciseness and sincerity of argument are secured by charging the contributors some sixty dollars per page. In cases of initiated measures, supporting arguments are accepted from none but duly ac-

credited representatives of the friends of the measure, while any one who will pay the cost may insert arguments against such a measure, or on either side in a referendum case.

In the election last June, when nineteen measures were acted upon by the electorate, the state pamphlet was a document of one hundred and twenty-five pages. A feature to be observed at once in this system is the way it forestalls the misleading of voters by a subsidized press. Further protection from false or misleading campaign literature was secured by a popular vote last June — part of a law of some twenty pages coming from the people by the Initiative — which provided a heavy penalty for circulating political literature without the names of its authors and publishers. This law also requires that such charges as any may wish to make against the character or motives of any candidate shall be submitted in person to the candidate assailed, in the exact form in which they are to be printed fifteen days before publication. If this is not done, all concerned in printing, circulating such charges, are punishable for criminal political libel. Space forbids going further into this matter, but the general scheme and its spirit may be gathered from the foregoing.

It is expected that popular voting will ordinarily take place only at regular elections.

Supplemented by the Initiative and Referendum, to serve as a permanent background, and for application when called for, the representative system will gradually but surely enter upon an era of honor and usefulness hitherto never surpassed and probably never equaled. Relieved of the unnatural excess of power under which they now stagger and fall, legislative bodies will cease to be attractive fields for bribery and secret influence. Log-rolling will greatly diminish. The power of bosses and rings will be undermined. Seats in the legislatures will then begin to be unattractive to grafters. At the same time they will be more attractive to high-minded, public-spirited citizens. There will be a fairer chance that a man clean when elected will stay clean. It will make it safe materially to reduce the size of legislatures and to diminish greatly the number of elective offices; we may reach the point of competing successfully with the corporations in attracting the best young talent to our, the public's, service. It is believed that the practice of repeated re-elections will develop under this system here as it has in Switzerland and the New England towns.

In the presence of Direct Legislation it is not necessary to defeat a good legislator to express disapproval of his work. The bad laws can actually be got rid of and the man retained. Thus, real representative experts may gradually be developed. In view of such undeveloped possibilities, it is beside the mark to wonder whether representative government is a failure. We begin to realize that it has not yet been fairly tried, or at least not in recent years. We realize that our legislators have been working under almost intolerable conditions. They have been continually under temptations that no ordinary man ought to be asked to face, and it is a tribute to human nature that so many of our legislators have stayed straight. Under the new conditions they will have all the power that is ever accorded to representatives and agents in business, which is all that is wholesome or attractive to worthy citizens of a democratic republic. Any man who enjoys for its own sake or deliberately seeks final power over his fellows belongs in a despotism, not in a republic.

While an ample sufficiency of power is thus left with the representatives, a very wholesome and salutary increase of responsibility is thrown upon the voter. It brings him into closer touch with great affairs to some purpose. It enables him to vote for men apart from measures. He can begin to assume the stature of a man, a sovereign in fact as well as in fancy — at least a member of a very large board of sovereigns — instead of the muddled and thwarted chooser between unattractive nominees of the party rings. It will enable him to settle something at an election besides the party label of

officeholders, which settles in turn little except which crowd shall hold and dispense the offices. We know only too well that platforms are " merely to get in on, not to ride on." Even if they were expected to be observed, they are composites which rarely represent except in the roughest sort of a way the views of any one voter.

With Direct Legislation in vogue the state offers an attractive field of usefulness for such of her citizens as do not care to give up their whole time to public life. Public-spirited citizens, without dislocation of business or profession, may and will devote a much larger share of their time than now to the consideration of public questions. If they conceive of a desirable step in legislation, they will not have to contrive to get into office and to stay there long enough to accomplish their ends. They have a dignified and honorable chance to lay the best fruits of their labors, in the form desired by them and their trusted and sympathetic advisers, before the final authority for adoption and rejection free from the chance of mutilation or distortion by ill-informed, overworked, or officious legislatures. This alone would be a powerful means of bringing spontaneously to the public service, and at no expense, a large amount of talent of the finest possible sort for which there is now little encouragement in public life. This is the talent on which we probably must depend for the most serious law making, and which we have had little chance to utilize. The legislature will thus be facing a reasonable and wholesome competition and the public cannot fail to profit.

Most fundamental of all, and of the most far-reaching value of all, is the education afforded the average voter. One cannot help believing that a toning up of the public standard of thought and morals would be in the long run the most beneficent feature of the innovation. In a word one can discern in the Initiative and Referendum a fair prospect for the actual realization of the cherished American aspiration — a government of and by as well as for the people.

The historical development of the Initiative and Referendum idea has been quiet and unostentatious. It may be seen in the institutions of the Plymouth Colony. It appears in our time-honored New England town-meeting — a most radical exemplification of the Initiative and Referendum principle, and very similar to the ancient Swiss Landesgemeinde. It appears in the insistence by our state constitution framers, in spite of their pitifully inadequate facilities — on a popular vote to ratify their doings and the doings of amenders. Finally, we note the steady development and extension of the Initiative and Referendum in its more modern form from canton to canton in Switzerland — its application to the Swiss Federal government in 1874, its adoption in the last decade by city after city and state after state in this country. Direct legislation (usually accompanied from the start by the Recall) is an essential feature of nearly all modern city charters, and those without it will doubtless have to add it sooner or later to get satisfactory results. Notable among the direct legislation cities stand Los Angeles, Des Moines, our own Haverhill and Gloucester, and the newest recruits, Berkeley, Cal., and Colorado Springs. Similar examples among the states are South Dakota since 1898, Oregon since 1902, and Maine and Missouri since last autumn.

This steady progress — though sometimes in the face of strenuous opposition by favorites or managers of political machines — the lurid misrepresentations by conspicuous and sometimes even eminent officeholders and professional lobbyists, the appearance of hostile plate matter " editorials " in a certain portion of the public press indicate that public attention is becoming really focussed upon the Initiative and Referendum.

New England, the home of the town meeting, enjoying the inspiration of the Massachusetts and other New England state constitutions, with Maine already in the ranks, may be expected to take especially kindly to this new and long advance step toward the realization of her ancient ideals.

For examples of the effect of Direct

Legislation, we naturally turn first to Switzerland, where it has been in operation on what may be called a large scale for fifty years. Since the establishment of Direct Legislation, and with no burdensome use of it, Switzerland has rid herself of the régime of exploitation and corruption, which were rampant under their unperfected form of representative and party government of only a few decades ago,— a system much like our own present one — and has come to be an admirably governed country. Mr. James Bryce, the present English ambassador, declared to a Cambridge audience in 1904 that Switzerland is the most successful democracy the world has ever seen. Our own President A. Lawrence Lowell, of Harvard, wrote of it* in 1897: "The Swiss Confederation is on the whole the most successful democracy in the world. . . . The people are contented. The government is patriotic, far-sighted, efficient, and economical, steady in its policy, not changing its course with party fluctuations. Corruption in public life is almost unknown. . . . Officials are selected on their merits, and retained as long as they can do the work, and yet the evils of bureaucracy scarcely exist. . . ." This is the work of representative government with a fair chance. The Referendum is only occasionally resorted to, except in a little over a third of the cantons, where it is obligatory, but nobody forgets that it is there, and the Initiative has been far less frequently resorted to even than the Referendum.

Mr. Lowell, after speaking so highly of the present conditions in Switzerland, suggests that little Switzerland is not an adequate precedent for an immense nation like the United States. Nevertheless it may be asserted that Switzerland does form a most reassuring precedent for the adoption of Direct Legislation in our cities and states, at least, particularly the small, highly educated manufacturing New England states. Switzerland, a pre-eminently manufacturing nation, is larger than any one of these states except Maine, which already has the Initiative and Referendum, and is larger than Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut combined, with a population slightly larger than Massachusetts.

The real questions for us in New England to answer are:

1. Are we in Boston, in Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, or Connecticut as fit for this forward step as the Swiss *were* when they were putting the system in operation thirty to fifty years ago?

2. Is not even a *complicated* law, properly explained and vouched for, as suitable a thing for a popular vote as a choice between complicated candidates?

3. Is not an occasional vote on an ordinary law a natural and reasonable addition to our time-honored system of popular votes on state constitutions and their amendments?

4. Is not the separation of men from measures likely to be salutary in any effort at popular government?

To ask these questions in America, in New England, is to answer them in the affirmative. Many Americans are coming to share in this view. Oregon, nearly half as large again as all New England combined, is setting us a most encouraging example.

Seven years ago she adopted direct legislation. She was then in no specially enviable condition politically. Thanks mainly to the Initiative, and measures secured with it which legislatures had refused to pass, she has made great progress toward better government and the house-cleaning is going right on.

We in New England are interested to see how gracefully Direct Legislation fits in with the spirit of our wonderfully far-sighted and successful constitution framers. It will be worth while to quote a few passages from the Massachusetts constitution, passages found in different form and phraseology, but without change in spirit, in the Constitutions of other New England states. Such sentiments, moreover, are no strangers in other parts of the country.

They seem, however, to be quite unfamiliar to a few of our editors and con-

*Lowell: Governments and Parties in Europe, Vol. II, pp. 334, 335.

spicuous officeholders. These gentlemen, although themselves quite apt to flout the Declaration of Independence when it suits their convenience, profess great alarm that any one could so far think of "subverting the institutions of our fathers" as seriously to propose Direct Legislation. For the benefit of such as might be misled by these filial gentlemen Articles V, VII, and VIII of the Bill of Rights in the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts are here reproduced to show what the fathers were really trying to do:

Article V. All power residing originally in the people, and being derived from them, the several magistrates and officers of government, vested with authority, whether legislative, executive, or judicial, are their substitutes and agents, and are at all times accountable to them.

Art. VII. Government is instituted for the common good; for the protection, safety, prosperity, and happiness of the people; and not for the profit, honor, or private interest of any one man, family, or class of men: Therefore the people have an incontestable, unalienable, and indefeasible right to institute government; and to reform, alter, or totally change the same, when their protection, safety, prosperity, and happiness require it.

Art. VIII. In order to prevent those who are vested with authority from becoming oppressors, the people have a right, at such periods and in such manner as they shall establish by their frame of government, to cause their public officers to return to private life; and to fill up vacant places by certain and regular elections and appointments.

On reading these sturdy New England doctrines one can hardly help concluding that the only reason in the world the fathers did not there and then establish direct legislation for the state, and for cities as they might develop, was that it was at that time physically impossible. Mechanical invention had not provided the means even if they had conceived the idea. We must not forget that their facilities for disseminating information and gathering returns were little if any superior to those of Julius Cæsar. They knew no more of railways than Cæsar did, such highways as they had were probably not so good as Cæsar's. But they did what they could in this direction. They provided an obligatory referendum on the adoption and amendment of the Constitution of the Commonwealth. And it is clear that nothing was farther from their minds than that the will of representatives should prevail over the will of the people, some modern officeholders' insinuations to the contrary notwithstanding.

Sometimes officeholders are heard to profess a great fear that "mob rule" will be the result of Direct Legislation. This must be taken to mean that they fear, probably with reason, that the people after weeks of deliberation and with adequate information would not support their pet schemes. Prospective abundance of popular majorities in their favor would neither excite their alarm nor be called by them "mob-rule." No; hasty mob-action finds a more promising field in nominating conventions, in legislatures, and even town meetings than in the long, quiet process of gathering signatures, weeks of discussion, and deliberation, and the quiet vote on an Australian ballot in isolated, individual booths.

How simple an enactment would suffice in Massachusetts to bring the Constitution of that Commonwealth right up to date can perhaps best be shown by quoting in full the constitutional amendment prepared by the Massachusetts Direct Legislation League and presented to the present legislature for its approval. The league, not unexpectedly, met the firm but courteous refusal implied in "leave to withdraw." But the campaign has only just begun in Massachusetts.

The proposed amendment runs as follows:

RESOLVE

To provide for an Amendment of the Constitution authorizing Direct Legislation or a People's Veto through the Optional Referendum and a Direct Initiative by Petition.

. . . . . .

ARTICLE OF AMENDMENT

The legislative authority of the commonwealth shall be vested in a general court, but the people reserve to themselves power to propose laws and amendments to the constitution, and to enact or reject the same at the polls, independently of the general court, and also reserve the power at their own option to approve or reject at the polls any act or resolve of the general court, except as hereinafter provided.

The style of all laws shall be "Be it enacted by the people of the commonwealth of Massachusetts."

The first power reserved by the people is the initiative, and shall be set in operation by

petition requiring the signatures of legal voters of not more than eight per cent in number of the vote cast for governor at the last preceding election. The full text of the measure so proposed shall be included in the petition.

Initiative petitions shall be filed in the office of the secretary of the commonwealth within six weeks after the general court assembles.

If the measure thus petitioned for is not passed without amendment in that session, or if vetoed by the governor is not passed over his veto, it shall be referred, together with any amended form or substitute recommended by the general court, to the people at the next state election. If passed either with or without amendment it shall still be subject to a referendum petition.

The second power is the referendum. It may be ordered either by the general court, as other bills are enacted, or, except as to emergency measures, by petition requiring the signatures of legal voters of not more than five per cent in number of the vote cast for governor at the last preceding election and filed in the office of the secretary of the commonwealth within ninety days after the signature of the act or resolve by the governor or its passage over his veto. A referendum may be ordered against one or more sections or parts of an act or resolve.

An act or resolve shall not take effect until the expiration of ninety days after its signature by the governor or its passage over his veto, except such as by a two-thirds yea and nay vote of all members in each house shall be declared to be an emergency measure, and shall in the preamble state the facts constituting the emergency and contain the statement that therefore the act or resolve is necessary for the immediate preservation of the public peace, health, or safety. But no grant of any franchise shall be declared to be an emergency measure. Any measure, or part thereof, upon which a referendum has been ordered shall either as to the whole or such part thereof, be suspended from taking effect until approved by the people at the election to which it shall be referred.

Measures referred to the people of the state shall be voted on at the next regular state election.

Measures so referred shall become law at the expiration of thirty days after the election if approved by a majority of the votes cast thereon.

The veto power of the governor shall not extend to measures approved by the people.

Every measure referred to the people shall be described on the ballots by the secretary of the commonwealth clearly and simply. When there are competing measures or substitutes the secretary of the commonwealth shall have the ballot so printed that the voter (first) can choose between any measure or none, and (secondly) can express his preference between one and the other. If a majority of the votes on the first question is affirmative then the measure receiving the larger number of votes shall become law.

The secretary of the commonwealth shall print and distribute to each voter a sample ballot with the text of every measure to be submitted to a vote of the people, and the general court shall provide for public dissemination of information and arguments thereon.

In carrying out the provisions of this amendment, which shall be self-enforcing, the secretary of the commonwealth and all other officers are to be guided by the general laws and by the act submitting this amendment until further legislation shall be especially provided therefor.

All the provisions of the existing constitution inconsistent with the provisions herein contained are hereby annulled.

This amendment follows closely the lines of the Oregon enactment which has been working so well since 1902. It adds however the provision, above referred to, for a competing measure from the legislature in case of an initiative, with a means by which a voter can express a preference for one over the other, while voting against both. This feature is known to be approved by the leaders in Oregon, and is likely soon to be adopted there.

In closing it may be said that the Initiative and Referendum are found to appeal to progressive Americans in whom still glows the spirit of the liberty-loving men of '76. They readily grasp the necessity of controlling the important results, and of not limiting themselves to toying with the husk of popular government while the privileged few make off with the kernel. They take great satisfaction in a remedial measure so thoroughly in harmony with the old ideals and institutions, involving, after all, only a bit of additional machinery, and dependent for its success only upon our fitness for self-government. Of course it is only a machine. It will not suffice merely to set it up. It must be made to work promptly and with vigor when required. This will take real citizens. Oregon shows that such citizens still exist — some of them of New England stock, some of them born in old world monarchies.

It is proposed, then, to shift from the representatives the excess of power which is now engulfing them, to the body of voters who have not enough power to enable them to retain their self-respect, to say nothing of securing life, liberty, and happiness. This may well prove to be the salvation of representative government and hence of popular government.

An ancient olive tree

From Messina to Tyndaris

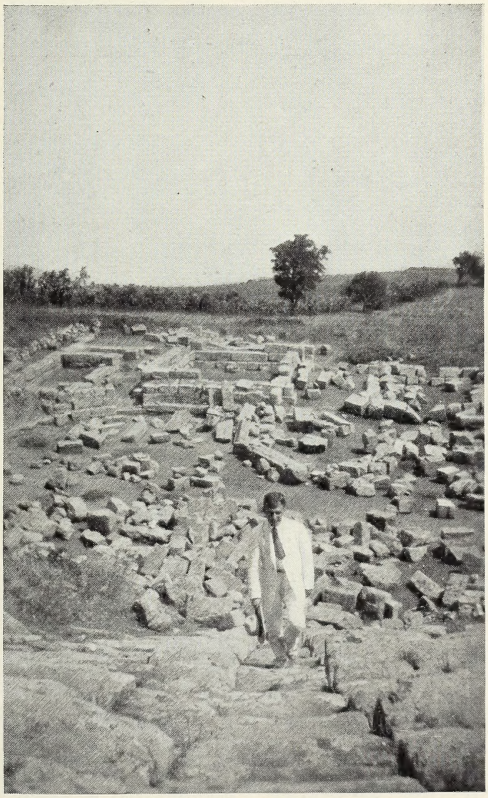
By OLIVE D. CAMPBELL

ONCE more there is silence on the Sicilian shores. The fury of land and sea convulsion again is past. The sun shines down from the cloudless skies of June. The tideless waters lap the Northern beach and sweep through the straits. The mountains still face the sea, and Ætna's crest still rises supreme over all.

Man and nature have done their worst, as they have their best, for Sicily. Over her long history we look back with wonder and sadness. Sikelian, Phœnician, Carthaginian, Greek, Roman, Arab, Norman, Spaniard,—and still we have not exhausted that line of island conquerors who crossed the straits to struggle, live a span, and pass away, leaving their impress on the civilization, art, and life of the Sicilian people.

We read the known history of many cities, but wonder still more at those unknown prostrate ruins, the faint remembrancers of stories long since lost to the world, and in and above those remnants of the struggle between man and man, we see the greater hand of nature, which endures and grips the land with earthquake, flood, and devouring streams of fiery lava.

What has there been in this charmed isle to lure the known world? What is her life? Her future? We think of Palermo's swarming streets, and earthshaken Catania, rebuilding under the shadow of Ætna on the very lava that overwhelmed her. And turning to face the incoming stream of Sicilian immigrants, our thought returns to the bare and lonely fields of Syracuse. We see the rich Girgenti shrunken to her acropolis, and those golden temples, once her glory, fallen in the dust. What is Eryx now? Where is Segesta? Who remembers once glorious Selinunte? Shall Messina, too, perish?



RUINS OF GREEK THEATER, TYNDARIS

One year ago Messina was the busiest town of all Sicily,—not forgetting Palermo and Catania. In spite of her many vicissitudes,—for she was the first point of foreign attack, and earthquakes have long since claimed her as their own,—she grew and thrived, for she was of the sea and, therefore, did not die. Her harbor was filled with ships from all the world. At her docks lay great vessels bound for Malta, Africa, Greece, Asia, and India. Her water

front,— that Marina now overwhelmed by tidal waves, was her life, and when we think of her, we see her, not prostrate in ruins,— imagination cannot so picture her,— but we behold her again as on that first day.

Backed by hills of green with vineyards and lemon groves, and dotted with villas, the main city clusters about the sea. At the water front the huddled mass of white resolves itself into a row of stately square buildings, which follow the line of bay in a glittering curve. The bay itself is alive with ships which crowd the docks in a confusion of masts, stacks, and spars. There is about it all that air of careless leisure, born of a tramp life in warm sun and still waters, yet, withal, a certain brimming energy, which manifests itself in the hundreds of smaller crafts plying busily among the larger.

An old fountain at Messina

As our ship comes to anchor, a hoard of these little banditti close in about us. While the doctor's boat runs alongside, they bob around with balanced oars, their owners, in raucous dialect, offering to take us and our baggage ashore at prices infamous to hear. We are vague as to this part of the journey. We know that we settle with the banditti, struggle with the facchini, and that we protest to the customs official that our baggage has just been twice examined in Naples. We remember that he insists that he must see, and that, still protesting, we unlock our innocent trunks to the gaping crowd. How we close them is a blank, and I leave to the imagination our encounter with the dilapidated cabman, our escape from the Calabrian beggar, how we make terms with our landlord, and finally settle down to a time of peace.

There is a grateful coolness within the walls, not promised by the hot street and bare hotel courtyard. As the attendant throws back the blinds and opens the long windows at the end of the room, a breeze fresh from the straits sweeps in with its salty smell. Leaning on the sill, we look out.

The hotel backs on the Marina. Here is the life of the city in all its shrill intensity — the docks, the custom house, the market, and the little steam tram, with its piercing whistle. As we look, two men stop beneath our balcony and fall into what seems a dangerous altercation. Their gestures are impassioned and threatening, their voices rise in sharp staccatos of unbroken vehemence. They step forward, they draw back, they gesticulate! Their hands wave in fury, and just as we have begun to think the knife inevitable, a silence falls and we behold a silver coin wink in the sunlight. Gesticulations cease, the crowd melts away and sunny smiles succeed. It is nothing but a bargain after all. A disorderly squad of soldiers pass swiftly up the street, followed by a detachment of cavalry. These are succeeded by a yoke of great white oxen, going at full gallop. And all the while

the stream of life passes up and down. We turn from the noise and dust of the street to the sea.

Moored on the seaward side of the street are scores of fishing boats, slender of form and slant of sail. Beyond them larger vessels swing at anchor and dot the straits far toward the Calabrian shore. The water has ceased to gleam and the hills are growing purple when at length we turn away.

The Marina is the first street to explore. We reach it through an arched passage-way beset with fruit stands and hawkers. Beyond the dark arches the fresh waters of the bay dance alluringly and we hurry by all temptations of loquat, melon, peach, apricot, pear, and grape. On the white Marina, the Southern life bursts on us again in all its heat, its fervor, and multitudinous trifling activities. We are impressed by the personalities of these thousands. Their joys and sorrows seem almost tangible, and yet we are so strangely remote from all their lives. The noise is incessant, for bargaining is in the blood, and no bargain can take place at less than the height of lung power. Men and women shriek, wagons rumble, donkeys bray, and steamers whistle.

We wander along, watching the groups. The curve of stately houses, which faced the ship so bravely from the sea, prove to be a number of palaces, the municipal building, a few hotels and shops, and rows of steamship offices. Most of the last advertise third-class passage to America, but one line at least carries first class direct to New York. At one dim doorway we espy the British countenance of a very jolly jack-tar, surrounded by coils of tarry rope and various sea-going appliances. Across the street is a pottery market, where earthen jars are spread loosely on the ground. Many are barbaric in form, but some have shapes of Greek simplicity and charm. The crude glaze of others is another touch to the street color. Contadini are bringing in their donkeys laden with fruit. Over here is a little gray beast, half hidden by great straw panniers, which bulge with purple eggplant. Over there peppers of orange, red, and green glow in the sun.

By this time we are ready to plunge into the nearest archway, and we come out on the back streets, which are, at least, shady. There is a businesslike aspect about these streets — a suggestion of useful modern commodities and flourish-

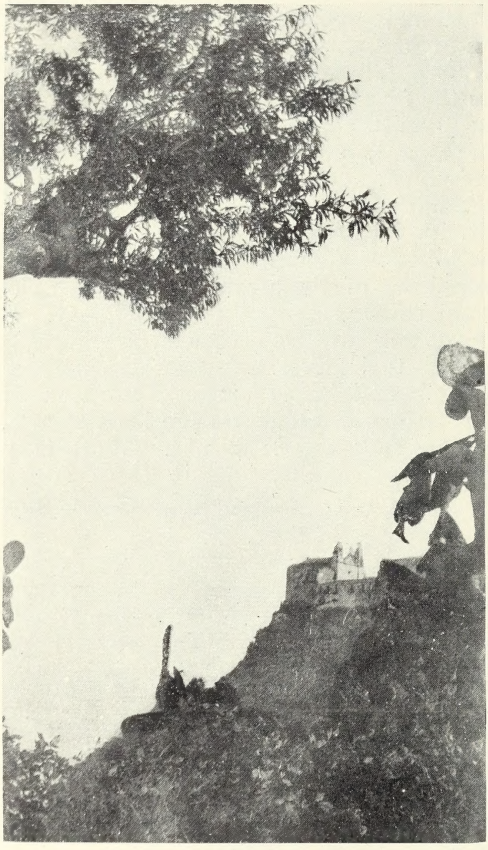
MESSINA FISHING BOATS

ing trade. Winding along one of them, we come unexpectedly upon the cathedral and rejoice in its graceful fountain and the fine old door. The interior, alas, like that of so many Sicilian churches, is so confused with modern gilt and tawdry ornament, that the real beauty has lost much of its significance. The old mosaics, just being uncovered, are, however, full of interest. The greatest interest, as always, lies in the human element, in the crowds of children and the stream of worshippers.

And when the sun is low in the afternoon, we go out to one of the many open restaurants along the shore. There we eat strange savory dishes and look out across the bay while we listen to the music and the lapping of the waves below.

One day we take the tram to the end of the promontory, where Pharo clusters a group of dingy houses and tips its curve of shore with a lighthouse. It was near here that the old Greek city lay. Boards covered with sun-cooked tomato sauce line the road, and unkempt women in the doorways dangle naked babies. As the tram stops, scores of children gather around begging for "soldi."

Passing between the houses we come to the shore. Here is the real town. Here are the boats drawn up on the white arc of beach, line upon line, large and small, the slender shallop and the larger swordfish bark with its tall mast in the middle. In the shadow, children play and sleep and men gossip as they mend their nets.



THE MONASTERY, TYNDARIS

It is very hot, but the breeze is fresh, and the swift-moving water breaks on the shore in crisp wavelets. The straits are blue and swirling. Almost at our feet the whirlpool of Charybdis tosses its broken waters, while yonder on the gray crag, at the foot of the worn Calabrian ridges, crouches Scylla. Light and shadow play among the peaks, softening them to a tender haze, hardening them to bare brown, and deepening them to a threatening purple. A lively swordfish capture near at hand brings a crowd to the lighthouse point, but we wander along the shore, picking up pumice, washed, perhaps, from Stromboli or Ætna, watching the mountains and ships, and thinking of those days when Odysseus voyaged here.

So it is we must think of Messina. Forgotten are her earthquakes, forgotten, too, those faults that were hers — her heat in summer, her windy winter chill, her tawdry houses and dirty streets. She remains in our thought the busy modern town — the abiding place of many nations — the old Greek city,— all strangely distinct, yet intermingled in one harmony of the past. What of her future? Sea born, shall she endure to a new life and a greater vigor, or shall vine and vineyard cover her ruins,— the lizards blink in the sun on her crumbling

From a water color drawing.

ROMAN ARCHES, TYNDARIS

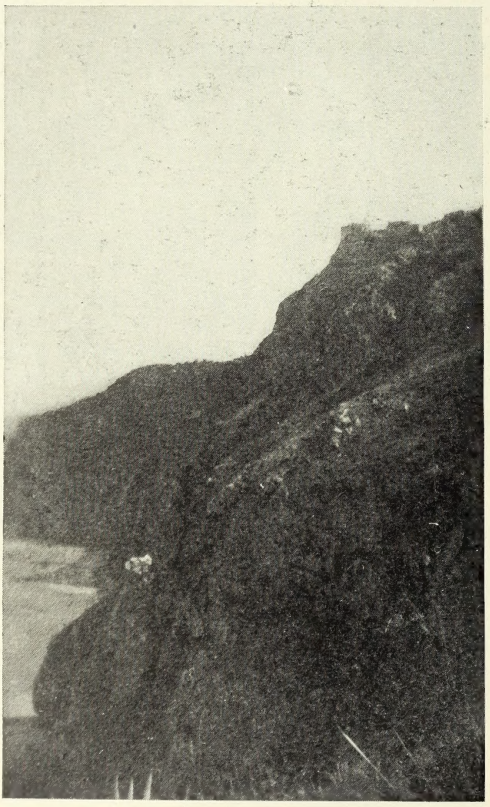
walls, and the stranger, looking down from her silent hills, vainly seek to imagine the city that was?

Only a few miles from Messina, looking out above its long curved harbor upon the Lipari islands and the active cone of Stromboli, clusters a great gray mass of buildings, the ancient monastery of Tyndaris. The rocky promontory that it crowns rises abruptly from the very sea on Sicily's northern coast, six hundred feet above the blue Mediterranean. To the idle passenger, on the through train from Rome and Messina to Palermo, this mighty headland is hardly distinguishable from many others that jut out from the beautiful coastline. Yet here was once a splendid Greek city, and here is now a shrine known to devout worshippers of all the Roman world.

At the little station six miles below, we leave the train to hold the usual brisk haggle for team and driver. "Six dollar," says the bold possessor of a

wagon resplendent in white canvas cover fringed with tassels. These are his only English words, and he is proud of them and determined in their application. At our right is a more humble vehicle. We enter into negotiations with its driver, and soon we are rolling through the little town. Patti is not so different from all these Sicilian coast towns — narrow paved streets between a jumble of gray mortar houses, somewhat picturesque and equally dirty. And then the carriage swings out onto one of those magnificent white roads of which Sicily can justly be proud.

It is hot and very dusty. The lion, as they call the sun in this southland, beats fiercely down from an absolutely blue and cloudless sky. The foliage is powdered white, and the thick clusters of blackberries are gray. We all give a sigh of relief as a mountain flings up between us and the sun, a steep cliff of rock beneath the shelter of which we can see the heat shimmering above the olive groves and baking the earth beneath to a dry brown. On some of the hills we even get out and walk, but the road is steadily up grade and the way is long.



THE CLIFFS OF TYNDARIS

At length there is a sharp curve, and across the intervening valley we see the monastery, a pile of cream, pink, and gray buildings. Again we turn and lose it, and again it reappears. Our driver, grown communicative, points to a heap of rock at our left, great hewn squares of rock they are, in places carefully piled together, and again jumbled into hopeless confusion. Nothing else can be seen but these fragments overgrown with weeds and vines, and to our left the walls of the monastery rising above the sea. Yet these worn rocks were the walls of Tyndaris — a city built by the Greeks four hundred years before Christ, a city humbled centuries ago by foes, rent by earthquake, and now forgotten save by the few foreigners who wander there for Greek relics, and the stream of pious pilgrims who climb those dusty summer hills to pay their devotions to an old olive-wood statue of the Virgin.

We had written that we were coming, and could they give us a room at the monastery? There is no hotel — and only a few houses are now apparent some distance to our left as we enter the monastery bounds. A stout black-haired priest, pleasant and voluble, runs forward to greet us. Within the iron gate we mount an incline to the door where sits another priest with white hair, and at his belt a jangling bunch of keys. We pass beneath the archway and turn down a long corridor. A door is flung open with a flourish of civilities and polite apologies, and we are in our apartments.

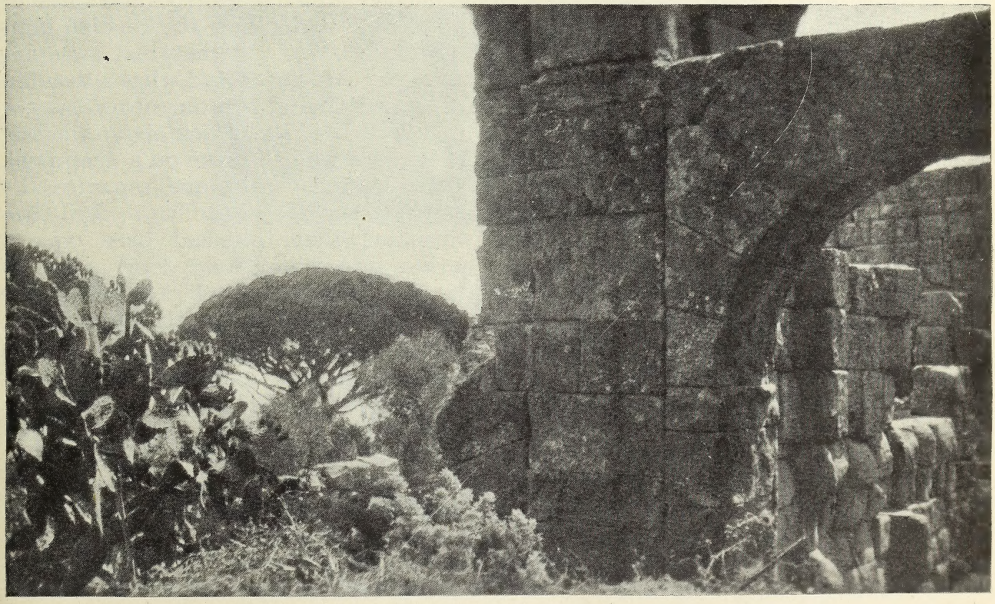
When I say that the monastery is one vast jumble of rooms, I have described it as well as possible. To be sure, on the entrance side there has been one attempt at a plan. Here is a court with a dry fountain and surrounding columns and

rooms. From the opposite side opens a plain little chapel, the center of the village life, but with little to interest us in itself, except a strange old statue of the Virgin, the shrine of the pilgrims. But this is the end of any definite plan throughout the monastery. Around and above cluster a vast number of apartments,— cells for the monks, chambers for the superiors, and state suites for the cardinals and high church functionaries. Much of this we see in time. Some of the rooms are poor, others lavish, with towers and terraces commanding views of sea and sky and billowy hills surmounted by Ætna's snowy crest.

How well I remember our first view! Our apartment consisted of four rooms,— a sitting-room and dining-room below, and two bedrooms above reached by winding steps cut narrow between the walls. From the bedrooms opened a big square terrace. We had climbed the winding stairs, investigated our chambers, and stepped out on the terrace. Never before, I think, has the world burst on me with such wonder! We were up, high above the earth, above the sea, almost in the clouds. It was growing late, and the sea was so [illegible] that it melted into sky and gave one a strange, detached feeling as if earth were an unreality and he were drifting in eternal space. The air was cool and brilliant, shadows deep on the cliffs, which curved away in long undulations to our left. To our right,— the gray monastery walls, sea, and purple hills beyond. Before us, infinite space where floated those isles of Æolus, Lipari, they call them, islands of the blest they might have been, with only the faint smoke of Stromboli suspended above to shadow the Eden.

Why dwell on cuisine, on the waiter who was messenger and marketman, hostler and altar boy? The night had its discomforts, but I forget them now. Yes, we forgot them every morning when we stepped from the gray chambers to sea and sky, and felt the freshness of the day about us.

Our daily life was brimming with interest. In the little village below we were a center of attraction to the few disconsolate women left there. The men had all gone to America, and their wives could only come out and stare at Americans and ask about that far off "land of liberty." The custodian of the theater, almost the only man we saw there, took



THE GYMNASIUM, TYNDARIS

us in to see his baby just a day old, wrapped in swaddling clothes. And he bore it blinking into the sun while we snapped upon it the practical camera of civilization. With that we were beseiged by all the women, and we had to take more pictures until our film was full, for this husband was in " Rokester, New York," did we know him? — and that one was in " Lawrence, Mass.," and they had not seen the children for two, no, three years.

Apart from the human life there was an absorbing interest in picking out all the Greek fragments, the columns, the cornices, the Cyclopean rock which stared at us from every dwelling. We wandered among the great olive groves which thrust their gnarled roots through the thin grass. It was beyond these that we discovered the ruined theater, earthquake shaken. And we sat down on a circle of remaining seats to look off on the sea now brilliant and blue, and those distant smoke-hung islands, and to dream of those olden days, while fragments of Euripides and Sophocles came unbidden to the tongue. All that was far more real than the Roman pavement down yonder, or the ponderous ruins of the gymnasium, with its fitted stone arches of Roman masonry.

Then when we were tired we could come back to the cool shadow of a tiny garden that edged the cliff where the monastery wall shrunk back to the left. There was a little pagoda where sat enshrined a very pink and blue virgin, with a sweet and smiling face. There, too, were winding paths and steps descending. And when one had followed these paths to the end, he came on a great marble cross, set high against the monastery wall and looking out to sea. What was its story? We asked and wondered, but we never knew.

Below the monastery to the right was another garden. Coming down the incline one afternoon we stopped to watch a group of children dancing the tarantella at the monastery door. When they had finished we leaned idly over the gray wall and looked down into this other garden. It was set in gentle formality with green terraces, straight walks, vines, and roses. At the end on a carved stone bench amid the roses, outlined against the sea, two priests were sitting. One was a slender old man whose hair shone white against his black gown. The other, young, dark, and impetuous, was speaking in a quick, passionate voice, and the old man's answer, slow and gentle, seemed to be explaining and soothing.

They were very kind to us, the priests, leaving us mostly to our own devices. All that could be given they gave us, and watched our enthusiasm with amused interest and pleasure. At times the father superior came in and asked us of our homeland. Once, I remember, he asked what language we spoke over there.

From the monastery gardens to the shore was a steep winding path lined by fat hedges where the prickly pear massed in great clusters. It took us a long hour to scramble to the beach, regardless of the time which we spent on the thorny cactus. We had grown fond of its fruit, and although we were not yet clever enough to remove the skin without leaving the spines in our hands, yet we craved the coolness of the crisp, melon-like meat.

The sea was green and clear down there, with sandy bottom and dancing waves. We undressed in the grottoes and splashed in to float and look up at the blue cliffs towering above, and the great sweeping curve of coast line. And what a wonderful sight the old promontory was,— rearing its head sheer rock above the sea! At its base we had come on a deep pool, bottomless they said, and separated by a strip of sand from the bay. And they whispered that this had been once a harbor into which long, long ago, half the city had been sunk, torn from the solid land by a mighty earthquake shock. Now the monastery, gray and solemn at its top, frowns on the very brink above the ruins of the pagan town.

We defied its severity, I remember, and laughingly, as the air grew chill under the cliffs, made a fire to boil our tea. When we could find no water, we searched like the shipwrecked mariners of old for some fresh spring or pool. It was a moment of triumph when we discovered a file of contadini, young girls, straight and tall

as Nausicaa of the Phœacians, carrying rocks on their heads for some padrone. We bargained for the water in one of their old earthen jars, and tried to buy the jar, too, offering lavish prices; but we elicited only a terrified stare and a demand for the return of their "bumulo." Doubtless they thought us mad in our gayety or possessed with the evil eye.

So we drank our tea and climbed slowly back over the high cliff, trying to trace the old walls and imagine the old city amid the rocks and weeds and tall flowers of the century plant.

At night the moon rose full above the mountains. It illumined the hills, softened the misty coastline, and reaching out a slender finger across the bay touched the marble cross. And the cross crept into life and shone white in the darkness.

From a water color drawing

THE MARBLE CROSS ON THE CLIFFS AT TYNDARIS

"EACH SWAYING GREEN STALK BEARS ALOFT A CORONAL OF WHITE BLOSSOMS"

A New England Village

By LYDIA J. DALE

With Illustrations by the Author

IT is midsummer, and the sun is shining down upon the little village nestled among the hills. Overhead, the long spreading branches of the elms meet and interlace, and the shadows lie like a network on the ground beneath. The sunbeams flicker through the leaves on the grass beside the way, and on the smooth green turf in front of the white houses. Fine old houses they are, broad and ample and generous in their proportions, speaking of bygone days; some square and spacious, with a spreading roof and hospitable porch upheld by fluted columns, others longer, with the roof slanting more steeply and an imposing row of pillars across the front. Tall trees, elms and maples, stand in the dooryards, with here and there a great buttonwood showing white patches on the trunk where the bark has curled and fallen, according to its custom. Occasionally a lilac hedge divides neighbor from neighbor, or a clump of syringa bushes may be seen by the kitchen door, but there is an air of friendly intercourse, having no need to define individual boundaries, and it is not surprising to find that the same names are repeated over and over in the town chronicles, that many of those who know and love the little place may trace their family tree back to a common ancestor.

"The poppy bed yonder is all alive with color"

Such is one of the peculiarities of a New England country town. The descendants of the early settler may have thriven or been unfortunate — their achievements may be known far away from home, or only recognized in their native place, but there is a feeling of kinship among them all. In after years the children's children return, often bearing other names, it is true, but eager to hunt up old ties, to refresh early associations, and show to those who come with them the old house where grandmother lived, the little building where they went to school, or to seek out reverently in the old graveyard the stones which commemorate the virtues of their forebears.

Behind the little village rise the hills, with here fertile fields or open pastures on the slopes, there thick woods covering the ridges. Many roads lead upward, for man's natural desire is to rise above the things of every day, and some adventurous spirits have planted themselves on the heights. What an outlook it is, the green slopes leading the eye downward

ABOVE THE GARDEN IS AN ANCIENT HOUSE

to the smooth valley below where the broad river runs, flashing in the sunlight, while beyond, across the meadows, rise the hills. Tier after tier, some smooth with cultivated fields, others thickly wooded, they press like billows against the horizon, and beyond and above them all is the blue summer sky. A soft haze lies over the whole, half hiding, half revealing the distant peaks, subduing the brilliancy of the sunlight, lending an air of mystery and charm to what is perchance commonplace. Half sight is often more alluring than a clearer vision.

In every direction we find the outlines varied, we learn to recognize the different summits, to see where among their folds and valleys lie our neighbor towns and villages, to trace the course of the placid river and its tributaries, even though invisible by reason of a projecting spur or stretch of woodland. One great charm of a landscape is the near foreground, merging imperceptibly into farther distance, till it is finally lost against the sky, and this charm our view of the valley and hills possesses to the full. We can see it all, in continuous sequence, the eye is not forced to bridge a gulf abruptly, but is led by slow gradations till the end is reached.

On one of the roads leading to the upland heights is a ravine, deeply cut. A tiny streamlet glistens far below, the sides are clothed with trees and bushes, creeping vines trail over the stems and birds sing in the thicket. It is not long in extent, it is near the dwellings of men, the dusty highway is within a stone's throw of it, but the little cleft in the hill-

side has all the charm and solitude of another and a higher place, so remote does it seem from the world. Entering its cool shade from the road, bright with the glare of noontide, we tread our way downward, under oaks and birches, turning to cross the little brook on a slender rustic bridge of fir stems, from which we look down upon the thread of water below. In spring it may well be full and wide, for the bridge stands high, perhaps to keep above the stream even at its flood, when tribute is paid from many a rivulet born of melting snows and early rains hastening over the pastures and fields to the channel already worn. As we follow the winding path, well shaded by trees, it brings a memory of distant Hawthornden and the walk by the river on the way to Roslin Chapel where stands the 'Prentice pillar, carved by an unknown hand in delicate scrolls and twining wreaths. We emerge from the shadows, leave the narrow path, and across an old terraced garden we catch a glimpse of the distant hills, blue and dim in the summer haze. Above the garden is an ancient house, set there a century ago, built of dark red brick, its somber rich coloring enhanced by the white trimmings on window and cornice and eaves. Very stately and dignified it looks, on one side screened by tall elms which stand closely about the grassy enclosure and shut it in from the road. Beyond are white sheds leading to the barn, forming a long continuous line of building, broken only by graceful rounded arches which mark the division. Along the roadside is a high hedge of lilacs, full of color and sweetness in the spring days, which shelter the old house from the passerby, as he climbs the hill, for we realize now that our ravine path has led us high above the village

THE OLD HOUSE WHERE GRANDMOTHER LIVED

"In the corner grows the iris"

We may look from the highway through a gate, out in the lilacs to the other side of the house, where a path leads us, as we venture in, to a porch overlooking the garden and showing us the hills beyond. A handsome old house it is, standing there on the steep hillside no modern balcony or jutting window to break the straight lines, but solid and substantial, a warm rich note of color amidst the green setting. A wide hall leads from door to door, and out of this rises the staircase with polished rail and twisted balusters, while on the left of the hall is a single room for the whole length, with many windows. On the wall is a wonderful paper which portrays the stately buildings of the city by the Seine, what time the horses of St. Mark's rested in the hands of the great emperor for a few short years. We may give our fancy free scope and people the old house with figures of a former generation, weave a story about the place, wherein love and sorrow and happiness may strive together for the mastery. Ghosts may flit before us about the high rooms, may wander in the garden full of bloom and

"Stately Larkspurs grow there, drinking in the blue sky"

fragrance, may look sadly from the windows to the blue hills far away, and catch the gleam of the water in the moonlight, as it glides silently through the meadows. Romance is the fitting atmosphere for an old house, where young life once dreamed its dreams, and loved and suffered and hoped, full of eager desire to know the future.

Across the way is another old homestead, this time of wood, with sloping roof and low, covered piazza, from which the whole sweep of valley and hill is to be seen. The meadow lands beyond the silver ribbon of the slow moving river are sparsely dotted with farmhouses, red or white as fancy or the local painter has ordained. Each has its group of graceful drooping treetops, each has its own chosen outlook toward the hills or across the fields to the river and the farther shore. As we look down upon the smooth floor it is here vivid green with standing rye, there yellow where the grain

GREAT CLUMPS OF CANTERBURY BELLS OPEN THEIR FAIR CUPS TO THE DAY

has been harvested already, now we see a marking like bars, where rows of corn have been planted and the fresh green blades rise out of the brown earth, now it is the hayfield with small pygmies moving to and fro in seemingly aimless fashion. Beyond are stretches of woodland, dark green in contrast to the sunlit meadows, the trees reaching upward to the lower hill slopes, as these last mount higher and higher. The ridges lie in various directions, the valleys between are almost imperceptible on the wooded sides, and the whole looks like a sea with the waves arrested as they rise and fall, and turned to earthborn hills, rolling on until the horizon is reached.

There is a garden in the little village, rich with color and fragrance. All day long the sun pours down upon it till the flowers glow beneath his touch, the wind passes over it, swaying the slender stems, bees murmur among the blossoms, in the branches birds twitter and call.

Stately larkspurs grow there, drinking in the blue of the sky till every shade of

color from zenith to horizon is reflected in their petals; white foxgloves unfold their bells one by one till the stalk is full, and the bees "murmur by the hour" in their depths. There are great masses of primroses, golden like the sunlight, primroses of the day, not delaying for the bidding of the evening hour; low purple pansies, some with yellow centers and markings, some yellow, some white, and others like great single violets.

In the corner grows the iris. How the sunshine lingers on the soft petals of the blossoms, almost translucent, the light seems to pass through in subdued radiance. Such exquisite coloring, we question which is the more beautiful; the shading of purple and lavender, the tint of a ripe plum with white streaks and lines, the melting yellow, or the pure stainless white, all blending together in perfect harmony. The texture, too, is marvelous in its softness and delicacy, and yet it will endure a sudden tempest, apparently unscathed. We divine whence the craftsman learned the secret of his crepes and silks in a land where the love and admiration of flowers becomes almost a worship.

Great clumps of Canterbury bells, royal purple and white, moulded daintily, open their fair cups to the day. Multitudes of them stand close together, and yet each bell is distinct and individual. How graceful is the curve between the five starlike points which outline the edge. These flowers seem to absorb the sunlight and give it out as moonlight, so white are they.

Beside these are blue campanulas, blue as violets are blue, with a purple tinge. They are near akin to the Canterbury bells, but smaller and more slender, reminding us of the wild harebell as we see it growing along a bank in the woods. Indeed, the mistress of the garden has brought some of these wild cousins to bloom in a sheltered spot, simple and sweet like country maids.

The poppy bed yonder is all alive with color, the wide open petals rising above it on their slender stalks like gay butterflies hovering over the ground on outspread wings. Vivid scarlet like the glint of a tanager's breast, paler cherry, soft tender pink like the inmost heart of a sea shell, white like a cherry blossom or a snowflake, they dance and mingle in the breeze, tossed hither and thither by its wayward fancy, making merry in the decorous garden like a bevy of young girls.

The glory of the garden delays a little, as if to mark its coming among the beauty already there. The white Madonna lilies, white with a purity well suited to their message of the Annunciation, are slowly opening one by one on the tall stems, till a warmer sun quickens their unfolding, and one morning a wonder of beauty transfigures and heightens all the rest. Each swaying green stalk bears aloft a coronal of white blossoms, the shining radiant petals surrounding a heart of gold. Like a scepter for the queen of the flowers it raises its head as if exulting in its own loveliness. Here half a dozen grow together, filling the air with their rich perfume, here one single stem stands alone as if to challenge comparison. White and gold, gold and white, these are royal colors, and all others, blue and yellow and scarlet, pink and lavender and purple, all are secondary to the white and gold of the lily.

Do you see a reflection of the garden, I wonder? Do you catch the sheen of the sunlight on blue larkspur, on white foxglove, or golden primrose and purple pansy? Do you wonder at the delicacy of the iris, at the white softness of the bell flowers, at the gayety of the many tinted poppies? Do you hold your breath as you gaze at the purity and fairness of the white lilies, radiant with light, as if set in a shrine, a sanctuary? If you find in my words but a glimmer of all this loveliness, I am content.

Photograph by Hazelhurst

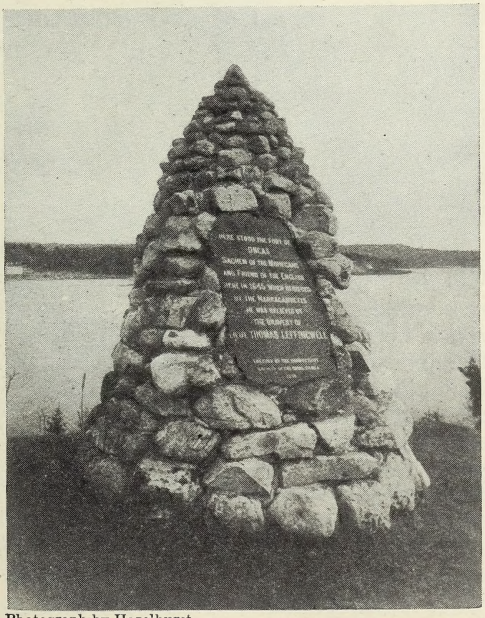
INDIAN LEAP, NORWICH, CONNECTICUT

"The Rose of New England"

NORWICH, CONNECTICUT, CELEBRATES THE TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ITS FOUNDING

By CHAS. M. ROCKWOOD

THE city of Norwich is one of those rarely fortunate communities whose history is visibly written in existing reminders of other days that force themselves upon the observation of even the most casual observer. Each waxing and waning tide has left its own record, its line of flotsam and jetsam, to mark its point of highest attainment. In old Norwich town, not over two miles from the center of the city, slumber in peace the old homesteads sacred to the memory of the first thirty-five and their immediate descendants. On a little hill-top stands a lonely monument above the graves that they themselves left unmarked for fear of savage desecration. Almost in the heart of the city marked by a stone at whose erection a president of the United States officiated, rest the mortal remains of old Uncas, "the white man's friend," the giver of the land and the protecting genius of the pioneers of 1659. But a moment's walk from busy market streets are the stately mansions of the grand days of Norwich's great manufacturers. At another point we step but a few paces from the modern street and look down the romantic chasm where the Pequots saved themselves from the Narragansetts by a mad leap for life. At one moment we are admiring a modern business block of stately and satisfying architecture; at another we are looking curiously at a little store that has undergone no architectural change since our great-great-grandfathers traded there. At first glance this might seem to indicate a lack of enterprise and growth. Such, however, is not the case. It is due solely to the curious way in which the city has grown by moving down from rather than by the reconstruction of its original location.



Photograph by Hazelhurst

MEMORIAL TO THE LEFFINGWELL EXPEDITION

In many ways Norwich has a distinctly English flavor, not easily analyzed, but pervading and convincing. About the old mansions and the old family names, many of them, lingers a suggestion of aristocracy. Everywhere is a feeling of quiet satisfaction with the past and easy confidence for the future, a belief and pride in its own history and institutions, a mingling of past and present that is not common to American communities.

I should imagine that to a native of Norwich home

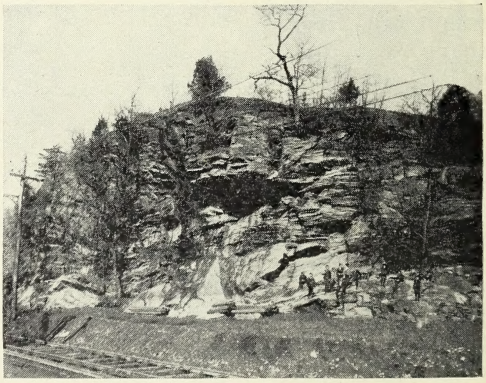
THE MIANTONOMO MONUMENT

coming would be a peculiarly satisfying experience. It is an ideal place in which to hold a two hundred and fiftieth anniversary — an ideal place also for the anniversary orator. Not many of our cities can find the roots of the family trees of four presidents of the United States within their borders, or can point to the fact that four of their hopeful lads have grown up to be the presidents of great American universities. And even in New England there are not many communities that can rejoice in a longer roll of names illustrious in literature. In fact, we rather envy the orators of July 5th and 6th, when Norwich will gather her thousands for a celebration that is certain to be one of the most striking and distinctive of its kind.

The district owes its first settlement to that craze for land speculation which, at about the second generation from the first landing of the Pilgrims, sent our forefathers in groups and colonies away from homes scarcely won from the wilderness, into regions even more remote. I suppose that there never has been a time when men were not afflicted with some sort of a get-rich-quick mania. It is not always easy for us to penetrate the solemn conventionalities with which the elders clothed their written speech, but between the lines of actual events we read very clearly the feverish haste and optimism of the day. More directly Norwich owes its settlement to the fact that one Leffingwell was sent with a body of good men and true to the relief of the aforementioned Uncas, who was hard beset by his vengeful Pequot cousins. Partly in gratitude for this deliverance and partly for what was at that time considered a fair price, the old chief ceded to the colonial government the nine miles square that constituted the original territory of the town, and this gift was duly recorded in a deed, a copy of which is in state archives at Hartford. Very soon thereafter Major John Mason and a company of thirty-five proprietors set forth from Saybrook, bearing with them a charter from the colonial government, and proceeded to divide and occupy the newly acquired territory.

This Major Mason was a rather remarkable man. He had received military training on the continent in the wars of the Netherlands and won his title by courageous conduct. With him was another remarkable man, the Rev. James Fitch, who followed his flock into the wilderness. Indeed there must have been an unusual average of breadth and capacity among those early settlers, for the new community comes to the front in public affairs very rapidly. In the pre-revolutionary days and in the events immediately leading up to the revolutionary war, Norwich appears as a leader among the communities of that region and its men were looked to for the initiative in important actions.

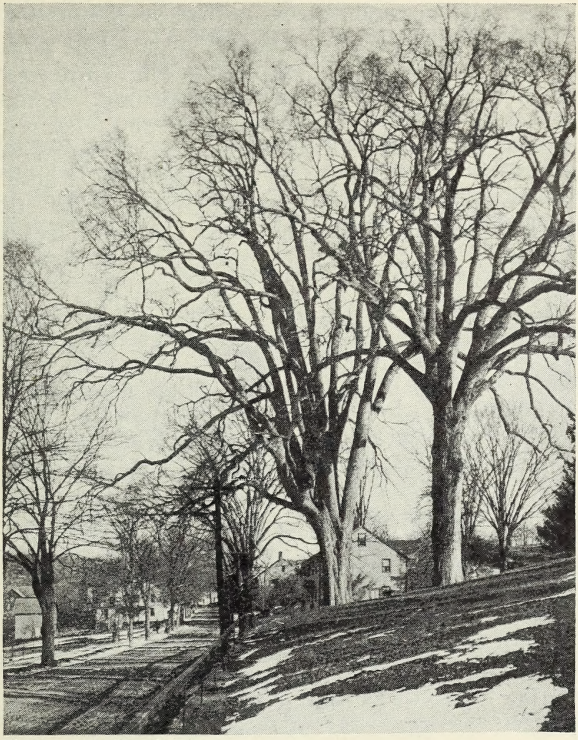
Such scenes of the Revolution as fell within the borders of the town itself are rather of the pomp and circumstance



MEETING HOUSE ROCKS — SITE OF THE FIRST CHURCH BUILDING IN NORWICH

of war than of disaster and bloodshed. They even afford us glimpses of colonial grandeur. In the old Jed Huntington house that is one of the best preserved of the ancient mansions we can revive those brighter pictures that stand out against the somber background of the war,— scenes of courtly dignity not untinged with gayety and mirth. There Washington and Lafayette and many of the others of that brilliant group passed many a festive social hour.

But if Norwich is not one of the battle grounds of the Revolution, her people were no strangers to the privations and sacrifices of patriotism. Her contributions of men and supplies were sufficiently notable to call for the special notice and commendation of that somewhat exacting patriot Samuel Adams. There is evidence of unusual foresight also in the vote of the town "to encourage manufacturers," which was made at the time that war with the mother country seemed inevitable. As an immediate result of this action the iron works of Elijah Backus were established at Yantic, and there were cast cannon for the armies and anchors for the ships of the navy.



Photograph by Hazelhurst

THE COIT ELMS, PLANTED IN 1750

The citizens of Norwich had already begun to discover that the river which they had ignored in their first settlement was a possible source of wealth and the movement had begun toward that section first known as "The Landing," after as "Chelsea," and now as Norwich. This was the era in which men were looking to the sea for wealth. Land speculation had become quiescent, an era of commerce and trade with the West Indies and the ports of England, Holland, and France had taken its place. With the declaration of peace this trade flourished. Stately ships from the Indies and from over the seas sailed up the Thames. Norwich bids fair to become a second Salem. Then came the embargo of 1807 and the war of 1812. The ships lay rotting at their wharves. For a time the community seemed stunned. But swift upon this change came the drastic protectionism of 1813, and the years immediately after.

Manufacturing became the new scource of wealth to which New England looked. In three years' time on the Yantic and Shetucket four cotton mills, two woolen mills, and a nail factory were established. This last was one of the wonders of the district. The country people came for miles to stare at the wonderful Yankee process of making cut nails and to wonder what next. The cotton mills were the first to be established in Connecticut, and by no less an individual than John Slater himself, the pioneer of the spinning industry in the United States. From this date the name of Slater is one of the most justly honored in the community. The old

Photograph by Hazelhurst

THE NORWICH FREE ACADEMY

Slater mansion, now unhappily abandoned, is one of the finest of the stately mansions of that group of successful manufacturers. His benefactions and those of his son, Mr. Wm. Slater, are potent factors to-day in the higher life of the community.

It was during this earlier manufacturing period that the city of Norwich took on many of its present unique and distinctive characteristics.

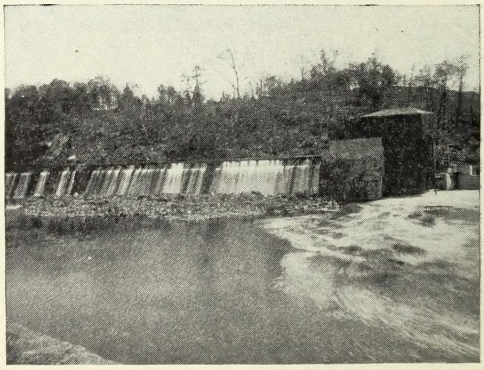
Contrary to the usual course, whether intentionally or from accidental circumstances, the city proper was reserved for residences, while the mills and factories grew up on the outskirts, or a few miles away, as at Taftville and Yantic. As a result of this somewhat unusual development Norwich, which is a manufacturing community, and has been so for nearly a century, maintains its quality as a quiet residential city, to which an almost romantic variety and unusualness of landscape lends an outer appearance of great attractiveness.

This natural scenery is worth more than a passing notice. Situated at the junction of the Yantic and Shetucket rivers, with ledges of bare rock rising from back doors of residences and business blocks, the city occupies the narrow strips between the river and the hills together with the tiny island that stands in the Y of the rivers and an upper level or plateau upon which one emerges suddenly and with considerable surprise.

The native rock that forms these ledges is a kind of gneiss, or faulty granite, that disintegrates rapidly along its seams, leaving a rugged surface and separating in deep crevices through some of which the water still finds its way, while others have been partially filled with sedimentary deposits. In one such crevice an effort was made recently to replace with masonry the old wooden abutments of a dam, but the sounding rods could find no bottom, the crevice reaching down to an unmeasured distance.

One portion of the city is built up on a sand bank thirty or forty feet deep. In another place a crevice has been entirely filled with soil that has been probed for a hundred feet, but is only marked by a slight depression, which is flooded over in winter for the delectation of the small boy. Across the river rises the long slope of Laurel Hill, and inland the rocks are covered with a fertile soil in rounded hills, where are many productive farms. In this district two hundred and fifty feet above tide level the waters of a little stream are dammed back to form the Fairview Reservoir, from which, by a simple gravity system, the city receives a copious supply of pure water.

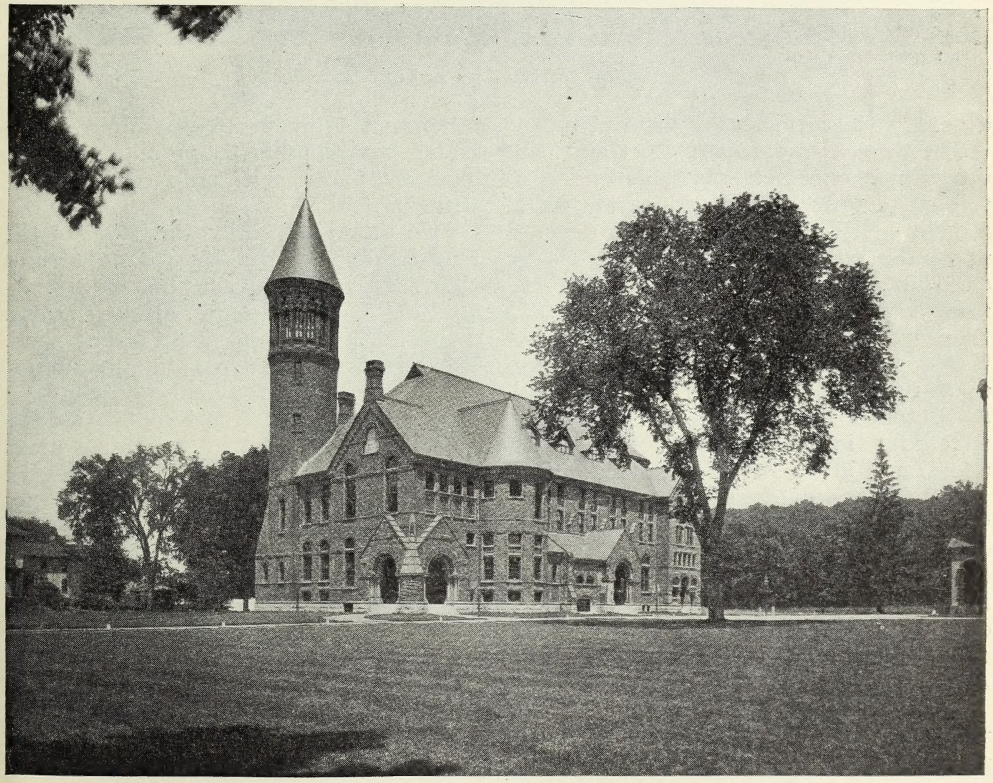
One other feature lends a distinctive quality to the city. That is the remarkable place occupied in its educational system by the Norwich Free Academy, an endowed institution that takes the place of high school for the city. I do not know that this arrangement is just duplicated in any other community of equal population. That a city of twenty thousand inhabitants should remain so loyal to an endowed academy as to feel



Photograph by Hazelhurst

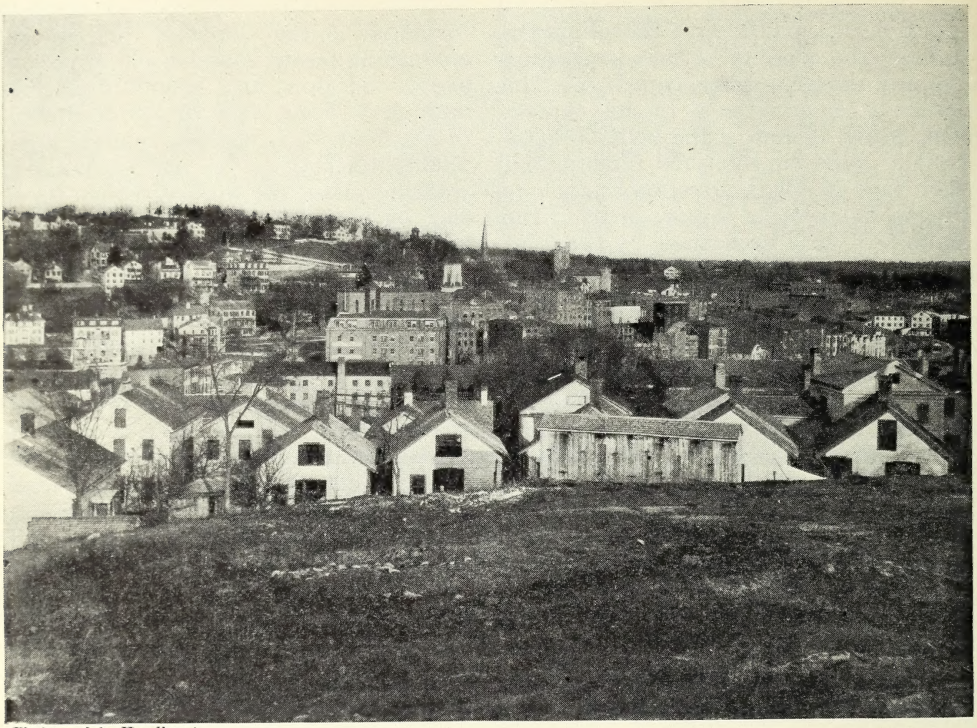
THE NORWICH COMPRESSED AIR PLANT

no desire for a public high school speaks more for the conduct of that institution than any words of praise could do. The successive enlargements of its endowment, which is now in the neighborhood of eight hundred thousand dollars, and which have enabled it to retain this strong position and meet the requirements of the community, have been made by the joint gifts of most of the wealthier citizens of Norwich from time to time for the past half century. Founded at the instance of the Rev. Doctor Gulliver, minister of the First Congregational Church, the institution has never had the slightest sectarian bias or aristocratic leaning. The training furnished is particularly rich along classical and artistic lines, but technical studies are by no means neglected. In the beautiful Slater Memorial building is housed a fine collection of casts from the antique and a library that is perhaps without a parallel among secondary schools. Adjoining the Slater Memorial is the Converse Art Gallery, containing many valuable paintings and accommodations for a school of art. In another building is a complete equipment of iron and wood working machinery for manual training. Here also is a practical printing plant, the work of which is carried on entirely by the students of the academy, and which is able to print all of the academy literature, together with occasional special publications whose typographical excellence would do credit to a professional press. If we were to sum up the characteristics of the training thus furnished in comparison with that of the average high school, we should say that it possessed a somewhat stronger idealistic tendency. Entirely free from local politics, the school is not compelled to meet each passing educational whim of the day. It is therefore in many respects more conservative than our average high schools, while in other respects it is unquestionably



Photograph by Hazelhurst

THE SLATER MEMORIAL, NORWICH, FREE ACADEMY



Photograph by Hazelhurst

VIEW OF NORWICH FROM THE WEST

decidedly in advance of most of them.

The whole arrangement is certainly an interesting one. Its permanence as a sole source of secondary education for a growing city must, of course, depend upon the continual enlargement of its endowment fund. So long as there are men of wealth who will supply this need, there would seem to be no reason why Norwich should not continue to depend upon this thoroughly satisfactory school and retain for itself what is undoubtedly a refining influence among the young people and in the life of the community. Extensive improvements involving an expenditure of about one hundred thousand dollars are now in progress, and the financial condition of the academy is sound and strong. Under the principalship of Mr. Henry A. Tirrell, its prestige in the community and in the educational world is well maintained.

Another public institution of great value to the city and also the result of private benefactions is the W. W. Backus Hospital, the gift of the original donor, generously supplemented by Mr. William Slater, have combined to produce a noble monument and splendidly equipped institution.

Still other fine philanthropies are the Huntington Memorial Home for old ladies which occupies a beautiful old estate, and the Rocknook Home for children.

Strong institutions mean strong men. While it seems like descending to a minor interest to record the names of men who have been constructive forces of a community, I suspect that in reality in so doing we are rather penetrating to the real truth and to the broader and deeper human interest. Institutions may become the centers of local pride and of loyal service. We may consecrate them, and teach our children to revere them, but, as a matter of fact, the higher truth always shines first in an individual human heart. It is to men and women rather than to institutions to whom, among earthly things, our deepest reverence is due — not in glorification, but in affection — not in self laudation,

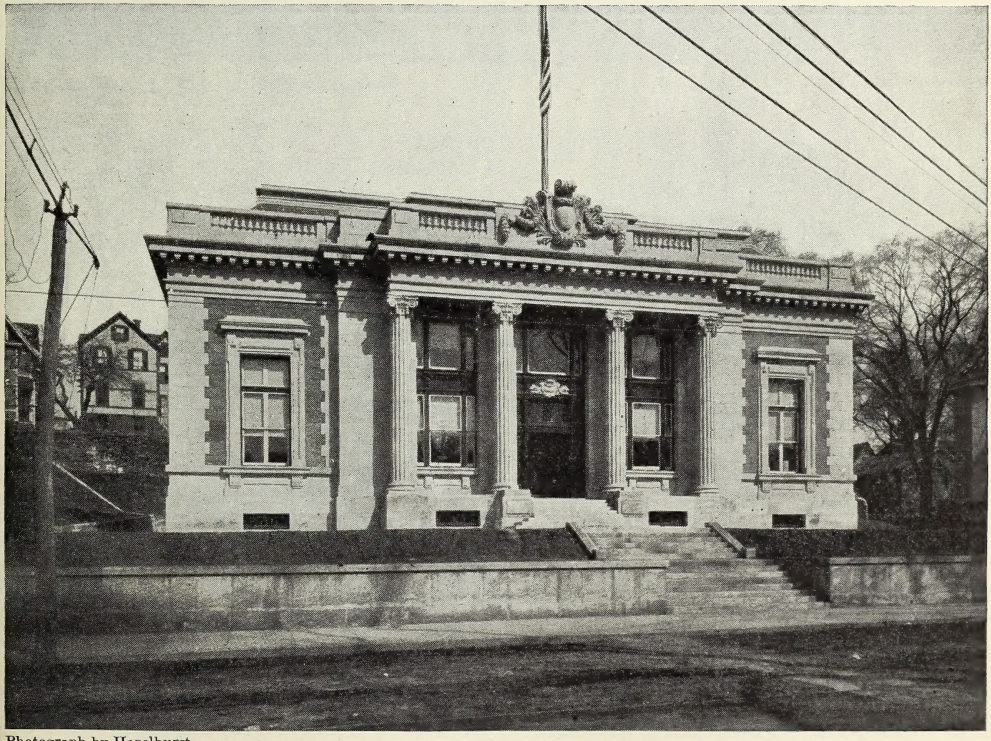
thinly veiled under the dyes of patriotism, but in the fine appreciation of true manhood and womanhood and the emulation of noble examples.

The roll of honor of the city of Norwich is too long to be reproduced here, but there are names that are as closely associated with the best things of the city as that of Washington with the Revolution or Lincoln with the days of the civil war. Not to be able to speak of them is simply to confess the inevitable inadequacy of such an article as this.

Such, in brief, is the historic city of Norwich built in and around which, and yet withal very unobtrusively, so that the flavor of the old city is scarcely affected thereby, is the thriving modern city, with its diversified manufactures and business activities.

These amounted, according to the latest statistics available, to a grand total of $27,961,939.55. Of this amount $15,042,561 is to be credited to the output of factories and mills.

We could not, in this place, give even a casual description of the varied industries which make this grand contribution to the wealth of New England. Many of them are of world-wide celebrity. The great Ponemah Mills at Taftville give to Norwich the distinction of possessing one of the three largest cotton mills in the United States. Its annual output of fancy cotton goods amounts to 22,000,000 yards. The Shetucket Company plant, located at Greenville, adds 6,000,000 yards of denims and other plain and fancy cotton goods to this total, while the contributions of the Totokett Mills at Occum brings the figure up to a total of 30,000,000, while the mills of the Falls Company add 5,500,000 more yards of fine cotton goods produced in Norwich annually — and yet it is not so many years ago but that those patient foremothers of ours seem very real, sitting at their spindles or swinging the beams of their old hand looms. With what speechless amazement would they gaze at this



Photograph by Hazelhurst

THE NORWICH POST OFFICE BUILDING

Photograph by Hazelhurst

RESIDENCE AND VIEW ON THE ESTATE OF WINSLOW TRACY WILLIAMS, ESQ., YANTIC

mountain of the finest fabric, the annual output of a single community!

Of woolens, the Yantic Woolen Company are the largest producers, with an output of 2,250,000 yards of flannel and dress goods. The fine, ivy-grown stone mills that form the plant of this substantial corporation make a charmingly picturesque group. On the hill overlooking them and approached by a beautiful bridge of masonry is the fine estate of Mr. Winslow F. Williams, the treasurer and agent of the firm. Mr. Williams is also chairman of the general committee of the anniversary celebration association, and a leading force in all public activities. The Clinton Mills Company produces a line of billiard and carriage cloth and ladies' broadcloth, and the Glen Woolen Mills produce dress goods in all colors. Then there are the Thames Valley Mills, with a large product mostly of covert cloth; the Reliance Worsted Mills producing a variety of woolen goods and the J. B. Martin Company, with an annual output of 1,000,000 yards of velvet. The Givernand Brothers' silk factory turns out 350,000 yards of silk dress goods a year. Allied to these textile industries is the great plant of the United States Finishing Company, who do bleaching, dyeing, printing, and finishing of plain and fancy cloths. The capacity of these mills is 85,000,000 yards per annum.

Norwich has long been one of the important centers for the manufacture of firearms. The principal factory is that of the Hopkins and Allen Arms Company, who manufacture one hundred and thirty-eight varieties of revolvers, rifles, and single and double barreled shotguns. The skilled workmen employed make the payroll of this firm one of the largest in the city.

The W. H. Davenport Fire Arms Company conduct another important branch of this industry, manufacturing sporting guns and rifles, embodying many ingenius devices of their own. Norwich also affords a profitable location to the Cres-

cent Fire Arms Company, the Thames Arms Company, and the Tobin Arms Manufacturing Company.

Situated at Thamesville is the largest paper board mill in the world, the Vincas Paper Company, with a daily capacity of eighty-five tons of paper board.

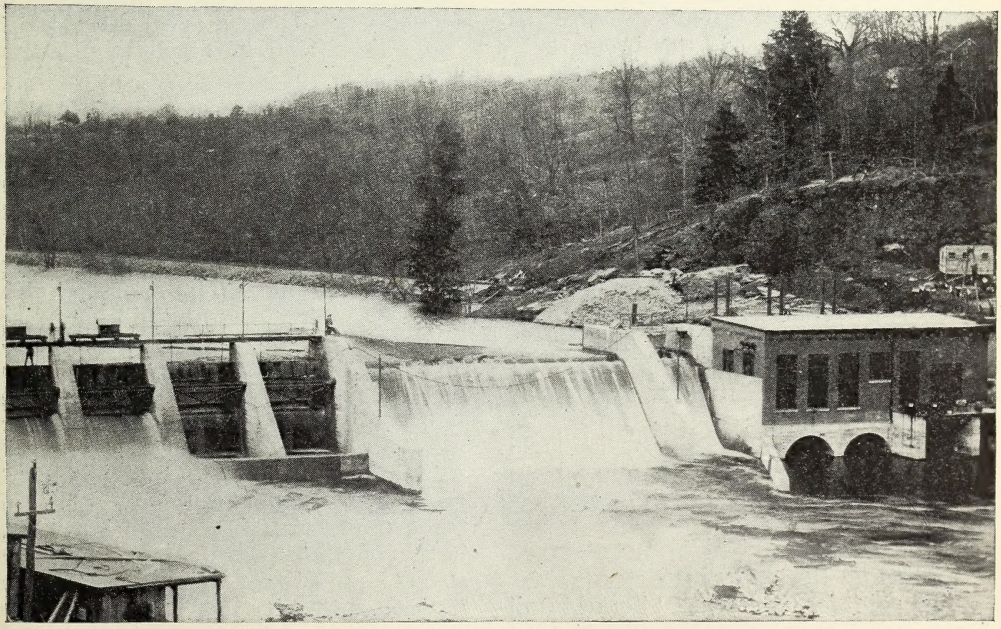
The A. H. Hubbard Company, manufacturers of colored printing papers, has been operated by five generations of the Hubbard family — a unique and honorable record.

One of the most important industries located in Norwich is that of the Norwich Nickel and Brass Company, of which Gen. Wm. A. Aiken is president and Edwin A. Tracy treasurer and general manager. Both of these gentlemen are active in the promotion of all worthy public interests in the city. The entire establishment is one of the most beneficent that a city could possess. To this brief and imperfect enumeration, the object of which is to give some idea of the wide variety of the industrial development of the city, should be added several more large and important firms.

The Kellogg-McCrum-Howell Company, manufacturers of heaters, is a strongly capitalized and prosperous industry. The Norwich Belt Manufacturing Company is one of the most widely known concerns in that line of manufacture, nor should we omit to mention the Wm. H. Page Boiler Company, the Ulmer Leather Company, the American Wood Working Machinery Company, the Norwich Cutlery Company, the Chelsea File Works, the Osswan Mills Company, producers of picture and shade cords and hardware, the Lester & Wesley firm, whose special envelope-making machines are a standard product, the Emerson P. Turner Manufacturing Company, makers of fancy cordage; the Bard Union Company, producers of a patented specialty. About fifteen more smaller but rapidly growing plants could be added to this list of Norwich producers.

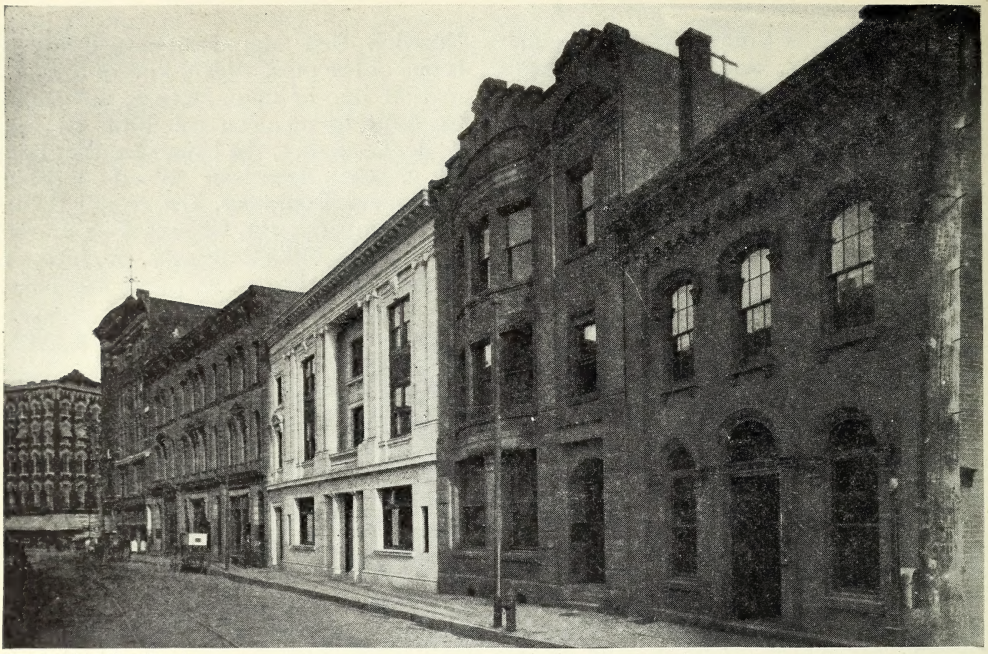
The object of this enumeration is principally accomplished by that which might be considered a sufficient reason for its omission — its length. No table of statistics could carry so vivid a picture of industrial activity as this grand enumeration of splendid industries, the history of each of which is a separate story of American enterprise, grit, and business integrity and acumen.

Nor are the facilities for manufacturing



Photograph by Hazelhurst

PLANT OF THE UNCAS POWER COMPANY



Photograph by Hazelhurst

THE BANK ROW, NORWICH

which the locality affords exhausted.

Norwich is, I understand, the only city in the United States with a compressed air plant, having pipes through all the streets of the city with this convenient source of power on tap like gas or water. The possibilities of this remarkable arrangement appeal strongly to the practical imagination.

Another available source of power is the plant Uncas Power Company, a splendid piece of hydraulic engineering, where water power is converted into an electric current, at an exceedingly economical figure. Competent engineers have estimated that the water privilege within a few miles of Norwich are capable of producing twenty-two thousand horse power. Most of this is developed, but the full capacity is not yet in use.

When to this we add the further advantage of excellent transportation facilities, we have described not only a beautiful home city with romantic legends and a proud history, but one of the most available manufacturing sites in New England. Situated on tide water, the city is a terminal point for the Vermont Central Railroad and an important station on the New York, New Haven & Hartford.

The city of Norwich, take it altogether, presents both the background and the living material for an enthrallingly interesting social study. No better locality could be chosen in which to place the sceneries, if not of *the* great, at least of *a* great American novel. Nowhere has manufacturing had a more consistent, a more thoroughly American development. Norwich is an embodiment of the natural trend of the American system of manufacturing. This condition has been brought about by the unusual number of men of strong and commanding character who have been at the head of her manufacturing interests, and also to the fact that the city has been the residence of men holding large manufacturing interests elsewhere, so that the air is permeated with that type of character which American manufacturing produces in its great leaders and captains. And this being the case, it is not only interesting but profoundly gratifying to note the strong and insistent note of idealism that permeates the city life.

Photograph by Hazelhurst

THE OLD SLATER MANSION

To this little sketch of the "Rose of Connecticut," we should add, for the benefit of thousands who will be interested in the event, some account of the coming celebration.

The celebration is to be graced by the presence of President Taft and many other distinguished guests.

The first official action looking towards the celebration was taken by the court of common council at a meeting held July 1, 1907, Mayor Charles F. Thayer presiding, when it was voted on motion of Alderman N. B. Lewis, that the matter of the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the town and the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the city be referred to the amusement committee.

The next organization to take action on the matter was the board of trade. At a meeting of the executive committee held Feb. 3, 1908, Pres. Frederic W. Cary presiding, the matter of celebrating the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of the town of Norwich was discussed. It was voted on motion of Mayor Charles F. Thayer that the president appoint an anniversary committee to confer with committees which may be hereafter appointed by other organizations. As members of this committee President Cary appointed Charles E. Chandler, Winslow Tracy Williams, Charles W. Gale, John Eccles, Frederic W. Cary, Charles D. Noyes, Howard L. Stanton, Arthur D. Lathrop, and Charles F. Thayer.

As a result of these thorough arrangements and with much earnest and patriotic work by the committees, the following elaborate and interesting program has been prepared.

Sunday, July 4, 1909. Historical sermons in all churches. Decorations of graves in the Old Town Cemetery and the Mason monument. Address and service at or near the old town cemetery. Anniversary service at First Church. Norwich Town.

Monday, July 5. National salute at sunrise. Ringing of bells at 7. Salute of twenty-one guns on arrival of the President. Historical reproduction at 9. Athletic games at 9.30. First airship ascension at 10. Breakfast to the President, distinguished guests, and officials of celebration committee at Rockclyffe. Grand parade at 2. Public reception by the President and guests at 5, at the Buckingham Memorial. Second airship ascension at 5.30. Band concerts in various sections of the city at 5.30. Grand display of fireworks at 8. Official dinner to the President and guests at 10. Electric display the entire evening.

Tuesday, July 6. Automobile parade at 9.30. Third airship ascension at 10.30. Dedication of the Memorial fountain at 11. Putnam Phalanx dress parade at 11.30. Literary exercises and chorus at 2. Base ball game at 4. Fourth airship ascension at 5.30. Band concert at 7.30. Water carnival at 8. Grand military ball at 9. Electrical display the entire evening.

Loan exhibition, etc., during the entire celebration.

Alexander Appears

By BEN BLOW

WOE weighed on Fatty Peters, for old Maje was dead. "Him an' me wuz jest about as old as one another," he said, addressing Whitey Wilkins, Johnny Simmons, and Billy Day, who met to mourn and incidentally to bury Maje.

"'N' I reckon if they's any dog heaven," continued Fatty, with melancholy satisfaction, "he's there right now, asnoozin' in the sun. He never made hisself a nuisance by runnin' out an' barkin' at the teams that passed the house. You couldn't git him to grab a tail-hold on a cow no matter how you sicked, an' my daddy says he's the only pup he ever raised that he didn't have to whale the stuffin' out of to learn him manners in the house."

This tribute to old Maje was followed by a mournful pause which Whitey Wilkins ended. "All I got to say is this," he remarked, meditatively, excavating a burrow in the ground with one great toe, "if they is any dog heaven like Fatty says, an' they's any coons there, they'd better git a move on an' climb trees, fur as soon as old Maje gits his bearin's he's a goin' to be a awful noisy dog."

This somewhat startling statement was challenged by Johnny Simmons, who spoke with much contempt. "Gwan!" he said, "Git out! Y' make me sick! S'pose they is a dog heaven, like Fatty says, an' s'posin' good coons goes there, they aint a goin' to be no chanst fur Maje to have no fun. If the lamb kin lay down with the lion an' use his stomick fur a pillow, in the Millenjium, you bet old Maje aint a goin' to git no chanst to tree no coons."

The logic of this remark, supported by pictorial proof, which all the boys remembered from brief experience at Sunday school, was so apparent that Fatty changed the subject promptly. "We might as well go on an' have the fun'ral, fellers," he declared. "We got to bury him anyway before he starts to smell."

The cortege formed, all that was earthly of old Maje reposing in a wheelbarrow, which was pushed by Johnny Simmons, while Billy Day and Whitey Wilkins bore pick and spade. Behind, bowed down by grief, toiled Fatty, the perspiration streaming down his shiny face. "Gee-whillikins," he said, "it's awful hot on poor old Maje an' me. Le's hurry up an' git him hid away."

The funeral over, the party rested from its labors, while Fatty, with vast mental effort, evolved a brief but fitting epitaph which he emblazoned upon a sharpened shingle:

Here lies old Maje
Dyed of The old Age.
R. I. P.

"What you think of that?" he inquired proudly. "R. I. P. stands for Rest In Peace. Made it up out o' my head. Tells everything they is to tell besides bein' poetry. Nobody ain't agoin to git tired readin' it, anybody'd know what it means if he knowed anything. Say, does any o' you fellers know anybody that's got some pups?"

"Old Norwine's got some, Fatty," responded Johnny Simmons, "part hound, y' might git one o' them, le's go an' see."

Unanimous approval greeted this suggestion, and the funeral party, loading Billy Day—despite his protests that he "might git somethin' on him"—into the wheelbarrow so lately occupied by Maje, departed at utterly indecent speed, accompanied by wild shrieks.

"You better mind out, fellers," cautioned Fatty. "You might upset the

thing or bust a wheel, an' then my daddy'd give us seven different kind of fits."

Holding on fast and speaking thickly the passenger protested at the reckless speed. "Geeminentally, fellers," he said. "Go easy; the jouncin' hurts my stomick somethin' awful; it feels like it wuz turnin' upside down."

This comprehensive statement of internal trouble was received with unalloyed delight. The speed increased, the wheelbarrow wobbled yet more wildly, a stone fixed in the road brought on catastrophe, and Billy, waving arms and legs, sailed forth into the air which palpitated with his yells, while Johnny Simmons, entangled in the wreckage that he had wrought, performed some hitherto unheard of acrobatics and subsided underneath the wheelbarrow, which turned upside down.

"Geewhillikins," said Fatty, when the damages on inventory were found to be but trifling, "s'pose we'd killed poor Billy, we'd all be murderers an' git hung."

"That sure would be a shock to all our folks an' even Billy's," admitted Whitey Wilkins. "The kid alaid out in his coffin, with a clean shirt an' a busted stomick, an' us three lined up on the gallus prayin' to be forgive for somethin' we never aimed to do. Hey, Billy, does it hurt you yit?"

Feeling the solid ground beneath his feet again, seeing that Johnny Simmons too bore traces of the recent upset; knowing full well his stomach was not only able, but also willing to grapple with a dozen hard-boiled eggs, Billy admitted that it "wasn't busted," and explained the reason why.

"I reckon I must a lit on my head."

"Come on, then, fellers," said Fatty, "le's quit this foolin' an' go an' see them pups."

Kicking the dust up with their bare, brown feet, the boys trudged down the road that led to Warsaw, discoursing on the proper method of choosing pups.

"The way to 'pick' a pup," asserted Johnny Simmons, "is to git him by the tail an' lift him up. If he don't holler you kin bet he's got some bull blood in the fambly some place back."

"I heard my daddy tell Doc Henderson he left it to the puppies' mother," said Whitey Wilkins. "Take 'em away from her,' he says, 'an' lay 'em in the grass, then watch an' see which one she totes back first, an' y' git the one that's goin' to be a credit to his maw.'"

The proper method of determining canine excellence in early youth brought forth much heated argument, which Johnny Simmons, rat-eyed always, ended by exclaiming: "Fatty! Here comes y'r father, dern it! Y' want to hide?"

"You know I ain't adoin' nothin'," answered Fatty, "besides, it wouldn't do no good; he seen us first."

Flight being futile and progress, for the time being, inexpedient, the boys climbed up and perched upon the fence that flanked the road, hooking their toes in, to ensure stability.

"Say, Fatty," inquired Whitey Wilkins, "what you agoin' to tell him when he asks y' what y' doin' here?"

"He ain't agoin' to ask me that," said Fatty. "He don't care where I go s' long as I git back in time to do the chores."

At this point Mr. Peters stopped his team before the boys and eyed them humorously. "Henery," he said, "what you adoin' here?"

This simple question projected Whitey Wilkins into such violent giggles that his toe hold on the fence was all that saved him from falling off.

"You boys is surely plannin' mischief o' some kind," continued Mr. Peters, notwithstanding Whitey Wilkins' paroxysms in the least. "You look too dad blamed innocent for any use."

"Honest, we ain't agoin' to git in trouble," answered Fatty, and called on Johnny Simmons to vouch for what he said. "We're jest asettin' around to kill time, ain't we, Johnny? an' bein' it wuz early we kind o' thought we'd go an' take a look at Norwine's pups."

"I'm kind o' tired raisin' pups," said Mr. Peters, "but I reckon it ain't agoin' to do no good. You couldn't git along without one an' be happy, could you, Henery, hey?"

Before words came to Fatty wherewith to picture the utter desolation of a pup-

less life, a scratching sounded in the wagon, a lean face capped by flapping ears and framing melancholy eyes appeared above the tail gate, and struggling wildly a lanky, three months' pup fell headlong to the dusty road. Voicing a frightened "oof!" he scrabbled to his feet and took the back track promptly, fleeing he cared not where or knew not why.

"Dod rat him, anyway!" said Mr. Peters, "he shore wuz born a fool. Nothin' but yell an' holler all the way."

This ebullition, while highly comforting to Mr. Peters, fell on the empty air, for the group upon the fence dismounted with incredible celerity and joined in mad pursuit.

"Head him off, Johnny!" howled Fatty, willing in spirit, but handicapped by flesh. "Don't let the durn fool run hisself to death; he's apt to git the heaves."

With flapping ears and frightened yelps the pup maintained a highly creditable speed for one so young, but age and numbers triumphed as Johnny Simmons grabbed him by the tail.

"Durn you!" he said, "what's ailin' you? Ain't nobody goin' to eat y' up."

Far down the road Fatty's father saw the capture and smiled wistfully. "Jest like I use to be," he muttered, "it's as nachul for a boy to want a pup as it is f'r a little gal to hanker f'r a doll. Gid ap, here, horses!" and then, remembering the idiosyncrasies of the present specimen: "Dad rat him, anyway, I bet he's agoin' to raise all kinds o' hell."

The horses fell into a joggy trot, the wagon rumbled homewards, raising fluffy rolls of dust, and far behind sat Fatty Peters, with his captive, surrounded by Whitey Wilkins, Johnny Simmons, and Billy Day. With one brown hand he grasped his recently acquired chattel by one throbbing ear, addressing him meanwhile with words of caution and advice.

"Y' better git some sense right soon," he said, severely. "I ain't agoin' to fool with you much longer. I'm liable to take a notion to belt you on the ear."

"Aw, Fatty, don't twist his whole durn ear off, y'll hurt him," pleaded Whitey Wilkins. You oughtn't to blame him none for gittin' scairt, you didn't have no sense when you wuz young."

"I ain't ablamin' him," responded Fatty. "I'm alayin' out to git him started right. If he finds out that nobody is goin' to lam him when he needs it, most apt he'd git the notion of suckin' eggs. Hey you!" he jerked the pup's head around into a favorable position and belted him upon his unprotected ear. "Shut up y'r yellin'! Don't act like you wuz noodle-headed! What ails y', anyway?"

"I'm kind o' glad I ain't a dog," said Billy Day, with meditative candor. "Gittin' kicked an' cuffed an' havin' my tail pulled all the time."

Perhaps encouraged by the feeling that he had a sympathizer, the pup found heart and voice. "Woof!" he remarked, sitting up and taking notice, disclosing a somewhat quavery falsetto, "Woof! Woof! Ur woof!"

"Geewhillikins," said Fatty, proudly. "Naw! He ain't a goin'to make a watch dog, is he, hey?"

Far down the road a man aboard a somewhat weatherbeaten charger again was challenged by the pup.

"Gee whiz!" said Johnny Simmons, "that ain't nobody else but Doc Henderson. Well, dog my cats!"

"Git out!" responded Fatty, "what's eatin' y'? It *can't* be him. He's off at Congriss, ain't he? How kin it git along without him an' him not there?"

This argument permitted of no answer, but none the less Doc Henderson, the Congressman from Warsaw, who should have been attending the tiller of the ship of state, drew near, reined up and greeted the crowd benignantly from impressive heights.

"Howdy, boys?" he said. "What's that y' got, a pup?"

Fatty responded to this cordial inquiry with great detail, related the recent sad demise of Maje, particularized upon his fatal illness, admitting finally possession of a pup.

"He's kind o' noodle headed, though," he added, "gits foolish over nothin'; ain't got much sense."

"A sort o' dog smart Alick," said Johnny Simmons, glad of the oppor-

tunity to converse with greatness, " all the time tryin' to let you know that he's around."

" A hypereducated Alexander, eh? " Doc Henderson inquired genially. " Well, good by, boys; give my regards to all your folks."

" Je — ru — sa — lem! " gasped Whitey Wilkins, " his horse ain't even curried, he's jest as common as you an' me or anybody, an' him amakin' laws! "

" That ain't no lie," admitted Johnny Simmons, bearing witness to the truly unspoiled spirit of Doc Henderson, " My daddy ses he sets right up in Congriss an' chaws tobaccer the same as if he wuz settin' in old Norwine's store aspittin' at the stove."

The absolute democracy of Doc Henderson proven beyond doubt, he sat like adamant among those chosen to adorn high places an ' chawed tobaccer ' undismayed. Effulgent greatness had paused and passed and gone.

" Well, anyway," said Fatty, resuming interest in things terrestrial, " he named the durn fool pup. Instid o' sayin' that he wuz a smart Alick, like Johnny says, an' you an' me or anybody else, he says he's some kind of a Alixander, I forgit jist which."

" I heard him say it," admitted Johnny Simmons; " he never had to think a minute fur the big word; jest spit it out."

" Hey, you! " said Fatty to the pup, which sat regarding him, " y'r name is Alixander, durn you, don't furgit."

Cocking his head upon one side, one ear raised up, the pup gazed humorously at his new found friend and master, and beat the dust up with a friendly tail.

" I wonder what he'd say if he c'd speak? " said Whitey Wilkins, his soft heart touched by the wistful effort of the pup to understand.

" Most likely he'd say his stomick wuz awful empty," responded Fatty, " anyway, mine feels kind o' that-a-way itsself."

" That ain't no lie," admitted Johnny Simmons, " you bet y'r life." And even Billy Day, whose rotund paunch bore muet but undeniable evidence to the contrary, asserted that his stomach felt like it " had growed onto his back."

" Come on, here, Alixander, le's go home, then," said Fatty, and the procession took up its homeward way. The shadows of the evening settled down. The sun swung low into a bank of clouds that blazed and glowed with gold and rose. The mists of evening lifted from the willows. Far in a distant fallow by a spring a whip-poor-will poured forth its plaintive call. The dust arose in little whirling wisps to dragging feet. The locusts and the katy-dids vied shrilly, one loath to leave off singing, the other anxious for its uncontested night.

Behind the boys, the pup came on contented with the world. A dissipated bumble bee, half drunk from dalliance with intoxicating sweet, bumped aimlessly around the road and fanned up little puffs of dust. The pup, quick eyed, observed the bee, grew curious, investigated with his nose, and then essayed to pick it up. A red hot needle stabbed him on the lip, transfixing him with mortal anguish, and then upon the quiet of the evening there burst discordant whoops and yells.

" Je — ru — sa — lem," ejaculated Whitey Wilkins, " I hope to goodness he ain't agoin' to have a fit."

This exclamation was wholly justified by Alexander's actions, which were inexplicable, not even justified by common, ordinary fits. Arising on his hind legs he essayed a dizzy waltz, the while endeavoring to rub his face with one front paw. But finding that his injured lip still ached intolerably, he dived head first into the dust and wallowed there and whooped and yelled.

" Gee whiz," said Johnny Simmons, whose sharp eyes at once detected the cause of all the trouble, " the durn fool tried to smell a bumble bee."

" I lay that dad blamed bee won't never sting no other puppy," said Whitey Wilkins, exponent of le talionis, and folding up his ragged brimmed straw hat he squashed the dissipated bee, retaliating for the unprovoked assault upon the pup.

" Geewhillikins," said Fatty, when he had, with no small effort, acquired a strangle hold on Alexander, " geewhillikins, jest look at him, his whole durn face is gittin' lop-sided, his lip is all swoll up."

Even casual scrutiny revealed the utter truth of this assertion. The pup's face was lop-sided; beyond the peradventure of a doubt his lip was "all swoll up." And if his yells were evidence admissible and relevant, his being still was palpitant with pain.

"Run git some mud," howled Fatty. "He's liable to yell an' holler till he chokes."

This homely remedy for bee stings was at once supplied by Whitey Wilkins, who scaled a nearby fence, stampeding a peaceful family gathering of peep frogs that sat singing in a tiny pond.

"Paste it on good," said Fatty, essaying to hold the frantic pup, and Whitey, knowing full well from personal experience with "yaller jackets" the efficacy of mud, applied the soothing slime with generous hand.

The struggles of the pup became less frantic, his wails diminished with the pain, and grateful perhaps for the gentle ministrations of Whitey Wilkins he licked his muddy hand.

"He ain't agoin' to meddle with bumble bees, no more," said Fatty, "you bet y'r life."

"You bet he ain't," admitted Johnny Simmons, "but it's jest as well he done it. He might as well git dog sense soon as late."

This philosophic view was thoroughly concurred in by the others, and then, while Alexander, somewhat wobbly from unaccusomed effort, stood spraddle legged in the road awaiting some suggestion, Fatty arose to the occasion, met the need.

"Come on here," he said, "y' durn fool, le's go home."

The party separated, each individual member possessed by gnawing hunger and oppressed by knowledge of impending chores.

"Geewhillikins," said Fatty, to the pup, when they had reached the gate, "that lip o' yours is more than half your face, get in here, durn you, an' git quick."

Responding to this cordial invitation Alexander entered, while Fatty closed the gate to bar out errant shoats. His father, seeing him, recalled him to the path of duty.

"Henery," he said, "you better hurry up an' do your chores."

Oppressed with sudden weariness, bowed down by never-ending toil, Fatty sighed. "Durn me!" he said, confiding in Alexander, "this world ain't nothin' else but work."

Too young to realize the sordid truth of Fatty's estimate of life, the pup stayed non-committal. The efforts of an irritated hen employed in rounding up her sleepy brood engaged his interest. He ventured to assist, and while the utter geniality of his approach, the honesty of his intentions was vouched for by the way he wagged his tail, the hen refused his aid.

With every feather bristled crossways she hopped him like a hawk descending on its prey. With grappling claws she clung upon his back and cuffed his ears, essaying meanwhile to scalp him with her pointed beak.

Voicing wild yells that only hinted at the terror that obsessed him, and taken by surprise, the pup fell down, rolled over, got up, fell down once more, then scrabbled up, and fled, still haunted by the hen. The east and west and north and south were one to him, all that he craved was distance and a place where hens were classified as beasts of prey. With frantic yelps he cast about in circles, scattered the brood of frightened chickens, stirred up the hen into a yet more vicious frenzy, and then, when all the world had failed to show him sanctuary his eyes beheld a place that promised peace.

Beneath the barn, a cavern excavated by old Maje, well worn by entrances and exits in time of war or time of peace, became the heritage of Alexander, and as he entered it his speed was meteoric, he fairly whizzed.

The sudden shock, the utter dematerialization of her quarry unnerved the valiant hen, and dizzy from concussion, she hopped about unsteadily, thinking perhaps that heaven had smitten her unjustly, expressing her frame of mind with dismal squawks.

Against the gate leaned Fatty, too weak to stand. His breath came thick and fast. With clasping hands he held his stomach tenderly and gasped. Upon

the wood pile Fatty's father sat. Tears trickled down his face, his whole form heaved with uncontrollable emotion. He saw the funny side of the performance. He also gasped. And when he had regained his poise of mind and power of speech he ventured this profound and utterly unanswerable observation. " Dad fetch it all! Jeemses Rivers! Dog my cats! "

This simple statement once more plunged Fatty into almost uncontrollable emotion, which was finally alleviated by a shooting pain.

" Geewhillikins," he gasped, " my stomick hurts me somethin' awful. I kind o' feel like I wuz goin' to git the gripes."

" You better hurry up an' git your chores done, that'll help 'em," said Mr. Peters, and Fatty, bent over and plainly suffering, took up the weary burden of his daily toil.

" I kind o' think that pup is goin' to be a nuisance," said Mr. Peters, at the supper table; " he's kep' amovin' ever since we had him, anyway."

" You bet he has," said Fatty, " got stung a tryin' to pick up with a bumble bee an' then got beat up by a derned old settin' hen."

" My land! " said Mrs. Peters, " of all the squawkin', I thought it was a hawk."

" It might abeen," said Mr. Peters, " but it wuzn't. Now, Henery, y' better feed the pup."

" His lip is so swoll up," said Fatty, " I doubt if he kin eat." But when the savory fragrance of Mrs. Peters's cooking was presented for consideration Alexander came forth warily, viewing all corners that might harbor dog-destroying hens. And then he looked at Fatty and wagged his tail. His lip was puffed and swollen, but his eyes were soft and friendly, and his appetite was all that one could wish.

" Now, durn y'r skin," said Fatty, " y'd best not stay awake an' holler; git in there where y' belong."

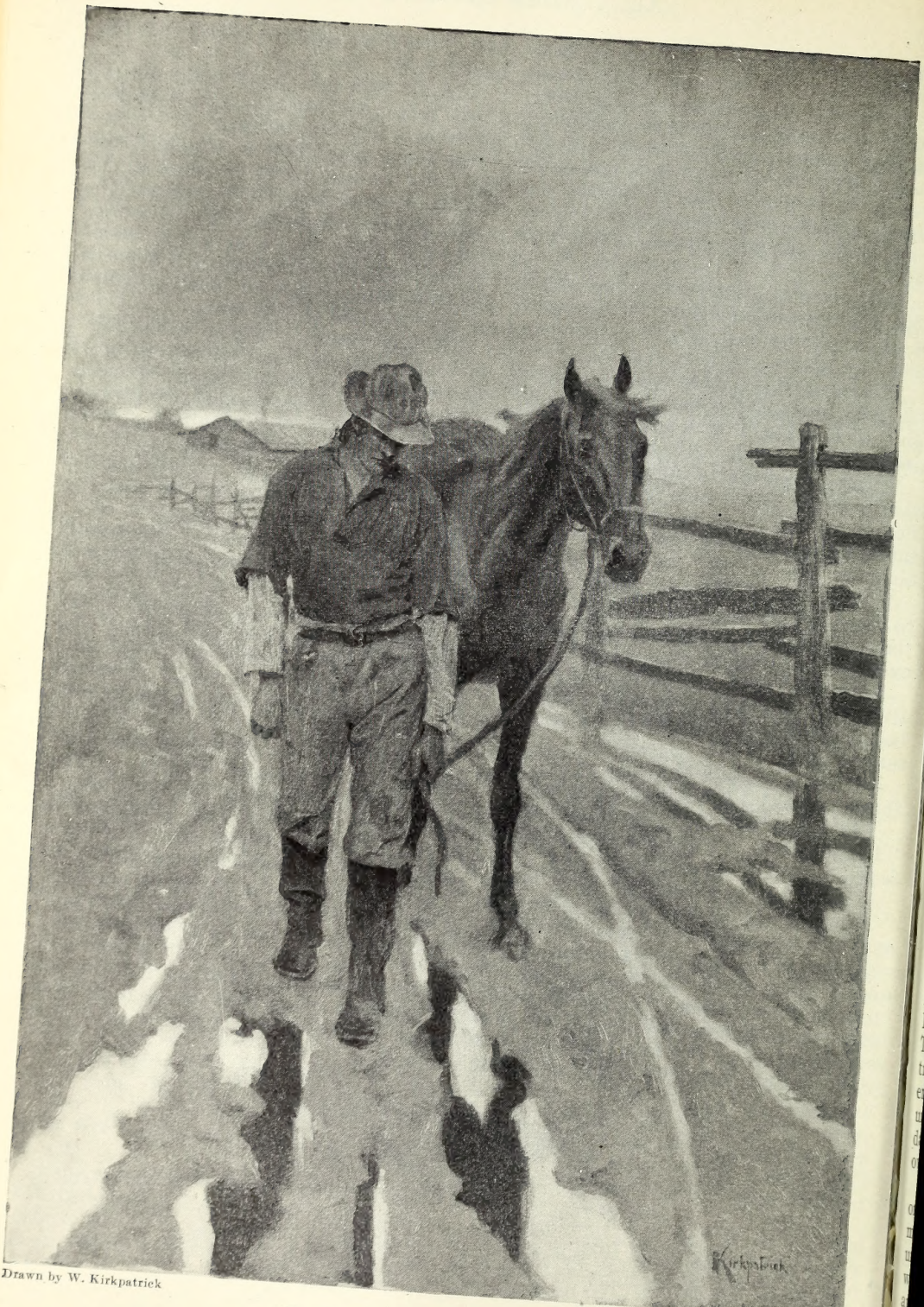
With one bare foot he thumped the pup, who sought security beneath the barn, but when the utter darkness of the night had settled down and all the myriad songs of the cicadæ droned in monotone a lean head poked out from beneath the barn and a voice of lonely anguish ascended to the pitying stars.

But half asleep, having been compelled to wash his feet before retiring, a thoroughly distasteful detail of each weary day, the pathos of the protest wakened Fatty. With stealthy caution he slid one canton flannelled leg out from the bed, and listening to his father's snorings pattered barefoot out into the darkness and the lonely pup.

" Come here, you durn fool, Alixander," he whispered softly, " you gittin' kind o' lonely, hey? "

The pup responded, and when Fatty took him in his arms, reached up and licked his face. " You durn fool you, I reckon I'll git the dickins," whispered Fatty, " but anyway I'm agoin' to take y' in."

Feeling the warmth of loving arms about him Alexander snuggled closer, and when the moon peeped into Fatty's room the two were fast asleep. The boy's face, flushed and rosy, was innocent of any evil, his lashes curtaining his tired eyes. One arm, flung out, encircled Alexander. His lip was still " swoll up," but pained him not, and burrowing closer to his master he drew a deep and happy breath and sailed forth on the Sea of Dreams, where hens and bumble bees cease troubling and where weary pups find rest.



Drawn by W. Kirkpatrick

"SLOWLY HE LEFT THE PLACE"

THE O'ROURKES

By FRANK H. SWEET

THERE were three of the O'Rourke brothers, and they originated in County Kerry, Ireland. Educated, clever, and unscrupulous were the brothers, and they were race-track sharpers. Which of the three, Dennis, Thomas, or Patrick, was the worst one, would be hard to tell, for they were alike as oyster shells: and when, through a long system of roguery, they were expelled from every race track on the "Ould Sod," their fortunes were at a particular low ebb.

Dennis, Thomas, and Patrick talked it over, and finally decided that the only fitting place for the exercise of their peculiar talents was that land of the free, America. There they would swindle, only this time they would not be found out. Accordingly the trio came over, and thereby hangs the tale.

The three exiled but undaunted disgraces drifted out West, and finally cast their tents at Kilstream, and ere many weeks had passed, they were not only well posted as to American turf matters, but the laws relating to them, and the ways and means of over-reaching them. Smart men were Dennis, Thomas, and Patrick, and they knew it.

Dennis said: "Honest men are fools, Patsy; we can't afford to be fools," and Patsy and Tom fully agreed with him. Through a system of scheming and trading, mysterious and quiet, the brothers soon had a stable of very fair trotters, uncertain performers, of course, fast one day and slow the next, according as the owners willed.

When a horse trots a mile in 2.35 one week, and can't do it in three minutes the next, the world, always uncharitable and unkind, is apt to look with suspicion on the animal's owner, and it was not long before the O'Rourkes were looked upon as vultures, and it was evident that there would be trouble before long. Their career continued prosperous, however, and money flowed in from all sides, and Dennis, Thomas, and Patrick congratulated one another on their foresight in leaving the mother country.

"If we could only get a nice farm," said Denny, "we could raise our own feed and work to better advantage, besides having a little private track on it to train our horses. Yes, a farm we must have!"

This proposition struck the other brothers very favorably, and how to get the farm was the question. Some people buy farms, others inherit them, but that was not the thing. A farm without money and without price was what they wanted, and one they would have. When there's a will there's a way runs the old adage, and Dennis, after puzzling over the matter, said, "Boys, I've got it!'

"You know the farm owned by that fool of an Indian, Chipmunk? Well, he's wanting a horse pretty badly. We'll sell him a colt. The Bartlett's mare will never be worth a cuss, and she's no use to us, for she's a big-headed, light, weak-built creature, and it's a waste of good feed to bring her up. Now it isn't likely that Indian knows a live colt from a dead one, so we'll stick him. He's got a good fifty-acre farm, which we will take for the glory of Ireland and the O'Rourke family."

"How in blazes are you going to get the farm for a colt?" asked Patrick.

"Leave that to me, young man," answered Dennis; "it's going to be a question of who's the smartest, Chipmunk or myself."

"It seems too bad to swindle the poor brute out of his farm," Thomas remarked, "but if it's got to be done, why, that's an end of it."

"Of course it's got to be done," growled Patrick. "What business has a black ignoramus like that to own a piece of land, and three educated, intelligent white men to go without?"

"That's so," was Tom's reply.

"Besides," continued Patrick, "an Indian has no feelings, they'd just as lief go hungry as well fed."

Chipmunk was sent for next day, and came over to the O'Rourke's stables in his usual torpid condition.

"You want to buy a colt?" said Dennis.

"Umph," replied Chipmunk.

"Well, I've got a colt that I will sell you. Me and my brothers are going back to the old country, and we are selling all of our horses, or we wouldn't part with this colt for all the money in the world. She's a mare colt, and the best that ever stood in my stable. I tell you, Chipmunk, it feels like parting with my own mother to let her go. If I had a squaw I would rather sell her than this beautiful animal."

"Umph," grunted Chipmunk again, "let me see colt."

"Certainly, Chipmunk, certainly," exclaimed Dennis. "Patrick, bring that beautiful smart yearling out and show her to Chipmunk."

"All right," replied Patrick with a grin, and disappeared in the stable. As he fetched the filly out, he secretly prodded her with a long pin, in order to make her seem lively, and impress the Indian, who stood watching her with stupid, vacant eyes.

"There's a colt, Chipmunk," said Dennis, admiringly, "that, if trained properly, will some day trot in two-ten. Look at those legs and that quarter! There's action for you," and the filly jumped violently from the effect of another sly stab from Patrick.

"Got big head," grunted Chipmunk, after examining the restless and frightened little creature.

"You bet she's got a big head," replied Dennis. "I wouldn't take a colt that had not got a big head if any one would give it to me. Maud S., Jay-Eye-See, Goldsmith Maid, all had big heads when they were colts."

"How much?" questioned Chipmunk, after a few minutes' pause.

"You shall have her for two hundred dollars. Cheap as dirt, that is. If you were a white man I would make you pay a thousand dollars."

"All right," said Chipmunk. "When you want money?"

"Well, Chipmunk, we are not going back to the old country for many moons yet, so you can pay us when you get ready. But sign this paper and then you can take the colt. The paper says you owe me two hundred dollars and must pay whenever I want it."

This settlement being satisfactory to Chipmunk, Dennis called their half-breed groom over to witness the signing of the agreement.

"Now, Chipmunk, I will read this out to you before this man, and then you will know just what you are putting your mark to."

When a forfeit mortgage deed is read out very rapidly in English to a Tuscarora Indian, there is very little chance of his making any sense of it. Dennis knew this, and when Chipmunk listened to the meaningless gabble that was read to him, and signed the paper, in doing so he signed away his little farm, for the paper was to the effect that the Indian had traded his farm to the O'Rourke brothers for one yearling trotting filly.

As the Indian walked away leading his recent purchase, three smiling, chuckling, happy fellows shook hands with one another, congratulating themselves heartily on their good stroke of business.

"I would have let the yearling go for a hundred dollars," said Dennis, after his delight had to some extent subsided. "She will never be worth her salt, anyway."

"When shall we take the farm?" asked Patrick.

"Well, I'll tell you," said Dennis. "We don't need it for some time, and as he is very busy fencing it, he will spend the whole winter building fence, for there is an awful lot to do, and when it is in good shape in the spring we will march in and take possession. Never do any work, Pat, if you can get any one else to do it for you."

"How did that Indian come to own such a lovely little place?" questioned Pat.

"Why, I hear his father left the Indian reserve with a lot of money and bought this land. If he had stuck to his farm on the reserve no one could have taken it on any pretext, so we owe to this old buck a debt of gratitude. There's providence in it, Pat."

"That's so," remarked Tom.

Chapter II

I dwelt alone in a world of moar,
And my soul was a stagnant tide.
— *Poe.*

Chipmunk was an Indian of the Indians, quiet, stoical, and taciturn. Still water runs deep, they say, and the Indian did an enormous quantity of thinking, and was no fool, even though the neighboring whites and Indians thought so, and played tricks on him accordingly.

Sometimes when Chipmunk was imposed upon too much he fired up, and then there was trouble. When the Mohawks were out on a spree one day, Hog-who-doesn't grunt borrowed Chipmunk's plug of tobacco and thrust it all into his mouth, refusing to return any of it. Chipmunk fell upon him, and although Red Dog and War Cloud both went to the Mohawk's help, Chipmunk threshed them all so badly that the medicine man had to keep them in his tepee for six weeks.

Now that Chipmunk had got his yearling trotter he was happy. He was the best judge of horses in the whole state, and knew what he was doing when he gave two hundred dollars for her, and as to her weakness — the Indian chuckled and patted her on the neck.

Whether it was because he was so kind to her, or whether because he was almost as much of an animal as herself, the filly acquired wonderful affection for her new owner. As to Chipmunk she became his religion, his goddess, his whole existence, and he named her Wayanee, which means sunshine. She filled his life and bounded his horizon; he worked for her and schemed for her, he thought of her all day and dreamed of her all night, and Wayanee grew and flourished amazingly.

He went into the swampy bush and gathered roots for her, which made her thrill with vitality and strength, and bone and muscle developed miraculously. The weakly little filly rapidly developed into a strong, thriving, hearty animal with an appetite like a wolf.

Chipmunk worked at his fences cheerily and happily, stopping now and then to see Wayanee, returning from her stable each time with renewed vigor and happiness. At last he had the two desires of his heart gratified, his farm was fenced and the filly was strong and entirely well. He strode around his place the happiest, most contented person in the country, whether pale face or Indian.

The little filly trotted superbly, and the dark eye of her owner glistened as the sharp, true ring of her hoofs made the silence melodious, and the strong, even stride covered the flying ground.

One morning Chipmunk was sowing oats when he heard the sound of wheels drive up to his house, and on going to see what was the matter he found Dennis, Thomas, and Patrick O'Rourke there, with two strangers. A confused, wordy interview followed, and all poor Chipmunk could make out of the commotion was that his farm was taken away from him and that he could not help himself. Then he broke out, "What about Wayanee, my sunshine, my life, what about her?"

"You can keep your plug," said Dennis, contemptuously, "we don't want her. We've got the cage, you can stick to the bird. It ain't much of a singer, anyway."

This speech relieved Chipmunk, and saved the lives of Dennis and his friends, for the ill-used Tuscarora in desperation had laid his hand on a seven-shooter in his shirt bosom.

"Now, Injun," continued Dennis, "we give you just three hours to get out of this place. Take your traps and your mule and make yourself scarce. Pat,

you go and stay in the house, and Tom you keep in the stable, to see that this red devil doesn't set fire to either of them. We'll take a look around and see what there is. Now, Injun, get your stupid wits together and get out. Your time is short on our farm."

Mechanically the poor creature moved around and got his two blankets, some oats for his filly, and loading them on Wayanee's back, he slowly left the place, with his head hanging down and never once looking around. After puzzling as to where he should go, he went down to Major Andrew's swamp, near Bear Creek, and after tying Wayanee to a tree he set about building a little shanty for them both to live in. All that afternoon and the next two nights and days, Chipmunk toiled without stopping to eat or sleep, and when the rude hut was finished the filly had by far the best and warmest part of it.

In the long, bitter spring months the dreary swamp was painfully cold, and Wayanee would have the blankets thrown over her, while the Indian huddled in the corner, miserable and wretched, numb and suffering with the cold and damp. Then the food gave out, and worse yet, soon there were no more oats. Without money or friends, Chipmunk could get nothing at that dear time. For himself he cared little; he grunted and pulled the old harness strap tied round his waist still tighter, and these and the hollows in his face were all the signs he gave of hunger. But the mare! she must have food and plenty of it, for she was young and growing, and her system needed it.

Necessity knows no law, and before long there were oats enough in the hut to last all the summer. Few barns around that neighborhood were locked, and Chipmunk had borrowed the oats when the owners of the barns were in bed. His own meals were also obtained at night, but were very irregular. Some nights he had one meal, but more nights none at all, and the Tuscarora dwindled away to a shadow. He consoled himself with the reflection that he would be all the lighter for Wayanee to draw.

Now the filly was falling behind in her exercise and training, and this worried her owner more than anything else. When he had his farm, her work went so regularly and well. Now all that was gone, pleasure, comfort, and convenience, and in their place misery, suffering, and worry; but never mind, he had Wayanee, and she was well.

Chipmunk sat and shivered one night as usual, but his thoughts were active and busy. His sulky was in his old barn; the O'Rourkes had stopped him from taking it away, but the barn was a long way from the house, and it occurred to the Indian that he might use the sulky at night to train his pet with. The next night he led the filly to the line fence of his old place, and tying her there, stole quietly down the lane and into the barn, drawing the sulky out with him. He would not take the filly to the barn, for he knew that if any of the three worthy brothers heard him they would shoot, and his pet should not be shot at even if he was.

The venture proved entirely successful, and Wayanee was put through her paces, acquitting herself entirely to her owner's satisfaction. Then the sulky was replaced without discovery, and the Indian's heart beat high, and the first satisfied grunt escaped him since he lost his newly fenced farm.

Night after night the exercising went on, when everything was dark, whispery, and mysterious, and the only company was the owl. Over the dew-laden earth the mare flew among the cold moonbeams and the weird midnight silences, and the heart of Chipmunk expanded with pride, for Wayanee trotted like the wind.

One night as Chipmunk was taking the sulky out of the gate, Jumping Fish, the Delaware firekeeper, passed by and saw him. For an Indian, Jumping Fish was unusually quick, and he instantly guessed the state of affairs. He threatened to inform the O'Rourkes unless Chipmunk made it worth his while not to. Now, poor Chipmunk dreaded the pale face law, and he grew cold with terror lest his filly should be taken from him, and he eagerly offered the firekeeper all he owned in the world, excepting Wayanee. The rapacious Delaware was not satisfied

until he had obtained Chipmunk's two blankets and seven mink skins which were to buy a set of harness for the filly. The old rope which had hitherto been her only harness had chafed her skin, and it worried the poor fellow to see his idol suffer.

Struggling along like some poor hunted animal Chipmunk passed that summer and winter. He worked out a few days in the harvest and bought a new blanket for Wayanee with the money he earned, and weak, suffering, and ill as he was, he felt happy, for the little filly well repaid his care and attention. Her weakness had all passed away and she now looked the ideal trotter. Her gait was perfection itself, and used to send the Indian wild with delight, and though undemonstrative in everything else, he hugged and caressed her every night to show his satisfaction at her behavior.

In his cold, draughty shanty, Chipmunk dreaded the next winter, and with good reason. He stole enough grain to last Wayanee until the following spring, when she would be three years old, and the neighborhood should be astonished with a new flyer. He also laid up a stock of nuts, grain, roots, and other edibles for himself, expecting to have to subsist through the cold season like the squirrels. Then prostrated with malaria, contracted through living in the filthy swamp, he shivered the winter away, and when the first warm flush of the next year came, his spirits and his health improved.

Ah! Wayanee was to race for him this summer, and he was confident of her success; eagerly looking forward to a season of prosperity through her speed and endurance. A summer of sunshine, gratified pride, and full meals lay before him, and the miserable, benumbed anguish and endurance of the past was almost forgotten.

Again Chipmunk started to take his sulky from the O'Rourke's stable, although he was so weak that he could hardly draw it down the lane. Still did the handsome little filly show her electric speed, and never did she seem to tire. Brighter and glossier grew her coat, freer and faster her action, and her health more robust. Vigorous, handsome, and swift, the most aristocratic and exclusive stables in the land would have been proud of the beautiful three year old, and the Indian loved her more every minute of the day and night.

Most Indians would have been content with entering the filly for the Indian fair races, but Chipmunk's ambition soared far higher. He had driven horses in the Indian fair and knew their class and speed. Wayanee was as superior to them as the lightning swallow is to the clumsy barnyard hen, and she would race with, aye, and beat the speediest and proudest horses in the county.

The grand free for all three-year-old stake was the first horse race in which his mare should compete, and the prize was two thousand dollars cash. The entry fee was twenty-five dollars, a formidable sum to one who hasn't got a cent in the world, but obstacles were nothing to Chipmunk where his fleet sunshine was concerned. Weak as he was, he worked by the day for Ephraim Smith, and each night he would show his slowly increasing stock of cash to Wayanee, and her soft, pleased whinny was ample reward.

At last the poor Tuscarora obtained the money, paid his entry fee, and the time drew near for the race. Now the question was, how to get a sulky to race the filly with. The O'Rourkes had plenty of sulkies, and he resolved to smother his resentment, and try to hire one from them.

When he went to the farm, Dennis O'Rourke came out and asked him what he wanted.

Chipmunk replied that he wanted to hire the old sulky for one day, and would give five dollars, yes, ten dollars for the use of it.

The only notice that Dennis took of the request was to set the dogs on the helpless fellow, and he went back to his wretched hut, torn and bleeding.

Now, the fire of revenge blazed in Chipmunk's heart. He would wait until after the race, and then — how he would slack his burning thirst for revenge; all the insults and cruelties heaped upon him should be repaid.

The O'Rourkes had a filly in this race also, the Indian learned. Should he creep into the stable at night and settle her? He knew a plant in this very swamp which she would greedily eat if he took it to her, and in the morning she would be lying cold and stiff, and no one would know how she died. No, he would let her live. Wayanee should defeat her. That would be the beginning of the revenge, then the rest should follow, and it should be satisfaction complete and full. Revenge is both bitter and sweet, and Chipmunk gloried in the anticipation of the long, deep, delicious draught he would drink before many moons.

The trouble still arose about the sulky, and on the morning of the race no solution of the problem had arrived. Anxious and discouraged, Chipmunk gave his beloved her last rub down and a final caress, then he led her to the track, with a large cloth enveloping her symmetrical form.

Poor, silent, backward Chipmunk! A cheeky, talkative fellow would have advertised his troubles to the multitude, and a dozen vehicles would have been placed at his disposal, but the miserable Indian sat by his mare, painfully dejected and unhappy. Rage and grief were struggling within him, and the unfortunate creature abandoned all hope.

Chapter III

The best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft agley,
And bring us naught but grief and pain
For promised joy.

—*Burns*

On the day of the race the farm of the O'Rourkes was a scene of bustle and excitement. Their crack three-year-old, the Squaw, was to race, and, above all, win that day. The Squaw, the brothers thought, was something extra fine, and they prided themselves on their knowledge of horse flesh. Consequently, they looked forward to certain victory, and had determined to plunge on their steed.

"How does she seem this morning?" Dennis asked, as his youngest brother was leading the filly out of the stable.

"She says that if she doesn't trot a mile in two minutes to-day we can shoot her."

"That's good enough; I hope she will keep her word."

"Never you fear," muttered the younger man as he bandaged her legs, "the folks at the track will see a race horse to-day."

"Come, Tom and Patsy," exclaimed Dennis, "hurry up, it's time we started for the track; see that your pockets are deep and well lined, for we will bring them back bursting full," and under the influence of their high spirits, the way to the track seemed short.

"I'll be d——d if there isn't that brute of an Injun," remarked Patrick, as they entered the grounds. "I thought that Rover and Watch tore him to pieces the other day."

"No such luck," Dennis replied, "they nearly finished him, but they left enough to come in this race. What a cheek the hound has got, to race with that plug be bought from us."

"Well," remarked Pat, "if we have got nothing faster than that to beat to-day, we'll hitch the Squaw to a steam roller and trot with it. I wonder if the redskin has got a sulky yet?"

"I don't think so, or he would be making some preparations," answered Dennis, "it's time he was getting a hustle on him."

Meanwhile poor Chipmunk sat there, and a hatred of all mankind filled his breast. Weak from hunger and exposure, unhappy from his ill-treatment, suffering from the dog bites, and in an agony of grief over his present helpless state, furious sobs rent his breast, and he glowered at the gay, laughing, selfish crowd, like a wounded wolf.

"What's the matter here, young fellow?" asked a voice at Chipmunk's side. "That's a nice-looking beast you have from what I can see of her. Isn't she in the race?"

"Yes," choked out the Indian, "but I got no sulky."

"Hain't, hey? Well, we can easily fix that. Bring her along and I'll lend you the finest sulky on the grounds."

The Indian jumped hastily up and followed his new friend, and soon Wayanee was hitched up and fidgeting and capering eagerly on the track. The starters came out one by one, and the white man said to Chipmunk, "I see those cursed O'Rourkes are in the race. Now, young fellow, you'd better let me drive this race; they will jockey you and shut you out sure," and then, as he saw the Indian's face cloud over, he added, "I'm Noble, the driver and trainer, maybe you've heard of me."

Indeed he had, and after searching Noble's face earnestly, the Tuscarora handed him the lines, and the celebrated driver climbed into the seat.

Then Chipmunk's blood surged madly in his veins, and he rushed to the starting place, and pressed against the rails to see his sunshine come along.

She came playing and prancing down the track, her glorious mane and tail waving in the breeze, and an admiring exclamation broke from the throng of spectators. She recognized her master, and greeted him with her tuneful, gentle whinnering, and his soul was in his eyes as he gazed adoringly at her.

The start was soon made, and the Squaw burst out into the lead, while Chipmunk frantically climbed a tree to watch the struggle. The pace was a fast one, and the buzzing wheels and flying horses came around the track in the same order as when they started, Wayanee striding along without an effort. Round the procession whirled again, and into the stretch, and as they shot by, Wayanee was last of all. Chipmunk sank his teeth into his lips, for he could see that she was being held back. His brain reeled as he thought the great driver had played him a treacherous trick, and that his beautiful filly had been disgraced before the multitude, and as they finished with Wayanee last, he rushed like a maniac to the driver, and snatched the lines from his grasp.

"Don't get mad," said Noble, "come over here, I want to speak to you," and when Chipmunk had followed him, full of anger and suspicion, the man said, "Now, boy, I laid her up that heat, for to do those d——d O'Rourkes. Why, she can trot in fifteen seconds faster than their mare, and I'm going to put up two hundred dollars on her for you and myself. I've got a sure thing, and I can afford to be generous."

Noble was as good as his word, and sent for two tickets, giving one of them to Chipmunk. The odds were tremendous, as the crowd agreed there was nothing in the race but the Squaw.

The O'Rourke brothers jumped and yelled with joy over the turn events had taken, and then put all the money they had in the world on their filly, and spent the remainder of the breathing time in drinking champagne.

Dennis swore contentedly as the horses came out for the next heat, and Noble wore a calm, unconcerned look. The heat was a good one, and to the utter amazement of everybody, Wayanee just beat the Squaw as they passed under the wire.

There were three pale, anxious-looking brothers after the second heat, and they were unusually quiet as they tortured their inventions as how to get the Squaw in shape for the next bout.

"The Squaw broke so last trip," said Dennis, "that I had to slow her, and that's how the heat was lost. That Indian's mare is no good, and I'll show you next heat. It's an infernal shame, though, for we lost all our bets."

"Well," remarked Pat, "if you are sure of winning this heat, I will borrow some cash and bet that."

"That's a good idea," exclaimed Dennis, "go and rake up every cent you can, and put it on the Squaw. We will win back what we lost."

"All right," answered Pat, and he disappeared in the crowd to execute his commission.

"Now, young fellow," said Noble to Chipmunk, "you've got a filly here that Bonner might be proud of. I'm going to make a show of those fellows this time."

The betting was still on the Squaw, and Pat raised a lot of money and put it on his mare, and it was with nervous fingers that he watched the competitors turn out.

Wayanee came tripping out as lightly as a deer, and a vague sense of uneasiness

filled Pat's breast, for he went up to Dennis and muttered, "If we lose this race, Denny, we shall have to skip the country."

"No fear," Dennis replied, "we can't lose."

"It's all up if we do," growled Pat, moving away.

Amid the strained hush of the spectators, the three-year-olds were sent off. Dennis rushed to the front with the Squaw, and drew away. A sneer of flushed triumph was on his face, and he looked upon the heat as his, for the Squaw was going grandly. Further and further she shot away from the panting steeds behind her, and when they were once around, she was five lengths to the good.

As the struggling horses dashed by Chipmunk, he eagerly scanned O'Rourke's filly, and then his eyes turned to his own little bay poem. She was trotting well within herself, and Noble was paying her every attention.

"The Squaw wins, the Squaw!" howled the crowd, and Patrick threw his hat into the air. Just then Wayanee flashed round the bend and went after the leader like a comet. Faster and faster she went, and the Squaw seemed to be coming back to her. Dennis heard the noise and half turned his head; then his face grew pale, and he applied the whip freely to his hurrying charge, every swish of the little lash raising ridges on her glossy sides.

Soon Wayanee was close up and gaining at every stride. There was the blending of dust, flying hoofs, whirling wheels, and frantic cries as the two flyers came on level terms, and Dennis, flushed and anxious, urged the Squaw on, and to her credit be it said she responded nobly. Try as she would, however, Wayanee dashed past her, and flew on towards the wire, increasing her lead in marvelous fashion, and amid the almost perfect silence of the spectators, rushed under the wire the easiest of winners.

Dennis said not a word, but climbed from his sulky in silence, and Patrick and Thomas came to him for advice.

"We leave here to-night, boys," said Dennis, "the jig is up."

Meanwhile Chipmunk was hugging and caressing his panting filly, and when he had finished, he started to lead her away.

Patrick and Thomas skipped from town on the next train, but Dennis remained until night to arrange some details. At dusk he started to cross the swamp, in order to save some miles of road, and in his walk he passed a rude hut. A dark form sprang out therefrom, and after a short struggle Dennis fell almost cut to pieces. He lies yet, buried under the damp floor of Chipmunk's old hut, and only one person knows about it — one person and a filly.

Through a train of circumstances purely accidental the fraud perpetrated on Chipmunk was found out, and the Tuscarora regained possession of his farm. Here he lives, thoroughly contented, for he has recovered his farm, proved his filly fast, and had his revenge.

OUT OF TOUCH

By CORA A. MATSON DOLSON

Here, in the city street, my thoughts seem strange!
Here may they have, we deem, a wider range:
But is it I, myself, in touch with Life?
I, who have dreamed, with longings, of its strife?
Nay, not in touch, this tumult makes of me
A friendless atom of humanity.

The Transformation of Boston's North End

By MAY EMERY HALL

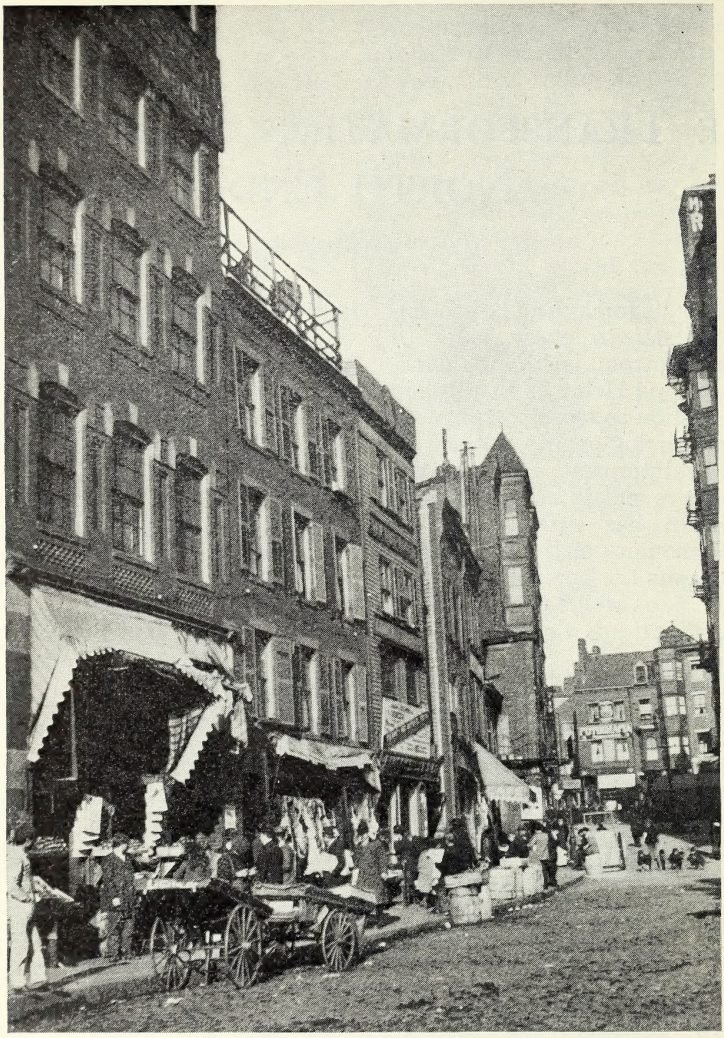
THE name "North End" has endeared itself to every lover of Historic Boston. Although dark-skinned Italians and Hebrews have taken by force this section so closely associated with the most stirring events of the colonial and revolutionary periods, the ground will always remain sacred ground. Foreign invasion has little power to stamp out the memory of the days when the North End was the home of the midnight rider of '75, as well as the doughty little band of patriots who here made memorable history. It is, perhaps, not wholly to be regretted that many of our patriotic memorials are in the midst of a people that know them not, for the meaning of their history is bound to be absorbed in some measure by their children.

SETTLEMENT NURSES

The North End is, first of all, picturesque. Especially in the Italian quarter is it the embodiment of life, warmth, and color. The social center appears to be the sidewalk, and here numerous dark-eyed mothers, each with a tiny Angelo in arms, meet to talk over the little happenings of the day that go to make up their lives. The baby in question is an infant one day, but the next sees him advanced to the dignity of abbreviated trousers, as wide as they are long, and the toddling Italio-American is fairly launched on the way to future citizenship. We note that this is a people who are pleased with trifles and who give themselves up unreservedly to the incidents of the passing hour. Childish we call it, in our cold, critical way. Even so, does it not denote a spontaneity of living, a willingness to take things naturally from day to day that we Anglo-Saxons of more sluggish blood miss? With characteristics so different from our own, the Latin races do not always receive the sympathetic understanding that they need. This America that has been pictured as such a veritable fairy land has proved a disappointing proposition in more ways than one to these foreigners, and it is well that their so-called childishness helps to make their burdens lighter.

To gain a comprehensive idea of this section of Boston, it is well to keep in mind its three principal streets,—North, Hanover, and Salem,—which either along a portion or the whole of their course once bore the appropriate names of Front, Middle, and Back streets, respectively. When the old Mill Pond covered a large area and the water front was much farther inland than at present, these thoroughfares comprised the width of the original North End.

North Street is distinctively Italian.



NORTH STREET, LOOKING TOWARDS NORTH SQUARE

It is the market section, a region of sidewalk counters and hucksters' carts. Here are bright-colored sausages and bolognas, chestnuts galore, and peppers by the bushel, while the shops display cheeses in all stages of decay as well as wonderful, heavily frosted cakes. Now and then the window space is devoted wholly to an array of candied images who look out upon the wistful little Italians with an unchanging smile of sweet serenity. Then there are the fish markets with immense quantities of devil-fish and other equally ugly products of the ocean in addition to the more common varieties of sea food. An American will find himself at a loss to name some of the edibles spread out before him which, imported directly from Italy, have not been introduced into the stalls of Fanueil Hall Market. The principal purchasers are housewives in gaudily striped shawls who do not complete their purchases without a rapid interchange of question and answer.

The scene is further enlivened by black-eyed children dancing to the tunes of the hurdy-gurdy. Among these street

urchins, one discovers now and then a really beautiful face and among the younger women he may not look in vain for that peasant type which inspired Raphael's Madonnas. That this is apt to be only a transient prettiness, however, is suggested by a glance at the faded, middle-aged mothers, many of them old long before their time. The children are not averse to posing for the camera man and are quite worthy his consideration. If he pays his young friends by pennies, however, he may find he has started a veritable hornets' nest. The prospect of earning additional money in this easy and agreeable manner causes the little foreigners to follow the picture-taking machine long distances with repeated cries of "Gi' ma pictur' taka! Gi' ma pictur' taka!" The appeal is accompanied by inimitable and expressive gestures.

North Street leads directly to North Square. At its entrance, the chief object of interest is the Hotel Rome at the right, a seven-storied, brick structure of some pretense. Those who are brave enough to enter its doors tell of appetizing table d'hôtes on the top story, but it is feared that the surrounding garlic-laden atmosphere repels all but the most seasoned Bohemians. The modern aspect of the hotel is emphasized by contrast with the Paul Revere House, which stands across the street. Crowded in between tall tenement houses, it remains a humble type of colonial simplicity, with its wooden shutters, diamond-shaped window panes, and projecting second story.

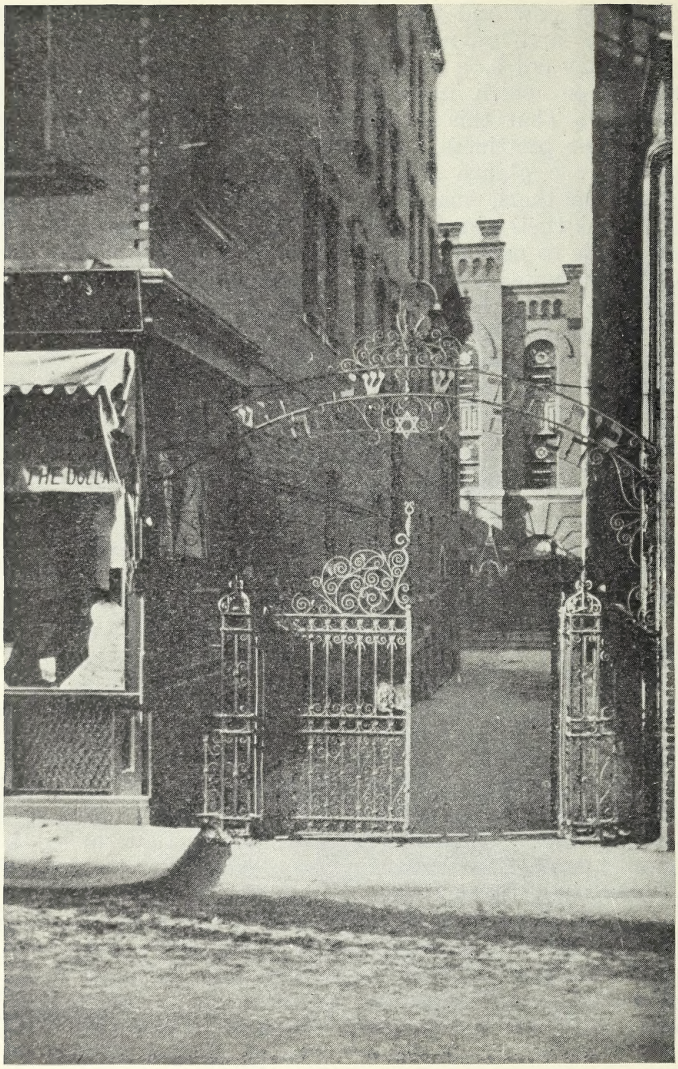
In Garden Court Street, which is really a continuation of North Street, there is nothing to remind one of the stately mansion of Governor Hutchinson that was once the boast of Boston. The site is now given over to a monotonous row of uninteresting brick tenements in front of which groups of Italian residents may be seen from morning till night.

To judge from the number of saints' days in the Italian calendar, one is led to think that working days are the exception, rather than the rule, in Little Italy. With their inborn love of holidays the Italians give themselves up with a gay abandon to the celebration of these religious festivals, and it makes little difference whether the honored saint is the dread St. Michael the Archangel or the gentler Lady of the Rosary. The program consists of mass in the Sacred Heart Church, processions, speech-making, banqueting, and as a final masterpiece, a really magnificent display of fireworks. An enormous shrine is erected in the square and the Italian tots gaze upon its showy front with reverent interest. If a secular holiday happens to fall on a saint's day, the celebration is prolonged a day or so to make up for the interruption.

A wedding in the Italian quarter also calls for jubilant merrymaking. Often it is the consummation of a romance that had its beginning over seas. When the prospective bridegroom embarked for America, Tessa kissed her lover good by with tears in her eyes and a far from friendly feeling in her heart for that cold, distant country that was taking her lover from her. There followed a long, weary struggle for both when the days seemed long and the weeks interminable. But now (the saints be praised!) it is all over. What wonder that sympathizing friends and relatives are profuse in their congratulations, that the bride blushes with shy pleasure, and that all Little Italy is in gala attire?

Hanover Street, which the local guidebook calls "the Bowery of Boston," is the leading highway to the North End. Its hum of industry and maze of street cars and trucks give little hint of the prestige it once enjoyed. Past the corner where Benjamin Franklin spent his early days making tallow candles, we turn for a moment into Union Street, only to find that the site of the famous Green Dragon Tavern is marked by a new subway entrance. Such liberty does the new take with the old! Proceeding down Hanover Street, we come to Prince Street, a locality once associated with the names of more than one well-known Boston family. The old brick homes and the newer tenements alike are inhabited by Italians and Jews, who ply their trades in tiny obscure shops and markets.

The narrow, dirty lane called Tileston



JERUSALEM PLACE

Street was named in honor of the famous writing master of early Boston. Looking up its squalid length, it requires some stretch of the imagination to picture the residence where the gallant collector of the port of Boston, Sir Harry Frankland, used to call on his beautiful protege, Agnes Surriage, the heroine of song and story. Nor is it easy to select any yard as the probable site of Agnes's wonderful garden. A large, modern, brick school runs through from North Bennett to Tileston Street. The fact that it bears the name of the discoverer of America sufficiently indicates the nationality of its pupils. Tileston Street is but one of a perfect honeycomb of lanes and probably no other city in America can match the circuitous alleys of this part of Boston. And the dirtier the alley, the more pretentious its name. Entering some dark hole hardly wide enough for two to walk abreast, the visitor finds alleys within alleys, any one of which would pass for a genuinely foreign picture.

Salutation Alley, where the old Salu-

A GROUP OF HURDY-GURDY PLAYERS

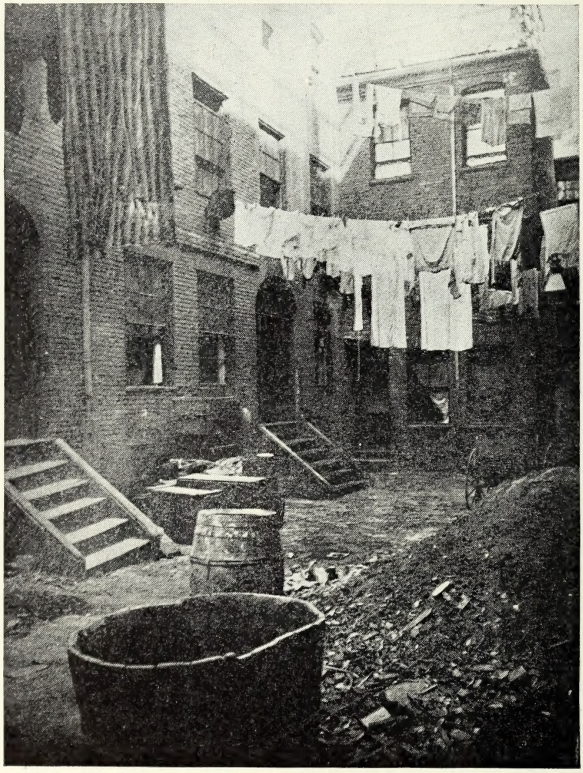
tation Tavern used to stand, has made a feeble attempt at dignity by the substitution of "street" for "alley," but otherwise it shows no improvement over its dingy neighbors. Hanover Avenue has outgrown its original name of Methodist Alley, suggestive of the stirring revivals that once attracted crowds of interested listeners. The most apparent revival it needs to-day is one of soap and water. The soap grease man is, however, fast becoming a popular character in the North End. His approach is heralded by numerous women and children who hasten with pails and pans to exchange their greasy contents for a very yellow cake of soap.

Salem Street is decidedly Jewish. Yiddish signs appear at every turn, while countless hucksters obstruct the passing and do a thriving business at all hours. Prototypes of Solomon Levi pace back and forth, even on the coldest of days, in front of their array of clothes, which they insist on selling you. But in spite of the Hebrew tendency to drive a sharp bargain, he does not forget his religion. Just off this haggling highway of trade, several peacefully quiet synagogues attest the teachings of the Ancient Law. Many a picturesque type is found among the venerable fathers in Israel who worship here.

We smile at the thought that this region was the birthplace of Charlotte Cushman and the boyhood home of Henry Ward Beecher. While the name of the talented actress is commemorated in the Cushman School on Parmenter Street, there is nothing in the way of a memorial to the famous divine. Thus the irony of fate has decreed that the stage favorite shall be honored at the expense of the preacher. And this in Puritan Boston! It is worth one's while to be present at the closing hour of school when hundreds of Jewish and Italian youngsters, clad in orange, red, and green, burst joyously

into the open streets. A significant incident is the fact that on the Lincoln centenary hardly a child could be seen without a miniature flag, picture of Lincoln, or newspaper clipping relating to the great emancipator. The birthdays of our illustrious Americans furnish excellent opportunities for impressing upon these children the salient facts of our national history and we cannot believe that the lesson is wholly lost.

The Old North Church is one of the few landmarks that retains something of its original character, but the story of Paul Revere's signal lanterns has undergone an Italian version quite different from the patriotic one. Dr. Edward Everett Hale tells us that the Italian residents relate the following tale: Once upon a time, the people of Boston forgot God, the saints, and all sacred things. Finally, one night the Virgin Mary came down from heaven and hung a lantern in the old steeple as a sign from heaven. From that time the religious attitude of the Bostonians showed a marked change.



AN ITALIAN COURT

The visitor to this section of Boston will doubtless ask, and pertinently, "What is the future of these alien races? Does this foreign population make for good citizenship?" These questions can be best answered by the settlement worker. In most cases she will assure you that the general outlook is decidedly hopeful. Strictly speaking, the terms "foreign" and "alien" are misnomers as applied to the residents of the North End, for the element we are apt to designate as un-American is adopting surely, if slowly, our standards of living and thought.

A stone's throw from old Copp's Hill Burying Ground is the Hull Street Settlement and Medical Mission Dispensary, whose work among the resident population deserves commendable notice. Practical service appears to be the watchword of these earnest workers and theirs the type of missionary effort that is at once philanthropic and patriotic. The work is twofold—medical and social—each department supplementing that of the other. Here are classes in nursing, sewing, dressmaking, and embroidery, benefiting parents and "little mothers" alike. It is a trite truth, but one that cannot be over-emphasized, that the real missionaries are the children and in proportion as they are impressed with American ideals, will the results in the next generation prove enduring. They certainly evince a genuine desire to learn, and one encouraging feature of this settlement work is the fact that improvements in the home are traceable directly to the little ones who pass on to their mothers that which they have been taught.

Better than any number of statistics will a glance at one of the classes show the visitor the promising nature of this work. If you enter the class room of the little nurses more than one chair will be offered you with a smiling and ready courtesy. Again, as you depart, you will receive from your small hostesses a cordial invitation to come again. The anatomical knowledge displayed by these girls is such as to put to shame many a grown-up. Indeed, so inexhaustible seemed their fund of information as almost to warrant the remark of one young nurse, who sighed, "Oh, we know everything!" Practical application of principles is not overlooked, and there is an abundance of drill work in such demonstrations as bandaging, massaging, restoring the drowned, etc. The treasurer of the class collects a penny from each member at all meetings, and explains that the sum thus raised is to aid in fresh air work or some other form of practical charity. Surely this education of the mind and heart will bear desired fruit in season.

An appropriate close to the day's ramble is a walk around the ancient cemetery to the public park at its base. Here it is a relief to breathe freely once more and inhale a whiff of salt air from the harbor. This breathing space is truly a godsend to the tenement dwellers in the vicinity and especially is the playground along the water's edge appreciated. From the recreation pier the children can see the old "Constitution," a fitting reminder that they belong to an American nation. For though this new country may be the home of their fathers and mothers only by adoption, it claims their own loyalty by closer and more lasting ties.

A GROUP OF NORTH END ITALIAN CHILDREN

COMMENDATION

By ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

Sometimes the ring of sharp applause or cheer
Thrills through our heart when we in strife have won,
But other times, we long not for applause,
But for some friendship's low sincere —"Well done."

GLEN NOBLE*

By WINSLOW HALL

CHAPTER XVIII.— *Continued.*

THE following day, at noontime, Glen had occasion to go into the private office of his employer with some correspondence. After learning what he required, regarding the question some letters had raised concerning a new import duty on certain hides, Glen was stopped, midway to the door, by Mr. Boynton, who said, somewhat hesitatingly:

"Ah, Mr. Noble. Ah — , my — that is, Mrs. Boynton surprised me at lunch last evening by telling me that she, that is, that she and her mother had met you somewhere up-country during one of their summer visits. That, in fact, you had rendered quite a service to them on the occasion of their having been lost in the mountains. I was going to say (a-hem), that is, that it was indeed a very — an odd, that is, happy coincident that Mrs. Boynton should meet you here. I was going to say, that is, that I have thought very well of your work since you have been with us. I am, as one might say, an up-country man myself. I was thinking, that is-a, I was about to say, that I should like first rate to see something more of you than is possible in the routine of business; hear a little something-a, that is, of how things are going in old New England. I — that is, if you could make it convenient (hem), I'd like to have you at the house, say (hem) Thursday evening, to lunch. We'd — a try, that is, to make it pleasant for you."

Although the great financier spoke laboriously and at evident loss for words to fittingly clothe his invitation, at the same time cloaking his real feeling, of the two Glen was the most perturbed in spirit.

He realized fully that, under the existing man and master order of social and business usage which has grown up under the woeful system of rating men by what they have, not by what they are, his employer was forcing himself to commit a grievous breach, contrary to his wont and training, in thus inviting a lowly employe to partake of his hospitality on an even plane with his other guests of social and business equality.

And Glen knew, also intuitively, that his employer was so doing purely at the instance of his young wife, who, regarding their union as a commercial bargain, proposed to get, in exchange for her youth and beauty, all she deemed due her, both in tangible goods and in gratification of her tastes and passions.

He, the employe, could not well offend by declining, so, after accepting with due expression of simulated pleasure, the invitation tendered, Glen went back to his high stool and ledger with a conflict of emotions in his heart, amid which was a resentment, near to anger, against the girl he had loved, for her part in the drama in which Fate had cast him such an unwilling player.

But as he more and more considered the several phases of the situation had shifted them into varying juxtaposition, he grew more charitable and ended, as such kindly natures are prone to, by condemning himself for unduly magnifying his own interests in the premise, and making out of what Jessica had undoubtedly meant as a mere kindly overture to a stranger in the city a mountain of evil conjecture and impropriety.

He resolved to not only go, but to show by his demeanor that he appreciated her kindness and was as capable of forgetting and forgiving as she, and as ready, in all charitableness before what had been

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to accept, over the ashes of his love, her kindly overture of unselfish friendship without malice and without remorse.

On Thursday evening, therefore, a dry sparkling early winter's night he left Alec and his mother snugly ensconced in their new up-town flat, the former with a new volume of Meredith and his mother just turning the heel of a blue, woolen sock, and walking briskly by the way of Eighth Avenue and across the park he soon came before the long row of pillared and porticoed mansions, one of which he knew to be the residence of the Boyntons.

He was a little surprised that the windows of the stately dwelling were not more brightly illuminated. Only a dim light showed from the lower front windows and a brighter one from the main entrance. He had supposed that, even for a formal little dinner, such as he was invited to, more evidences of preparation and gayety would be apparent.

However, smilingly acknowledging to himself his superficial knowledge concerning the social usages of the city, but confident that he had made no mistake in the time announced, he mounted the marble steps with their flanking prostrate lions, and touched the electric knob.

At once a beefy, blue liveried individual drew open the mansion door, and Glen, laying his card on the extended silver tray and being relieved of his top coat and hat was ushered by an automatic movement of the servant into the dim-lit reception room to the right.

The house was silent as a tomb, with that heavy, luxuriant silence of such establishments, where heaviness and luxuriance reign, and seated on a Chippendale chair surrounded by somber furniture of the Flemish Renaissance, deep, India hangings and rare ornamentations bathed in the dim, bluish light from the crystal chandelier, Glen wondered vaguely if, somehow, he had made a mistake.

And then Jessica was before him, coming so silently over the deep carpets, the soft material of her rich gown making no sound, that she was like an apparition before she spoke and dispelled the illusion — Jessica, more beautiful than even Glen had ever conjured her, as contrary with her youth and freshness and vivacity from her somber surroundings as a rose from the gardens of Los Alamos in the tomb of Hadrian.

"O Glen," she breathed, extending her soft, white hand, as he rose to greet her. "How pleased I am to see you. You are not displeased that I asked you to come?" she said, inquiringly, looking up into his face with a strange wistfulness, as she noted a hesitancy in his manner.

"Displeased?" he repeated, laughing gently, in spite of himself at her odd little manner, so girlishly, naïvely opposite to the mannerisms he had observed in others of her equal station, and which he presumed she too could well act on occasion.

"No, indeed," he said, with more warmth than he had intended. "I was very pleased to come. Am I too early, or too late, or is your dinner party" ——

Jessica interrupted him with a merry, unaffected laugh.

"Oh, I've been such a wayward girl, as usual," she exclaimed. "I've got such a scandalous confession to make. You're the whole party, Glen, and I'm host and hostess in one."

A shadow crossed Glen's troubled countenance and she drew nearer to him and made endeavor to laugh it away.

"You see it was this way," leading the way to a divan. "It began all right. We did intend to have a select little dinner party and the theater after, but one of the dyspeptic old directors or something of one of the big corporations with which my — with which Mr. Boynton," she substituted, laughing and coloring and circling one knee impulsively with her clasped hands, "is closely connected, went and died. Nothing to do but the whole gilded colony must go into mourning and all invitations to social events must be recalled.

"Oh dear," she sighed, with an amusing little pucker on her brow, "but confession isn't pleasant, even if it is good for the soul. Well," bringing both tiny feet down onto the floor and leaning her elbow on the arm of the couch and her chin in her palm, looking Glen squarely in the face, "I sent out regrets, withdrawing all the invitations to dinner

excepting one. That one, to you I — I forgot," and she sank back amid the cushions like a child, fearing a reprimand, yet too thoroughly imbued with mischief to actually care.

"And — your husband?" asked Glen, scarcely knowing just how to voice his perplexity.

"Gone to Philadelphia," said Jessica, a vicious little metallic ring in each word, and Glen almost groaned.

"And not to keep one iota of my terribleness from you," continued Jessica, still in the depths of the cushions, "I've sent his maiden sister out to an all-evening meeting of the Woman's Advancement League, with instructions on the side to the coachman that he needn't go for her until I ring, so, excepting for the servants, we're as alone for the next few hours as — as a couple on the top of, say Sugarloaf Mountain.

"But," Jessica exclaimed, a new tone in her voice, rising and standing before Glen, who had also risen, "there's no harm in even that. I have a right to receive whom and when I choose, and I hold myself wholly accountable. *I'm* not responsible for sudden deaths in the directorate, and if the Woman's League meets to-night it's not my fault," and she pulled a silken tasseled cord that hung by the wall.

"But," Glen started to say, fully alive to the spurious specie of Jessica's amusing argument in rebuttal, but before he could say more a passive-faced servant was standing at the door announcing that dinner was served.

Too well bred to make anything like a scene, but conscious of the impropriety of the trend of events, Glen offered his arm to Mrs. Boynton, as he would have done before a roomful, and, Jessica, her old self again, laughing and drawing him out, full of delight that her "terribleness" was succeeding admirably, they moved down the long hall and into the pretty and bright-lit breakfast room, where, for this occasion, Jessica had directed the table should be laid, to the silent horror of the butler.

When soup had been served, Jessica, unmindful wholly of the two servants, who stood like gorgeous mannikins behind the chairs, insisted upon an unabridged recital of all the events that had transpired in Stonestead and vicinity since Christmas, a year ago.

Needless to say Glen told only so much of the story as he chose, and Jessica knew she was not getting it all.

By the time that dessert was reached both young people had imperceptibly drifted back to a footing of old-time companionship. Glen was all but forgetting that he was a guest of his employer, under circumstances the reverse of formal, and Jessica was drolly, radiantly, supremely happy with the present, and care free of the future. When Glen led her to the drawing-room opening from the breakfast room, and the draperies fell back to their place in the doorway, they were again boy and girl together on the up-country hills, and the events of the past year, so ominous in fact, were for the nonce as though they had never been.

Jessica, seating herself on a couch, motioned Glen to a chair near by. The small, dull radiance of globed electric light was over and about the room, and for a time they talked quietly of many things.

A subdued tinkle of silver and glass came now and then from the dining-room beyond, but soon such sounds ceased and the apartment, save for their low voices and occasional light laughter, was silent.

"Of course you will think me terrible," Jessica was saying, "for contriving this harmless little escapade. I guess I never shall be really formal. O Glen," she almost moaned, drawing nearer to him, her arm flung over a supporting pillow, "if you know what a traitor I really am to the conventionalities of the life I lead; how I hate, sometimes, the golden fetters I have put on; what overt acts I do as regards the code etiquette; how, sometimes, I even hate myself for the base contradictions that I am."

She spoke rapidly, her whole being changed with the new intensity of her feelings. Neither noted the far depths of confidential relations into which they were drifting, and unconsciously Glen's hand dropped from his side touching

hers, which lay passive under the warm pressure.

The dim light, the still surroundings, the overpowering feeling of creature comfort, the warmth and close contact of their young bodies were factors not conducive to prudence nor the exercise of calmest judgment.

"Glen, Glen," she exclaimed, but her voice was a whisper. "I am young, I am human. I have everything, everything heart can desire, but one thing, that which woman in her youth most covets. That — that I exchanged for the rest, and oh how I was cheated! I am loved; yes, in a possessive way; as a man may love a gilt-edged security or a rare piece of china, but ah, Glen, not as a lover loves, not, Glen, as you have loved me."

Crimson with a sense of the shame of her avowal, she buried her face on the pillow, and Glen, as though electrified by the shock, stood erect, his temples throbbing and shame for what he had allowed mantling also in flames over his features.

"Jessica," he exclaimed, his voice husky, "what are you saying, and what, in God's name, am I listening to? Here, under his roof, a dependent for the time on his goodness. I must go, Jessica; I must. While we yet have a remnant of our senses, show me the door, and let us never again trust ourselves in meeting."

But while he spoke she half turned and looked up at him. Oh the power of her posture, her smile through her tears, and their pleading! Slowly he sank to one knee beside her. A spell like an opiate stole over him. "Surely, surely," the tempter tempted, whispering to his inward senses, "only a human heart could withhold the small need of comfort one slight caress might bestow in a moment of such evident mental suffering!"

And as her white, rounded arm stole over his shoulder and she drew him nearer — so near he could feel on his arm the pulsing of her storm-troubled bosom — no voice, no step, no interruption came to rend the hypnotic spell that shrouded his reason, or to let in on his soul the white light of truth to show the insidious fallacy of the tempter's reasoning.

But as their lips met — burning, passionate, clinging — the chimes of an antique mantle clock over the couch struck one, and as though the heavens had rent asunder with an earth-shaking crash, both stood erect, knowing, sensing, self-condemning.

Jessica was the first to speak. Twining her hands before her face she exclaimed: "Oh, it was I. Forgive me."

"No, it was I," said Glen, slowly, and his voice sounded hard and metallic.

"O Glen, Glen," stretching forth her arms, but he turned and groped his way down the long apartment, like one who walks in a dream, and Jessica watched him, swaying, but silent.

As he found the curtained doorway, and for a moment his tall form clothed in formal black was framed amid draperies, she sank to the couch, moaning incoherently; and then he passed into the great hallway and, unknowing how, found his coat and hat and opening the carved door, he went out into the night, his face pale and stern set, with the shame that throbbed in his bosom.

Chapter XIX

As Glen plunged into the wintry gloom of the tree-bordered thoroughfare, a gloom cut aslant at intervals by the arc lights of the city swinging, spluttering, and creaking, at the intersection of the streets, he was wholly unconscious of the direction he took and entirely without objective.

The cold of the night was intense, for it had come on to freeze sharply at sundown, but unmindful of physical sensation, more the embodiment of a self-tortured soul swinging through space, intent only on self-analysis, he walked south and then westward, like a derelict adrift, borne on by an invisible force, moving in the course of least resistance.

In his heart there was only self-censure. Before the moral standard hereditarily set up in his mind he had played, it seemed to him, a dastard's part. Gauged by the arbitrary code of manliness, to which he had been bred, he critically and mercilessly judged himself

not only an ingrate, false to the friendship and kindness of one who had befriended him in a time of extremity, but a creature of monumental selfishness, who had permitted that benefactor's young wife, in a moment of weakness and sentiment, to betray herself into a situation of unfaithfulness to herself and her husband that would distress and humiliate her for all time to come. He, who should have been strong to resist, had been weak in the moment of trial; the stronger reed had bent in the gale with the weaker; his faith in himself was shattered.

He ought to have foreseen, was his argument often repeated, as he walked hurriedly on, how things were drifting; he, the man, tried in the crucible of affliction and adversity, and steeled himself to meet the test.

He had turned west at Twenty-third Street, and was treading the mazes of a debatable section between poverty and opulence, where, as in a city's garbage can, extremes, such as ravel of point lace and a cabbage stalk, meet.

Dimly he realized his contact with other self-absorbed beings, a multitude of hastening, grinning, sorrowing creatures, self-centered in their gross pursuits,— the manpack of the city's jungle, snarling, reaching, cringing, striving on the trail of the great quest; lured, over the torn bodies of sacrificed brothers and the dead parts of their better selves, by the call of insatiable greed.

Slowly a sense of its awfulness penetrated his understanding and a perception of the enormity of it all grew upon him, sickening him with revulsion for such a living — its selfishness, sordidness, vileness. In such a soil he realized how inevitably the plant of iniquity, of whose bitter-sweet fruit he had tasted, must spring, and spontaneously, in his heart the resolve quickened to be done with false striving and get back to God's country, "where the thorns of adversity and trial do grow, but where the flowers of human kindness outnumber them; whose hills are many and highways rough, but are trod by those who love mercy."

Planning how he might best, with the least explanation, sever his connection with his employment and start early for home, anxious and impatient to be really on the way, now that he had made his resolve, he stood for a moment motionless on the curb, the way being temporarily impeded by a shifting crowd, gathered from curiosity about the improvised rostrum of a street speaker, who, mounted at the tail end of an express wagon, was about to harangue whosoever would pause to hear.

Taller than the average man, he could see above the heads about him, and was looking to the sidewalk in quest of an opening through which he might pass, when, hastening beneath a lantern light, that swung from a bordering store, he saw unmistakably Flora MacLaren in company with a young man whose form was familiar.

They were going westward at a rapid walk, and in a moment passed from the rays of light.

In the bewilderment of the incident and his previous conflict of thought, Glen for a time stood irresolute, passing his hand across his sweating brow. Then he moved hastily around the nearby group of men and gained the sidewalk.

He must see Flora and her companion. There were dark, foreboding questions which must be answered, things unaccountable in Glen's reasonings which must be accounted for.

When Glen paused and looked about, the brown-ulstered figure of the man and his companion were not in sight. He strode rapidly in the direction they had taken, and at the corner of West Broadway saw them again, but immediately lost them in the crush of pedestrians. He went on blindly, in and out, and thought he again distinguished the well-known form, crossing toward Christopher Street. He took to the gutter in his eagerness and hastened on, impeded often by push carts, trucks, and cabs, and when on the more broad thoroughfare returned to the sidewalk, but could see nothing of his quarry.

He went on, however, and was gladdened, upon nearing West Street, to see the couple ahead of him, headed, evidently for the ferry.

Glen quickened his strides, but they had gained the turmoil of the dock-lined street, and he could see them weaving between the coiling lines of teams in the fitful light. He was so near to them that he shouted, and Flora's companion turned, revealing, for an instant, the dissipation-stamped young features of Clarence Burland.

Glen recognized him on the instant, and that Clarence also saw and knew who it was that was following him was manifest from the fact that he caught Flora by the arm and hurried her yet faster on their way.

At one moment Glen was nearly upon them, then a team intervened, and he was obliged to circle it, groaning with impatience.

He reached the approach of the ferry slip just as Clarence and Flora, the latter unsuspecting, stepped upon the boat.

The brazen voice of the starting bell was sounding above the surge and clash of the city's traffic, and the lights of the ferry trembled with the vibrating force of the already started machinery.

The night upon the river was bitter cold, and the passengers were within the cabins or huddled up before the teams by the boilers in the area way, all save one lone, ulstered figure that stood where the gloom was dense by the starboard rail.

A deckhand had just closed the folding, iron gate which guarded the opening to the deck of the craft and gone back amongst the teams. Scarcely four feet of open water was visible between the dock and the boat, and Glen measured it with his eyes without any slackening of his speed. Sure footed, lithe, and strong, he would have gained his quest in safety, but the gunwale of the boat was thick with ice, and, as his foot touched it, he slipped and fell.

He caught the topmost portion of the guard rail with both ungloved hands, and made a valiant effort to regain his footing. A voice, the cultured, insinuating voice of Clarence, sounded in his ears from just above his head, and in his throes of expended strength he could see Jessica's cousin bending above him in the gloom over the rail. Clarence had a short boat hook in his gloved hand, and his face was monomaniacal as he held it down.

"So you followed us, did you? You damn hayseed. You're a smart Aleck, maybe, in your way, but I'll fool you."

He put the sharp hook against Glen's shoulder and pushed, but his puny strength was no match for the country boy's strength, and he could not dislodge Glen's grip on the rail.

"You damned hayseed," he gritted between his even teeth, "you won't let go, eh?" his voice just audible to the struggling figure hanging over the gunwale, above the craunch of floating ice and the crash and jar of the straining boat, "Well, damn you, take that."

He raised the iron hook and brought it down on Glen's clinging fingers as they gripped the ice-flecked, heavy rail. Desperately Glen struggled, with all his young Herculean strength to gain a foothold on the glare, icy inclined surface of the gunwale, but to no avail. Each time he slipped and fell the length of his aching arms, and the heavy skirt of his long ulster impeded the free use of his limbs.

Again, more quickly than the telling, the cruel hook descended. The clinging fingers on the heavy railing were bruised and bloody; human courage of the most dauntless sort could not survive the impact of such inhuman blows. Slowly the tortured hands slipped, gripped, tried to regain their hold, felt again the crushing blows, then with one lurch, but without a word for mercy, Glen loosed his hold and sank from sight in the darkness.

The fast moving boat swept from the spot in the dark waters where, for a moment, there was a splash and sparkle of spray in the blades of dancing river lights, and then an ice floe floating into the smoothing space, and the panting ferry, like a grim, fire-eyed leviathan, faded into the black distance, its cabin lights reflected like leaping flames on the bosom of the troubled waters.

CHAPTER XX

Back home, life round about Cass Corners and Stonehead went along with

the calm routine of usual existence.

Had ours been a political tale with romantic incidents, instead of a romance with incidents political, I would perforce tell here of the undercurrents of political chicanery at work to undermine the peaceful life of the community and debauch the electorate of native men unspoiled to now by forms and graces.

In that event it had been necessary to follow understandingly the devious below-ground plottings by which the political " machine " at the state's capital proposed, by and with the assistance of some of the rare gentry whom we have met more or less casually, to barter the finest honor in the power of a people to bestow — a United States senatorship — into the possession of one Theophilus I. Burland, financier, and to show how, under changed conditions, it had become possible for a man to buy with cold dollars his way from obscurity into the imperishable history of the nation.

But such, at present, is not our mission. Rather, to follow, as events may lead, the fortune for a time of a few plain people of these hills, who, however, if they be not too soon driven from off the soil of their fathers' conquering, may yet be ordained agencies by which rotten and pernicious politics may one day be driven from the state.

As time wore and nearly four weeks went by without an accustomed letter from Glen to Doctor Grey, the old practitioner became disturbed in mind, and one day he drove to Ludlow to inquire of Major Terrill if he had had recent tidings of the boy.

" No, none for more than a month," said the lawyer, and far into the dusk the attorney and physician sat talking of Glen's case, of old times, and the trend of the new.

That evening, sitting before the fire, with his mug of cider slowly simmering on the hearth, the Doctor broached the subject uppermost in his mind to Constance.

For nearly five months now, or since the time she had been able to be moved from her bed of sickness, she had been an inmate of the good doctor's home. The Carter homestead had been leased to a responsible American farmer on shares, and, until she was grown strong enough to take up her studies again at college, it was thought best she should live with her friend and guardian, under his professional eye, with Aunt Kate, who had more than ever come to be a second mother to her.

The doctor cleared his throat several times before he said, finally, " Little girl, there was no reason that you know of besides the trial, that should have prompted Glen to go away, was there? "

" No, doctor," Constance replied, starting and looking across to her old friend. But the doctor's face was turned from her.

" You have heard from him — recently? " he inquired, stirring the cider gently.

" I have never heard from him," she replied, bending again over her embroidery. " Glen never wrote to me. I have never seen him since father died. You know it was yourself who told me he was gone."

" Yes, yes," said the doctor, slowly, and there was a pause, then he resumed, " He — he used to think lots of you, little girl. He —that is, there was never any misunderstanding, no quarrel? " the doctor suggested, and stirred the contents of the mug more energetically.

" No, never," she answered, very softly, bending low over her work, a tear glistening unobserved on her lashes.

The doctor raised the mug to his lips, and his hand, so very steady with the scalpel, trembled; then he sat the cider back on the hearth untasted.

That was the nearest to the subject that was dear to the doctor's heart, the mating of Glen and Constance, that they had ever come in their conversation. Major Terrill had suggested that some love affair might have been at the root of Glen's resolve to leave the community and his disheartenment, that it was from lack of courage to stay and face and live down the false charge, heinous though it was, of assault upon his friend, neither would believe for a moment.

As for Constance, she appeared, in many respects, to have stepped from girlhood to young womanhood in a day, and yet she preserved her girlish dis-

position and her wonted youthful charms.

But one thing about her troubled her watchful guardian, and that sorely: She never sang now, and when she thought herself alone she would sit, an hour at a time, her sewing neglected in her lap, gazing with large, dry eyes toward the far horizon. "If she would only sing, or cry," he often said.

The doctor was ordinarily an assiduous reader of the daily press, but this winter demands upon his professional practice had been very heavy, and he had somewhat fallen behind on current events. A few days later than his conversation with Constance concerning Glen, he sat alone one evening before the fire, a sheaf of daily papers on the table, reading. Suddenly he sat upright, the paper rustling in his shaking hands. Confronting his dazed eyes was a paragraph which he had read once through before comprehending its significance.

"As a boat from the police patrol vigilance was proceeding along the river-front last night," the article ran, "in the vicinity of the Inman Line docks, in quest of harbor thieves who had been troubling the fruit steamers of late, the officers aboard discovered a man floating, for his heavy clothing was soaked, and he was in a condition to sink for the last time. He was taken aboard and the boat at once proceeded to the dock. He was resuscitated with difficulty, but refused to inform the police or physicians anything concerning his identity, and shortly after again sank into insensibility from which it was impossible to arouse him. He is a finely proportioned young American with brown hair and eyes and regular features. He was conveyed hurriedly to Roosevelt Hospital, where it was feared last night that the shock, loss of blood, and terrible exposure would result in complications disastrous to his recovery. He was neatly dressed in a black suit, heavy gray ulster, and wool undergarments, but there was no identification mark upon any of them. In his pockets there was nothing of a written nature excepting a page torn from what was evidently a physician's pad, tucked in a worn wallet, containing a written quotation from Grahame, beginning:

> O Nature! All thy seasons please the eye
> Of him who seems a present Deity to all,

and signed W. H. G."

The old doctor sat erect and scanned the page. Upon a leaf torn from his prescription pad he had scrawled one day what he could recall of that same poem, and finding it on his desk as he was writing to Glen a few hours later had tucked it in the envelope. And those were his own initials.

The doctor hastily turned the paper over. It was the morning edition of a New York daily, and now more than a month old.

"My God, my God," the old man moaned, "buried, perhaps, in a pauper's grave, and we know nothing about it. And I condemned him for not writing!" In anguish of sorrow and perplexity the old doctor walked the floor. The rest of the household had long since retired, so finally he decided to do nothing in the matter until morning.

After breakfast, therefore, with pain at his heart for the sorrow he knew the tidings would bring upon her, he handed the fateful paper to Constance.

At the first reading she seemed incapable of understanding what it meant, and resting one hand on the table for support, she reread the article. Slowly the fearful import of the blurred and swimming sentence crept over her understanding and she would have fallen in the great blackness which came upon her if Aunt Kate had not stood ready by her side.

With desperate strength she threw off the spell and regained her balance, passing one hand across her brow as though to brush away the shadows which dimmed her vision. Then, steadily, she withdrew herself from the tender embrace of the troubled elder woman, and walked slowly to the door.

(To be continued.)

CENTRAL WALK OVER SUBWAY, BERLIN

SUGGESTIONS FOR MUNICIPAL IMPROVEMENTS

By R. BROWN

Associate Member, Boston Society of Architects

WHEN Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Henry James last visited this country they were more concerned about its future than its present physical aspect. Mr. Wells in his interrogative state of mind asks, "What is going to happen to the United States of America in the next thirty years or so?" Mr. James, apostrophizing the magnificent houses on Fifth Avenue, asks them, "What are you going to make your future of, for all your airs, we want to know? What elements of a future, as futures have gone in the great world, are at all assured to you?"

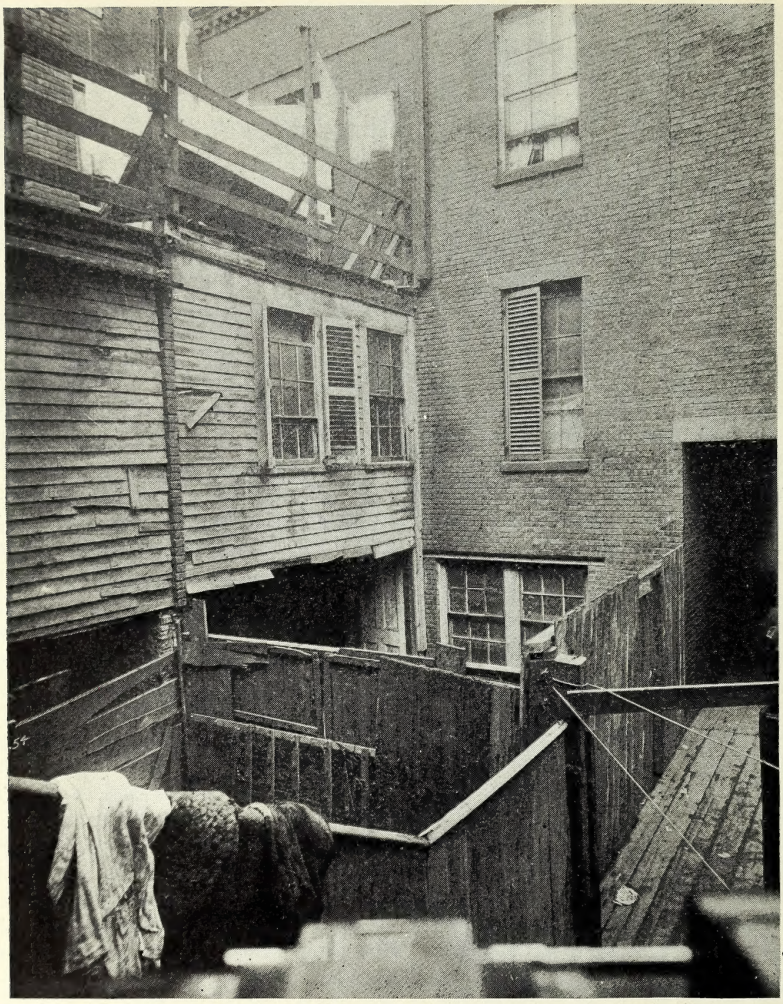
That habit of mind which is introspective leads one to look behind the scenes to discern, if we can, the motive power which is controlling and directing the building of nations.

The growth of cities generally in the United States seems more like the working of a blind force than the outcome of a highly intelligent conscious power. Gradually there has come an awakening, and with that a desire to improve the present condition of our cities,— to plan wisely for their future. This means a revival of public spirit on the part of the citizen, without which the state and the city cannot progress. "Witness," says Sir Oliver Lodge, "the magnificent spectacle of Japan to-day; the state above the individual; common good above personal good; sacrifice of self and devotion to the community. These great qualities, on which every nation has risen to glory, were never displayed more brightly in the history of the world than now before our eyes. It is a nation which is saturated and infused with public spirit, the spirit of the race, enthusiasm for the community and for the welfare of humanity. This is the spirit which elevates cities; it is this which makes a nationality; it is this which will some day renovate mankind."

In any country the test of the highest civilization is not the amount of material wealth the nation may gather, but the kind of people, the quality of the men and the women it rears. Therefore, in all plans of civic improvement, including alterations and future arrangements for the city's growth, the housing of the poorer classes of people should be of primary importance. It is morally inconsistent to have beautiful libraries and museums at one end of the city and slums at the other. To spend the money raised collectively by the public on works that are simply beautiful, while a great number of our fellow-citizens are living in unsanitary conditions, in disease-breeding districts, cannot be countenanced by a sane Christian people. Municipal governments in Europe have long ago recognized this. Half a century ago Edinburgh and Glasgow began the remedial work of tearing down the slums and rebuilding sanitary buildings. London, although it came late in the field, has done more in the matter of housing than any other city. Under the various Housing Acts it has expended about $20,000,000. Manchester, Liverpool, Huddersfield, and many other municipalities are engaged in this great work of sanitary amelioration and civic improvement.

Berlin, Germany, has practically no slums. Toronto in Canada has next to none.

In New York there are three hundred and



REAR COURT — A BOSTON TENEMENT

sixty thousand dark rooms, with about a million people living in them,— rooms in which the light of day never enters. Along side of these there are costly residences, churches, and hospitals, and a wealthy community who are for the most part callous and indifferent to the awful conditions in which their poorer brethren live.

Private philanthropy sometimes exerts itself to clean up this cancer spot, but the civic government of New York has done little or nothing.

There are similar conditions, more or less evil, in all the older cities of this country. The city of Chicago recently pulled down some slum buildings to make room for a park extension, but not to rebuild improved dwellings for the poor. Boston has its slums also. And yet in such schemes of civic improvement as have been brought to public notice the housing of the poorer working classes has hardly been touched upon. Be it noted that these schemes for public benefit have come, not from the municipality itself, but from private individuals or societies interested philanthropically in the public welfare.

In 1907 the commission appointed to

look into the construction and maintenance of tenement houses in Boston prepared an act which ignored questions of light and ventilation. The Civic Improvement League (a body of private citizens) had to fight this, and finally an act, drafted by them as far as sanitary measures were concerned, and not by the commission, was adopted by the state.

A century ago social conditions were very different to what they are to-day. Then there was more equality in the possession of material wealth, and more intellectual and social equality. The free play of competitive individualism and individual liberty has brought great material wealth, and with that, power to a few, leaving the many poor and weak, held down by social conditions against which they are powerless to battle.

We are still living under the old idea that individualism is the best policy for everything. European cities have long ago adopted collectivistic principles for doing civic and state business, with the result that they are now half a century in advance of us.

Now that the business community of Boston is getting together in city clubs and chambers of commerce associations, the time is opportune from the combined wisdom of its best citizens to evolve some broad plan to correct existing evils and plan for future growth. From a serious study of past and present conditions we ought to be able to predict along which ways, as a business city, Boston will advance. It is a seaport, with the geographical and natural advantages suited to becoming a greater port. It is an educational center now, and has the founda-

REAR COURT, MODERN TENEMENT, BERLIN

RUBBISH ON PUBLIC GROUNDS, BOSTON

tions for becoming a still greater educational center. In any scheme, therefore, for future development, it would surely be safe to consider these two important factors.

The report of the Boston Society of Architects' Committee on Municipal Improvement, published in 1907, is full of broad and suggestive measures, and it is to be hoped that public interest will be aroused regarding these subjects. In forming a diagnosis of the situation, this report says, "There are great areas of unoccupied space (land and water) which lie in the very heart of the city, cutting off sections from each other and preventing communication." A member says, "In Boston building operations are practically at a standstill."

On the further development of Boston as a port, the example of Hamburg is given,— a city which in eighteen years spent $49,600,000 on new docks and harbors, resulting in placing this city first in commerce, exceeding London by a fourth. Antwerp, Liverpool, and now London are all spending enormous sums in the way of remodeling and improving their dock systems.

Enough has been said to indicate the necessity for advancement. Why do we not make greater progress? Is it not because we fail to see the advantage of concerted action, of an enlightened collectivism? The old Adam of Individualism in the form of politics, which means my good or gain, not "each for all," is forever obsessing us and blocking the way. Let us exorcise this demon and get to work like those Germans, in a rational, businesslike way.

In "The Holiday Studies of Cities and Ports," by Mr. R. S. Peabody, which was offered to the commission on the im-

provement of Metropolitan Boston, he says, " It seems to me that nowhere do people get as little for their money as in America." " In Europe it all tells, because more systematic and more businesslike methods are applied to it. Besides, public servants are honest, and you cannot imagine such peculations as those at Harrisburg or San Francisco occurring in the German Empire." We admire the delicacy shown by Mr. Peabody in not referring to our own city and its way of financing, as illustrated by the reports of the Finance Commission.

Any scheme for city improvement for Boston will be manifestly incomplete that does not consider, with the general city planning, the housing of the poorer working classes. With the growth of the city as a business center the number of inhabitants will increase, and the question will arise, " How are they to be housed? "

The report of the Boston Society of Architects' Committee hardly touches on this important question. It does suggest in one place " filling the gaps in the city plan" and "keeping within the city limits the prosperous and educated class that now goes to the suburbs." It suggests such changes in the building laws as will tend towards economical construction of modern apartment houses on the new land in which suites can be profitably rented at moderate prices to "that most desirable class of the population,— young clerks, business and professional men and their families, who now, because of high rents, are driven to Brookline, Newton, and other suburbs."

This does not answer our question. Are we to infer from this that the working people are not so desirable a class of the population? Are they to be housed in the suburbs, outside the city limits, or simply to be housed in foul tenements in the congested parts of the city as they now are? Have we of the better educated class any moral responsibility regarding how these people live?

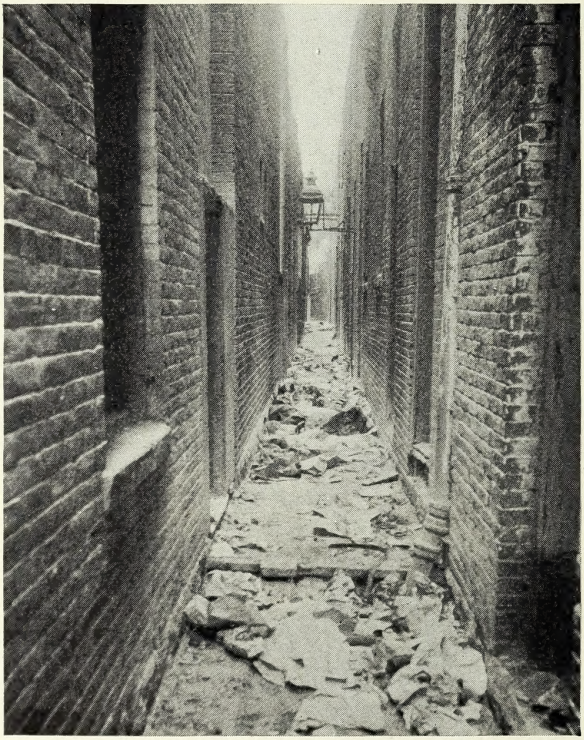
The working people form the physical basis on which our social structure —

COTTAGES, BOURNVILLE

professional and unprofessional—is built. So if we desire a finer civilization we had better see that this section is in a healthy, vigorous state.

That the present housing condition is bad enough will be evident to any one who has seen the slum dwellings of Boston at the North and South Ends and in part of South Boston. The ground on which many of these houses stand is too valuable to the individual owners to allow them to be rented at a moderate price. Thus, with the cost of the buildings, the poor people are forced to crowd together, more sleeping and living in one room than the sanitary law allows. As a result we have disease, infant mortality, and physical deterioration.

Statistics show plainly the great difference in health in proportion to the number of people living in rooms and the number of people housed to the area of land.



AN ALLEY IN THE WEST END, BOSTON

In London and Glasgow the building of improved "model tenements," as they are called, in the heart of the city, has not been a crowning success, either financial or sanitary.

Dr. Sarason, of Berlin, Germany, at a meeting recently held in Boston, showed models and drawings of improved tenements designed to prevent the spread of tuberculosis. The improvement consisted in each story of the tenement being set back about six feet from the front line, leaving a gallery or piazza to the front of each tenement, the street being much wider at the eaves of the buildings than at the ground. While this would help to remedy existing evils, it would not help the dire effects of congestion and the crowding of too many people on a given area of ground.

The true solution of this question in England and in Germany has been found: to remove factories from congested city areas to country districts; to build garden villages as exemplified by Port Sunlight and Bournesville, for properly housing the working classes near their work.

Letchworth (the first garden city in England) has passed the experimental stage and it may be pointed to as an example. Here is a town built on agricultural land, where the unearned increment is secured for the benefit of the inhabitants. The town is scientifically planned and a permanent belt of agricultural land is preserved around it. All modern business facilities are provided for manufacturers, and their workers are housed under healthy conditions in cottages with gardens. To sum up, it is a combined residential, industrial, and agricultural town.

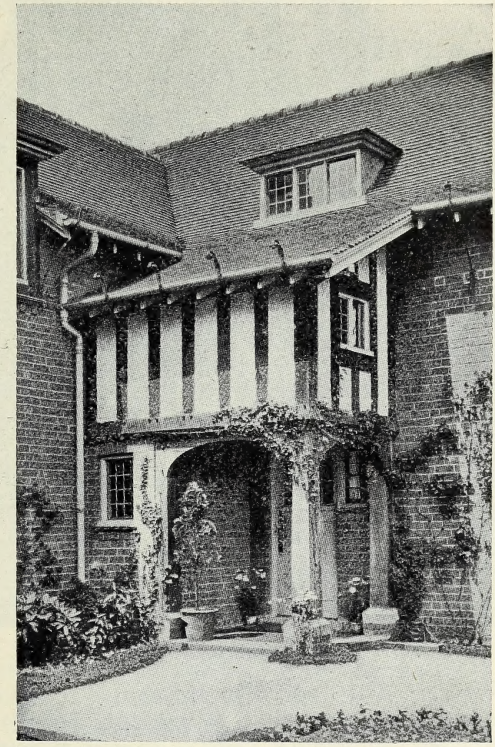
There is every evidence to show that Boston's growth will be chiefly as a port and as an educational center. Conditions are against its future development as a great manufacturing center. It seems absurd to turn round the corner

from a palatial hotel on costly land in the heart of the city and find a little by-street occupied by jobbing plumbers, hatters, and shoeblacks. As the city grows, these back alley places will be utilized for more important purposes. The manufacturing concerns within the city limits will find it better economically to combine together and withdraw to the country outside Boston, and there form groups of industrial villages, with the workers housed near the works,— the wood workers in one village, the boot and shoe makers in another. The most improved machinery will then be used, driven by electricity. The smoke and all obnoxious dirt, noise, and smell will be avoided. Vegetable and fruit farms will be developed in the agricultural belt round about these villages, which will be beautiful to look upon, — not like Lynn or Brockton.

The withdrawal of all factories, works, and workers from the city would leave more room for other businesses to expand without moving from the center, where they were already established. Thus, banks, insurance offices, department stores, offices for the various professions, hotels, municipal buildings, public branch postal stations (of which we sadly need more), schools, colleges, gymnasia, theaters, concert halls, museums, art galleries could be extended or rebuilt, with some breathing space and green setting about them. During Mayor Quincy's term of office public sanitary conveniences were built underground at the northerly end of the Common; but other districts are wholly without these conveniences.

Public bath houses might be built in the city, supplied with salt water from reservoirs, such as once existed on Dorchester Heights, the waste salt water being utilized for cleansing sewers, etc.

The slums would be torn down and more daylight and air let into many a narrow, crooked street. Circles or squares would be formed at the various points where streets converge. Here would be placed statuary or fountains in a setting of green shrubbery and grass, each of these as carefully attended to by the municipality as the Public Gardens and Common are now. The city, thus relieved of the manufacturing element, would become, as the Society of Architects' report says, a more desirable place for "that most desirable class of the population, young clerks, business and professional men and their families," who might occupy "modern apartment houses on the new land" at moderate prices. This consummation, however, still leaves the question open for discussion as to whether "families" can be as healthfully brought up in city "apartment houses" as in garden suburbs.



A CHARMING PORTICO, BOURNVILLE

The expansion of Boston as a port, and the extension of docks and wharves would mean the employment of a large number of dock laborers, who would either have to be housed near the harbor or conveyed back and forth daily by rapid transit to homes in the suburbs.

The former would be the most economical method, and the reclaiming of land from the water along the shallow southerly shores would furnish ample ground for cottage homes for this section of the working population.

The suggestions here set forth are in no sense Utopian, for other nations under a past civilization, which we now consider in some ways immeasurably inferior to our own, have achieved similar results.

COTTAGE, BOURNVILLE, ENGLAND

DEPTHS

By SARAH AVERY FAUNCE

I bless thee, dear, that when the dashing spray
Of other lives reveals a shallow sea
  And limits found,
Thy heart no narrow confines hath, but quiet depths
Which the far-reaching plummet of my love
  May never sound.

A New Way to Wage War

By NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

THE announcement that a Peace Congress is to be held in Chicago next April gives rise to the following thoughts.

There are still many who look with skepticism on the possibility of so changing human nature that the martial spirit may be tamed. There is a large organization in this country corresponding to similar ones in England and on the continent of Europe, pledged to do everything in their power to maintain and enlarge the armed forces, naval and military, on which they believe the safety of their country depends. It is an organized and somewhat belligerent society, and has the advantage of always being able to use the effective arguments of flags and music and picturesque and soul-stirring paraphernalia; that it can always appeal to the timidity of apprehension and raise the bugaboo of armed invasion. That mythical foreign gunboat skulking along our coast and ready at any moment to destroy our wealthy cities — one which appeared from time to time during the war of the Rebellion and again during the Spanish war, scaring millionaires and inducing them to send their stocks and bonds to inland banks, and really as much a creature of the imagination as the Nahant sea serpent and as dangerous, is always at the service of these alarmists. They are represented in Congress by enough eloquence to secure the people's money by the hundred millions to build new warships and cruisers and torpedo boats and torpedo destroyers and forts and disappearing guns. The old shibboleth, " In time of peace prepare for war," still has weight with men just as the old superstition about seeing the moon over the left shoulder makes them unhappy.

They tell us that war can never be abolished; that it is the natural way of settling difficulties among nations; and they deplore and yet uphold the suspicious and brigand-like attitude of the nations — each armed to the teeth and ready to whip out the six-shooter and kill the opponent at a motion of the hand. The chip is on the shoulder, and a hasty word precipitates the quarrel.

If one looks back one gets some light and encouragement from history on the victory of reforms. A few instances will illustrate. At the beginning of the last century there was a move among sensible people to abolish the practice of dueling. It was plainly seen by those who were not myoptic that a fight between two men, whether with pistols or swords, or with hatchets, after the Sicilian manner of " I Carbunaru," was not indicative of the rights in the case, but proved, rather, that the stronger or the more skilful killed or maimed his opponent. Those who believed that dueling was a method of justice founded on inherent principles, and that it could never be abolished and supplanted by a more reasonable code, went to Scripture and history for their proofs. They declared with great insistance that it could never be done away with. So mothers and fathers had dread in their hearts when their sons reached marriageable age and would in all probability be called upon to defend that imaginary honor which only blood could cleanse when insult, often offered in the heat of wine, needed to be revenged.

A few years passed, and what became of dueling? It is only a little more than a century since Hamilton's death at the hands of Aaron Burr brought a full realization of the monstrosity of the system home to the minds of men. We no longer strut round with swords dangling between our knees to trip us up, or with dagger and pistol ready for instant use. Unarmed we fear no arms.

Nations are only magnified duelists.

A half century or so ago ministers and politicans were defending the divine right of holding slaves. The institution made to look sacred (by the use of a capital I) seemed impregnably intrenched behind the rampart of cotton; the incense of tobacco rose like the smoke of a conflagration to the God of Battles who was supposed to have a special interest in keeping a large portion of those made in His image under the harrow. A few so-called fanatics, who had eyes, saw that slavery was not only wrong but idiotic; that it injured not alone the slaves, but even more those that possessed them. Such men as Garrison and Wendell Phillips and George L. Stearns and Eben Dole were regarded in their day as pestilential; all manner of harsh and filthy epithets were applied to them. They had no doubt that the day would come when the many would see as they clearly saw. No inquisition could affect the fact that the earth revolves around the sun; no bolstered opinion of self-interest could make the wrong of slave holding right. The majority had their way for a time. After some billions of money had been wasted and a million of precious young lives sacrificed the plan proposed by that fanatical band of Abolitionists was adopted, slavery was abolished, and the people began to say, "How blind our fathers were not to see this long ago!"

Now, who really believes in slavery? If the Abolitionists had had their way think what this country would have become a generation sooner, with the money wasted spent on good roads, on all the benefits of civilization, with all the flower of that blighted youth come to fruitage, in invention, in eloquence, in poetry, in art, in manufacture. It is terrible to think of.

Yet those who believe that war is the only way of settling international difficulties, that the maintenance of huge armaments is the only way of preserving peace, are just as foolish and just as blind. The world will come to see it some time and regret the coal and the steel and the wood and the men wasted in "White Squadrons." We don't need them. We don't want them. They are baubles of school boys who think they must settle their little squabbles with fisticuffs and who must go crying home with bloody noses. We must not lose patience. We must realize that nations, like men, go through phases. Men are not born full grown like Diana. They must first be puling infants; they wear knickerbockers; they come to feel pride in long "pants"; they have to learn that fighting is silly; they afterwards become rivals or partners in business, but always with good spirits; they begin to try coöperation; they are safe at home and safe on the street, protected by an efficient police maintained by common consent.

The world will come to that. It will come sooner than some men think. War is as medieval as slavery, as ridiculous as dueling. Back of my house is a field which is thick-covered with a blanket of snow. It looks as if it could never disappear. Day after day, under the icy northern blasts it maintains that patient equilibrium of the frost. One is tempted to say it is hopeless; we shall never see the green grass and the flowers. We have learned to know better.

Suddenly the wind shifts; the sun rises higher. With the eye of science the surface of that field is seen to be presenting tremendous activities; millions of those hard ice crystals are vanishing; it is a battlefield of forces — heat attacking cold. A warm rain comes, and before you know it the whole field is bare.

It is a very simple thing, it is a terribly soul-harrowing thing to be a prophet. All it requires is plain commonsense, but it hurts to have your neighbors stupid, and stumble when they might walk gracefully.

Take this matter of war and of preparation for war. We who believe that it will be ere long regarded as the most extraordinary delusion of history, we who have faith to believe that if at this moment the President and the Congress of the United States and all the newspapers and all the ministers and all those who profess to follow the Prince of Peace — that is to say, all the Christians and all the women, the mothers and sisters of

men — should unanimously declare that from this time forth not another dollar should be spent for warships, that all the forts should be dismantled and turned into public parks, that the billions which it had been intended to put into smokeless powder and costly cannon and quickly perishing cruisers, shall be released and used for the benefit of the world, how long would it be before there would be such a clamor from the army-ridden nations of Europe to follow the beneficent example that the blind leaders of the blind would have to heed it, that the field of snow would melt, that the boy in pants would be the man of affairs! What an effect it would have on China which has lived through centuries with no army, and which is certainly taking a step backwards when under the leadership of German officers it is desperately trying to come into line with the belligerent nations!

Suppose an invasion should threaten us? Suppose the women of the country — the girls and the young matrons — should put on white dresses and with waving white flags of peace go to meet the hostile army and say, "Come and feast with us, come and dance with us, come, we offer you a festival of joy? After you have eaten with us and tasted the fruits of our land then we will settle this petty question which is only a misunderstanding!"

This is not utopian. This is only common sense.

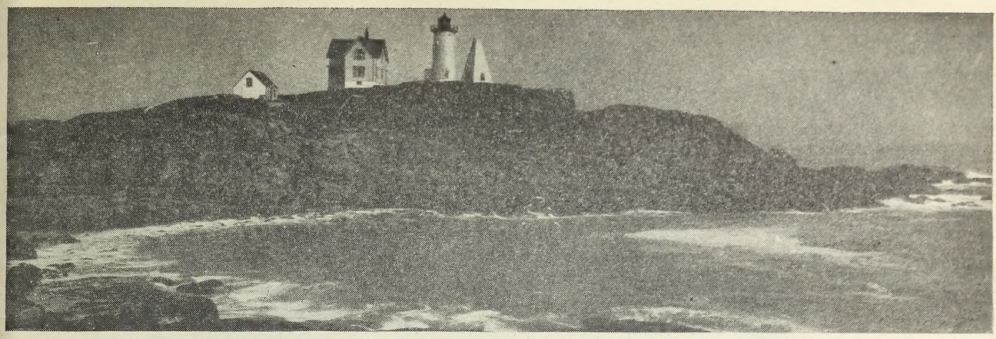
Nature sometimes writes a poem. History sometimes enacts a tragedy. The story of Russia at the epoch of Ivan the Terrible is a vast drama. When the Iroquois, ready to sail to meet the fleet, with Christmas gifts and with a green Christmas tree at her bow, was suddenly diverted from that errand of pleasure and sent on an errand of mercy to stricken Sicily, a poem was written by history. I verily believe that if by some miracle all of our battleships, after making their memorable and yet somewhat school boy, chip on the shoulder, boastful voyage of "what a big fellow I am" show around the world, could have been changed into bread and offered to those starving Sicilians the whole sentiment of the country would have cried to the Christ that performed it — the water into wine of Cana in Galilee,— "We approve of it!" The visit of the fleet to Messina on a mission of humanity was a prophecy.

Let us cease, then, building warships! Why should not we — the great country of the Pilgrims — be the first to set the example of disarming? We don't want warships. They are wasteful, costly, and inartistic baubles. Spend the money on continent-crossing roads. Put an end to this clamor for work on the part of the unemployed. Endow universities, schools, museums; build magnificent public edifices; educate the people in humanity and art and science. They are hungry for it. How many men have graduated from Harvard and Yale and Princeton and Cornell and all the other universities? And yet one year's expenditures on our big navy swallows up the endowments of all our universities! Think of it!

It is a simple matter to utter a prophecy, and yet how heartbreaking it is! The fruit must not be eaten until it is ripe. The child cannot do the tasks of a man. It takes years, perhaps centuries to educate a nation. But the time is coming when our children will say: How blind were our fathers to believe in war and the necessity of war!

And the peace congresses, growing, every time they are held, more inspiring, more inspired, enlisting ever better and wiser men and women, are getting gradually the people,— the great, glorious, democratic, stupid, unthinking people — out of the kindergarten into the high school and the college, and ready to put behind them infantile and childish things, and to be in mass as sensible and as wise as the best of them individually.

THE HEART OF OLD YORK



NUBBLE LIGHT

A MIDSUMMER PARADISE

By ARTHUR J. SHERMAN

NORTHWARD bound we leave by the Boston and Maine at the comfortable hour of nine o'clock in the morning, in a swift and sumptuous train. Catching glimpses of the blue Altantic, of Salem and Beverly, after a journey that is none too long for comfort and pleasure, we arrive at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where the train waits that will carry us to the most ancient city in the United States.

It is a neighborly little train, that with ringing of bells and blowing of whistles goes swinging through people's backyards and so close by the little stations that one can lean out of the window and shake hands with the telegraph operator at his desk. The conductor has not forgotten how to say good morning with a pleasant smile, and looking out the windows we see fair woodlands where the trees have not forgotten how to grow or the shadows to lurk darkly beneath them. In other words, we are in Maine.

Alighting at the station of York Harbor we resume something of our predetermined critical asperity. For we have heard of York Harbor. We have listened to stories of her charm and beauty, and we are prepared to judge somewhat severely. For when in this beautiful world of ours a single locality is heralded for its particular charm, just as when among the daughters of men one is set before others as pre-eminent in grace and beauty, we unconsciously exact a higher standard of perfection, for the past twenty-five years York has been held before us as one of the loveliest places on the continent.

This mood holds us until we reach the very brow of the hill and look down upon the little river that goes winding down to the sea, the long white lines of surf that divide the emerald shadows of the sea from the verdure of the hills, and its blue and violet high lights from the blue of the sky above.

Far out at sea gleams of white spray show where the waves break about Boon Island Light. To the north is the Nubble and the magnificent stretch of Long Beach. No man with a heart for natural beauty can gaze upon that scene and keep a grip on his cynicism. As for ourselves, it was simply a case of love at first sight.

But I hear some well-informed reader propounding a doubtful query as to our historical accuracy in stating that old York is the most ancient English city in the United States. As a matter of fact, there is not the slightest doubt of her right to this title.

A complete history of the town of York would make an invaluable contribution to early American history. The

THE OLD JAIL, YORK VILLAGE, ERECTED IN 1653

nearest approach to such a record is a pencil manuscript prepared by Hon. Nathaniel S. Marshall, and now in the possession of his son, E. S. Marshall, of York Harbor. While largely genealogical, this manuscript preserves most of the available material.

Unfortunately, the early records of the colony were destroyed by the Indians, and for some time after the discouraged settlers made no effort, apparently, to keep a consistent record. The first actual approach to such a thing at least that is now in existence was made by James Plaisted, in 1695.

However, there is a great deal that we know about the earlier days of York from very authentic sources. We know that as early as June, 1614, Captain John Smith entered York River and sailed up it to the head of navigation with two vessels and forty-five men. How beautiful must have been the scene! The entrance through clear, deep water, turning sharply about a bold promontory, leads to a narrow, winding stream with heavily wooded banks that pursues its inland course as far as the base of Mt. Agamenticus, from whose sides its waters issue. Smith named the harbor Boston.

Less than a decade after this visit, that is in 1623, a permanent settlement was established, the location being that now known as York Harbor. This date

fixes the settlement as nearly contemporary with that of Piscataqua, and together with that plantation ranks as the second permanent English establishment in New England.

It was in 1622 that the Plymouth Company, acting under their new charter of 1620, granted to Sir Ferdinando Gorges and John Mason all that portion of their grant lying between the Merrimac and Sagadahock (now the Kennebec) rivers.

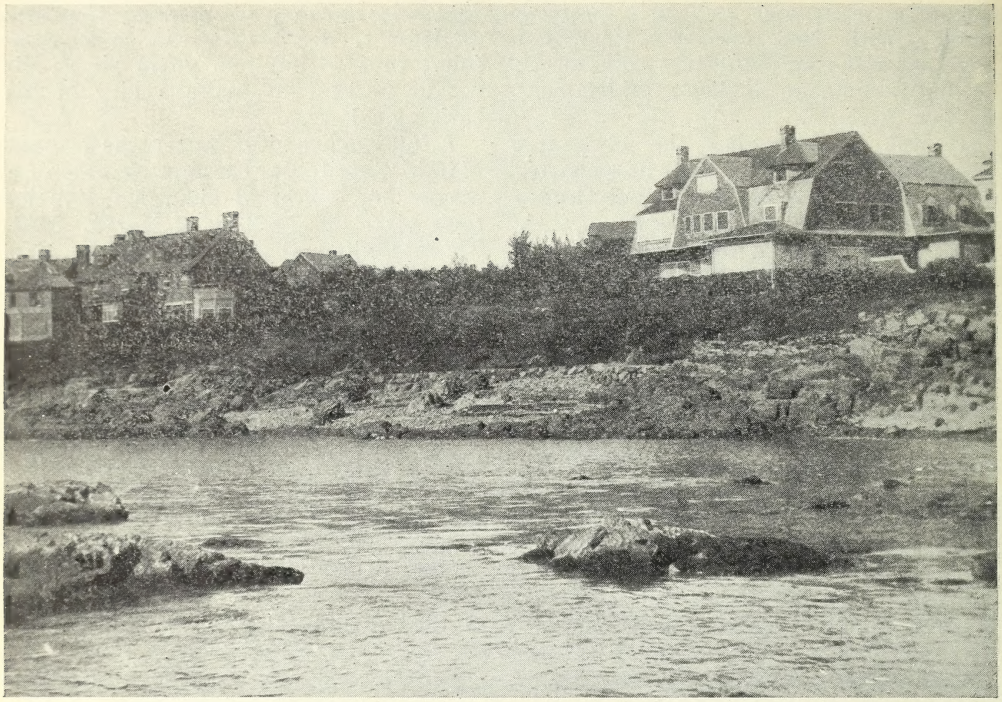
It was under the personal direction of Sir Ferdinando that the settlement of 1623 was effected. In 1629 Gorges and Mason divided their interests, Gorges retaining the more easterly portions. A little later the Plymouth Company's charter was annulled by King Charles, and the title of Gorges became worthless. His personal interest with the House of Stuart was so great, however, that in 1639 the king granted him the territory which he claimed, and he thus, in 1639, became the sole proprietor of the district. Gorges sent his nephew, William Gorges, and another Englishman of noble descent, Edward Godfrey, to manage the new settlement, which they did so successfully, that within two years Sir Fredinando decided to make a city of his thriving colony.

A full English city charter was granted March 1, 1641, and the first election of a mayor and board of aldermen actually took place on the 25th of March, 1642. Thomas Gorges was elected the first mayor, and Gorgeana, as it was called, became the first incorporated English city on the American continent.

The infant colony was planned along strictly royalist lines. The Episcopal church was established, and the intention of Gorges was to build up a great ducal domain. His energy and ability and the integrity of his lieutenants were such that his ambitious design seemed in a fair way to achieve success, when the defeat of Charles, to whose cause Gorges remained loyal, resulted in the forfeiture of his property, and his own imprisonment and death.

This left the new colony practically an

WALNUT DRIVE, YORK HARBOR



Cottages at York Harbor

independent jurisdiction, and the citizens organized themselves accordingly, with Godfrey as governor, when commissioners arrived from Massachusetts claiming jurisdiction.

Appeal to England from this unjust action was in vain. Cromwell favored the Puritan colony, and further resistance being useless, in 1652 the Massachusetts Bay Company entered into full possession. The city charter was revoked, the name Gorgeana annulled, and the present name of York substituted.

The entire proceeding is a blot on the justice and integrity of the Puritan colony, nor is the matter bettered by the subsequent history of the conflict between the Massachusetts Bay Company and the heirs of Gorges, whose just rights were totally ignored, and whose heavy expenditures were in no manner repaid.

From that time its history became not dissimilar from that of other New England communities. It was a place of importance, and as such suffered the vicissitudes of Indian war and of the fortunes of the colonies and particularly of one very disastrous Indian attack in 1692, when the community was nearly wiped out of existence.

At a meeting of the freeholders and other inhabitants of the town, June 5, 1776, it was unanimously voted that the "Representative of this town, now at the General Court, be advised: That if the Hon'ble Congress should, for the safety of the Colonies, declare them Independent of the Kingdom of Great Britain, they, the said Inhabitants will solemnly engage with their Lives and Fortunes to support them in the measure."

And this they did in loyal fashion and ample measure. After so flourishing and interesting a beginning it is a matter of surprise to learn that after the war the community began to decline in importance.

Indeed, until the year 1870 the story of York is that of a quiet and none too prosperous rural hamlet.

Once the shire town of the Province, with a court that was presided over by Richard Bellingham and half a century

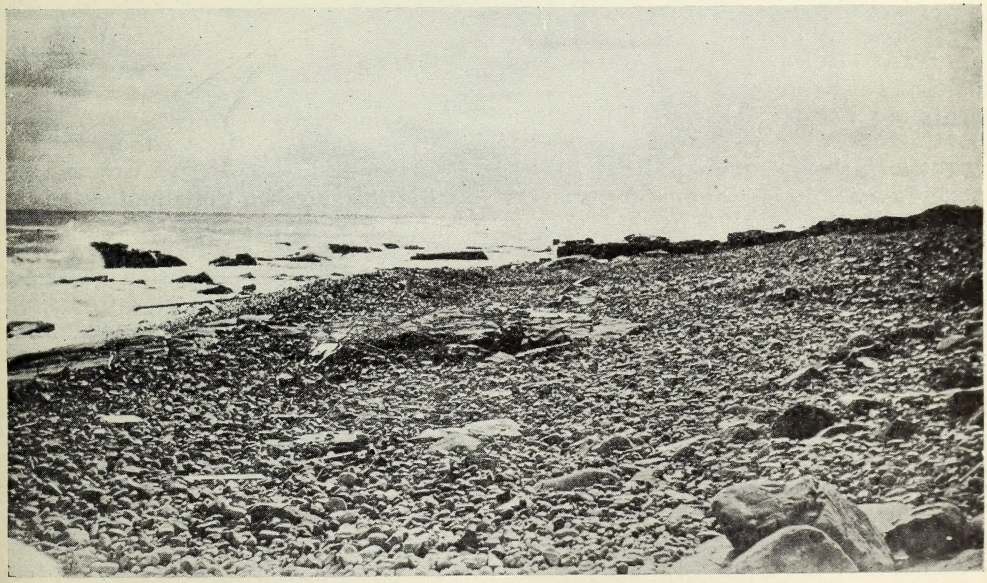
later by David Sewall, chief justice of Massachusetts, and with commercial interests that included ship building, foreign trade, and extensive fisheries, York, for various reasons, ceased to be a factor in the commercial development of New England.

In 1870 the Marshall House was erected at York Harbor, the first summer hotel to be opened in that district. The beauty of the spot and the salubrity of the climate insured its instantaneous success, and a new era of prosperity was opened for the ancient town. It had entered upon its manifest destiny.

In that great playground of America that extends from Lake Champlain to the Atlantic seaboard,— a district of varied and romantic scenery, mountains, lakes, rivers, and woodlands,— a region that shall some day be as populous with the lovers of natural beauty from all over this great and growing country of ours as is Switzerland with the hosts of Europe, — in that great northern section of New England that is destined to add to the wealth of its manufactures the wealth of summer travel, there is no single spot that can offer greater beauty, a more salubrious climate, or more varied interests and recreations.

York possesses one of the safest harbors on the North Atlantic coast, in fact the only harbor between Boston and Portland that can be reached in safety in an off-shore gale. Unfrequented by commerce, this safe and commodious little harbor is open to the unencumbered use of pleasure craft of all descriptions. Delightful yachting excursions to countless nearby points of interest may be undertaken with the greatest ease and safety. Into this harbor flows a quiet and lovely little stream of many windings that affords ideal canoeing. In the hollow of the harbor is a charming little beach, while just beyond is a rugged, rocky point where the surf foams and roars incessantly.

The shore rises steeply, but not too abruptly for comfort, to a considerable height, from which a magnificent stretch of ocean and shore line is visible. Here are the residences of the summer colony of York Harbor, and the site of a number of beautiful hotels. The summer colony at York Harbor has long been famous for its high social standing and the delightfulness of its summer life. The York Harbor reading-room, a perfectly appointed clubhouse, and the Country



THE SHINGLE BEACH, YORK

Club, with its fine golf course, are the social centers of this summer colony. Situated but two hours distant from Boston, the locality possesses all the retirement that a refined taste inevitably associates with days of summer outing. It is not an excursion point. There are no rough invasions of its Sabbath quiet. There is nothing of the hurdy-gurdy and merry-go-round style of "pleasure." It is a simple, beautiful spot that has been chosen as a summer home by a number of cultured people who know how to save it from frantic spoilation.

An abundance of pleasant village greenery, which is so rare a feature of shore locations, is one of the restful things about York Harbor. The village has a Unitarian church and a public library occupying together a modest but tasteful structure, and the Episcopal church is erecting a beautiful edifice of stone, which will be completed and open for public worship this summer. The quiet dignity of the place, the absence of catch-penny devices and other usual disfigurements are negative elements in its attractiveness.

York river

York Harbor has often been called "exclusive." In a certain sense it is so, but not in the usual somewhat vulgar meaning of the word. The place has retained its choice quality for so many years, simply because there is no attraction within its limits for the ruder class of pleasure seekers. The "feller and his best girl" stay away not because they are driven away, but simply because there is nothing there of the kind of enjoyment which they seek. When a community succeeds in preserving itself from vulgarization simply by a freedom from vulgar attractions, the epithet "exclusive" may possibly be applied to it, but not in any derogatory sense.

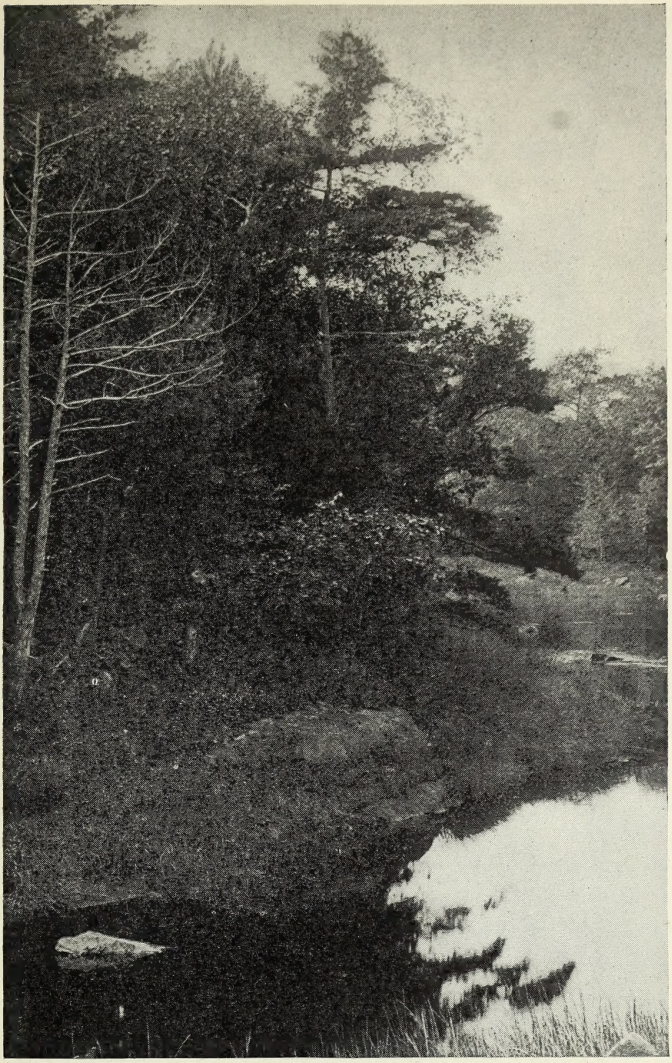
With such an understanding of the use of the term, York Harbor may truthfully be said to be exclusive.

Ten minutes' ride by trolley from York Harbor is Long Beach, and a finer stretch of surf-washed sand is not to be found from Eastport to the Florida Keys. The shelving of the beach is even and gradual, and the sands fine and clean.

We are all children when it comes to a bit of sea beach. A sea beach is the most perfect playfellow in the world, and the man or woman who feels no stirring of the play spirit in his veins when the sands tickle his toes and the waves come rollicking in is hopelessly the worse for the wear of the years. To the healthy-minded a visit to the beach is a visible, tangible entrance into the enchanted realms of childhood. Perhaps that is why the beach is always such a glorious leveler of distinctions. As the old sonneteer said of Sleep, so might it be said of the beach that it is —

"The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low."

At Long Beach, as at most great beaches, there are cottages of all descriptions — jolly little wafer-partitioned affairs no bigger than grandmother's pantry, but with names emblazoned on their fronts as long as an Indian pow-wow. And there are more pretentious cottages, with names on their lintels so recherché that the owners are not sure what they mean, and no one else can offer a plausible guess, and others so extravagantly great that, like ordinary houses, they do not need a name at all. But, big or little, graceful or ridiculous, they all have one feature in common — their most important possession — the door that opens on the beach. The beach shrugs its shoulders tolerantly at the assumption of privacy in the pretense of walls and



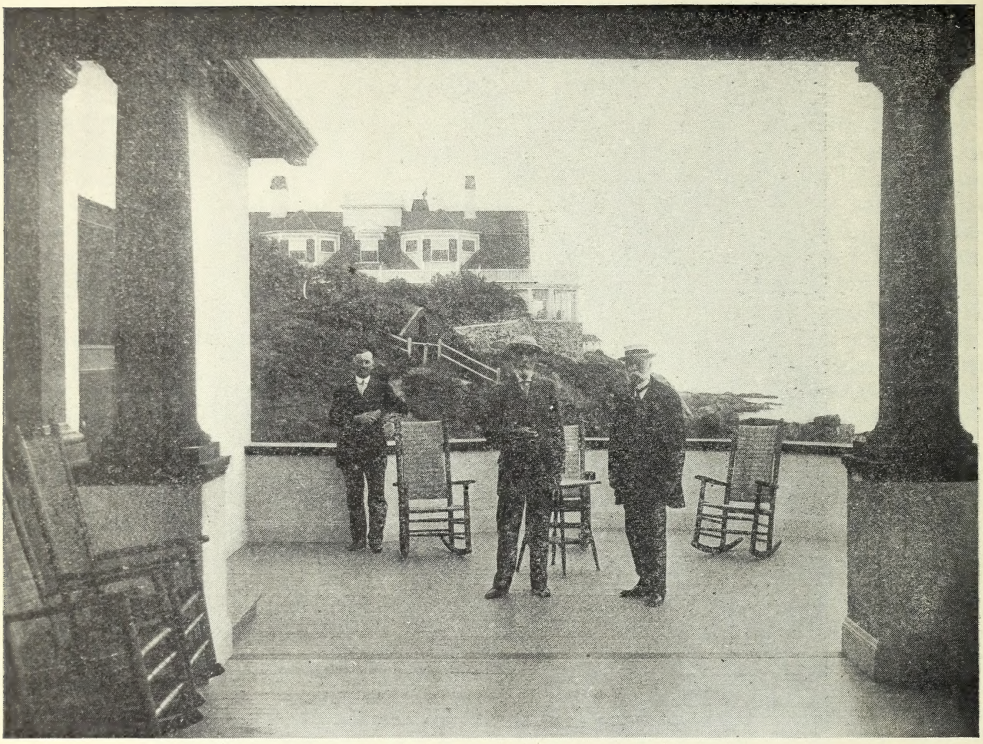
VIEW AT CAPE NEDDICK, YORK

partitions, but it secretly laughs at these flimsy conventionalities that seem so useless in the great family that it creates.

The confirmed cynic can find material enough for an endless chain of sarcasms in the discomforts and privations of beach-resort life — the glare of the sun on atticless roofs and unshaded windows, and all the other facts that everybody knows all about. But he will not be able to alter the irresistible attractiveness of the long strip of surf-washed sand. And on still midsummer nights, when the waves are hushed to a whisper and the moon shines full on a silver sea, earth holds no spot of a more uplifting beauty.

When we say that Long Beach is one of the most beautiful of all beaches we have connoted so many attractions to all right-minded people that little more need be said.

Long Beach ends in a rocky spindle that stretches out for a mile or more into the sea and on the tip end of



On the veranda of the York Harbor reading-room

which is Nubble Light, always a point of interest to visitors.

Immediately beyond this narrow barrier is the curving shore of York Beach, a deep, graceful arch with a rocky buttress at each end. At York Beach are situated a number of fine hotels and it is a well-known and popular resort. The surf bathing is of the finest and the scenic variety is greater within less distance than any other beach location that we know of. At York Beach the roar of the surf on the great rocks approaches the sublime, while not a stone's throw away the beach itself, though combed by a splendid surf, is one of the safest of surf bathing beaches on account of the almost total absence of undertow.

York Beach is as distinct from Long Beach, although separated by a mere strip of land, as Long Beach is from York Harbor. Each has its enthusiastic devotees.

I think that it is this unusual variety of which we have just spoken that constitutes the charm of York Beach. Monotony is an unknown word. The guest at one of these modern, palatial hotels has before him a plethora of opportunities for each day's enjoyment.

Would he rest his eyes from that far low horizon line of the ever-changing sea? He has but to face about and there are green fields, woodlands, lakes, rivers, hills, and old Mount Agamenticus itself. Or his mood may be for human interest, for the sweetness and quiet of old New England ways. It is but a pleasantly short excursion to York village where he may visit the old jail, a building that dates back to 1653, and whose walls have echoed back the savage warwhoop of the Indian. There also is the old court house and a fine and typical New England meeting house. On every hand are memorials of a past rich in tradition, in achievement, and in the records of the hardships and the courage of our forefathers, of the Revolution, and, in fact,

of all that makes our national history so grand an epic.

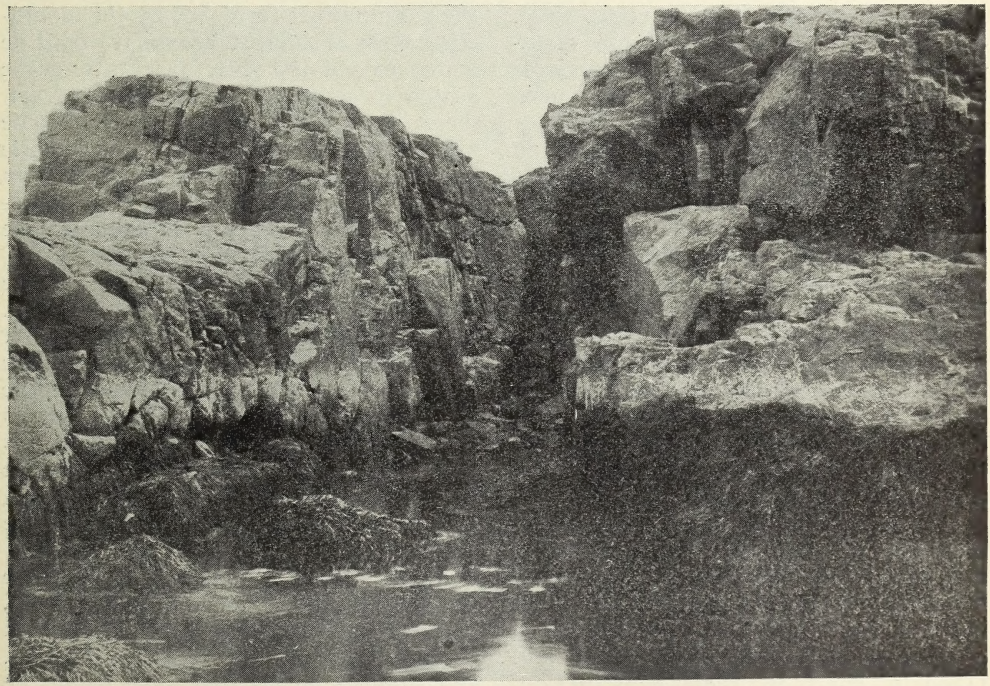
But our visitor will not wish to spend many hours away from York Beach itself. He will wish to visit beautiful Cape Neddick, the Nubble Light, perhaps, the old navy yard at Portsmouth, or take a sea trip to the far-famed Isles of Shoals, situated but a short distance off shore. But having made these and other delightful excursions, he will always wish to return to York Beach. Part of each day he will spend clambering over the great rocks with the surf thundering at his feet. Again and again will he visit the Flume, a wonderful work of nature, where the sea, deep and green, with foaming swirls and eddies, enters a great rocky cleft, like an enraged army storming a castle gate. What is it all about, this fret and turmoil?

Above are a few idle clouds lazily sleeping in the blue sky. Only a pleasant breath dimples the ocean. But here all is passion, struggle, tumult — vast, almost terrifying. They tell us that, with all our knowledge, there are secrets in the tidal movements that no man has guessed, and gazing at this marvelous work of nature, this ceaseless energy and struggle, we are moved to a deep sense of the strangeness and the mystery of it all.

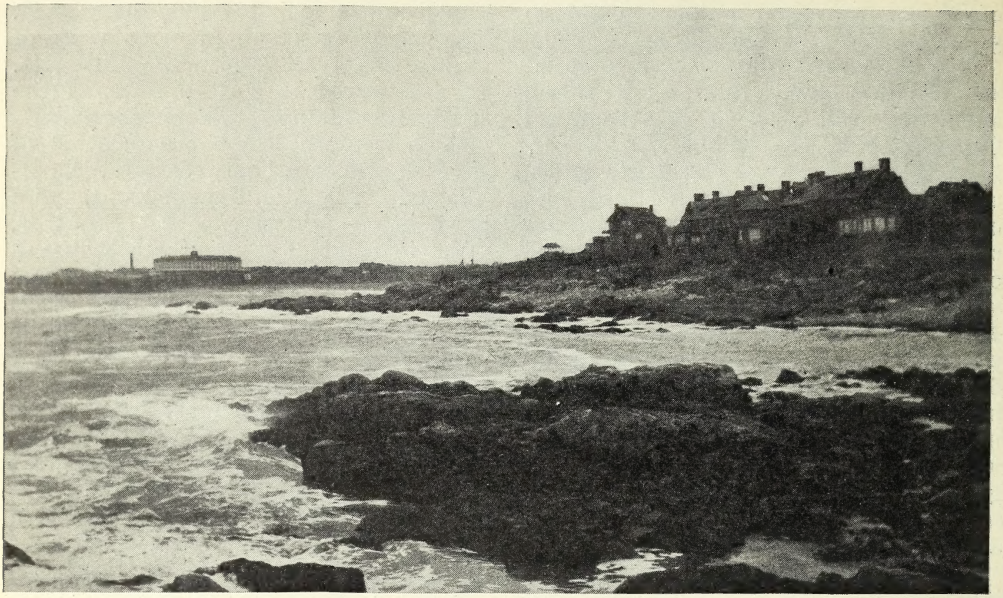
Such is York Beach — a crescent of silver sand enclosed between a wild, moor-like strip of land on the one hand, and a promontory of massive rocks on the other, while in front of it lies three thousand miles of unbroken ocean for the cool sweep of the purified atmosphere. With such possessions it would be foolish for the people of York to attempt to resist their manifest destiny.

It is true that we must have shoes, cotton and woolen goods, and all the rest, and there are in New England great streams that were made for the turning of mighty mill wheels, and many a natural railroad center about which great industries might profitably gather.

It is not impossible that in some future day, when our shipping interests shall have received their due, and shall have attained to a greater relative importance in comparison with our railroads, that



"The Flume," York Beach



VIEW OF YORK HARBOR

such a locality as York, with its safe little harbor, could successfully invite industrial development.

But there are other interests than these. Our age, so falsely decried for a materialism that is less controlling than ever before in the world's history, has need of beauty, of recreation, and a heart for the enjoyment of that beautiful world in which we live. York has the means wherewith to satisfy this higher want,—an inheritance not from men, a gift greater than any which human energy could command or human generosity bestow.

Let York be set apart for the healing of the wounds and the lifting of the cares of the great working population at her doors. Is that not a sufficiently noble destiny? Might it not engage the patriotism as well as the cupidity of any community so favorably situated?

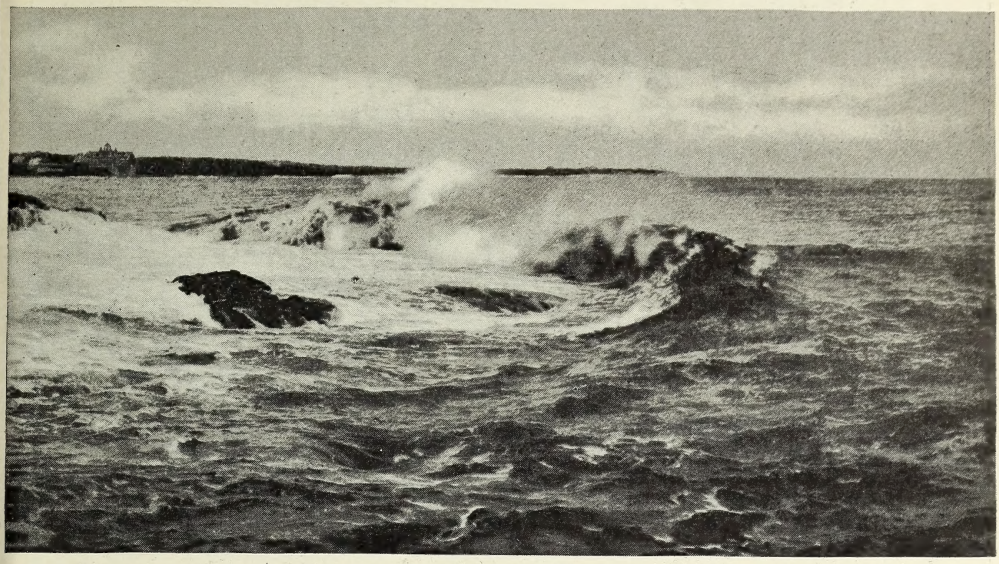
One suggestion more. We are beginning to find time for the erection of monuments to the great deeds and memorable events of the past, and our national government has felt the value of these silent teachers of patriotism and taken a hand in their construction. Surely the claims of York as the first English city on the American continent are very strong for some fitting memorial. To the inevitably decaying reminders of the past that are furnished by the mouldering walls of ancient houses, it would be fitting to add the grateful tribute of the nation in some permanent work of art. Here is a real opportunity for some man of wealth to build for this historic city, that now ministers to their own health and happiness, some civic structure that will at once commemorate the past and enlighten the present.

Homeward bound, with the ample train service we may leave York Beach, or the village or Harbor stations at our convenience. But, consulting only the delights of travel, we would choose the late afternoon train, and take our seat on the shore or eastern side. The sun is low in the west, and sends across the water the softness of those long, slanting rays already tinged with rose and purple and gold.

Again, but in reversed order, we glide by Kittery and Portsmouth, and then, in a sumptuous train speed southward through that long line of cities, villages, and summer homes that have made the North Shore famous the world over,

through Beverly and Salem and the lovely series of suburban communities that lie to the north of Boston, until the gold of the low-lying sun tips the tall needle on Bunker Hill.

Whether it be the homecoming from a long summer's outing, or the ending of a brief excursion, the period rounds out as fairly and fittingly as it began.



THE SURF AT YORK

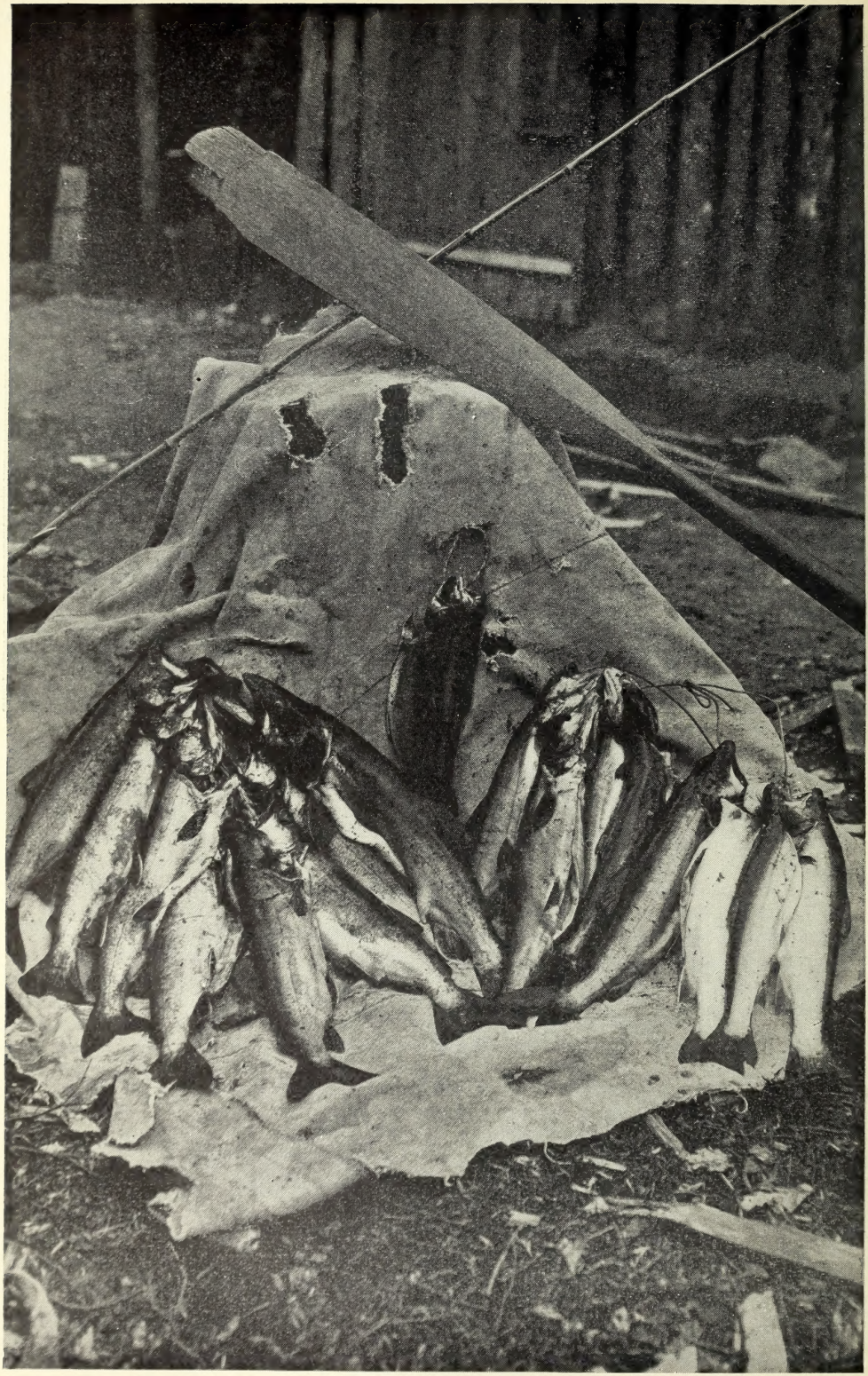
HOME

By MADGE PALMER

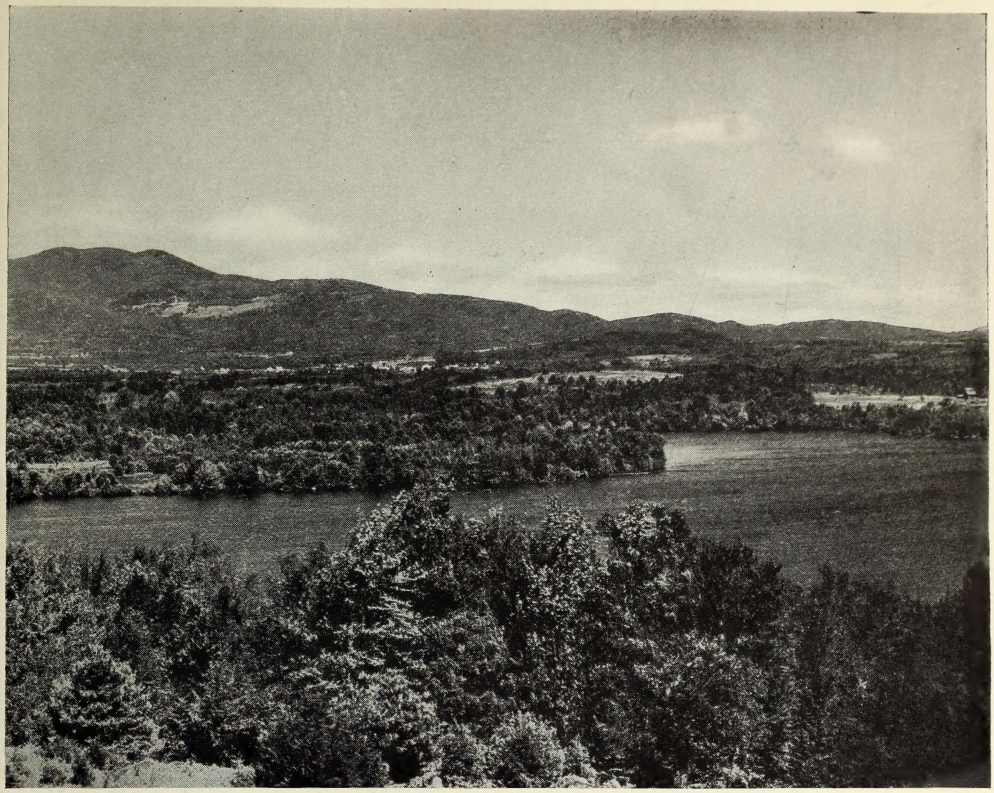
From the Latin of Catullus

Fair Sirmio, thou art the dearest one
Of all the isles, peninsulas, beneath the sun;
Of those upon the quiet lakes at rest,
Or borne by Neptune, on old Ocean's breast.

What gladness — but methinks it scarce can be
That I again in safety look on thee,
Returned from Thyria and Bithynian fields.
Oh, what more blessed than, when dread care yields,
And hearts give up their burden, worn with pain
Of toil in far-off lands, for sordid gain —
We reach once more the home we love the best
And sink upon the lovely couch to rest.
Yes, this alone would labors great repay.
Be glad, dear Sirmio, your lord obey.
Ye waters of the Lydian lake rejoice,
Sweet echoes of the home, lift up your voice.



"WE WERE ALL AMBITIOUS TO BEAT THE RECORD"



Catching a Large Bass from Lake Winnepesaukee

A TRUE INCIDENT

WE were all wondering why R., who naturally preferred his ease and an extra hour or two in bed mornings after the rest of us were astir, had of late been rising early, hurrying through his breakfast, taking a lunch, and with his boatman starting down the lake at such an unusual hour.

Various were the conjectures as to his motive: One said, "He has no doubt found a large school of bass." Another thought that as he had taken an axe, he was sinking brush to attract minnows, as they are followed by the bass. Still another thought he had found a record-breaking fish and was endeavoring to excite envy by bringing it in.

The old doctor, watching him through his field glasses, said: "He is turning easterly at Two Mile Island, but I'll wager that he does not intend to fish in that direction. He is trying to mislead us as to his fishing ground."

R. was not inclined, either, to disclose the locality where he saw or caught fish, while the rest of the party were quite willing to give such information as would aid others to make a good catch.

"SWASH GOES THE LANDING NET"

We were all ambitious to beat the record of seven and one quarter pounds and land an eight pound bass and, as a matter of fact, had tacitly combined to beat R. if possible. Hence, we were all at the pier that evening at twilight when we saw his boat approaching. To our chagrin, his catch was carefully concealed in a grain sack and carried to the hotel ice box. Later, by a judicious distribution of cigars, we got a look at his fish. There were six or eight bass, ranging in size from one and a half to four pounds, but no large ones.

Finally R. received a telegram calling him to Boston, and the writer happened to be at the wharf when the steamer Mount Washington cast off and began backing on her stern line to swing her bow outward into the lake. At this moment R. hastened to the stern and carefully shielding his lips with his hands, called, "Say, G., don't you want to catch the biggest bass in the lake? I know where he is — close by Beaver Island buoy! He's a beaut! I've tried for him for a week and broken two leaders on him. Catch him if you can, I can't. Adios."

My feelings of elation can be better imagined than described. I at once sought Norm, my guest from New York, to impart the important secret, and we began preparations for a visit to the designated spot, fearing R. might have told others, who would reach it in advance of us. We chased grasshoppers for bait until our legs ached. We secured crickets from beneath old boards, and I carefully selected from my book my best flies, besides taking the indispensable box of helgamites — the standard summer bait in this locality.

When all our bait, tackle, and lunch were aboard the launch we cast off, and the writer attempted to start the engine. We were nervous, excited, and heated in our anxiety to be first to get a chance at the "big fish" — none but enthusiastic fishermen can appreciate our feelings. Finally, after cranking the engine five or six minutes — it seemed an hour — taking out the electrode and filing off the rust, and "sotto voce" addressing uncomplimentary remarks to the obstinate engine, my son, who accompanied us, piped up: "Father, you have not

turned on the gasolene." Silence prevailed because of his presence. Reader, have you ever been similarly situated?

With "full speed ahead," we made for Beaver Island buoy, casting, ever and anon, stealthy glances astern to see if any boat followed. It was a calm, oppressively warm day — the surface of the water like a mirror. Oh, how I longed for enough breeze to ripple the water! But none came. We shut off the power several rods away from the buoy and silently the launch glided towards it; carefully we dropped the anchor in about twelve feet of water with rocky bottom. We eagerly scrutinized the entire water and bottom within range of our vision.

"Humph!" says Norm, "he fooled you. There is not even a perch in sight. He's played us a scurvy trick and is, no doubt, chuckling over it now. I will not joint my rod."

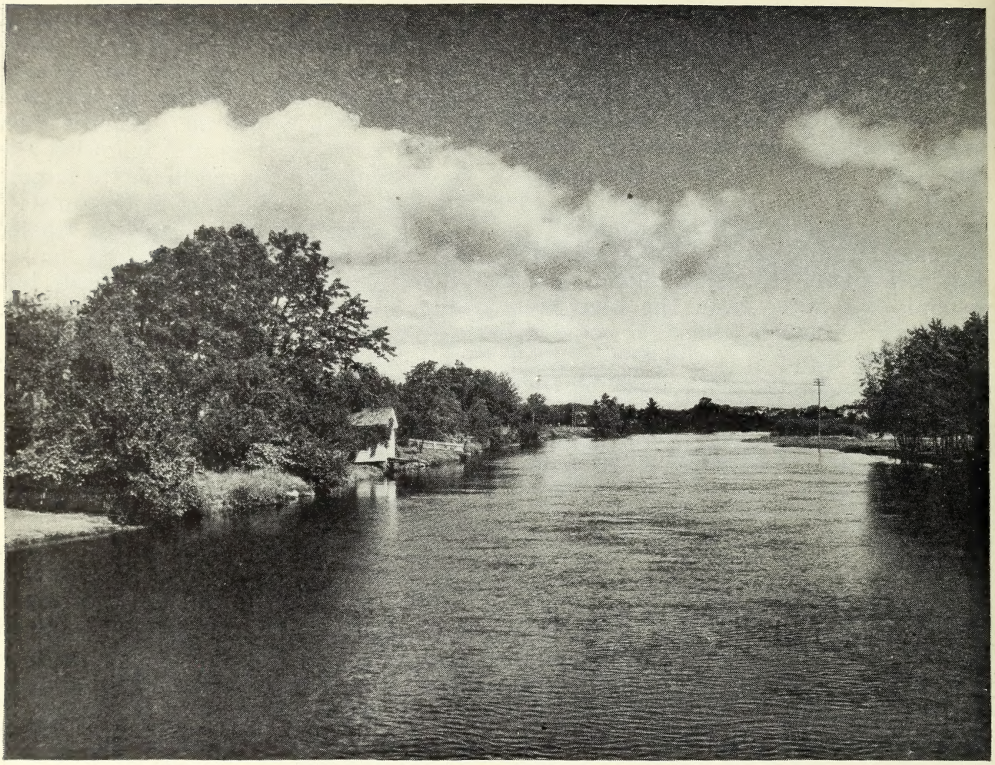
Nevertheless, though my sanguine expectations had vanished and my disappointment precluded all inclination for conversation, I silently jointed my rod, and selecting a good, lively helgamite began to cast all about the boat. No fish appeared until I had made a cast of about fifty feet in the dark water away outside the buoy, when I thought I could discern a shadow following the bait as I slowly drew it toward me. Another cast in the same direction and following the hook came what seemed to me the largest bass I had ever seen. "Quiet! Quiet!" I call, "don't move! He is a whale! *Please* keep still!"

The big fellow follows the bait, but will not touch it until I begin to jerk it from him, when he gets eager, but will not take it until I allow it to sink to the bottom, when he tips up with head down, follows, and, taking it, starts back for the deep water.

"Take up that anchor and let her drift away from the buoy," I cry. This is promptly done.

The bass has taken out about thirty feet of line and I carefully strip the line through the guides until I feel him. And then strike. Up four feet or more out of the water he jumps with the spikes of his dorsal fin erect, his bronze sides glistening in the sunlight. He looks full of fight and I soon find that he is. Twice

"THE BASS OF THE SEASON IS OURS"



VIEW OF LAKE WINNEPESAUKEE

more he leaps, then rushes for deeper water. He takes out thirty — forty — fifty feet of line before I try to turn him. Then back he comes with a rush. I cannot stop to reel, but strip the line as rapidly as possible, and just barely keep him from going under the boat and fouling the propeller. A few moments' sulking at the bottom, a few mad rushes, and he gradually yields to the inexorable pressure of the rod, comes to the surface and turns on his side. Swash goes the landing net in Norm's hands and he is ours! My wrist aches and for several minutes is useless from strain. But what matters it? The bass of the season is ours!

Elated, we hasten home and take the "big fish" to the hotel. "O — o — h! He has got him!" "What a whopper!" "Ain't he a corker!" "He'll go ten pounds!" "Naw, he won't go over eight!" "Where *did* you catch that whale?" In another hour they were all at the same spot fishing for the bass I had caught.

The bass is carefully laid on a large platter on the counter in the hotel office, surrounded with flowers and a card stating his weight — seven pounds, nine ounces — and the name of the catcher is placed upon him.

The writer feels as Napoleon must have felt after winning a battle. A little conceit is pardonable under such circumstances. Is it not well worth an entire season's fishing to capture a true, small-mouth black bass weighing seven pounds, nine ounces?

This fish well mounted on an oak panel now adorns my dining room, and as I look upon it I enjoy over and over again the experience of that summer's day on Lake Winnipesaukee. I have since seen one bass weighing eight pounds and one weighing eight and a quarter pounds caught from the same waters.

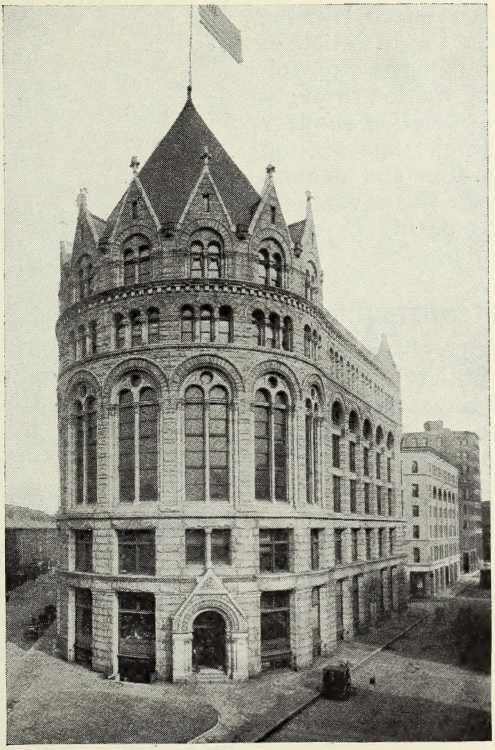
IN NEW ENGLAND

THE NEW ENGLAND MINISTRY OF THE BOSTON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

In conformity with the agreement entered into between the Merchants' Association and the Chamber of Commerce, and in accordance with the provisions of an act passed by the legislature "to unite the Boston Chamber of Commerce and the Boston Merchants' Association in one corporation," the actual consolidation of the two organizations is to be effected by a meeting to be called by the presidents of the respective bodies, and to be held at the Chamber on Tuesday afternoon, June 1, at 3.30 o'clock.

At this meeting the Chamber will adopt by-laws, elect a board of directors, and transact such business as may come before it.

Already under the expert management of the executive director, Mr. Ryerson Ritchie, important and fruitful activities are reported. Of some of the latest of these we give a brief account below.



The Boston Chamber of Commerce

It is particularly pleasing to the New England Magazine to note the all-New England breadth of these activities and of the spirit of the new Chamber of Commerce.

Our Boards of Trade and other local organizations may co-operate with this great body with entire confidence in the unselfishness of their designs.

The State Senate yesterday (May 24th), agreed to the constitutional resolve, giving the legislature power to classify property for purposes of taxation. This amendment will now go to the legislature of 1910, and then to the people for a referendum vote. If passed, it will make possible reforms in the taxation laws of the State, which are now hindered by constitutional restrictions. It was introduced and supported by the Merchants' Association, and is regarded as important in advancing the industries of the state.

The Fuel Supply Committee is engaged in preparing a report which will contain maps of New England, on which

will be indicated in color the rate of transportation of coal, from tidewater points to all the various receiving points throughout the section. This committee is making an extended study of the three questions of fuel supply, namely: "How to buy; how to ship; and how to burn."

The bill in the legislature providing for the consolidation of the State Board of Education and the Commission on Industrial Education, which will probably be passed, was practically drawn by representatives of this association in conference with others interested in the reform of educational methods in Massachusetts.

This consolidation will result in one Board and one State Commissioner of Education. The present divided arrangement, not through any personal faults, but because of the unfortunate method of organization, has not worked with that singleness of purpose which alone can be expected to produce the best results.

The Massachusetts plan of savings bank insurance has been endorsed by the association, and under the direction of our committee many thousands of dollars in policies are being written throughout the state. The association employs instructors to spend their time visiting the industrial communities and demonstrating to working men the advantages of this new form of monthly payment insurance and old age annuities.

AN INTERESTING CONFERENCE

Asserting that "the problem of congestion in most of our large cities has become so serious and threatening that it has engaged the attention of numerous committees and commissions throughout the country," a call has been issued for a conference on "city planning."

The conference is called to be held in Washington, May 21 and 22. It is signed by many distinguished workers along the lines indicated, including pre-eminent New Englanders.

As we go to press the conference will be in session, and it is promised that it will be addressed by the President of the United States.

If this conference is carried through as planned, its published report ought to be a public document of great value to the modern municipal expert, dealing, as it will, with city development along economic, esthetic, and hygienic lines. Unless we greatly mistake the signs of the times, it will not be long before we shall hear of faculties on these subjects in our leading universities and technical schools.

We believe that the present number of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE offers two valuable contributions to the discussion of the subject.

THE NATIONAL GOOD ROADS CONFERENCE

Gov. Austin L. Crothers, of Maryland, has backed up with an executive proclamation the call for a second National Good Roads Congress, to be held in Baltimore this month. The significant feature of the proclamation is its urging the matter of attendance upon, "the mayors of all the cities and towns in the state, the boards of county commissioners of the various counties, the commercial bodies, all local good roads organizations, and farmers' clubs."

If a body as representative as the above can be gathered together, a long step forward will be made in the direction of bringing together the reformatory agitators and the practical workers and responsible officials along a line of much needed public action. Every mile of good roadway is a national investment, bringing in, probably, a higher annual percentage of return than the best of bonanza mining stocks are vaunted to do. It ranges side by side with the lawn mower and Decoration Day as a rural civilizer.

BARRE, VERMONT, UNDERTAKES AN IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENT

An example of the heavy returns sometimes possible as the result of comparatively slight municipal outlay is the plan adopted by the city council of Barre, Vermont, to construct a canal which shall cut off a bend in the river and redeem, by so doing, some sixty or more acres of

meadow land, which will be added to the heart of the city. The expense is $150,000, one half of which is met by the Barre Railroad Company. That is to say, for an expenditure by the city of less than a hundred thousand dollars, sixty acres of valuable commercial property are added to the business heart of the city. It will also save a roundabout route of communication from one part of the city and much expensive bridge building. The enormous profitableness of the right action in such matters emphasizes anew the costliness of municipal blunders. All hail to the competent expert!

In this instance a city engineer and the railroad engineer were able to get together for the study of a local situation without a suggestion of "graft" or "criminal collusion," with good results in abundance.

SECONDARY SCHOOLS AND ATHLETICS

Whatever problems may remain to be solved by university and college administrators before athletics and more strictly academic pursuits discover their true proportions and relations, the good accomplished by school athletics in high schools and academies where the discipline is usually more strict, must be perfectly evident to any but the most prejudiced observers.

The elements in that success, so marked in comparison with the many shortcomings of athletics in the institutions of higher learning, are many, but may all be comprehended under the one word Simplicity.

Limited area of interest, limited publicity, limited funds, all have something to do with this perhaps enforced condition. But however that may be, the result is most engaging. As a wholesome spectacle of unsensationalized sport it would be difficult to find anything more ideal than an athletic contest between two New England secondary schools, usually waged at a natural green on the outskirts of one of the home communities, with a limited audience of school-girl friends, parents, teachers, and local school partizans.

June brings us many beautiful things, but nothing fairer on the human side than these green lawns, with their youthful emulation, joy, hope, and strength. They bring the educational world close to the hearts of the people, and any fair agency that does that is working in the interest of the highest things.

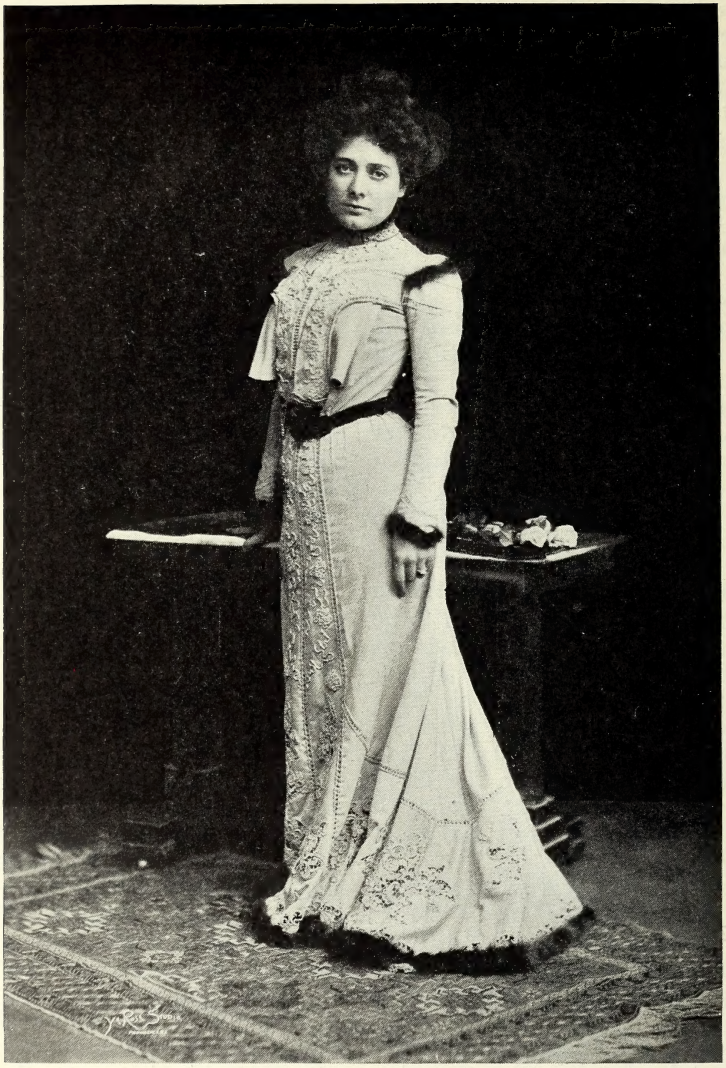
SOME END OF THE SEASON PLAYS

The Boston stage is at present occupied in delaying the closing season as long as possible. Mr. Rich has brought to the Hollis Theater one of the best end of the season attractions that have visited the city in a number of years, although not destined to so long a run as some other productions.

The DeKoven-Smith opera, "The Golden Butterfly," will never catch on strong enough to be whistled along the streets by newsboys, or hummed persistently by the ordinary musician, but the fact that it will *not* is something of a tribute to its melodic excellence and intricate harmonies of a higher class.

Musical comedies have held the spotlight so long that it is decidedly refreshing to listen to a real opera, with something of a plot, even if rather conventional, and in "The Golden Butterfly" one has the rare opportunity to listen to a star who can sing and act as well. Having heard her, no one doubts Miss Van Studdiford's ability to do both grandly, while her gowns brought forth little gasps of delight from the ladies. Speaking of acting, it is doubtful if the star's ability to command facial expression in song interpretation has been excelled in Boston this season, and especially noticeable was this in her first number, "Don't forget me," which was enthusiastically received, as were all.

Consistently staged, beautifully costumed, presented by a well-balanced company, whose chorus work was most agreeably done, "The Golden Butterfly" and Miss Grace Van Studdiford were certainly enjoyed.



JULIA MARLOWE, APPEARING AT THE MAJESTIC

The "Travelling Salesman," at the Park Theater, has taken hold of the public after a fashion that suggests that in this production we have one of those stories that touch a responsive chord in the popular heart. It has the essential goodness of the leading characters, a relation to real effort and daily work that is at least discoverable, and hearty good humour with that unfailing source of popular delight, a rural setting. If it can be saved from too rapid a crystallization into an unalterable form — kept open to adaptations and improvements — it may prove to be a play of growing popularity. As it is, its presentation at the Park is certain to keep that theater open until late in the season.

At the Tremont Theater we have the "Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," one of the most successfully advertised of the end of the season plays.

The Tremont appears at the present writing to be the only theater that will remain open for "legitimate" drama through the season.

MAUDE ADAMS, WHO WILL APPEAR IN "JOAN OF ARC" AT THE HARVARD STADIUM, CAMBRIDGE

The successful run of "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" is to be followed by "A Broken Idol," with Miss Alice Yorke as prima donna.

In this play Otis Harlan is said to be giving the greatest performance of his career. He will commence a summer's engagement at the Tremont Theater, opening May 31st. "A Broken Idol" will be brought to Boston by Mr. C. B. Whitney, the producer, with the original Chicago cast, chorus, and production in its entirety. The first act of the piece is laid in Chinatown, Los Angeles, during the New Year's celebration, and second on the estate of a wealthy American at Santa Monica. The idol is broken in a row in a Chinese chop suey emporium during the celebration by a party of Americans, who believe that they have killed a Chinaman when they see it fall. They are allowed to believe this until the finale

of the last act, when the tangle is straightened out.

THE GERMANIC MUSEUM BENEFIT

For the performance of Schiller's "Jungfrau von Orleans," which Charles Frohman will give in The Stadium of Harvard University, on the night of June 22d, for the benefit of the Germanic Museum of the University, and in which Maude Adams, America's leading actress, will enact the rôle of the Maid of Orleans, the text will be a quite literal translation of Schiller's work. In the Meiningen, or "The Model" performance done by George II, Duke of Saxony-Meiningen — the most recent and standard performances of the play in Germany — the prologue was omitted, but Charles Frohman, in his version of the play, will, so far as it can be done in English, reproduce Schiller's play from the beginning of the prologue to the death of Joan — so beautifully imagined by the playwright, not as a death by execution, but as an heroic ending on the field of battle, beneath the shields of her soldiers. Simplicity and humility will be the dominant notes of Miss Adams's acting as Joan. Portions of the play — that make it allowable — will be rendered with all the gorgeousness and historical accuracy of as beautiful a pageant as money, good taste, and intelligence can obtain. The coronation scene and the battle scene will be the two principal opportunities — the first for ceremonial pageant, the second for a spectacular display of dramatic action on a huge scale — both of which ought to fill the eye (the chief sense to be aimed at in a place so large as The Stadium), and delight the mind from a historical and educational point of view.

John W. Alexander, the portrait and mural painter (who did the friezes for the Carnegie Museum in Pittsburg, and for the Capitol at Harrisburg, Pa.), is

MR. JOHN ALEXANDER CONDUCTING A COSTUME REHEARSAL OF "JOAN OF ARC"

directing the making of costumes, the selection of color, and the grouping of most of the tableaux.

The scenery will be reversible throughout — that is, the forest of Domremy can be turned on a pivot, and, in part, become on its reverse side the Dauphin Charles's tent at Chinon, and later, the cathedral at Rheims for the coronation scene.

There will be about thirteen hundred active participants in the performance. This includes about eight hundred men in armor, monks, citizens (men and women), choir boys, nobles, English and French troops.

Joan will always be seen, according to Schiller — once she assumed the leadership of the French army, carrying her "Jhesus, Maris" banner.

The seating capacity will not be increased to more than ten thousand, as parts of the play call for an intimacy of performance. The acoustics have been thoroughly tested and have been found to be perfect, the most ordinary tones carrying to the furthermost corners.

The Stadium will be relieved of its monotony by hillocks, bushes, trees, etc., and clear around the edge of the auditorium in front of the first row of seats will be projecting tree branches that will allow of entrances and exits from every possible angle. Behind the stage, stretching across The Stadium, will be a cyclorama sky cloth. The play will never be done again by Miss Adams. It is Charles Frohman's desire that The Stadium production be dismantled after the night of June 22, and its parts dispersed.

ROUNDING OUT A QUARTER CENTURY OF POP CONCERTS

The twenty-fourth consecutive season of "Pop" concerts in Symphony Hall, and given by the Symphony orchestra, has sufficiently advanced to make it possible to predict the most successful series since their beginning.

These concerts are universally recognized as a Boston institution. They are popular in something more than name. Advertising cards of these concerts may be seen in windows on Atlantic Avenue and other parts of the city where the interest in Symphony Hall productions is not exactly indigenous. At the same time, the Pop concerts have received the smile of fashion and are an acceptable "society" entertainment. Opening nights are society functions. It is doubtful if any entertainment at once so high class and so democratic obtains in any other city in the United States.

One element of popularity in the concerts is the moderate price of admission. Another is the undoubted popularity of the Symphony orchestra itself, and the pleasure taken in hearing music of not too intellectual a cast rendered by this incomparable organization. Another element in their popularity is their timeliness, coming as they do before the full tide of the summer exodus and at the close of the theatrical and concert season.

The feature of the Pop concerts is the music, not the refreshments. The former is listened to with enthusiasm, while the latter are partaken of with evident moderation. The Bohemian atmosphere is of a very decorous kind, just a taste, a tang, that is found to be a pleasant novelty in the experience of people whose daily lives are removed as widely as possible from everything of that nature. For, let it be understood, it is Puritan Boston that attends the Pop concerts. There are other elements present and observable in the audience, but they are a minority and out of harmony with the spirit of the place. Boston has not yet been able to make an amusement out of evenings in Tenderloin restaurants — just looking through the cracks at hell. The pleasant diversion of taking a shock on the borderlands of vice and debauchery has not commended itself to Boston taste. And if some of our Metropolitan friends find something very amusing in the enjoyment which Boston takes in the Pop concerts and liken the experience to "playing billiards in a Y. M. C. A. hall," we are still prone to accept the intended diversion as a com-

pliment — one which we wished that we deserved a great deal more than we do.

A Boston Pop concert is a very formal kind of informality, a very dressy kind of undress, a most decorous temporary Bohemia, where the musicians never lose sight of the conscience of their art and its refinements, or the audience of the Seven Fitnesses.

If it is true, as it is declared to be, that no other city in the United States would pack a Symphony Hall fifty-four times at a season's end (for that is the number of performances this year) for so seemly an amusement, then the old claim of a higher intellectuality and a purer taste for the people of Boston is neither obsolete nor a jest.

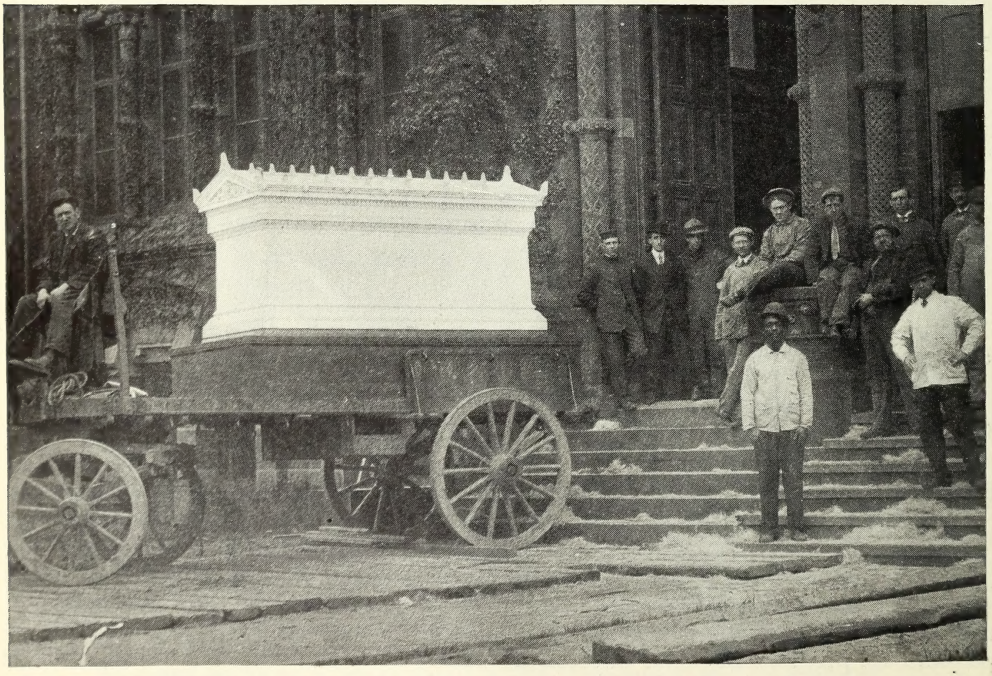
Nor is it an indifferent matter that the management have adopted the policy of using these lighter concerts as an opportunity to develop the directorial talent that may exist in the orchestra itself, different members of which, by the election of the members of the orchestra themselves, assume the baton.

Take it all in all, time, place, occasion, manner, and audience, the Pop concerts are an institution of which the city of Boston may justly be proud.

THE PASSING OF THE COPLEY SQUARE ART MUSEUM

It is not without regret that we watch the removal of its treasures and the closing of the doors of the Art Museum in Copley Square. Not that the removal is to be complained of. The work of the museum is too important to be allowed to suffer the trammels of an inadequate site. Nor are we permitted to fear a predestined fall of Copley Square from its high estate. The great public library building alone, to say nothing of its great and historic churches, is quite sufficient to preserve its distinction and to center upon it the continued love and pride of the community.

But the homing sentiment is one of the strongest, most universal, and most



REMOVING THE TREASURES FROM THE OLD ART MUSEUM

STUDENT CARICATURES FROM THE WALLS OF THE STUDENTS' QUARTERS IN THE ART MUSEUM AT COPLEY SQUARE

humane of our natural instincts — if in this scientific age we may be allowed to make use of that discredited term.

The Vatican and the Forum are at Rome, the Parthenon at Athens. In the Sistine Chapel floats the melodiously tender atmosphere of Raphael's great Madonna. Some things worth while are at the Louvre in Paris and others are in ancient palaces in Florence or Venice, and it would surely be an unkindly fate that would ravish these immemorial localities of their sacred treasures.

So also certain things more or less worth while were formerly to be found in the old iron-clad building in Copley Square, and since they are now to be found there no longer, we may be permitted to voice a regret that contains no element of complaint — which, in fact, may be interpreted rather as our humble tribute to the management of the old museum and to the service which it rendered the community.

There was, for example, not far from the entrance, an ancient Roman terra-cotta portrait head. I am not aware that it was looked upon as one of the treasures of the gallery. And it yet may have been, for I am totally unread in the mountainous outpourings of our critics. Possibly the name and estate of the Roman whose portrait it was is known — printed in the catalogue, I dare say. To me, however, it was the portrait of an unknown. I suppose that it must be admitted, also, that it was badly "placed." At least there was a great, black shadow over half the face,— although as to that being a fault I might oppose some argument.

But this much I know, that there was in that face a record of bitter experience and of a strong, courageous grappling with it, a dreaminess in the eyes and an iron in the facial muscles, that, pagan as he was, was wonderfully to my liking. I

used to steal in there and look at him a few moments and go out again, because it made the fight a little easier.

I may be permitted to trust that in the transposition he will neither be treated as rubbish nor so scientifically lighted as to leave no dark, interpreting shadows.

There were other things for other moods and needs and each of them had its home.

I do not know how many others, like myself, were in the habit of stealing into the old museum for five minutes of spiritual quickening, innocent of all educational intent, but I dare say that they were not a few. And that means that the old museum did serve a noble purpose partly by virtue of its location. Its removal to larger quarters, with ampler opportunities, seems in every way a wise one, but one may still wish that it were possible to retain nearer to the heart of the city some examples of imperishable art, for they are very brotherly things to have about.

It has been intimated above that such regrets are in the nature of a tribute to the management. The old museum possessed limited facilities and a faulty building, in spite of which its ministration to at least one kind of spiritual need was one of the factors in the city's higher life.

Little, Brown & Co., publishers of Sidney McCall's books, have issued the following interesting note concerning this popular author:

"Sidney McCall (Mary McNeil Fenollosa), the author of 'Red Horse Hill,' etc., when scarcely more than a girl, was living in another part of Japan when the late Lafcadio Hearn began his wonderful studies of that country. Independently, she, too, was absorbing the same mystic influences of beauty; and in a different form — that of verse — was shaping her impressions into concrete structure. A modest little volume of poems called 'Out of the Nest' is thought by many of her friends to contain some of her finest work. Lafcadio Hearn, who later became one of her dearest and most valued friends, was delighted with these poems. In her quaint home in Tokio, with its garden where grew pansies, magnolias, and 'moon flowers,' Mrs. Fenollosa wrote her first novel, 'Truth Dexter,' a book which had a phenomenal success. 'The Breath of the Gods' was the outcome of her impressions of the situation in Japan and Russia just before the crisis, but it was written after her return to

SYDNEY MCCALL, AUTHOR OF "RED HORSE HILL"— *Little, Brown & Co., Publishers, Boston*

America in the 'big, low workroom of her Southern home in Alabama, which looks out upon a garden where the blossoming cherry mingles its petals with those of the rose and the jasmine. Kobinata, or little Sunshine Hill, so called after the dearly loved Japanese home, contains much that is best in beauty, both of the East and West. Here bamboo and pine, ash, oak, and magnolia, the poetic autumn grasses, the blossoming plum and cherry, with rose, pink, and daffodil, dwell together in perfect amity. Indoors and out, one meets with the structural beauty, the esthetic harmonies of color learned, or transplanted bodily from that vast treasure house of things beautiful —

Japan. Here also was written Mrs. Fenollosa's latest book, 'Red Horse Hill.'

"Mrs. Fenollosa comes of an artistic family. Both her parents were writers. Her father, William Stoddard McNeil, was a poet of ability, and a lover and keen student of nature. Mrs. Fenollosa's home life in Mobile has always been one of the units in a very close-knit, large, devoted family group. 'Truth Dexter,' was in part an outcome of that home-sickness which, while absent in Japan, she felt for the dearly loved home circle.

"To her husband, the late Professor Ernest F. Fenollosa, well known in art circles as one of the greatest authorities on Oriental art, Mrs. Fenollosa feels that she is deeply indebted for criticism, suggestion, and constant encouragement, although in the matter of plot and actual writing she always works entirely alone. Their life together, both in Japan and in this country, was characterized by independent but absolutely congenial work, and by harmony of interests and tastes.

"In her latest book, 'Red Horse Hill,' Sidney McCall, as she prefers to sign herself, has furnished another American setting that of a Southern mill town. The conflict of human interests, a deep love motive that runs through four related lives among the characters of this remarkable story, and the terrific power for good or evil held in the hands of the controller of Southern mills, all bear a vital part in the drama. It is the best work this gifted author has produced, and has on every page the marks of an easnest thinker and of a writer of high artistic ideals."

"Red Horse Hill" is published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price, $1.50.

The Houghton, Mifflin Company are publishing in book form the essay on "Charles W. Eliot, president of Harvard University," which Dr. Eugen Kuelmemann, of the University of Breslau, contributed to the Deutsche Rundschau of Berlin.

The true subject of the book is not "Charles W. Eliot," but, as we have said, "Charles W. Eliot, President of Harvard University, May 19, 1869,—May 19, 1909," and every word of that title, dates included, is necessary to a true statement of the theme of the essay. It is but scantly biographical, and in its more analytical portion deals with the Eliot-of-Harvard philosophy of education. The historical or narrative portion of the essay deals with the development of Harvard University during Eliot's administration.

Perhaps this very identification of the man with the institution and the institution with the man is the truest truth of the book, for if it cannot be called a unique fact, it is at least one true of Dr. Eliot and Harvard to a unique degree.

At the same time so persistent an emphasis as this one fact constitutes a somewhat severe method of depicting a personality. Another method of approach might have made more evident the degree to which such an identification calls for the sacrifice of other activities and possible attainments.

Thus when the author declares that "Eliot does not rank with the world's greatest thinkers," etc., the remark is either wholly obvious as a matter of classification, in view of the names adduced as examples, or else somewhat unsympathetic toward that thinking which buries itself in administrative problems and fructifies, not in Kantian or Platonic systems of philosophy, but in institutions.

The strength and interest of the essay to American readers lies in its fourth and fifth chapters, these on "Eliot's Educational Philosophy" and "Eliot's Social Philosophy." When, however, we consider its German audience, we can only be pleased beyond expression and congratulate all whose interests are concerned (and the interest is broad enough to be called an American one) that so adequate, so clear, so fair a statement of an American university and its leader and of American educational and social ideals, should appear from a German pen and be published in so influential a quarter.

To Harvard men the book affords a particularly fine opportunity to add to

their libraries a noble appreciation of their revered leader.

The Christian Ministry and the Social Order.

The lectures in the present volume, edited by Charles S. Macfarland and published by the Yale University Press, were selected from a supplementary course of constant instruction in 1908–1909 at Yale Divinity School, which attempted to cover, as far as possible, the entire field of pastoral work. They were chosen out of many, not on the ground of comparative merit, but solely on the basis of the subjects herein treated, which, as the editor observes, may be comprehended under the relation of the minister to the order of human society.

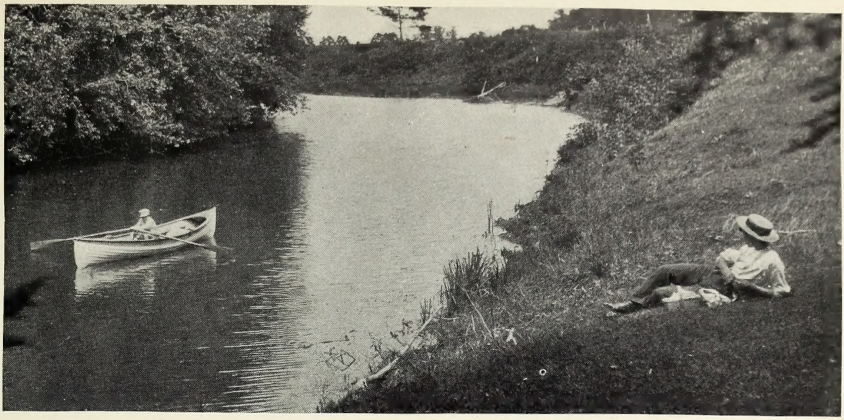
In his introduction, "A Significant Element in Theological Education," Dr. Macfarland points out that the institution of "The Course in Pastoral Functions" at Yale Divinity School "undoubtedly evidenced the serious systematization of an important method in theological instruction. While it may be said that this kind of teaching has always been used in a supplementary way, this is among the early attempts to make it complete and systematic and to adjust it to the regular work and study."

The addresses brought together and now published for the first time in book form are as follows: "The Part and Place of the Church and the Ministry in the Realization of Democracy," by Rev. Charles S. Macfarland; "Trade Unions: The Causes for Their Existence" and "The Work and Methods of Trade Unions," by Henry Sterling; "An Exposition and Interpretation of the Trade Union Movement," by John Mitchell; "The Opportunity of the Minister in Relation to Industrial Organizations," by Rev. Charles S. Macfarland; "The Church and the Wage-Earner," by Rev. Edwin B. Robinson; "The Opportunity and the Mission of the Church and Ministry among Non-English-Speaking People," by Rev. Ozora S. Davis; "The Minister and the Rural Community," by Rev. Wilbert L. Anderson; "The Essentials of a Ministry to Men," by Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr.; "The Ministry of Mental Healing," by Rev. George B. Cutten; "The Minister in Association with International Movements," by Rev. Frederick Lynch.

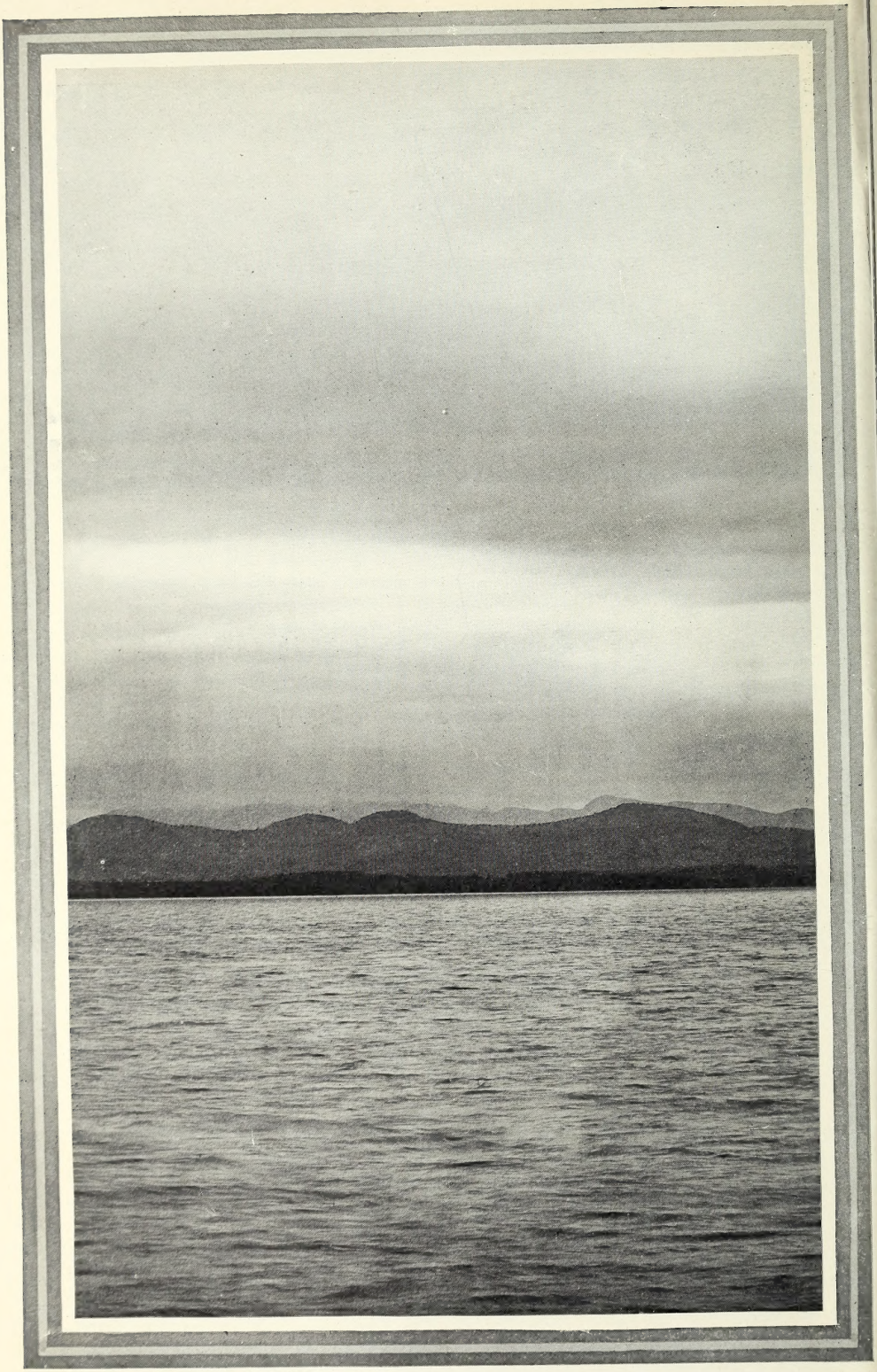
"A Royal Ward," by Percy Brebner, is another promising novel of the season. This story deals with the English adventures of a young Frenchman who falls in love and successfully wooes an English heiress, the Lady Betty Walmisley, whose hand is at the disposal of the dissolute heir to the British throne. This gives sufficient occasion for sword play and blood-letting, with an abortive revolution to heighten the color. The interest in such stories is perennial. I suppose that there is left in us all a love of righting wrongs, avenging the defenceless, and conquering obstacles, not by the slow processes of civilized law, but by our own right arm. In stories like the "Royal Ward" the reader identifies himself or herself with the hero or heroine and fights many a stout battle with the utmost ease — a hammock and a box of chocolates as accompaniments, or a veranda chair and a glass of iced lemonade.

For the full enjoyment of this kind of heroism it is quite desirable that the characters of the hero and heroine be not too sharply drawn. Let them be somewhat vague embodiments of the virtues so that we may the more easily confuse them with ourselves. In the subsidiary characters, however, there is room for portrayal as individualistic as the author's art can compass.

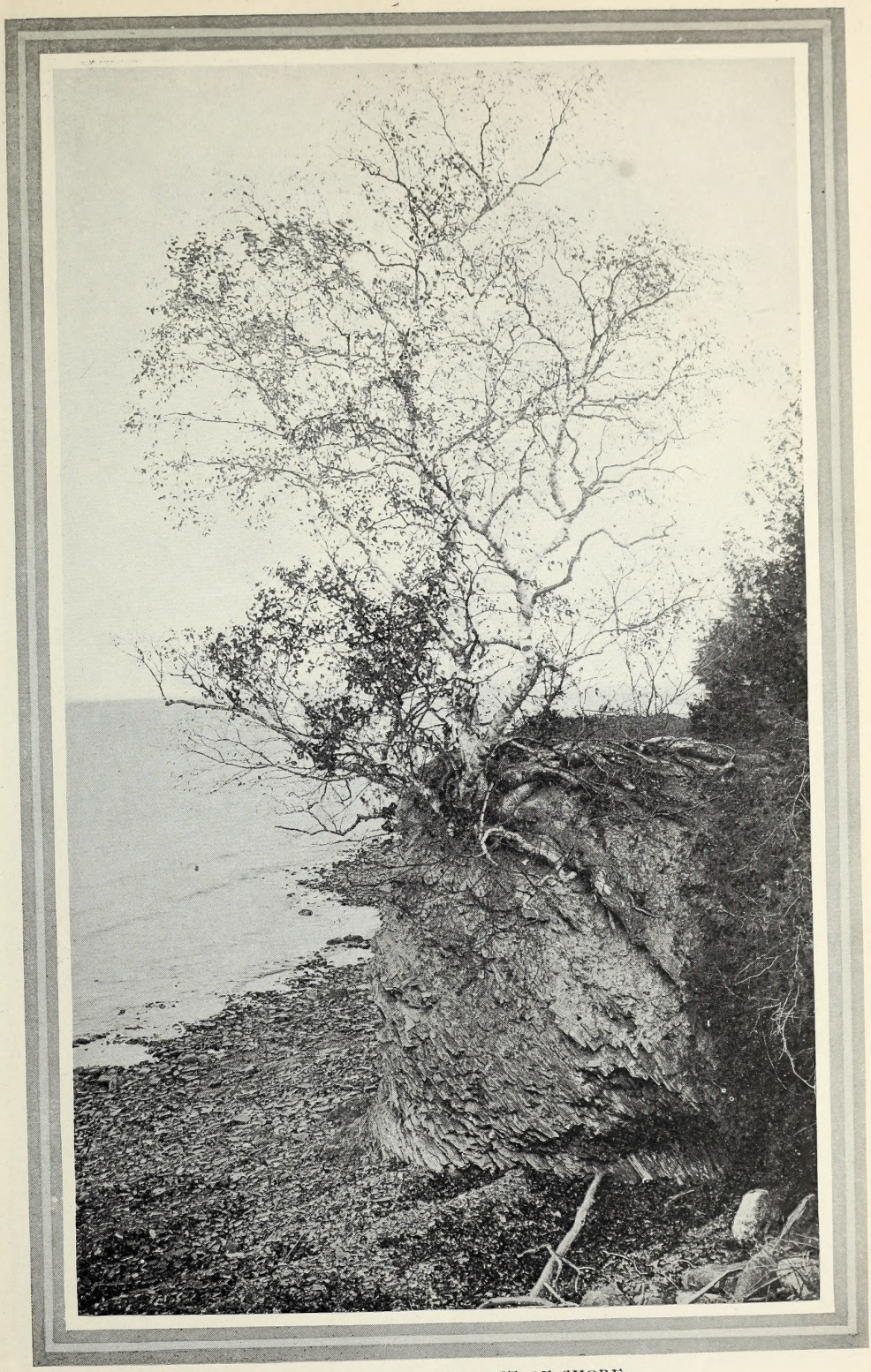
Whether or not Mr. Brebner has considered these weaknesses of human nature, I cannot tell. At any rate his book is built upon that line. The principal characters are somewhat vague, their individuality not very distinct. But among the subsidiary characters there are not a few which stand out with convincing individuality. All this makes the book an exceedingly interesting one to read.



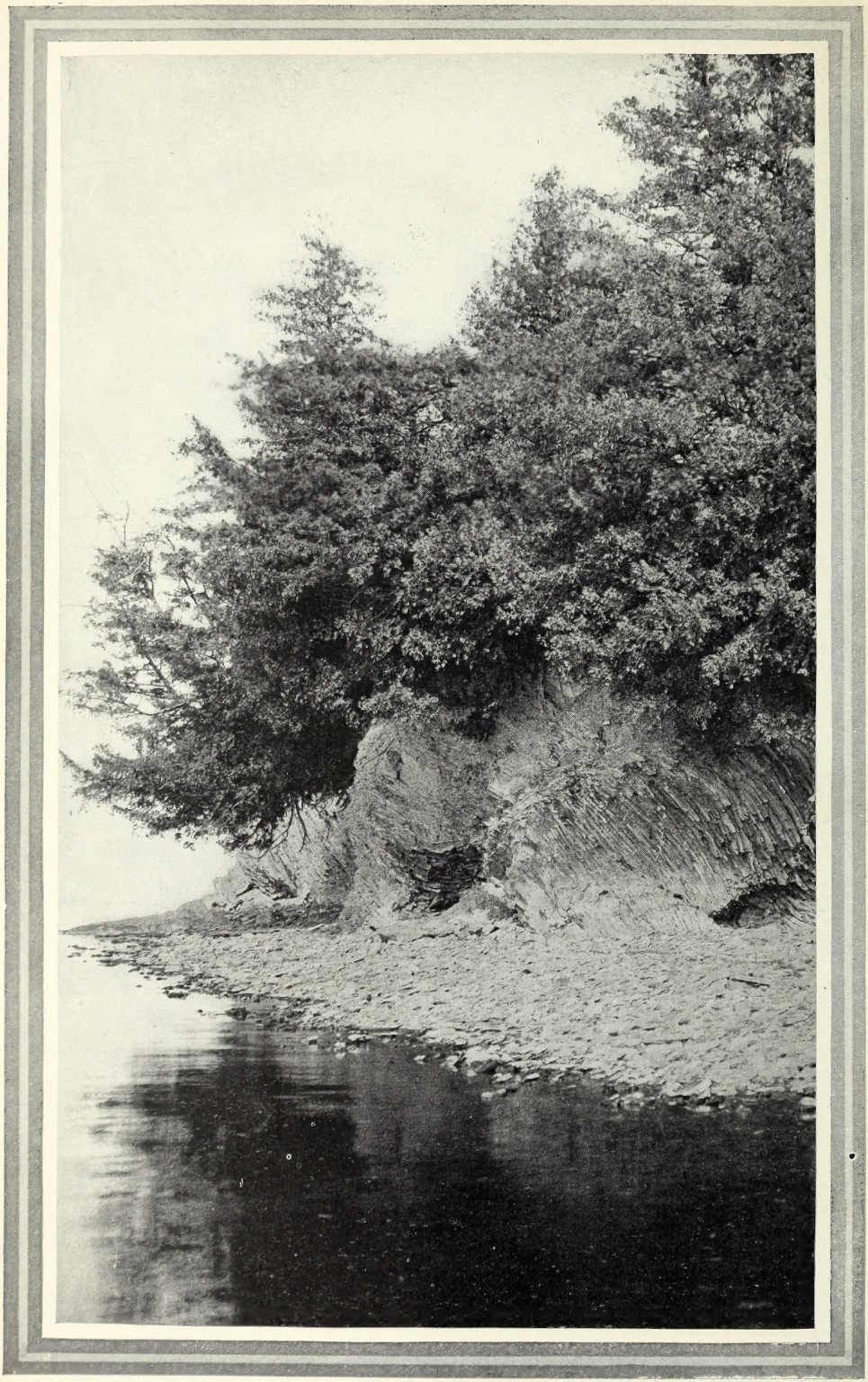
Beautiful New England



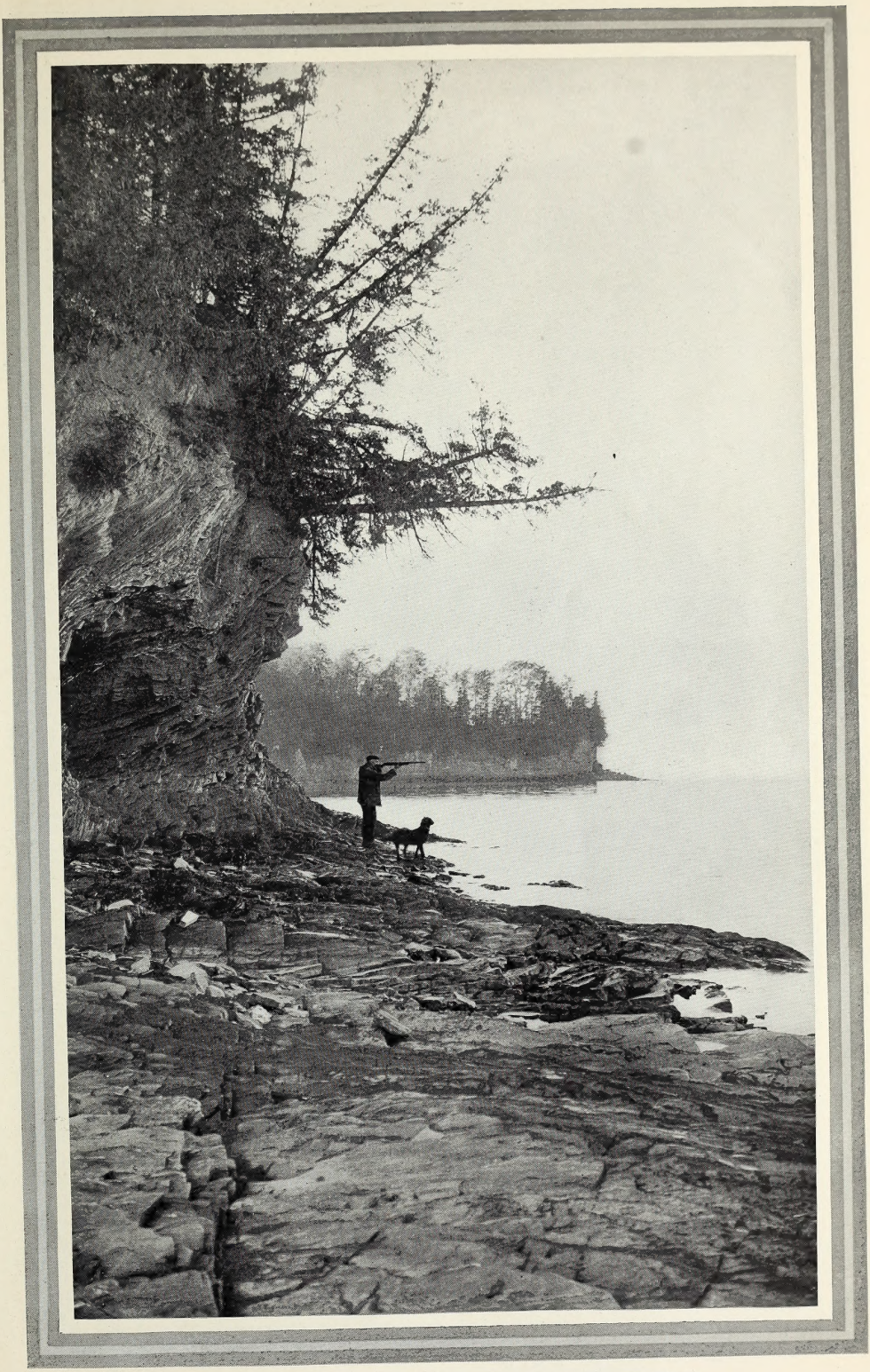
LAKE CHAMPLAIN AND THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS



LAKE CHAMPLAIN—A BIT OF SHORE

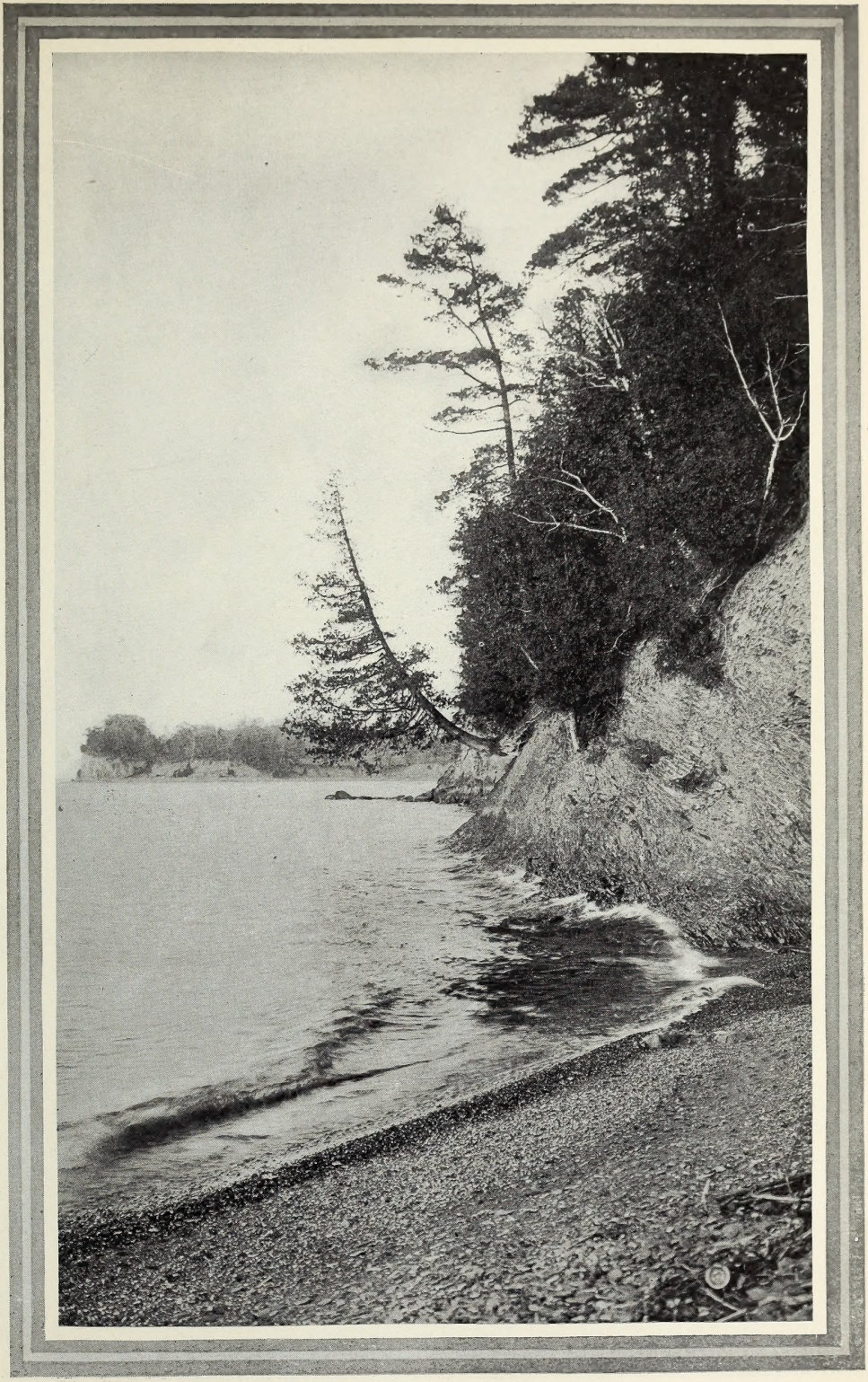


LAKE CHAMPLAIN—THE TYPICAL ROCK FORMATION

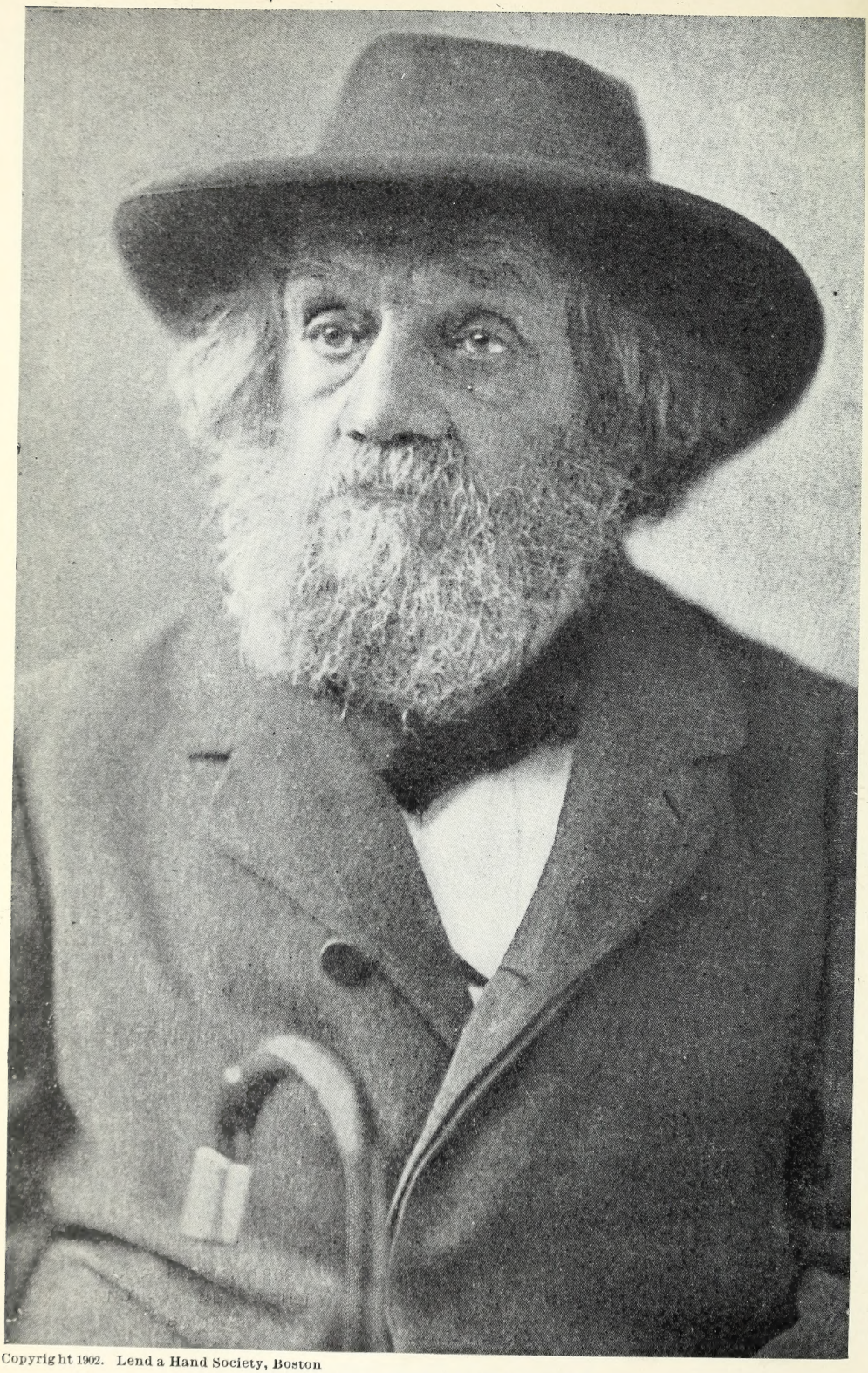


LAKE CHAMPLAIN—BOLD BLUFFS AND STILL WATERS

LAKE CHAMPLAIN—A CHARMING COTTAGE SITE



LAKE CHAMPLAIN—A PEBBLE BEACH



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EDWARD EVERETT HALE

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

VOL. XL. JULY, 1909 NUMBER 5

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

By EDWIN D. MEAD

AT the memorable meeting at Symphony Hall, on the evening of April 3, 1902, to celebrate Dr. Hale's eightieth birthday, Senator Hoar, the voice of the great assembly, said in his tender and beautiful address to Dr. Hale: "We bring you the heart's love of Boston where you were born, and Worcester where you took the early vows you have kept so well, of Massachusetts who knows she has no worthier son, and of the great and free country to whom you have taught new lessons of patriotism and whom you have served in a thousand ways."

It was a significant and fitting tribute to a life which, ever expanding in its interest and influence, has been lived in all its concentric circles so validly and vitally. Strong in his local attachments, most devoted of Boston patriots and of Massachusetts patriots, these narrower loves have always been episodes and servants in Dr. Hale's broad American life. Massachusetts among our states is precisely that, every one of us here believes, which is proudest of her own life and history and institutions, that whose children are as affectionate as they are proud, that where genuine local patriotism is perhaps strongest—where at least state pride and affection and loyalty are second to none elsewhere. Yet Massachusetts among our states was precisely that, we also like to remember, which, in the last century's long stress, saw most clearly what the true hierarchy of patriotism is, insisted most stoutly upon the proper subordination of every notion of state rights, and most stoutly kept the national idea at the front. So Dr. Hale, New Englander of New Englanders, has been most American of Americans. He was, then ten years old, the one boy of whose presence at the first singing of "America" we have authentic record. That was on the Fourth of July, 1832, in Park Street Church, where on the day of his burial representatives of so many churches united in tribute to him; and to the spirit of "America" his whole life kept tune. A Boston boy, born just across the street from the graves of Sam Adams and Hancock and Revere; learning to walk on Boston Common; a pupil of the Boston Latin School and, after his college days, a teacher there, a Harvard student at thirteen; and then a Harvard boy all the rest of his days; leaving the Boston workshop only for ten years in "the heart of the Commonwealth," passing his whole life besides within gunshot of the spot where he was born—here surely were all the conditions for the Boston "provincialism" of which we hear something and sometimes have to say something. The truth is, of course, speaking now modestly with one another, that there is less "provincialism" in Boston than in most other cities—every city having its own peculiar stock—and that the New Englander, generally speaking, takes a broader view of

the world than most other people. Yet Boston boys of Harvard training there have been whose books on the buffalo and Oregon are not in the libraries. If this Boston boy and man has not written on the buffalo and Oregon, these are almost the only things American on which he has not written—and with these he must surely have been on hearty terms. One can think of few places where he would not have been likely to feel himself more at home than his hosts—whether it be among Rhode Island spinners, in the New York literary clubs, with senators at Washington, in the little Ohio college town, with the porter of the Pullman car upon the plains, up and down California, or in the mining camp in the Rocky Mountains. His Boston home was but the spot where he bubbled up into consciousness; and from that as a centre his life has spread out everywhither—Massachusetts, New England, America, the round world, and the kingdom of heaven all validly conquered and inhabited together, as his circles have ever expanded. There are Boston men who are faithful members of the Bostonian Society; there are New England men who are excellent geologists and authorities on the Shepherd Kings; there are Americans whose books on heaven and hell are in repute; but the interesting and charming thing about Dr. Hale was that he jumped none of life's concentric circles, slighting the near at the expense of the far or the far at the expense of the near, but that he lived in all the circles all the time, and this with his whole heart and inevitably. One cannot think of any other among us to whom Boston Common said so much out of its long past, on the June mornings; yet as he walked joyously through it, missing none of its message, he was perhaps thinking chiefly of what he should say to the Tolstoi Club at night about the London County Council. He seldom missed a meeting of the American Antiquarian Society, whose oldest and most illustrious member he was; yet on the ride to Worcester to the meeting he was probably making notes on Pan-Americanism, or it may be on the fauna and flora of Worcester County, or of North Conway. For, although not everybody knows it, he was as enthusiastic a naturalist as antiquarian or politician; and it was he who, when the great Harvard Book was published, contributed the chapter on "The Natural History Society." Were Asa Gray still living, he would tell you that it was Dr. Hale who, before you were born, first explored the slopes and heights of Mount Katahdin to collect and classify its flowers. His love for the White Mountains, among which latterly he spent a month every summer, was passionate. Starr King, whom he loved so well and quoted so often, he loved the better because of King's White Mountain knowledge and enthusiasm; and although his services for the forestry cause in general were so constant and energetic, his speech for the cause was never quite so warm as when the White Mountains in particular were concerned.

Dr. Hale, in a word, was a wonderful example of an all-round man. When he went to Exeter to give one of the lectures in the notable course of lectures given to the Phillips Academy boys in 1887, and afterwards published, he took for his subject "Physical, Mental and Spiritual Exercise." He was, himself, a rare illustration of a life whose physical, mental and spiritual powers were all kept in active and harmonious exercise. He not only exercised vigorously,—he slept vigorously. He liked to tell how he once went all through the West lecturing on Sleep, "with illustrations by the audience!" We cannot imagine Dr. Hale ever having a sleepy audience or a wearied auditor. There are few men so busy as he who do not show a restlessness or irritability of some sort that makes those who meet them restless and irritable too; but this busiest of men always impressed one as having plenty of time and a talent for leisure. Perhaps it was because he held it to be one of the "necessities" to sleep eight hours out of the twenty-four, because he knew how when he took a holiday to make a business of taking a holiday just as well as he knew how when he had to write a sermon or a story to put his mind entirely upon the sermon or the story.

People have criticised Dr. Hale for his imperious versatility and the almost unlimited range of his activities. It is easy

to say that if he had done less he might have done more—and very likely he often said it to himself, and was wrathful at himself for the moment for scattering his fire. Many of us who study history get vexed with him for the moment as we note this slip and that on his vital and fascinating page. But who of us would have ventured to make Dr. Hale over, or risk a hint as to how he should have been made over? We should have had a poor creature compared with what we had; and we are grateful for the gift of the gods. "I should like to say before I sit down," he said at the dinner at the Vendome at the celebration of his seventieth birthday in 1892, "that the range of life over which my friends have laughed, and laughed fairly enough, has been a very happy range to me. I like this wandering to the right and to the left, and I will do it till I die;"—and we are all glad that he did.

When one really pauses to consider the range of Dr. Hale's interests and activities, over and above his constant and regular work as a preacher and philanthropist, one is certainly amazed. His stories alone fill several volumes; and is it not right to say that no American has written better Christmas stories or cleverer short stories altogether than he? He has written some of the best ballads which we have; he has written histories of Massachusetts and of Spain; he has written lives of Columbus and Washington and Franklin; he has written a naval history of the American Revolution; he has written of Hawkins and Drake and Magellan; of Philip's War and the Hessian Flags and Nathan Hale; of Coronado and the Seven Cities of Cibola, and of the Cosmogony of Dante and Columbus; he has written several volumes of practical advice for young people—on "How to do it," "What Career," "The Choice of Books"; his interest in social and industrial reform has borne fruit in such books as "Sybaris," "How they lived at Hampton," and "Workingmen's Homes"; and there is a great literature including works like "Ten Times One are Ten" and "In His Name," which we will not attempt to classify. In writing history, he likes to get close to the actors of history and let us hear their words. His "Stories of Adventure told by Adventurers," "Stories of Discovery told by Discoverers," "Stories of the Sea told by Sailors," and "Stories of War told by Soldiers," all get their charm from this first-hand quality.

He has not only written history—he has acted history. Why did he not give us a complete autobiography, as Mr. White has done, and Mr. Hoar? His "New England Boyhood," his "Lowell and his Friends," and his "Memories of a Hundred Years,"—closing with the most vivid account which has been written of the memorable midnight celebration in front of the State House at the birth of the Twentieth Century, in which he was the central figure—are all autobiographical fragments, and we treasure them; but we needed a complete autobiography—there is nothing else which could have given us so great satisfaction. Few things in his speeches have been more impressive than his words upon the influence of the Civil War upon his own life. Mr. McElroy of the New York *Tribune*, speaking at the banquet on his seventieth birthday, said: "When the Kansas trouble was at its most burning stage (I may be telling an old newspaper secret, but Mr. Greeley is not here to chide me), the foremost editorial articles were written by Dr. Hale. The *Tribune* got the credit, and he did the work." Students of those stirring antebellum days will not neglect Dr. Hale's work on "Kansas and Nebraska," written in 1854, nor his introduction to Thayer's History of the Kansas Crusade. He was at first shy of the abolitionists, but the crimes in Kansas woke him up to the implacableness and unscrupulousness of the slave power.

One of Dr. Hale's most characteristic stories is "My Double." He was himself not only a "double" man, but a dozen men; and his dozen irons were all kept hot. His editorial iron was one of the hottest. He used to add an editorial horse to his team here or there with the freedom of the boy adding a new game to his list. One day he was two editors; the next, three. At the time Mr. McElroy was telling about his *Tribune* articles, we were learning that at one time he was "the editorial column of no less than ten newspapers." For years he edited the weekly *Commonwealth;* for years farther back, the monthly

Old and New. Nothing less than his solicitations and glowing programme of the interest in our New England history and life which could be served by the revived New England Magazine would have sufficed to draw me in 1889 into its editorial service,—with him at the outset,—and I am not yet quite sure, as I look back to those dozen years, whether I thank him or owe him a grudge for his buoyant prophecies.

Concerning *Old and New* there is a good story which he liked to tell. "After editing *Old and New* as well as I could for five years and a half," he said, "I turned it over to Scribner. A month afterwards I met——[one of the leading men of Boston], who I have a right to say was my attached and dear friend, as I was his. He stopped me in the street to say, 'I hear you are publishing a magazine, and I want to subscribe for it.' In fact, he had never seen the magazine, and had barely heard of it, though he had lived in Boston all the time. Strange to say," Dr. Hale added, once telling me the story, "this has given me great courage ever since. If a real friend of mine could have been unconscious of the best work which I was doing for nearly six years, how probable it is that my frequent failures, errors, crimes and sins of omission during the same period may have escaped *anybody's* notice!"

Dr. Hale's editorial connection with the New England Magazine gave its chief charm for me to the brief year while it lasted. He always let me have my own way with a beautiful spirit such as a lieutenant seldom experiences; and he was exactness and promptness itself in every relation. I make a point of saying this. When we had our early conference about the conduct of things, he said, "You will find me a very methodical man." I bit my lips to keep from laughing in his face, because—I was a victim of the tradition. The tradition was that Dr. Hale, with the thousand things on his mind, was audaciously unsystematic and careless, trusting to good luck, pigeon-holing letters, and even forgetting wedding engagements! As a matter of fact, I have never been able to learn authentically of more than one wedding engagement which he ever failed to meet —and in that case the fault was not his! As farther matter of fact, he stated the simple truth in calling himself methodical and systematic. If he were not that he could never have done half his work. I have never known a man whose attention to correspondence and literary engagements of every sort was more careful and punctual. The myth about his carelessness and neglect has simply grown out of the consciousness that most men have that they could never attend to his manifold cares and interests without neglect. Manifold they were to an incredible extent. If there is a woman in Piscataqua Four Corners who has not invoked his personal interest in her nephew in Boston, or a man in Harford County who has not begged him to clear up some point of antiquity or genealogy, I should like to know of it. And with infinite patience he served them all. You may be sure that at the last some struggling young woman on the Muskingum, hungry for a chance in music or painting, was more on his mind than General Rufus Putnam's settlement out there, which was always on his mind.

If you think there were no knots in this great oak, you make a terrible mistake; it is of the quality of oaks to have knots. He may have let his rain fall on the just and the unjust, and taken some geese for swans,—perhaps some of the rest of us would do more to make them swans if we also did;—but you will say, if you collided with them, that he had his stock of good stiff prejudices, like some of the rest of us, and did some thinking with his will. It would not do to expect him to agree with you always, even on your vital matter,—for he would not. I told him he was constitutionally incapable of doing justice to Jefferson; and I keep in my desk a census of evidences, which he read with praise—and without fruits of repentance. We never could get on about McKinley and the Philippines; and I fear there would have been an earthquake in the office if our joint editorship of the New England had fallen in 1899 instead of 1889. I used to say that his defence of things then, on the

ground that the Administration "knew the facts better than we and was to be trusted," didn't fit his great emphasis upon "We, the People" being the responsible and only rulers in this republic. You can imagine his thundering response to the plea of the military folk, and even some of the religious newspapers, a year or two ago, that the demand for four new battleships shouldn't be criticised, since President Roosevelt "knew the situation better than we!" Some of us don't have to imagine it. And there was woman suffrage, and the tariff, and those other things on which you and I are right and he was wrong! Be assured that sailing with him was not idle drifting, and that you would do well to look out for the breezes.

Perhaps but little that Dr. Hale has written will "live long," as the literary critics say; although I think that a select edition of his very best things would have a good chance. Perhaps only "A Man without a Country" will become a classic. But it is not as a literary man that Dr. Hale is to be judged, for even literature has been with him for the most part a by-the-by, an instrument. I remember a word of Mr. Howells', when the talk ran on Dr. Hale and his brilliant writing, and there was regret that, with his immense literary talent and his masterly single accomplishments, he had not produced more that will take its permanent place in literature. "It is not so," said Mr. Howells, "that we should look at Dr. Hale; he is more than a literary man—he is a great citizen." This is, of course, the true word, the word to emphasize. He was a great citizen. He was Boston's greatest citizen. His life is explained, the whole variety falls into unity, when we say and see that his aim has been to make his city, his state, his nation, precincts of the kingdom of God. He has poured out his life and genius for his own day and own people. Had he chosen to be a man of letters pure and simple, he would have taken a place in our highest rank. Had he chosen to be a journalist pure and simple, Greeley or Raymond would not have been more influential. As a preacher, he had few equals in rousing power; and it was as a preacher—a teacher of religion—that he himself always wanted to be thought of first. Through the hundreds of "Ten times One" clubs which owe to him their impulse, he has almost become the founder of a new church. And club and sermon, article and book have all had one aim and end, a better, brighter, and more beautiful society, a more heavenly civic life. It was natural that, when his heart was full at the 1892 commemoration, he should fall at once—and it was almost the same at Symphony Hall in 1902—to talking politics in a religious way, and talking religion in a political way; for this is what he has been doing all his life, and it is for this that he has lived.

It is this insight into the common end and aim of Church and State, this insight that we are all our brothers' keepers, in whatever way we look at it, that our duties to our brothers are no less sacred and no less commanding as citizens than the churchman may feel his to be as churchman to his fellow churchmen, that has made Dr. Hale so natural and outspoken a champion of the socialistic movement of our time, using that term in its broadest sense. He was one of our first men in high place to feel the force of the great new collectivist appeal, in the "Looking Backward" time. Howells felt it at the same time and in the same way; and both kept on feeling it and preaching it. It fitted into Dr. Hale's whole philosophy. His paper on "Our Wealth in Common," given so often as an address, was a good expression of it. Perhaps his most frequent and emphatic word was "Together"—each for all and all for each. It was this dominant feeling of "togetherhood" that has made him a sturdy, radical altogether. There are those who do not know that he was a radical. I have heard him spoken of fondly in his own church circles as a "conservative." His love for the fathers, his tenderness for beautiful tradition, the historic taste and literary habit, the reverent spirit, all made the old words sweet and natural to his tongue; but there is no man among religious men who built so little upon a phrase and who went so directly to the root of the matter. It is easy to find men who are "radical" on some one point—they are often a cheap lot. It is hard to find one who is every-

where in religion thinking of the root of the matter. Radical, often enough, is a name earned simply by bold irreverence, by superficial adventurers trampling round in rich inheritances whose value they do not understand. The true radical may indeed stamp his foot on the inheritance; but another may do it only in his capacity as an uneducated man or a fool. There are men who are called radicals, and think themselves so, because they have found out that Christ did not turn water into wine at Cana of Galilee. Their religion often consists pretty exclusively of pride at having found out that momentous fact, and they pity the Baptist brother or the High Church brother round the corner who, unfortunate believers in a hundred miracles, are giving their whole lives to men in the spirit of the Christ of Galilee. Go to this "radical" for help in the movement against the buttressed social wrong, and you may get but the cold shoulder and find him a sharer in every "vested interest" but Cana wine; while the "benighted" brother whom he pities is helping to "turn the world upside down" that justice may be done and wrongs righted. This man, and not the other, belongs to Dr. Hale's church, as Dr. Hale belonged to his. For ecclesiasticism as such, the "clerical mind," he had a perfect hatred—"a horror I cannot describe," he said to me just before his death.

Dr. Hale's preaching was very simple. While many of his occasional pulpit utterances were remarkable, his sermons as a whole were marked by less variety than those of any preacher equally famous to whom I have ever repeatedly listened. It was told of the old John, the beloved disciple, that his final sermons were all simply, "Little children, love one another." That was the whole gospel, he said, and there was no use in saying more. It was much the same with Dr. Hale. The burden of a hundred sermons was the same. You are the sons and daughters of the living God. Live like it, bear one another's burdens, and work together with God to make this earth, which is the particular corner of God's universe for which you have been made particularly responsible, a worthy province of the kingdom of heaven. He was the most naturally and naively religious soul I ever knew. If he ever had any religious doubts or misgivings, I have never heard or read any indication of it; and this, considering the storm and stress of his Darwinian epoch, is remarkable. He could no more help thinking of himself as the eternal son of the eternal God than Jesus Christ could help it. His religion was as simple and matter-of-fact as breakfast. I once said to my wife, as three hundred of us peacemakers sat at table together in the great dining-room at Mohonk, that I could easily imagine Dr. Hale suddenly rising in the midst of dinner, striking the table for silence, and saying: "My dear friends, it comes over me with irresistible power what a mighty enterprise we are here in together. We need God's help in it, and need to feel that. I beg you all to pause here and now join me in prayer." In anybody else such a thing would somehow have seemed histrionic; but in Dr. Hale it would not have seemed so.

His insight into the common end and aim of Church and State is what gave Dr. Hale such enthusiasm for the Puritan fathers of New England, such true understanding of them, and such fine sympathy with their best thinkers. At home in every field of history, he never seemed quite so much or so happily at home as when with Winthrop in old Boston or with the men of the English Commonwealth. Few more inspiring essays have been written by any of our American historical scholars than Dr. Hale's essay forty years ago on "Puritan Politics in England and New England." Here, while yet there was no monument to Oliver Cromwell in England, he proposed one for New England; and in securing a portrait of Cromwell for the Old South Meeting House, he in a measure realized his long-cherished thought. It was for the rare union of idealism and energy, of reverence and boldness, of politics and religion, of brotherhood and common sense, that Dr. Hale loved the Puritan,—and in the rare union of these that he was the Puritan. For that is what he was—the developed and purified Puritan, the Puritan humanized and cleared of what was one-sided and unlovely in him.

Of Dr. Hale's international service, his long efforts to promote international arbitration, an international tribunal, and the better organization of the world, I have written elsewhere. Andrew D. White and Elihu Root do not in this field deserve higher praise than he; and his great service here was earlier than theirs, and more prophetic.

It was right to speak of him, as many of us did, as the Nestor of the peace cause in America. Twenty years ago he preached a sermon in Washington on "The Twentieth Century," which practically outlined the whole program which has since been carried out at The Hague. In the early Mohonk Arbitration Conferences, he submitted that the matter of international arbitration should not be left to casual and temporary provision incidental to separate cases as they might arise, but that there should be established to meet the world's new exigencies a permanent tribunal. He kept on proposing this with iteration and reiteration on every occasion and by every means—speeches, sermons, magazines, newspapers—for years. His speech at Mohonk in 1895 was the notable event of that first Mohonk Conference. He proposed the tribunal there again, with new emphasis, the next year, and the next. "A Permanent tribunal! A permanent tribunal! A permanent tribunal!"—by this word, by this conception so clearly worked out, Dr. Hale proved himself the prophetic man in the movement,—a movement so much more definite and determined than America had ever seen before, with the exception of that of Elihu Burritt in the great peace congresses and of William Ladd who inspired him with the vision of the substitution of law and order for war among the nations. I remember hearing one of our famous diplomats declare at Mohonk, after Dr. Hale's memorable speech in 1896, that it was "not probable that for many years to come the governments would accept any such ideal," and another eminent diplomat declared the next year that "it aims too high for our day." That was in 1897. In less than half a dozen years the Hague Conference had been held, the Hague conventions signed, the Hague Tribunal established, and the first case before it decided—a case in which the United States was a party. This history is worth remembering by the skeptics about progress. The virtue of Dr. Hale has always been his belief that some things in this world can be done as well as others, that the things which ought to be done can be done more quickly now than ever before, and that our business is to set about doing these without any talk or much care as to how many years it will take. Numberless are the good causes and inspirations with which his name is identified, and for whose championship we honor him; but he has no greater honor than that of seeing so clearly and proclaiming so constantly during the last twenty years what the world's supreme need is and how it is rightly to be met.

At the consecration service at Symphony Hall in Boston, on Sunday evening, October 2, 1904, immediately preceding the opening of the International Peace Congress, the responsive reading was conducted by Dr. Hale. No other choice could have been so fitting for that service, and perhaps no other words could so well emphasize the aspect of the peace cause which he has so conspicuously served as the opening words of that responsive service: "God reigneth over the nations; he hath prepared his throne for judgment." Judgment—justice—is a word that he loved better even than peace. "International justice,"—that was the definition of the aim of a little group which he organized in Boston, a few years ago, to promote the interests of universal fraternity. He believed in peace primarily because he felt so deeply that the present war system of nations is monstrous injustice, never determining which of two fighting nations is right, but only which is stronger. He said that every church ought to have a committee on international justice as one of its regular committees; and such a committee was recently established in his own church.

I think of his part in the series of meetings held in Boston in the spring of 1899, devoted to the subject of "The Organization of the World." The meetings were for the express purpose of rousing American interest in the then approaching first Peace Conference at The Hague. They were arranged by the Good Citizenship

Society, with which Dr. Hale had so long been identified, which thus well declared international duty to be a prime factor in all good citizenship to-day. The various sides of the argument for "war against war" were presented on successive Monday noons by some of the leading men and women in America. At the opening meeting Dr. Hale spoke on "A Permanent International Tribunal." Most impressive was this first of the Boston meetings. A thousand men and women gathered at that noon hour. Chorley's solemn hymn, "Give to us peace in our time, O Lord," was sung; and Dr. Hale gave his stirring address. It was especially fitting and noteworthy that he should have been present at this first meeting and been its chief speaker. He had been for years the prominent prophet in America of the high cause in whose behalf the Hague Conference was called; and in the critical months preceding the assembling of the conference, he spoke oftener and with greater force in the interest of the cause than any other man in America,—I had almost said than all other men. He made a long tour among the large towns of the Middle States, speaking every night with a vigor and devotion, at threescore and fifteen, which put us younger men to shame. On one Sunday he addressed in the morning a great congregation in New York, in the evening one as great in Philadelphia; and on Monday morning he was inspiring the Philadelphia editors to service for the cause.

It was in the same spring of 1899 that Dr. Hale started his little weekly paper, *The Peace Crusade*, which he kept going indefatigably until the Hague Tribunal was an accomplished fact. The half-dozen of us whom he pressed into service to help him will never forget those weekly meetings in the dingy Bedford Street office, which he made so fruitful and inspiring. It was a puzzle to me how his bills were to be paid; but some angel of the treasury seemed always to turn up in the pinch,—and he had a quite Galilean serenity and confidence that so long as he was "about his Father's business" the morrow would somehow take care of itself. From that time to the end he made the peace cause the most prominent one in his little *Lend-a-Hand Record*. Sometimes almost the entire number has been given up to it; and occasionally he took to sending out monthly broadsides full of material concerning the cause, to hundreds of the newspaper offices of the country. I sometimes wondered how many, even of his dear Boston friends, realized what an immense work he was constantly doing in this field.

All these winters that he has been in Washington, there was hardly a week that I did not have some letter or paper from him about the navy craze or some devil of militarism that we were fighting. Only the Sunday night before he died, in a letter begun with his own hand but finished by his secretary, he wrote me as follows. It was my last word from him; and I incorporate the passage here, touching as it does a matter of vital moment to which few of our people seem yet fairly awake, that they may take seriously to heart what it is right to call Dr. Hale's dying admonition as to the mighty and insidious power of the "vested interests" in keeping up the awful burden of the great armaments, which is crushing the life out of the peoples and paralyzing their constructive activities.

"I believe I will write you a note—to say that the three or four ship-building firms in America, those in England, and those in Germany, are themselves lobbies. I believe that each of them has an accomplished man at the capital of his own country, making nine in all, who talk up this tom-foolery. You and I and Trueblood know a great many things, but we do not know how to do this, and we do not do it. I believe that these groups of men, not exceeding ten in all, account for the skill and precision with which their work is done. The Army and Navy of all nations are good lobbies. They are organizations of men like ——. But this is nothing to the professional employment of ten men who have an occupation and reside in three capitals, and know certain statesmen and certain editors, and know how to do the exact thing which they do, which gives them a solid mass of votes, speeches and leading articles."

Of Dr. Hale's personal influence, the charm of his conversation and companionship, his unfailing vivacity, his indefatigable helpfulness, the warmth of

his presence, who shall adequately speak? The present generation of Boston intellectual workers are especially his debtors. There are few of them to whom he has not somehow lent a hand when it was most needed, for whom he has not had the encouraging word in discouragement, whose high motives and ambitions he has not been quick to recognize for what they were and not for what they were not, and whose good fortune he has not done something to advance when it deserved to be advanced. There are many of them who, in their ripe manhood and iron gray, like to think of themselves, cherishing it as almost their last credential of youth, as Dr. Hale's "boys"; and it is not on the printed page that such can pay their highest tribute.

"With loving breath of all the winds his name
Is blown about the world, but to his friends
A sweeter secret hides behind his fame,
And love steals shyly through the loud acclaim
To murmur a *God bless you!* and there ends."

JULIA WARD HOWE

ON HER NINETIETH BIRTHDAY, MAY 27, MDCDIX

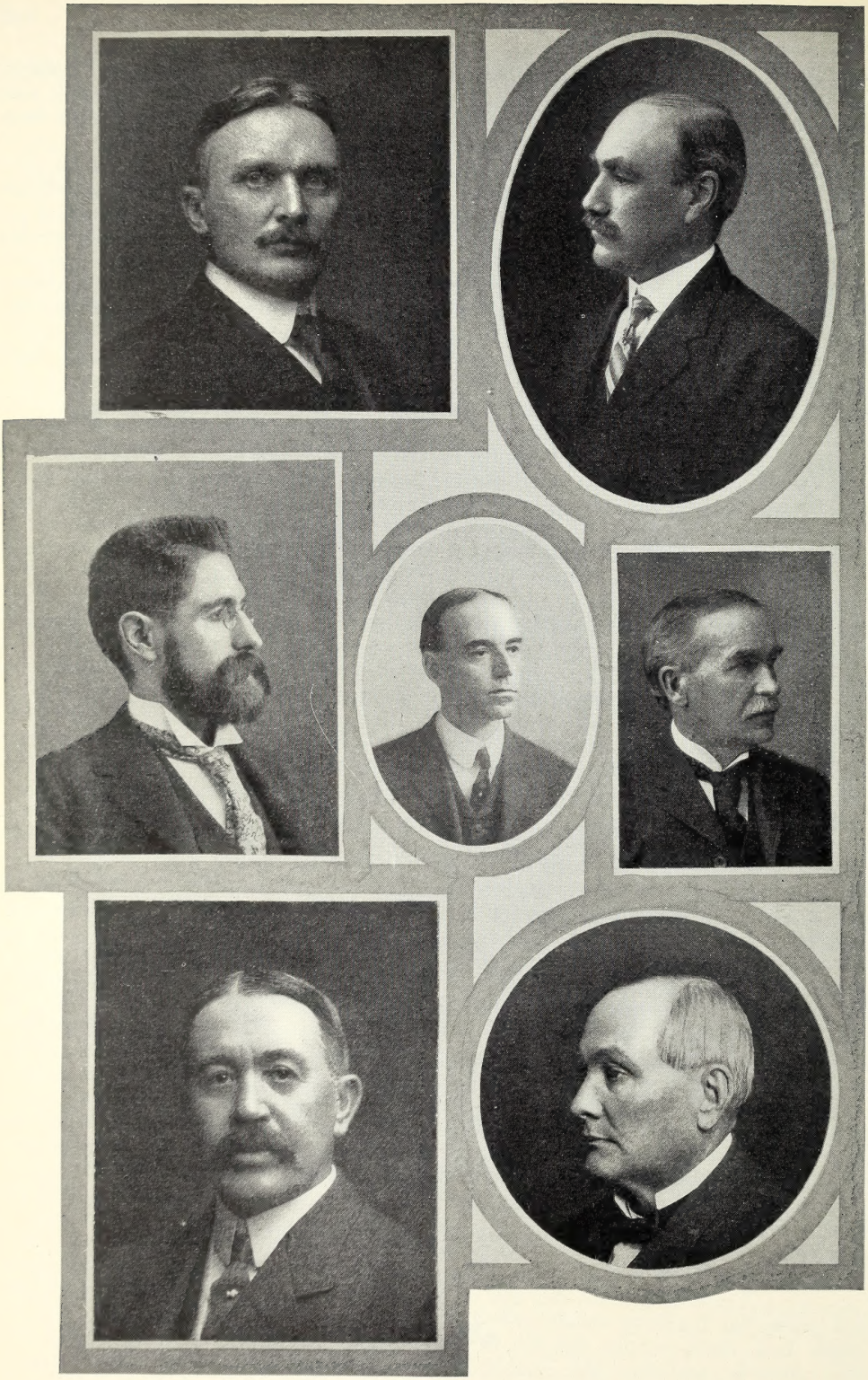
By NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

It is good to see thee standing on Life's height,
Life's radiant far-worshipt height serene—
With eyes undimmed, with brave unclouded mien,
And halo crowned with Love's ineffable light!

Much thou canst tell us as thy Vision's flight
Sweeps o'er the Past with memory fresh and keen—
Interpreting for us the mysteries seen,
Prophetic-disentangling wrong from right!

Still on thy height thou pausest with a song—
With an unquavering song of ample cheer,
Which those that follow after thee shall hear.

Rejoicing thou hast lived to sing so long—
Queen among Women, chrismed poet-seer
High-raised above the World's discordant throng!



SOME OF THE PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE TERCENTENARY CELEBRATION.

H. WALLACE KNAPP

F. O. BEAUPRÉ

Our Northern Metropolis

By CHARLES M. ROCKWOOD

BURLINGTON, Vermont, is a city of greater national importance than would be indicated by its population, which, according to the census of 1900, amounted to 18,640.

Its location, and the fact that it is the principal city on Lake Champlain, would of itself confer no slight degree of importance. For Lake Champlain is not only one of the most beautiful sheets of water in the country, but is also an artery of trade of immediate importance, and of still greater undeveloped possibilities.

Shelbourne River

Again, as the seat of one of the four oldest universities in New England, Burlington would possess national importance aside from any other consideration, while as the leading city of Vermont and the principal metropolis of a district of not less than one hundred miles radius it possesses commercial importance as a distributing center. It has long been a lumber market of first importance, and to this, more recently, heavy manufacturing interests have been added.

Although these three reasons combine to give to this beautiful little Vermont city a rating and prestige far beyond its relative size, it is not to such statistical facts that we are to attribute that impression of national importance which the observant visitor is certain to gather. I think that it must be from the national breadth and scope of its business enterprises and of the activities of its leading citizens and from its notable history and atmosphere of culture that we form this cosmopolitan impression.

I know that the word "cosmopolitan" has come to have among us an Americanized meaning of promiscuous nationality. It is not in this sense, but in the truer one of catholicity of taste and interest that we feel justified in saying that, not excepting Boston itself, Burlington is one of the least provincial cities in New England.

These few sentences of general characterization will no doubt picture to the reader a city of eminent desirability as a residential community, and to no small degree it is to this fact that we are to trace its not rapid but steady and consistent growth.

It is a fact very well worth noting in our time of supposedly slavish obedience to commercial considerations that circumstances and conditions, partly natural and partly created, such as pertain to the graces and amenities of life rather than to its material aggrandizement, have been the chief factors in building up the population and prosperity of a considerable city.

Burlington industries have in the main been created by Burlington men who have chosen to remain and live in the city

VIEW OF BURLINGTON FROM THE LAKE

that they loved, and to make for themselves there, by enterprise and sagacity, a commercial career. No other intrinsic reason than this intense local attachment has brought to the city some of her most successful enterprises.

While this is certainly true, we should be quick to add that Burlington does possess many and great commercial advantages, but, curiously enough, these have remained for the most part but partially developed. Scarcely a tithe of the possible development of water power from the Winooski River has been utilized while the commerce of the lake may fairly be said to be as yet a thing of the future. These two great natural resources, which determine so much of the character and beauty of the city and indicate its line of growth, call for more detailed description.

The Winooski River rises among the Green Mountains a thousand feet above sea level and, through narrow clefts and gorges, pours its waters into the lake nine hundred feet below. The Winooski Valley itself seems like a great cleft in the Green Mountains and the great natural force thus provided is rendered unusually available by these narrow and rocky confines which invite the construction of dams.

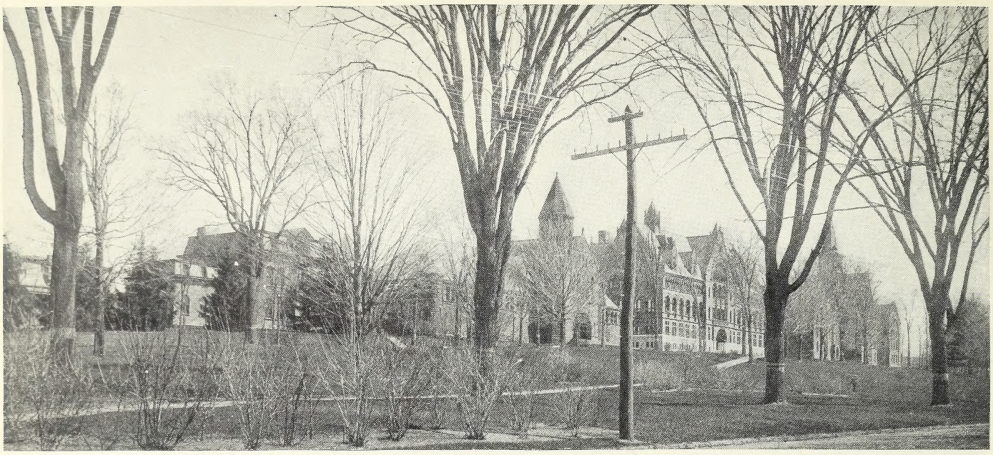
On the northern border of Burlington where the river quietly enters the bay upon which the city is built and which, in turn, opens upon the broadest part of the lake is a wide plain that would seem destined to be covered with wharves and factories. The lake itself, in a straight line from Whitehall, New York, to St. Johns, Quebec, is one hundred and twenty-six miles in length. Twenty-four

miles of this lies in the Dominion of Canada—one more of the blunders of our boundary makers. In breadth, this beautiful sheet of water varies from thirteen miles to one-fourth of a mile, while it attains a depth of two hundred and eighty feet and its normal surface is one hundred feet above sea level. It receives the waters from the eastern slope of the Adirondacks and the western slope of the Green Mountains, and discharges them northward into the St. Lawrence through the Richelieu River.

The city of Burlington is located about midway down the lake and occupies the gently rising slope at whose foot are the railroad tracks and lumber yard, and at whose summit are the University Green and other public buildings and beautiful residences. From the shore of the lake to University Place is a distance of about a mile. Five main thoroughfares lead from the water's edge to the summit of the hill. These streets are crossed by lateral thoroughfares that rise one above the other in broad terraces, and every accidental break opens a vista of lake and mountains beautifully arched with trees that constitute one of the beauties of the city. On the lake front is Battery Park, an attractive green that commemorates the site of a fortification that during the war of 1812 successfully resisted an invading British fleet. To the north of the city lies the newer Ethan Allen Park, which also occupies historic ground. Here was the last home of Ethan Allen and here, upon a lofty ledge, lies Indian Rock where the savage invaders of the land are said to have stationed their watch. A picturesque watch-tower fittingly commemorates the tradition. This natural park was a virtual gift to the city from Hon. William J. Van Patten, who returned to one of its benevolent institutions the price which he received for the land.

Rock Point, the episcopal seat of Bishop Hall of Vermont, is another lovely park also on the north shore, comprising over one hundred acres which are held as the future home of the Vermont Episcopal institute. Two commodious and attractive stone buildings have al-

Looking across the lake from Burlington



University Place

ready been erected and steps are being taken to secure the necessary funds for the school.

To the south lies Red Rocks, a favorite recreation ground of great natural beauty and the fine estate of Dr. Seward Webb, from which most of the views in our "Beautiful New England" series for this month are taken.

Such, in brief, is Burlington, and as briefly we may indicate the course of her history.

Burlington was not settled in the earlier colonial period—not because the locality was not sufficiently known and appreciated, but because it was too much frequented by the hostile tribes from the north.

Governor Wentworth issued the charter conveying the property to a group of proprietors after the usual fashion of the time, but no actual settlement was undertaken until as late as 1772 when Ira Allen, the younger brother of Ethan, braved all dangers and erected a fortification and mill on the Winooski River, engaging in lumbering and undertaking, with the energy that had already given him an assured leadership, to develop the territory. Ira Allen was one of the most conspicuous figures in the struggles over the settlement of jurisdiction and land titles between Vermont and New York. He took an important part in the constitutional convention of the State and, in spite of the unfortunate ending of his career, must be regarded as one of the ablest and most sincere patriots of his day. Through him the infant settlement began at once to take a leading place in the affairs of the Commonwealth, and from that day up to and including the present there has never been a time when the city has not been the home of some influential personality who has occupied a position at the forefront of national and State affairs.

Burlington has been the home of Senator Edmunds, one of the strongest men in the United States Senate in his day; of Governor Van Ness, who dispensed the hospitality of the city to such distinguished guests as Henry Clay, General Scott and Presidents Monroe and Van Buren and others; of De Witt C. Clark, the brilliant journalist who made of the *Free Press* a paper of national reputation; of Hon. E. J. Phelps, U. S. Minister to England; of John G. Saxe, the poet, and of General O. O. Howard, the distinguished veteran of the Civil War who has consecrated his wide influence to so many noble philanthropic causes.

At the present time Burlington is represented in Congress by Hon. David J. Foster, who is serving his fifth consecutive term and by quiet industry has made for himself a position of great influence in Washington affairs.

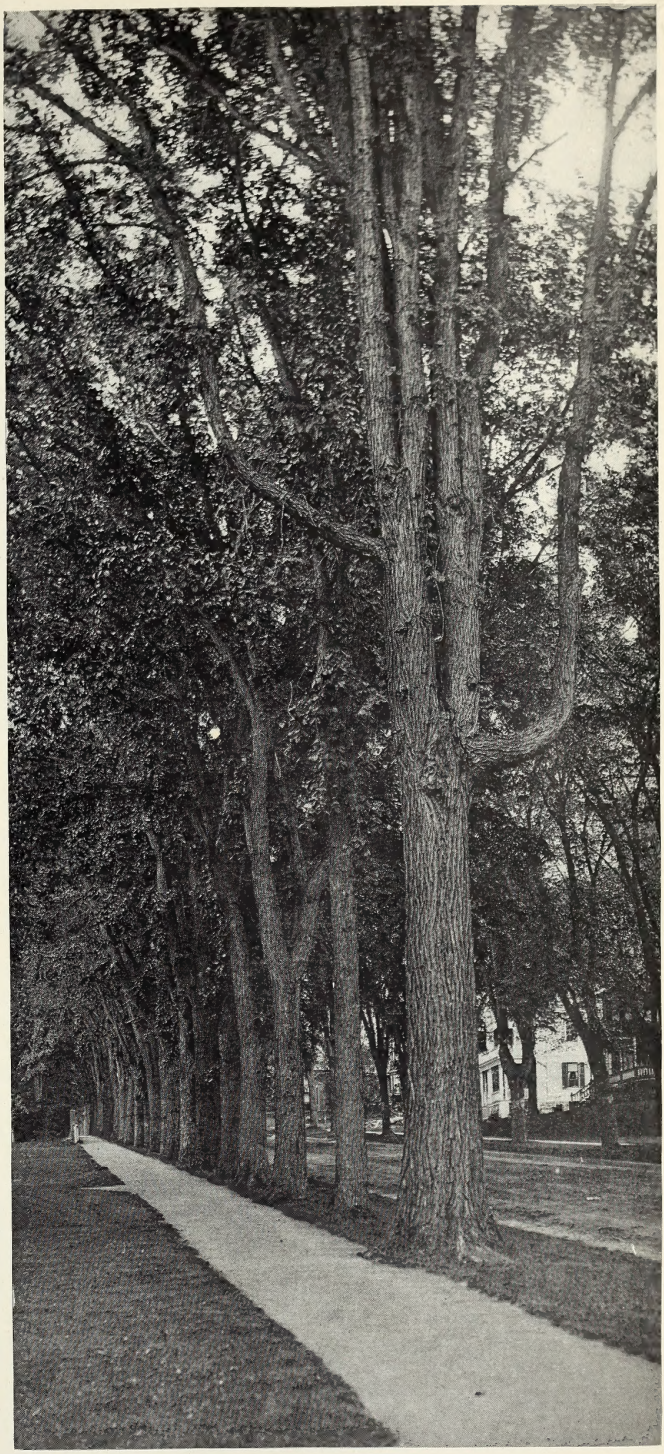
Mr. Foster has been a member of the Committee of Foreign Affairs ever since the beginning of his service in the House

and is now the ranking member. He is still a young man, and if we may judge from his record in the past ten years is certain to be heard from in a still larger way.

Not only in political affairs has the City of Burlington occupied a position of leadership in the State and the nation. In the University of Vermont the city rejoices in an educational institution that is of national repute and whose graduates are to be found from the Atlantic to the Pacific in positions of influence and usefulness.

That this University should have been established in 1791 shows how strong must have been the consciousness in Vermont of separate political unity. These sturdy pioneers were not only hewing out a commonwealth, but, what is more important, they knew it. The unconscious founders of communities of whose destiny they made no guess loom larger in history than their merit warrants. But these men knew, and the largeness of their designs was reflected in their daily walk and conversation. The sober judgment of scientific history will emphasize, rather than belittle, the heroic aspect in which we are wont to regard them.

If I were to characterize the University of Vermont in a single phrase, I would call it *the Cornell of New England*, and this both on account of its peculiar relation to its home State and its educational emphasis.



College Street

THE EDMUNDS HIGH SCHOOL

Of its departments the Engineering school is the largest. Theological education has never had a place in its curriculum. Administered by a man of intensely classical culture it yet betrays a decided leaning toward what are termed the "practical" phases of education.

It is a true university, but rather of the American than of the European type—that is to say, it is a group of special schools gathered about an academic center and administered by a single board and president, rather than a foundation for the research work of advanced students.

Receiving its State charter in 1791, the first class was graduated in 1804, of which occasion the Centennial Celebration of 1904 was an enthusiastic commemoration, and the Centennial Field for athletics a permanent memorial. The following significant paragraph is to be found in the Act of Legislature creating the University:—"The leading object shall be, without excluding other scientific and classical studies, and including military tactics, to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts, in order to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions of life."

I am not sure that this could be taken as a complete or adequate expression of the broader aims of the institution to-day. In common with other American schools it has shared in the upward trend of educational ideals that has marked the present generation, and each year shows an increased interest in the higher fields of scholarly work. Nevertheless, the spirit that found expression in that old charter is still the spirit of the community which the University serves. In this respect it is a pioneer in fields into which other American collegiate institutions of more pronouncedly classical leanings are hastening to enter.

When Dr. Matthew H. Buckham assumed the presidency some thirty-four years ago, succeeding Mr. Angell who had been called to the University of Michigan,

the "University of Vermont" consisted of a few professors and students gathered in a single building. Its present development falls within Dr. Buckham's presidency which must always rank as the great constructive administration of the University. Two million dollars are invested in buildings and grounds, and over five hundred students are enrolled under a faculty that, as at present constituted, allows an instructor to every ten students.

The University is located on a sightly eminence that overlooks the beautiful Winooski Valley. Mount Mansfield and the Green Mountains, Lake Champlain and the Adirondacks bound the extensive horizon. A group of attractive buildings among which the Billings Library and the Williams Science Hall are especially notable, occupy the summit of the hill. At the north end of the College Green is located the new Medical building erected in 1904. This and the Williams Science Hall are among the most perfectly equipped buildings of their kind in the country.

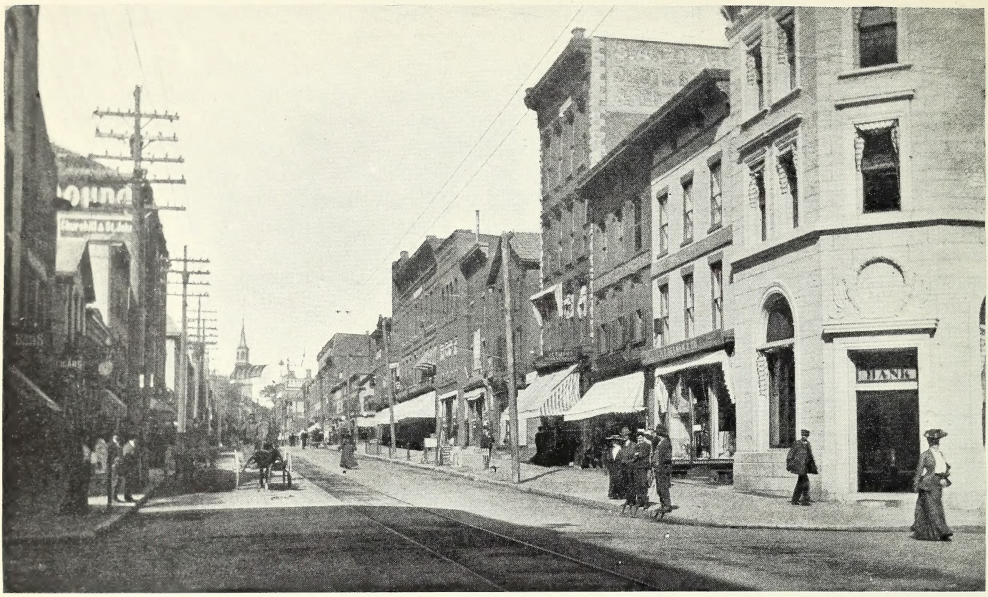
The most prominent departments of the University in addition to the Academic department, are the School of Agriculture, the Medical school, the School of Engineering, which includes civil, mechanical and electrical engineering, and the important department of chemistry. In addition to the technical education furnished, independent work of importance is carried on.

The school is supported by an appropriation for military training from the National Government, an annual gift from the State of Vermont, the tuition fees of the students and the income of a very moderate productive endowment. The appropriation of the State of Vermont takes the form of the maintenance of a specified number of free scholarships. The task of raising for this noble and useful institution an adequate endowment fund is the task of the immediate future. Encouraging progress has already been made in this direction, and it seems not unlikely that President Buckham's administration will be rounded out by this great achievement.

One other important feature of the work of the University of Vermont remains to be noticed, namely, its helpful relationship to the teaching force of the public schools of the State. This is maintained through a series of conferences which are attended by the teachers, and where lectures are heard from leading specialists. The University has also recently opened a summer school which is largely for the benefit of public school teachers, and a new Department of Education which promises to become one of the most important in the University.

It will be seen by this that the University of Vermont is one of those progressive

South Willard Street



CHURCH STREET, BURLINGTON

institutions of learning in our country that are successfully solving the problems of university service in a democratic community.

While we are speaking of educational matters we should not fail to make mention of the beautiful Edmunds High School building which was donated to the city in 1898 by Hon. George F. Edmunds, and of the Fletcher Free Library which is housed in one of Mr. Carnegie's buildings and consists of a collection of over forty thousand volumes.

As the most important Cavalry post in the East, Fort Ethan Allen has become the pride of the land. Pleasantly situated on elevated ground on the highway to Winooski, the post attracts the interested attention of all who pass, with its military trimness and broad green lawns, its reputation for turning out crack troopers, and its historic name.

Like all American military posts, the appointments are really simple to the extreme of economy, but the location and interest in the place itself make it one of the most romantic of our military posts, particularly in the East. Peace-loving as we are, the interest of the American people in military life is very noticeable. It is an interest, however, in the development of manly life rather than in war and conquest. And where and in what line of activity, we wonder, will just that element be found when the most desirable of all earthly conditions, universal peace, shall have been attained? In spite of our oratory, the answer is not quite clear.

While not often looked upon as a public institution in the strictest sense, the work of the Burlington Y. M. C. A has been so much closer than usual to the civic life of the city as to deserve to be so ranked. Its present strong position is largely due to the wise counsels and munificent gifts of Ex-Mayor W. J. Van Patten, one of the foremost citizens of the Burlington of to-day. Mr. Van Patten has been closely identified with many of the leading industries and other business enterprises of the city. He is one of those men to whom we referred at the beginning of this article as having found in the opportunities afforded by the City of Burlington an ample field for the broadest and most varied activities. There are few of the beneficent features of the city's life to-day that have not received something of his wisdom and generosity.

We have already spoken of his gift to the city of what is destined to become its most beautiful public park.

As a financial center, again Burlington

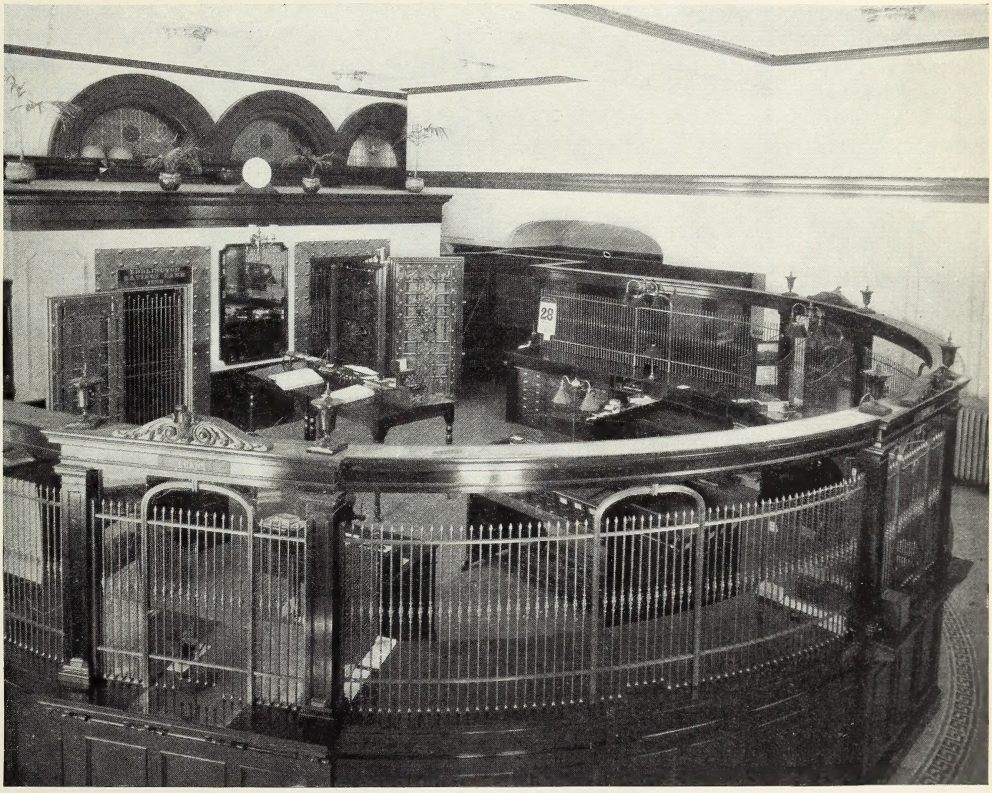
exceeds in importance that which its population would give us a right to expect. The largest banking institution in the city is the Burlington Savings Bank, which was chartered in 1847, and with deposits of over twelve million dollars ranks to-day among the largest institutions of its kind in New England. The service of this institution is by no means confined to local patronage. It has developed by wise advertising methods one of the largest banking-by-mail systems of the country. This phase of the business has been carefully fostered by Hon. C. P. Smith, its president, who early saw the possibilities of the method and may be regarded as a pioneer in that most modern type of banking.

The first advertising done by this bank took the form of answers in the public prints to the more frequent class of mail inquiries. It was thus practical, definite and conservative from the beginning, and it has maintained this character through all subsequent growth.

The oldest of the national banks is the Merchants' National, which was chartered in 1849 and has at present, a banking capital of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It is the United States depositary for the district, and is a very bright and active institution of the utmost importance to the city's daily business life. The vaults and safe-deposit equipments of the bank are regarded as models of security and convenience. The business of the bank is largely straight commercial discounting.

The president is the Hon. C. W. Woodhouse, and the cashier Mr. W. I. Isham.

Another strong National Bank is the Howard, chartered in 1870, and having a present banking capital of three hundred thousand dollars. The president of the bank is Mr. Joel H. Gates, one of the veteran bankers of the city, and the cashier is



INTERIOR OF BURLINGTON SAVINGS BANK

Mr. H. T. Rutter. The Howard National Bank occupies one of the most beautiful banking buildings in the city. It is constructed of granite with Italian marble and mahogany interior finish.

In addition to these strong financial institutions is the Burlington Trust Company with assets of over a million and a half dollars; the Home Savings Bank, a young but growing institution, and the Burlington Building and Loan Association.

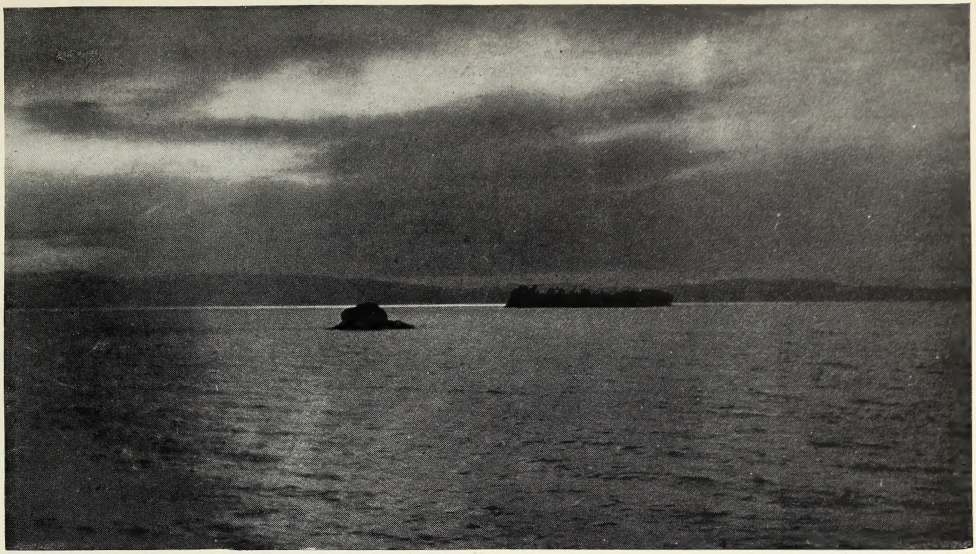
In a recent estimate, the business transacted in Burlington, not including railroad transportation and freights, was placed at twenty-four million, one hundred seventy-five thouand, eight hundred and sixty-five dollars. The appraised value of real and personal estate of the city is approximately fifteen million dollars, to which should be added five million dollars of property exempt from taxation. Over against this valuation of twenty millions and an annual business of twenty-five millions, stands a bonded indebtedness of approximately seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Driveway in Ethan Allen Park

A very interesting industry and one that illustrates most of the points which we have mentioned, is that of the Porter Screen Company, situated at Winooski. Through the number of persons employed, wages distributed, etc., the company is an important factor in the prosperity of Burlington and its manufacturing suburb, Winooski.

The great factory has a daily capacity of nine thousand six hundred screens, not including doors, and is the largest producer of window screens in the United States. Their custom-made screen is of simple and sure adjustment and perfect fit, and, by a process peculiar to themselves, the screening is stretched to drumhead tension, making a smooth and beautiful finish. These are merely a few random details about a great business and are intended to illustrate the extent to which brains, taste and enterprise, in our modern world, may go into the manufacture of the simplest objects of daily life.

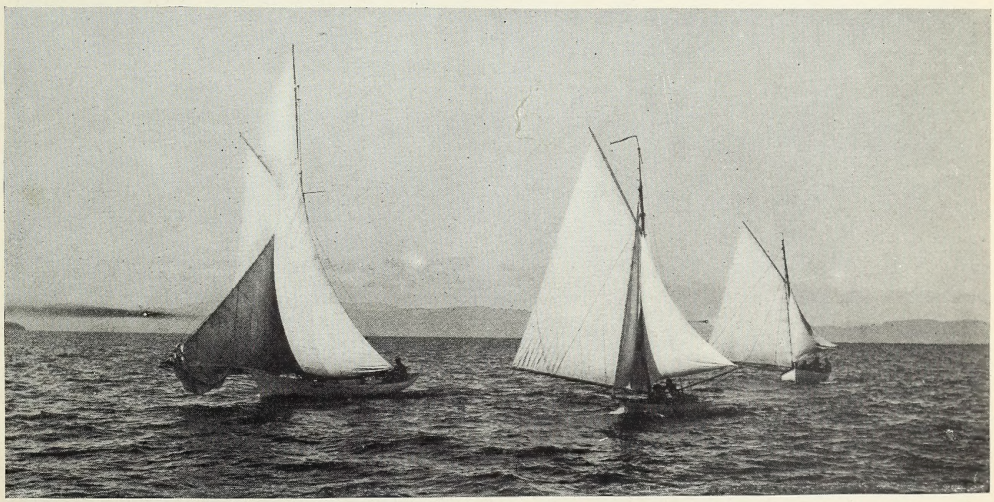
The Baldwin Refrigerator Company is another national industry located in Burlington, and shipping its product to the markets of the world. China, Japan, India, Africa, Australia and South American countries are represented on their order books. These refrigerators have been on the market for thirty years and have won their way on solid merit. The Baldwin has been used in the United States Public Health and Marine Hospital for twenty-four years. Dry air circulation, zinc and porcelain or vitrified enamel and opal glass-lined interiors, hard-wood finish and cases are all combined to produce a thoroughly hygienic refrigerator. B. B. Smalley is the president; Elias



ROCK DUNDER, LAKE CHAMPLAIN

Lyman, vice-president; W. E. Greene, treasurer, and G. J. Smith, secretary and manager.

Such is our beautiful and growing Northern Metropolis. Imagine a broad slope of land that on one side, toward the east, falls steeply away into the smooth intervales and sharp gorges of the Winooski across which rise the graceful outlines of the Green Mountains, and westwardly drops gently down to the lake, affording an ideal site for a city that combines academic quiet with business hustle in a way that is as unique as it is ideally American—imagine this setting and this city, and then think of its independent distance from our larger cities, its old traditions, its men and affairs of national importance, and its splendid opportunities and bright future prospects, and we will have put together some few of the elements that make up the Burlington of which all New England is justly proud.



YACHTING ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN

"We climbed up and up for two immortal hours"

The Hundred Legged Table

By EDITH BARNARD DELANO

JEMIMA had been pensive for as much as an hour, and I knew something was brewing. In fact, I had suspected for several days that she had something on her mind, so I was not surprised when she brought it out.

"Binny," she said, "I simply can *not* live without it!"

Jemima and I had come to the small country town where we had spent many happy holidays in our college days, I closing my desk for a longed-for vacation, Jemima leaving her house and husband and baby, and both of us meaning to live ten happy, care-free days, without so much as a thought of the years that had passed since we were last in the little town together. If I suspected that Jemima did not quite live up to the agreement, I said nothing; but whenever we passed a long-distance telephone sign, and Jemima suggested my waiting outside while she went in for a glass of water or some ginger-snaps that we never ate, stayed within quite long enough to take an inventory of the entire stock, and then came out with that look women wear when they have been talking about their babies—well, I think I was justified in having my suspicions of Jemima. So when she declared that she could not live without it, I tried to be sympathetic.

"Well," I said, "I don't wonder you feel so, Jemima, for it *is* a darling baby."

Jemima looked at me very severely. "Virginia," she said, (and when she calls me Virginia I know what it means!) "Virginia, do you think I am speaking of my Child? My Child, Virginia, is a Boy; his application has been sent, already, to Groton; he is going to Yale when he is nineteen; he's going to be Captain of the Crew and he's going to play on the Eleven; and I do not speak of my SON as IT!"

"Oh, of course not," I murmured. "But you see, dear, *I* think of him so often that I naturally thought you meant—"

Jemima looked mollified. "No," she said, "I have the baby, so there's no question of living without him; it's a hundred legged table I'm longing for."

"A what?" I asked. I wanted to be sure, this time; and besides, I had suddenly remembered how Jemima and I used to warn each other, in our pinafore days, that if we didn't look out, dreadful crawly things with hundreds of legs would dart out of viney places, creep into our ears, and send us to early graves; I wanted to be very sure.

"A hundred legged *table*, Binny."

"Oh yes," I said, vaguely, and still waited.

"Sometimes they are called thousand-legged tables, and sometimes Cromwell breakfast tables—though I don't suppose old Noll ever saw one—and sometimes gate tables. You remember the one that used to stand on Uncle Andrew's back piazza, when we were youngsters, don't you? Do you remember what cunning, twisted legs it had, and how four of them were on hinges, and swung out like little gates to hold up the leaves? Do you remember how we used to lay bits of board over the little cross pieces, and play theater? Well, of course Kitty got that table—Kitty grabs everything, you know; she has had the top warped flat again—the rain and milk cans had curled it dreadfully—and all polished to a lovely soft glow that only old maple will give, and it is just about the nicest thing she has. I have got to have one, Binny. I simply cannot live without it."

"Oh, yes," I said. "Well, where do they keep them?"

"They don't keep them at all," replied Jemima. "That is, you wouldn't want

the ones they keep, and the people who have the real ones wouldn't let them go for love nor money nor the fear of violent death."

I looked at her helplessly, and Jemima laughed and patted my hand. "Don't be alarmed, Binny; I'll explain! Shops do not keep the old ones, because they are not to be had by persons who want them for shops; nobody would want a new one. Most of the people who own old ones know their value and beauty, and of course will not sell. Now do you see?"

"Oh yes," I replied, "I see that. But how are you going to get one, if you will not buy the kind you can get, and cannot buy the kind you want?"

"Why, look at all these old houses," she exclaimed, and waved her hand towards the village street. "There must be ever so many of those tables left, in this little out-of-the-way place. I am going to ask!"

So we set out upon our quest; and as we started, Jemima evolved her plan of campaign. "I am going to ask at the oldest looking house in the village. It's in the very oldest houses you find them."

It seemed a harmless plan, so we went bravely up to the most weather-stained house we could find, one whose large middle chimney proclaimed it of venerable age. We had to knock several times before any one came to the door; the tall and flat-chested woman who finally opened it looked at us with instant disapproval.

Jemima smiled, and wore the timidly beseeching manner which she usually finds most effective. "Have you a hundred legged table?" she sweetly asked.

For a short moment the owner of the house stood in the doorway; then, before we could speak again, the door had been shut with an unmistakable bang, and Jemima and I were left outside to look at each other.

"Now *why* do you suppose she did that?" asked Jemima.

"Jemima," I demanded, "do you really want to find a hundred legged table, or are you just trying to amuse yourself?"

My friend laughed. "Well, it would be nice, really, if we could find the table; but if it's all going to be like this, we shall find neither table nor amusement!"

"Because," I went on, "if you are going to look for old furniture, the way not to do it is to go around asking for it."

"You were always so sceptical of human nature, Binny," she remarked. "Come along to the Post Office!"

At first I did not follow Jemima's train of thought; but it soon explained itself. The postmistress was intelligent and friendly, and remembered us from our college days.

"Why, yes," she said, in answer to Jemima's inquiry, "I guess you might find some old furniture right here in town. Been to see Mis' Jackson? She c'llects, an' I guess she sells some, too, when she's a mind to."

The last phrase meant little to us then; before the day was out we more fully understood it. On our way to Mrs. Jackson's, Jemima and I decided to approach the subject of tables more tactfully; when we found Mrs. Jackson to be a neat, businesslike young woman, we put on our frankest city manner, and tried to imply that she would *quite* understand what we wanted.

"A hundred legged table?" she repeated with pleasantly rising inflection, and smiled at Jemima and me. "Why, yes, I guess I have. Won't you come in?"

Jemima threw me a triumphant smile over her shoulder, and Mrs. Jackson chatted pleasantly, leading us into her front room, and evidently taking it for granted that we would sit down and make a "visit." In the room were four fine old sofas and an older settle, some really beautiful tables and chairs, and enough antique bric-a-brac to fill an auction room. The only things modern besides ourselves, were a parlor organ and the air of over-crowding.

Mrs. Jackson had a very engaging smile. "Yes," she said, "I *have* quite a little old furniture. Mr. Jackson and I are both interested in it, and Mr. Jackson being in the insurance business manages to get hold of about all there is to be had." She smiled rather triumphantly, I thought, and then reproached myself, remembering Jemima's rebuke

of the hour before. "But hundred legged tables are just about as scarce as hens' teeth, you know. I doubt very much if you find one."

"Oh," said Jemima, "I thought you said you had one!"

"Oh, yes," and Mrs. Jackson nodded pleasantly, "*I* have one—I have three, in fact—maybe you'd like to see them. They're all different, so of course I shall keep them all. Won't you come out to the dining-room?"

I had not the heart to look at Jemima, and we meekly followed Mrs. Jackson. Her dining-room was fairly large, and yet it looked too small to admit another thing. It was, indeed, as she had said: she had "quite a little" old furniture, and we were sure that what was crowded out of the parlor was packed into this room. There were two large sideboards and one daintier, exquisite Sheraton, which fairly creaked beneath its mass of china. On the other sideboards were piles of pewter—platters, basins, ewers, candlesticks, lamps, porringers—more pewter, indeed, than I had ever seen in all my life. From the ceiling were hung lanterns of every possible pierced pattern some old, some new, some shining, and more of them battered and rusty. There were three rows of chairs against the walls—Windsor chairs and fiddle-back chairs, chairs of cherry, mahogany and painted wood; but every chair held its pile of something. A large and low oval table was in the middle of the remaining floor-space, and upon it were mirrors—mirrors large and small, of wood, of gold, with pictures and without, some whole and some broken, and some with no glass at all. Jemima and I stood bewildered.

"That is one of my tables," said Mrs. Jackson, and pointed to the center-table. We stooped down and looked; beneath the mass of mirrors and mirror frames were eight beautifully knobbly legs, strong and graceful.

"Oh," said Jemima, "I did not know they were ever as large as that!"

Mrs. Jackson smiled proudly. "Neither did I, until I found this one. I have another in the sitting-room." She led us into another room as crowded as the two we had just seen, in which it would have been as impossible to be comfortable as it would have been to dine in the other. While Jemima looked enviously at the small maple table, mellow with age and much rubbing, I found myself transfixed before the mantel. There were fourteen brass candlesticks upon it, and two pairs of glass ones—and candlesticks are the only things I have ever dared to collect.

"You have some very nice candlesticks," I ventured, when Jemima—and Mrs. Jackson—were momentarily speechless.

"Yes," smiled our hostess—we were beginning to hate her—"yes, I have. I guess I have as many brass candlesticks as any one. I have forty-one pairs and a good many odd ones, in brass."

I gasped. "But surely," I said, "some are duplicates?"

"Oh, yes," admitted Mrs. Jackson, "quite a few are duplicates. I have four pair of the straight up and down ones, but I don't know as I'd care to part with any."

"Oh," I said, "then you do sometimes part with things?"

Jemima smiled gratefully, but Mrs. Jackson was unaware of the sarcasm. "Well, yes," she reluctantly admitted, "I guess I do—*sometimes*." She immediately seemed to regret having said it, and hastened to add, "But I don't know as I'd care to part with any *brass* candlesticks; I'd first want to see if I could find any more."

"If you *were* to part with a pair," I asked, "how much do you suppose you would get for them?"

Mrs. Jackson looked uneasy. "Well, I don't know as I *should* part with them, anyway," she said.

"But how much *do* people get for brass candlesticks, hereabouts?" I pursued, to her evident torment. But it was useless; I am sure that no earthly power could have forced Mrs. Jackson to commit herself to a direct answer, or to set a price on anything.

"I don't know as there are any to be had," she declared. "I guess I got about all there are in this town—except in the families where they won't sell."

Jemima says I am the most persistent person she knows; but I could not ask

another question concerning brass candlesticks—could not; I was grateful to Jemima for changing the subject.

"Er—you have a third hundred legged table, Mrs. Jackson?" she asked, tentatively.

"It is a very small one," said Mrs. Jackson, with disgustingly evident pride. "I use it in my bedroom. Perhaps you'd like to come up stairs and see some of my other things?"

She led the way up to three bedrooms, all full—crowded—with old furniture. Jemima said afterwards that Mr. Jackson must be awfully well trained; but I was sure that he was docile to begin with: mere training wouldn't have been enough.

"This is my other table," Mrs. Jackson said, and exhibited it with her usual modesty. "I guess it's about the smallest anywhere about here; I don't know as there *is* a smaller one. But you see Mr. Jackson being in the insurance—"

Jemima's exasperation could not listen to that recital again. "You have a wonderful collection of *everything*, Mrs. Jackson," she said, firmly, "and we are very much obliged to you for letting us see it. I feel that I have learned a great deal about collecting furniture."

"STRENGTH, GOOD NATURE AND CHEERFULNESS SEEMED TO IRRADIATE FROM HER"

It was my turn to smile gratefully, but Mrs. Jackson looked as if she appreciated the compliment. "I have a few things out in my shed," she said. "Perhaps you'd like to look at them?"

It seemed to us that a ray of hope was gleaming; our hostess's last phrase sounded pleasantly commercial. So we followed to the shed, and there, as in the other parts of the Jacksonian domain, the usual purposes of a "back shed" were wholly relegated; old furniture was everywhere. Mrs. Jackson pointed out a fine old oaken table with four knobbly legs joined together near the floor by four equally knobbly straining boards. I saw Jemima's eyes brighten.

"Now that's a nice old table," Mrs. Jackson said. "I have another like it in my front hall—maybe you noticed."

"Ah," said Jemima. "You—er—you would dispose of this one, then?"

Mrs. Jackson's face fell. "Well, I don't know as I could sell this one. A lady from Deeeetroit offered me thirty-five dollars for that table, and I guess if I ever do decide to sell it, I'll have to let her know. She left her *ad*dress," as if that were decisive.

Jemima, poor dear, was quite beyond speech, and I had to enter the breach.

"Is this all the furniture you have that is not in use, Mrs. Jackson?" I asked. I was perfectly sure that it must be, and I wanted to humiliate that woman in some way.

"Oh, dear no," she replied. "Just step this way, to the barn—if you don't mind a little dirt and dust."

And behold, from floor to rafters that barn was full! Indeed, if the door had not been of the good old sliding variety, no one could have entered. "We just keep the things we have lately picked up, or else the things we really couldn't use ourselves, out here," said Mrs. Jackson. "You see I have quite a number of Windsor chairs."

There were scores of them. I felt

that at last there was something Jemima could buy, and so soothe her feelings. "And how much do you ask for them, Mrs. Jackson?" I boldly inquired.

"Well, I don't know as I *could* set a price on them," she had the assurance to say. "Windsor chairs are getting more scarce all the time now, and I guess I have about all there are to be bought hereabouts. I don't know as I *could* set a price on them!"

There was a pause; and then Jemima—dear, forgiving soul—murmured our gratitude for having been allowed to see the collection, and we got away with as much dignity as we could. We walked in silence for a good ten minutes, and then Jemima spoke.

"I wouldn't have bought anything of that woman," she declared, "if she offered me everything in the house for a dollar!"

"Jemima," I said, "I never before had sympathy with incendiaries!"

"Virginia," my friend said, "that woman could corner any market!"

I went even farther. "Jemima," I reminded her, "when we were in college we had a good old phrase that was meant for Mrs Jackson and her collection: she HOGGED it!"

For the rest of that day neither Jemima nor I had the heart to revert to furniture, but I had come to sympathize with her in her longing for the hundred legged table; I was willing to go as far in search of it as she would. We were wiser for our interview with Mrs. Jackson; hereafter we should know enough not to ask at once for the thing we wanted; we should know better how to forestall the New England wariness. But where to look for a table in a country that had been scoured by Mr. Jackson, who was in the insurance business? And in other towns there were probably other Mr. Jacksons! I felt sure that my poor Jemima would not find her table; but I was equally sure that I should find my brass candlesticks. I recalled Mrs. Jackson's "four pair" of the "straight up and down ones"; yes, there must be —so I told myself—more than eight of such beauties in existence.

Along towards three o'clock in the morning I was awakened by Jemima's coming into my room, trailing her dressing-gown. I asked with haste befitting the occasion,

"Is it a fire?"

"Of course not!" replied Jemima, with a sniff. "How will this do?" And she declaimed: "Wanted: A Hundred Legged Table. Need not be in best condition. Will not pay fancy price. Answer S. E., this office."

It took me a moment or two to understand. "But you haven't time to advertise, Jemima," I protested.

"Why haven't I?" she demanded. "To-morrow—no, to-day, is Tuesday; the *Brownsville Gazette* comes out on Wednesday; we can get an answer on Thursday, and buy the table on Friday! We don't go home until Saturday, you know!"

I suppose my face expressed something of what I was thinking. "Now don't raise objections, Binny. Don't you think that advertisement sounds attractive?"

"Very," I admitted. "You will not get any one in this part of the country to sell a table or anything else, except for a fancy price!"

"I know it," Jemima laughed. "But they all adore bargains, and that is my bait!"

I really admired her astuteness. "Why did you say it need not be in best condition?" I asked.

"Oh, *Binny!*" cried Jemima, with scornful emphasis. "I should think you'd see that at once. Why, every one who answers will say that his or her hundred legged table is the best ever, and therefore worth—oh, ever so much; I put that in to forestall them!"

"I see," I murmured. "But why on earth do you sign it S. E.?"

I suppose it is trying to be misunderstood; Jemima walked towards her own room with as much dignity as her costume permitted. In the doorway she spoke over her shoulder. "Because those are *not* my initials," she said. "Therefore they savor of mystery. That is more bait. Nothing appeals to an out-and-out New Englander like mystery. Do you see?"

True to her intention, Jemima put her advertisement in the *Gazette*, and during the two days' interval before

we could hope for an answer, we went wherever we could in search of our now greatly longed-for treasures. We trolleyed to nearby and even to far away mill towns, hunting up strangely foreign dealers in old metals and second-hand "goods"; we found ourselves in dark alleys, and climbed to high tenements where we were regarded by the inhabitants with evident suspicion; we followed every clue, every suggestion, every bit of advice, and while we found nothing resembling a hundred legged table, we did find in nearly every place something which seemed worth our while and money to buy. In one town I found a pair of perfect Colonial candlesticks, for which I paid little more than three times their value. In another, Jemima bought a mahogany mantle-clock, which neither of us wanted, but which we had not the heart to leave, because the people were so very poor, and so very sorry that they could not supply us with the table; Jemima said they were the only people of all we met who seemed really willing and anxious to sell anything. We were told afterwards that they made quite a good thing of being poor and having only one thing in the house worth selling; visitors were invariably sorry for them, and as invariably bought the one article, which was forthwith replaced by another. Jemima was angry when we heard that, for the clock's works were absolutely useless; we had not yet reached that state of mind and experience where we could let ourselves be fleeced with the calm acquiescence which comes from an acceptance of the inevitable. We discovered a most entertaining and willing pedlar who dealt in "Mixed rags, old metals, pelts, eggs, onions and feathers"; but we found him well supplied with other things. We bought two old stable-lanterns, one brass kettle, a crane too long for any modern fireplace, and a Leeds platter; it was perfectly evident that the pedlar thought we were lunatics.

But as is ever the way when the quarry is elusive, our longing for the hundred legged table grew more keen with each disappointment, until, on the day when we might expect an answer to Jemima's advertisement, we could scarcely eat our breakfast, so anxious were we to get to the newspaper office; and when the trolley was ten minutes late, we told each other that was always the way! At last, however, Jemima stood in the door of the *Gazette* office, a postal card in her hand, and triumphant joy upon her face as she read it. I read over her shoulder:

"S. E. this Ofice Brownsville Mass. Dear sir. I Hove a tobble wich is over wone hundred year old. It has swing ledges an other old things wich I would sell but am not A. blodged too Yrs Mrs Lena L. Slatter"

"What on earth does she mean by 'ledges'?" I wondered. "And why 'tobble'?"

We laughed, and Jemima said, "See how well she meets my 'will not pay fancy price' with her 'but am not A. blodged too'! We'll hunt up Mrs. Lena L. at once." So it was that an hour later we were bumping along on a most diverting trolley-car, which ran beside an old State road, wound about through hills so very lovely, beside such a wholly delectable river, and past old farmhouses of such threadbare yet charming dignity, that we did not wonder at all when the conductor came forward to join us in praise.

"Purty country, haint it?" he asked. "Ye-us; summer folks seem to think they haint none purtier, no-wheres."

I told him, to his evident satisfaction, that we were on our way to Abelsville, to see Mrs. Lena L. Slatter. He stared at us a moment, whether in surprise or speculation we could not tell.

"Ye-us," he said, at last. "Ye-us; the Slatterses lives up around Abelsville, some'rs. Kin o' yourn?"

We explained that they were not even of our acquaintance, as yet; he asked no more questions—we admired his self-restraint—but Jemima declared she could read curiosity in every line of his long figure.

We were almost sorry to leave the car at Springdale, for the ride had been so amusing and so friendly; the car had stopped at various houses, and once had waited four or five minutes while the motorman talked to the driver of a team

on the road; sometimes the conductor or motorman would go to one of the houses for a chat, or to give or take a message; they even delivered mail, in a neighborly way.

"Here's that letter you was expectin' of from Brownsville, Ophelia," the conductor once called out when the car stopped before a small house with many flowers growing about it; a tall, angular, dark-browed woman came out for the letter, remarking that she hoped to goodness Ellen's children was over the chicken-pox and hadn't got nothin' else.

At another house the conductor called through the window to a woman who was sweeping within, "Mis' Wheeler says your bunnit wunt be done till a Thursday, Mis' Parrington, an' maybe you better go down an' try it on, anyways."

From a gateway farther on the car was hailed by a little girl who came to the steps to deliver her message. "Mama says will you please tell Uncle 'Biny not to forget the can o' mustard when he comes from the store, an' to hurry up, 'cause she's got the pickle all ready to do." Later we heard the message delivered verbatim to an old man who was driving homewards; it had evidently been necessary, too, for he turned his wagon and retraced his way to the store.

If the trolley had been friendly, however, we found the roadside hotel at Springdale scarcely less so. The large room, which seemed to be the tavern's office and the village club room as well, had its inevitable phalanx of loungers tilting back against the wall. When we asked for a vehicle in which to drive to Abelsville, and mentioned the name of Slatter, there was an almost imperceptible stir from every one in the room, and a silence surcharged with curiosity; Jemima said afterwards that those men were too choked with it to speak. At last one of the veterans against the wall brought his chair down upon its front legs, shifted his quid of tobacco, and made himself spokesman.

"Mis' Lena L., ye say? Ye-us. She' Mel's woman—ye-us. Mel Slatter," he said, looking around upon the other loungers for confirmation, "Mel Slatter; ye-us, that's him. Lives up above Abelsville two mile or so. Ye-us. Pity ye didn't come day before yestiddy; seen him daown yere in town day before yestiddy; could a rid up with 'im. Ye-us."

"I HAD BROUGHT HER UP TO BE FOUR"

The old man, with prompting and suggestion from the others, told us the way to go. "Down the road to Griswoldville, past the brick block, over the covered bridge, past the ol' red mill an' the cemetery, an' foller the stream up — can't miss it."

And yet, in spite of all that, we did miss it. We drove on and on, we climbed up and up, for two immortal hours, only to come at last upon bars across the road, which ended in an upland pasture full of dreadful horned creatures which neither Jemmia nor I would have passed for a hundred tables of a hundred legs each. So back we went, to the first cross-road, feeling as lost as the babes in the wood, and after another drive of climbs and slides came upon a most forlornly neg-

lected place which we took, at first, to be one of the many deserted homesteads to be found throughout that country, but, when we drew nearer, we saw a few depressed-looking chickens in the unfenced yard, apparently waiting until Providence should shower a meal upon them; and as we drew up to ask our way, a faded, weary-footed man came out of the house, carrying a pail towards the pigsty. Even the unaccustomed buggy and its strangers did not arouse a look of interest from him, but when we asked our way to the Slatter farm he set down the pail, slowly pushed his hat farther back on his head, and stared at us.

To our repeated question he asked, "Be ye come to see the table?" We were too surprised to answer, and he, being one of those secretive souls who can ask any number of questions, but seem to find it beyond them to answer even the simplest, further asked, "Be ye come to see the woman?"

Jemima recovered her senses first. "Are you Mr. Slatter?" she asked him.

He, poor soul, looked very unhappy at being so unavoidably cornered, and reluctantly admitted it. "Wal, ye-us, I be," he said. "I guess ye want to see the woman. She's up on the hill, pickin' berries. Wont ye come in an' set?"

I was already feeling sorry for Jemima; it was so plainly impossible that her table should be found in that forlorn house; but, while Mr. Slatter was mournfully hitching our horse, his wife came bustling down from the hill, swinging her sunbonnet in one hand and a pail of late berries in the other.

Whatever the years might have made of her husband, there was nothing irresolute or discouraged about Mrs. Mel. It was evident at a glance that she was one of those women who, eager and slender when life begins in earnest for them, are ripened and strengthened by time's burdens. She was tall, deep-breasted, bonny; Jemima said afterward that she would like to have Mrs. Mel near her all the time, for the baby's sake. Strength, good nature and cheerfulness seemed to irradiate from her. When she smiled at us the color in her cheeks deepened. She set her pail of berries in the shade, spoke a pleasant greeting, and led us into the very poorest and most barren house that either of us had ever been in. Even the old-fashioned stove in the outer kitchen looked half-fed, as if it never got hot enough to burn off its rust; through a door we could see a bit of bright patchwork covering what was evidently a feather bed; through another—

Jemima exclaimed, and put her hands to her cheeks, in a way she has when excited. The table with "swinging ledges" stood before us; Mrs. Mell had evidently prepared for our coming by giving it a careful rubbing, and the other scant furniture was pushed out of the way against the walls, so that the table stood alone in its beauty. Oak or walnut, it was dark as the past itself; not a crack, not a warped place to be seen. In its beautiful oval it was a table at which Cromwell himself or even his betters might have breakfasted in years long gone by. Jemima kneeled down and fairly caressed its turnings; Mrs. Mel laughed aloud.

"Like it, don't ye?" she said. "Ye-us; my great-grandmother give it to me when I was a bride an' come here to live; said it was more 'n a hundred years old then. She was English."

A dreadful fear struck my heart. "Perhaps you don't really mean to sell it, then?" I asked.

For a moment a shadow rested on Mrs. Mel's face. "Ye-us," she said, slowly, with a deeper note in her voice, "ye-us, I guess I do. Aint any use keepin' it. Mel—he—" She turned towards the door, and stooped to pick up a yellow kitten which was rubbing its back against the lintel. She held the little cat beneath her chin, and said, slowly,

"Aint any use keepin' it. I had quite a little furniture when I come here. Some of it got broke, an' some of it I—let go. I did think I'd like to hold on to this table, it bein' so old, but land, you can't eat nor drink tables! That's the way I look at it!"

She spoke with a trace of bravado which set strangely upon her; Jemima, who always scents a story, and who has the faculty of reaching down into people's inner selves and playing upon their heart strings, looked up at her.

"It isn't as if you had children to leave

it to," she ventured; and as usual, she had struck the right chord. Mrs. Mel held the yellow kitten closer under her chin.

"No, it aint," she said. "I did have two; girls, they was. That's one reason I'm reconciled; girls can't get away like boys can." She looked around the bare, dreary rooms that had been her home; so plainly meant for freedom and for larger things, I knew their walls must often have pressed upon her.

"They were born here?" Jemima asked.

Mrs. Mel nodded. "Ye-us," she said, "right in that room. I didn't seem to mind so much when the first one died, she bein' so crippled up; but along at first I couldn't get myself reconciled to the other one's being taken. I had brought her up to be four, an' my heart in my mouth most of the time. You see, *his* father an' mother an' his father's sister all lived here when I come, an' they wasn't none of them just right in their heads. Pa Slatter, he never did 'ny harm, jest sat by the stove an' cried a good deal, an' talked about it's bein' no use; an' his sister, she just used to dress up—dress up in anything she could find, and make believe she was some one else. I wasn't afraid o' them hurtin' the baby, it was Ma Slatter. She—she—well, we used to lock up the knives an' things, but land! she'd use anything that come to hand. That's how most o' my furniture got broke. She went off an' made away with herself, finally, and then Pa, he just kind o' grieved to death. Aunt Hetty wouldn't harm a mouse, an' I did feel easy in my mind after the old folks was taken; but then the baby—. It was membranous croup," she added, in a low tone.

At first neither Jemima nor I could speak, before this sudden revelation of tragedy; to come, a bride, into such a household; to live for years in this forsaken place, so far from everything that made life worth while to us of the outer world; to spend days and nights with such dread, such melancholy, and to remain the bright spirit that Mrs. Mel so evidently was—how, how had she done it?

Jemima knew how to show her sympathy without a touch of that patronage which so often makes sympathy repulsive. "I do so dread that for my baby," she said, simply; and Mrs. Mel's brave smile came at once to reassure the younger mother.

"It aint so dangerous nowadays," she said. "That was twenty year ago."

"Twenty years!" I exclaimed. "You have been here twenty years?"

Mrs. Mel's eyes twinkled at me. "Ye-us," she said, with a droll twist of the mouth. "Ye-us. We couldn't leave in bad years because there wasn't money enough, an' we couldn't leave in good years because we had to use the money to pay for the bad ones. I did have twenty dollars saved up once, an' I surely did think we'd get away that winter to my cousin's in Millville; but Mel, he met a travelin' man in town, an' come home with a patent dish-washer for me; said he thought I needed to have some o' the work lightened for me. He made a mistake an' bought the size they use for hotels; but I never told *him* that. It wont wash just a few dishes," she added, and had the wonderful grace to laugh aloud.

Neither of us could speak for a moment, and then Jemima said, briskly, "Your table, Mrs. Slatter, is worth fifty dollars; I will give you that for it."

Mrs. Mel stared at her, then looked from one of us to the other with widening eyes. "I was going' to ask ye fifteen," she said.

"It is worth what I said, and I would willingly pay more than that, if I had to, for such a table; if I find, when I get home, that it is worth more, I will send you the difference; as it is, I offer fifty, and I am getting the best of the bargain." So said Jemima.

After a pause, Mrs. Mel put the little cat down on the floor, and moved slowly to the splendid table. She passed her hand over its glossy surface, caressingly. We could only watch her; presently she said,

"I always knew it was a fine table. I was always glad my folks had owned such a table, an' glad to have it myself. Sometimes in the winter I used to come in here an' look at it, an' think to myself, 'Now don't you give up; folks that own tables like that aint the kind that gives up; they're the kind that goes down with

their ships.' I guess you think it's mighty foolish, but that table used to seem to speak to me. Gran'ma Crummel said when she give it to me, 'Your folks was *folks*, an' you set this table where it'll keep you in mind o' that.' That's why I couldn't make up my mind to sell it, when I had to sell the other things that was left; seemed like I most always needed something to remind me. In winter, that is, in summer you don't need 'ny tables to do that; in summer you can get up on the hilltops an' listen to the trees an' look up at the sky. That's enough to keep a person right-minded, aint it?"

All the way home Mrs. Mel's smile lingered in my memory, and I shall never forget the truth and courage of her eyes.

"Well, I am glad," said Jemima, in the train, "that we could not buy one of that hateful Mrs. Jackson's tables; think of our missing Mrs. Mel, and her courage, her pride of race—poor soul—and her hilltops! Why, I shall never dare be discouraged in all my life; think what a blessing that will be for Tom and the baby!"

The next day she sat on the big crate we had brought back with us, and, while she hugged her baby, told the story of our quest.

"Let's have a look at the wonder," her husband said, and proceeded to open the crate. At last we stood back and looked at our collection: two "straight up and down" brass candle-sticks; a clock without works; two very old and battered lanterns; a crane too large for any modern fire-place; a brass kettle; a Leeds platter which we broke in packing; an amusing post-card, and, upside down on the floor, its lovely twisted legs sticking up in the air, the hundred legged table. We looked in silence for a moment, then Jemima's husband exclaimed,

"What's this writing underneath?"

We all stooped down and looked eagerly; in flowing script and ink scarcely faded—what ink they did make in those days!—we deciphered:

For my nephew Hy Cromwel at Sohom
Rd Cromwell

We looked from one to another and back again at the ancient writing, too amazed, at first, for words.

"It's another fake, like your clock," Jemima's husband said, at last. But Jemima knew better.

"No, it is not," she said, solemnly. "This was a legacy; people often used to mark things, like this, instead of mentioning them in their wills, when paper was scarce. Henry Cromwell, his uncle Richard—oh, oh! that means the Lord Protector's son and grandson—"

We looked at each other in sudden understanding and amazement. From the Lord Protector's grandson to our Mrs. Mel on her lonely farm, with her yellow kitten and the hungry chickens! Oh, this country of ours!"

"Binny," said Jemima, "she said her grandmother's name was Crummel, or something like that! Don't you remember?"

I nodded, I could not speak. Jemima's eyes were brimming.

"Oh, the splendid, brave creature!" she cried. "Oh Tom, oh Binny, think of her, there in that miserable home, with her bravery and her brightness and her noble courage, going up to her hilltops for comfort, and holding on to this table as long as she could because it reminded her that her 'folks were *folks!*' Heavens! I should think they were! Oh, Mrs. Mel, Mrs. Mel!"

And yet, an hour or two later, Jemima turned around from her desk, where she was writing Mrs. Mel about our discovery, and sending a check for the table's full value, and said,

"Binny, I like to think of Mrs. Mel's satisfaction when she gets this letter; but Binny, when I think of Kitty's face when she sees my table, and of that Jackson woman when she hears of our find, I am just about ready to *burst* with joy! I wish I could hunt for hundred legged tables all the rest of my life!"

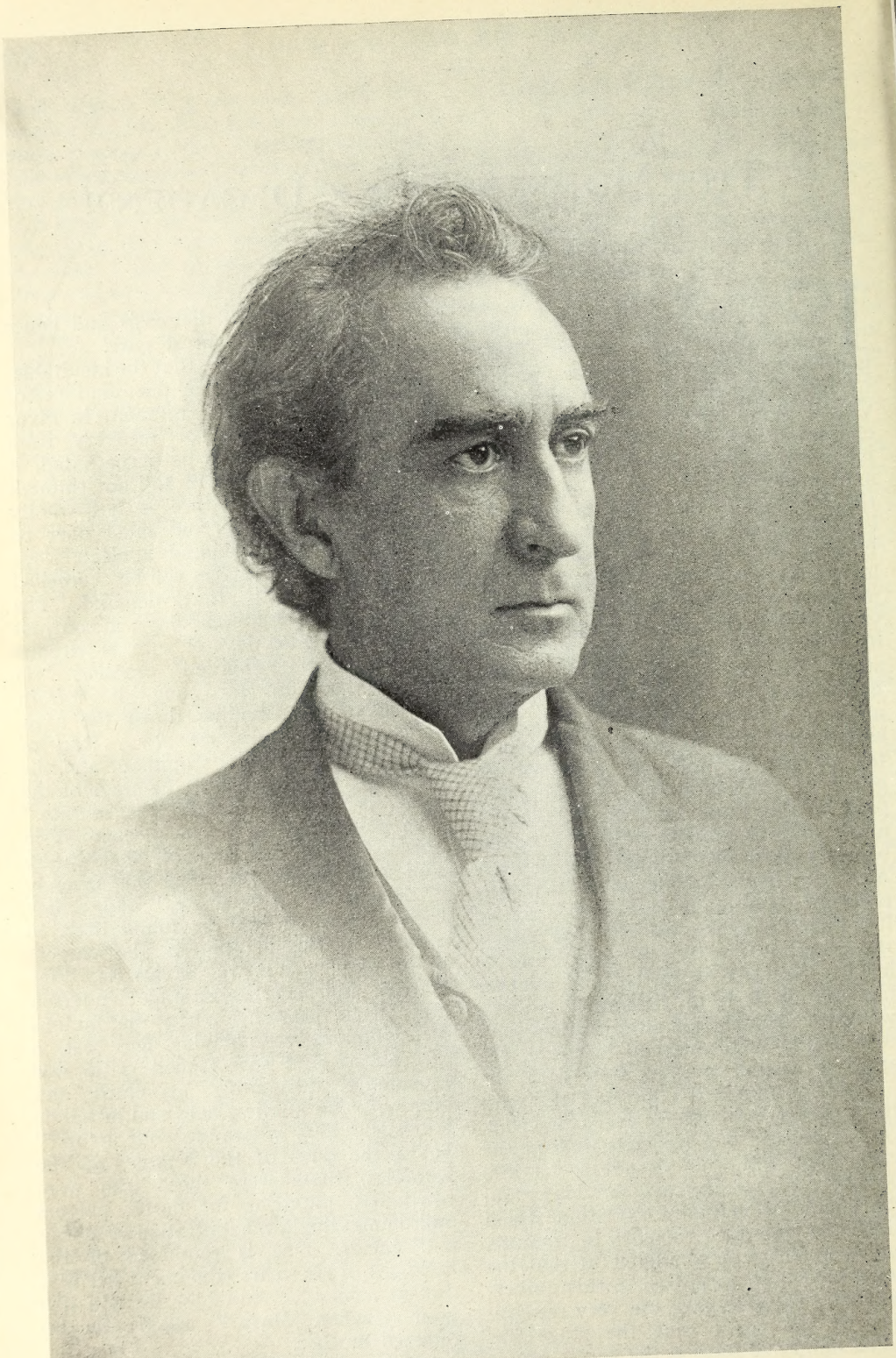
The Modern Stage Decadent

By ZITELLA COCKE

IF THEN the stage is possessed and administered by the spirit of materialism and commercialism, it is needless to say that it ceases, perforce, to be a school for the inculcation of virtue, moral sentiment and nobility of character and becomes a mere investment for sordid purposes—an enterprise and money-getter. But when we reach the bed-rock of facts and the results of experience and give them fair consideration, we must admit that the stage is a logical sequence,—it has grown out of a necessity in human nature, in short, the stage was inevitable. In the processes of evolution it arrived and it came to stay. The most daring imagination can hardly conceive of a civilization without a drama. Civilization evolved the stage, as naturally and inevitably as it evolved the parliament and the judiciary tribunal, or any other essential component part of the State and society, and it must continue to exist as long as human beings possess the dramatic perception. All human beings do possess this dramatic perception in more or less excellence, and it is the office of the few who also possess the dramatic faculty, to satisfy and to inspire the large majority, and another fact we do well to remember is that, whatever obstacle or interruption may temporarily intervene and interfere, the stage is bound to keep step with the progress of human thought and also with the progress of thought in every direction. Our shops and our groceries, indeed the very warp and woof of our social life, become corrupted by evil influences and the effects of mal-administration which greed and ignorance are likely to promote, and it is not to be wondered at that the stage proves no exception to this universal rule. Nevertheless, the very recognition of the truth that the stage has fallen upon evil days is the surest means to obtain a correct diagnosis and hence the speediest and surest cure.

Here, too, we realize that the inevitableness of the stage as a part and factor of civilization is an argument in favor of its regeneration, or recovery from disease, for if it is to be perpetuated, it must be through health and not through disease. Human nature is not wholly corrupt. There are and must ever be those who dare demand a clean stage and the stage managers will be compelled to comply with that demand. The bewailing of the present days, in contrast with the blessed days of yore, is without doubt a time-honored practice. "O for the days that Maro sung," is a refrain which comes sounding down the ages. The present times are always out of joint, as was Hamlet's opinion, and the stage of the present like the stage of the past is always called "degenerate." The golden age of every pleasure is in the past. In the time of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, the stage was severely criticized as "degenerate," and Colley Cibber declared that he found little to admire in the playing or the players of his day, yet it was in his day that Garrick and Mrs. Cibber and Henderson and Borry played. When the famous Mrs. Siddons was playing her best, a disgruntled and sore-headed critic was repeatedly demanding at clubs and banquets and public places and in public journals, "Pray where are your actors?" So in the days of the Keans and the Kembles, there were those who were constantly inquiring for better players and demanding a rehabilitation of acting and actors. One is reminded of the little girl of six years who spent her first day at school. "And how do you like your teacher, Mary?" asked the interested mother.

"Why, mama," answered the child,



From the private collection of Mr. B. F. Keith

EDWIN BOOTH

"you know teachers must scold—they has to."

And so, forsooth, in every age the critics must scold, it is their business. What are critics for—if not to find fault?

We see things around us, face to face as we do not see the things of long ago. Every dull, uninteresting and perhaps very unworthy present becomes a golden past. There is a charm in the mists of antiquity, a beautiful halo adorns that which has drifted far from our sight upon the ocean of time. We gaze backward to discover greatness, and look upon all workers of the present, but to find their faults and weigh their shortcomings in our balances, which are not always fairly adjusted. In theatrical history we are greatly given to this kind of criticism, indeed the word "degeneracy" has become a watchword on the lips of critics, which the unknowing and unthinking are eager to repeat and which soon becomes a verdict from which there seems little hope of appeal.

We hear much of the two sides of the historical shield, but few persons take the pains to examine the two sides with a carefulness which insures honesty and fairness of judgment. The news bulletins of to-day inform us that an actress whose name and personality are quite familiar to theatre-goers, and especially to those who do not insist upon seeing what is popularly termed high-class drama, has been able to retire from the stage with a fortune of one million dollars. She has, to employ her own words, "amused New York." New York she declares wants to be amused and she has done it, and therefore has received her quid pro quo,—in other words the laborer is worthy of his hire. Whether or not any heart has been uplifted to patience or self-abnegation, any life ennobled to better and more unselfish deeds by looking upon that which she presents, or hearing that which she utters has doubtless never entered her thought. She is evidently satisfied with her aims and her achievements. But not many months ago, upon the Pacific Coast, an actress died, whose dramatic aim was not to amuse, but to instruct and ennoble. That she failed neither of aim nor achievement, all who had the high privilege to behold the acting and feel the personality of Helena Modjeska will gladly maintain. Perhaps no more graceful, winning, delicate and subtle artist has ever appeared among the entire range of women on the stage than this Polish-American. Her poetic instinct was true and her dramatic intelligence so rare that it might almost be called an inspiration. Never at any time did she lose sight of her lofty and beautiful ideals. Indeed, she so idealized all her impersonations that while they were never unnatural, they became unique, and hence, that which other actresses presented as an exaltation of human passion, sublime as it might be and admirable as it often was, she so tempered by purity and nobility, that it became in her expression a thing not only hallowed, but almost divine. This was especially evident in her rendering of that disgusting play Camille. In her impersonation, a sort of spiritual exaltation seemed to supplant the grossness which is so conspicuous in this combination of vice, dishonor and sickly sentimentality. That a woman of such instinctive refinement and delicate perceptions, as well as of such high ideals, as Modjeska should ever have played Camille must always be a wonder to those who most admire her. It belonged to the repertoire of great actresses, which perhaps was the reason she accepted it, but no one was able to put so much good in it, as did this excellent woman and elegant lady. The extraordinary difficulties under which this actress labored must be patent to all. Her speech was necessarily constrained and even fettered by the requirements of a language which was foreign to her tongue, yet each interpretation with which she favored the public revealed not only fidelity to the author's conception, but her own wealth of soul and supremacy of mind—she always gave her hearers more than a faithful and artistic copy of a dramatic ideal.

Here then we have an actress of the most recent past—so recent that she may be said to belong to the present. No accumulated thousands to the amount of a million bear testimony that she amused New York or San Francisco, but people of good taste, good morals and

culture are to be congratulated that there is more than one kind of New York and more than one kind of San Francisco and Boston and more than one kind of people throughout the United States. To audiences of culture and good taste—to persons who loved and understood that great poetofpoets, that great dramatist, who read human nature as an open book, Modjeska appealed, and their verdict will be her reward. Where she was, no decadence of the stage was. If Charlotte Cushman belongs to the past, it can hardly be called a dead past, for the stage of to-day may be said to be still fragrant with the breath of her memory. Her audiences are still with us, some of her associate actors are before the footlights, and her virtues, her struggles and her achievements are possessions of the present, because she was not only a great actress, but a great woman. She filled the stage with the brilliant and almost overwhelming vitality of her presence, and now that she is gone, may be said to fill her own reputation with that weird and powerful vitality. Her exterior was grave, perhaps somewhat forbidding in ordinary intercourse, but in every form of art which she embodied her fiery soul was easily discerned and seems to live to-day in the characters she once impersonated. Could Meg Merrilies or Mrs. Haller come upon the stage to-night and not recall to the audience the thrilling, the enthralling and almost terrible acting of Charlotte Cushman?

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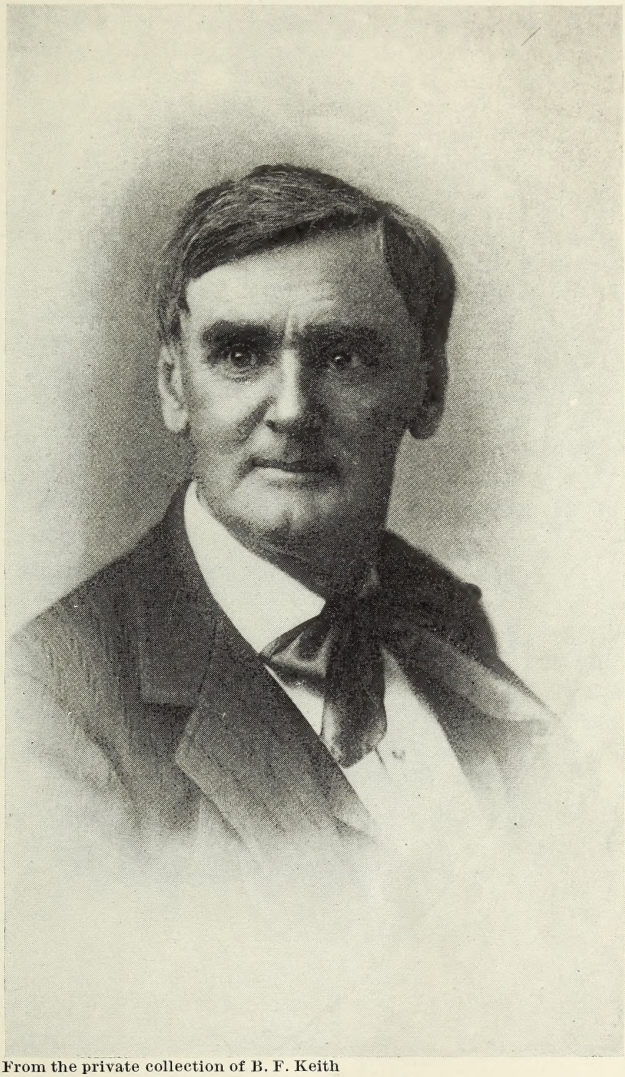
MAUDE ADAMS

But we have still with us the bodily presence of one of the greatest actresses of all time and withal a noble and most ingenuous woman. Her impersonations are but the fulfilment of her own intuitions, for no actress has ever been stronger in her intuitions than Ellen Terry. No actress has ever grasped Shakespeare's Portia, as she has grasped it. Never before has the essential womanhood of Portia been so portrayed as by Ellen Terry. That ideal could never have been made

actual by a commonplace person, and it has been said, and most truly said, that Ellen Terry had only to be herself in order to make Portia real. No more profound or more minute exposition of the character of Lady Macbeth has been given on the stage, than is given by Ellen Terry. Mrs. Siddons thought that Lady Macbeth should be exquisitely feminine and not a masculine termagant, and such was the impersonation presented by Ellen Terry. We cannot for one moment suppose that Shakespeare meant to create a woman who should rule her husband and instigate him to seize a crown by committing the crime of murder through her superior will and force of character. The great poet could never have been so untrue to nature. She ruled him through his love for her, and Ellen Terry gave the world the Lady Macbeth which Shakespeare created. Of her matchless embodiment of Ophelia it is unnecessary to speak, when all of Europe and America have borne testimony to the grandeur of her achievement, for her success was nothing short of grand in the highest significance of that much-abused word. Shakespeare himself could hardly have desired a more complete portrayal of his own ideal. American audiences have as little forgotten the heroine of the Belle's Stratagem as have London audiences; and the English-speaking peoples throughout the world can never be persuaded to a belief in the decadence of the stage so long as Ellen Terry or her reputation shall live—a reputation which must become in time the seed from which others as great as herself may grow.



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JOSEPH JEFFERSON

Of Mrs. Kendall's versatility of talent and opulence of womanhood, we have examples before our eyes. Coming of a family of actors and introduced to the stage at the age of three years, it cannot be said that she is not upon her native heath, when she treads the boards of the theatre. But the very marked and impressive wholesomeness of her acting must always

render her work both popular and enduring. Early in her career she approved and adopted the idea that the audience should be made to see the character from the actor's point of view, and not from their own, hence, all of her impersonations became in some sort educational. People retired from the theatre with a more thorough comprehension of the real significance of the play than if they had spent days in studying it, and the fact that she holds the poetic method as superior to the method of realism, which she plainly indicates in her writings, not only reveals the mind of the artist, but explains her present eminence in dramatic art. She also contends that the actor should bring into his role his own individuality, saying as she puts it, "we are what we are." These things, unimportant as they may at first appear, are not unworthy, if we remember that decadence can scarcely come where there is absolute sincerity.

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MARIE WAINWRIGHT

That there are other capable and sincere workers on the stage at the present time, no one will deny. One goes a long way, it is true, before finding a Modjeska or a Terry, but the atmosphere for growth and development already exists, and what woman has done woman may do, and the world will not be left altogether without a witness to the regenerating power of true art. Good acting and a love of Shakespeare go hand in hand. The education of the people is the education of the stage, and the converse is true, the education of the stage becomes the education of the people. We can hardly imagine a Shakespeare-loving public being content with mere travesties of the great dramatist's plays. The best desires the best and will have it in the end. As Hazlitt says, "When an author dies it is no matter, for his works remain. When a great actor dies there is a void produced in society, a gap which requires to be

filled up." This is unquestionably true, and yet so compensatory is Nature, and Art as well, that these gaps are in some way filled, because it is needed and demanded.

It is but a little while ago that Henry Irving filled the eyes and the minds of theatre-goers. Great in every impersonation he presented, his appearance in any character challenged public opinion and produced many different estimates. Many men of many minds, yet none denied that Irving was one of the greatest actors of all time. His originality and strength of character, his charm of temperament and vitality of conception, his resolute persistency of purpose and poetic instinct will make him ever a potent force in the world of art. The cultured circles of society will never surrender Henry Irving as an object of admiration, either as a man or an actor. With this living witness so recently seen upon the stage, the public must retain memories, which must become a hostile force against corruption and decadence.

And yet the greatest Hamlet, the greatest Richelieu of all time has been given to the world by America and by Maryland. He was born amid a shower of meteors upon the eventful night of November 13, 1833, but no meteor was he, but a star whose beauty and brilliancy shall never wane as long as a true love of art shall live. As Ben Jonson said, "a poet is made as well as born," so it may be said of an actor. Edwin Booth was undoubtedly a genius, but he left no pains unstudied to perfect himself as an artist, and no more consummate artist was ever on the stage. As a man; his heart and his character were alike impeccable. Tried and tested by misfortunes which have fallen upon few, he bore himself every inch a true man. Sorrow and disaster seemed to pursue him, and yet when overwhelmed and almost crazed by a deed of folly committed by a lunatic brother, he never forgot his manhood or his duty. America does well to be proud of such an actor, such a hero, and such a man. Having given to the stage such a son, she will hardly consent that her stage shall be prostituted beyond the power of redemption.

Of good players and accomplished actors, there are, notwithstanding the evil days which have befallen us, not a few. Willard and Warfield give us not only interesting plays, but true and noble ideals. Maude Adams and Julia Marlowe have high aims, and others are looking to the appreciative and all-powerful public, before their best intentions become crystalized into firm resolutions. In the olden time art on the stage, as well as elsewhere, was more concentrated. In our time, for various reasons and conditions it is scattered. There are and ever will be good plays and good actors, there are good and appreciative audiences. Let actors and audiences see that they live up to the highest ideals.

HER CONQUEST

By MARY HALL LEONARD.

A woman clinging and tender,
  Fitted for love and home:
Such did God make her! Listen!
Hid from the world her secret,
Out of the depths of the furnace,
  Hath this stern fortitude come.

Strong-minded is it you call her?
  None but a woman can know
The cost of the strength which refuseth
To sink, but in loneliness calmly
Lifts a career from her life wreck,
  And conquereth Destiny so.

High Bridge, Winooski River

The Historical Significance of the Champlain Tercentenary

By SARAH GERTRUDE POMEROY

WHEN the "Green Mountain State" and "The Empire State" join forces next month in the celebration of the Champlain Tercentenary, the event will be of more than national importance for three great nations, England, France and the United States, have had a part in the storied past of this beautiful lake.

The lilies of France, the banner of St. George and the stars and stripes have all in turn waved over its wooded shores and defenders of each have at some time crimsoned its waters with their blood.

So fair and peaceful it looks in the summer sunshine! It seems a legend to say that more than once it has been the bloodiest of battle-fields. Yet the legend is true, for its foundations antedate the coming of the "Gentleman of New France" in 1609 and its reputation had been established long before the French and Indian War. For years before Samuel de Champlain gazed upon its shores and saw that they were good, the red men of the forest had claimed it for their own, fighting for its possession in the barbarous fashion of primitive man.

During the centuries previous to the coming of the white man, the Indians had held undisputed sway over our country, although they had wrangled between themselves for the possession of certain territory. According to tradition, the present State of New York was inhabited until about 1405 by nomadic Indian tribes who were at that time driven out by a branch of the Western Dakotas known as Hodènosamee or Iroquois. They were not a numerous family, but they were pre-eminent among the aborigines for their power of organization. Although they had been driven from the St. Lawrence valley into central New York by the more powerful but less civilized Algonquins, branches of which race surrounded them on every side, their territory was rich in treasures which aroused the jealous hatred of their enemies. Their northern boundary on the Great Lakes was the home of the beaver and otter while the great wampum beds on the coast of Long Island were objects of special envy. Between these two deposits of natural wealth, the five confederated nations which made up the Iroquois race dwelt in peaceful alliance, ready to arise and defend their homes at the slightest pretext.

Aside from the Algonquins, their bitterest enemies were the Hurons, men of their own race who had refused to accept Hiawatha's "gift of peace" when he and Dagonoweda, his Mohawk ally, had organized five families of the Iroquois into the "Kinsmen of the Long House." They preferred to ally themselves to their neighbors, the Algonquins, and were thus regarded by "The Five Nations" as the meanest of traitors.

The Hurons oftenest came in contact with the Canieugas "People of the flint," as they were called by their Mohawk brethren or Mohawks, "Man-eaters," so-called by the Algonquins who had good reason for so christening them.

They dwelt furthest to the east of all the Five Nations and among their choicest possessions they counted "caniadere quarante" (the lake that is the gate of the country) more familiarly known today as Lake Champlain.

The valleys to the east, between the lake and the Connecticut, formed a broad hunting-ground where both races hunted and fought, while the Mohawks built their villages further from the limits of their territory among the mountains that bordered Lake George and the Hudson. The lake itself, however, was sacred to

them on account of many traditions. Their own special name for it was Lake Peggio or Pogeo because an Indian of that name had been drowned there not far from the great rock of the same name, situated more than ten leagues from the southern extremity of the lake. This gray boulder sometimes called "Mohawk Rock," just south of Burlington, marked the boundaries of their territory in later times, and was for many years the scene of their war-councils and peace-conferences.

Well did the allied Hurons and Algonquins know, when their twenty-four canoes, bearing sixty men, passed beyond the shadow of the gray rock that July morning, three hundred years ago, that they were trespassing in the enemies' country, but they had no fears for in their midst, they carried three white strangers, mysterious men, whom they had induced to "hurl their thunders and lightnings" against their ancient enemies.

To the leader of the trio, they paid special deference for, as he wrote in his journal, although they had already incurred his distrust, it would have given him "especial dissatisfaction to go back without seeing a very large lake, filled with handsome islands and with large tracts of fine land bordering on the lake." So he determined to "go on, fulfil his promise and carry out his desire." They were "greatly pleased at what he had said to them, and at the determination which he had taken, promising, as before, to show them fine things."

It is easy to imagine with what childish delight they pointed out the beauties of the enemies' country and showed him its resources, as they explored its shores together. Proudly they revealed to him the places where—

"The red fox barked—a strange, weird sound,
And woke the slumbering echoes round,
And the burrowing mink and otter hid
In their holes the tangled woods amid.
Lords of their limitless domain,
Of hill and dale, of mount and plain,
The wild things dreamed not of the hour
When they should own their Master's power."

And these sons of the forest found in their guest an eager and appreciative listener for not only did he possess the "spirit of an adventurer," but he had a "Sympathy with untamed nature" which must have appealed to the heart of the savage.

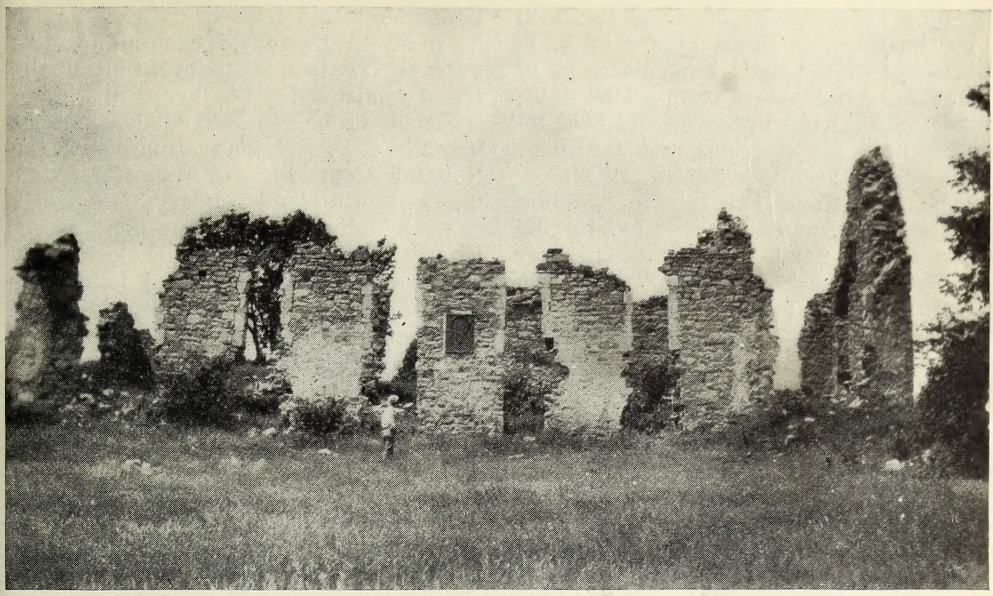
Such were the characteristics of Samuel de Champlain, the bold navigator and sturdy pioneer who had already widely explored the New World before making this expedition. He was the first white man whose eyes had ever rested on the Green Mountains or seen the more distant peaks of the Adirondacks. No wonder that his loyal heart burned immediately with an ardent desire to some day add this fair country to his king's domain. He was more than ever willing to aid his red-skinned guides to wrest this territory from their enemies.

And in his first attempt he was successful, for in that brief skirmish fought at the southern end of Lake Champlain the Mohawks first felt the power of fire-arms and were conquered by their long-time enemies. That skirmish, slight as it was, has been termed one of the most decisive battles in the world's history, and certainly the sound of Champlain's arquebus that eventful morning was heard round the world as truly as the shot fired by "the embattled farmers" nearly two centuries later.

No wonder that the Algonquins were well-satisfied with the results of the war and departed from their wonderful ally with "loud protestations of friendship." Throughout his life, "his justice and good faith created an unbounded ascendency" throughout their wide-spread tribes and "in after years, their love and veneration still lived undiminished for 'the man with the iron breast.'"

So Champlain, the conqueror, sailed out of the lake which should ever after perpetuate his name and fame, leaving behind him enemies as bitter as his companions were friendly. Little he dreamed that many leagues away, another white man was fast approaching the land of the Iroquois from the opposite direction, and that he was to profit, all unwittingly, by the results of this day's battle.

Yet such was the case and the Iroquois had not long to wait for the [illegible] of other palefaces to whom [illegible] themselves in mutual [illegible]



RUINS OF FORT TICONDEROGA

Two months later, when Henry Hudson first cast anchor in the river flowing through the heart of the country of the Five Nations, friends had already been secured for him by the fateful battle of a few weeks previous. Ever afterwards, the Iroquois were friendly to the Dutch and, later, to the English.

Thus did Destiny shape the courses of the nations and France and England became rivals for the possession of the New World.

The exact spot where this early battle was fought is a matter of historical dispute, but local historians are inclined to favor the site of old Ticonderoga, N. Y. If this theory be correct, old Ticonderoga can justly be termed "the most historic spot in North America."

The French engineers had early recognized the strategic importance of this bold and rocky promontory which marks the confluence of the waters of lakes George and Champlain. They realized that there were only three possible ways of approaching Canada at that time, and that Lake Champlain "pointing straight to the heart of the British settlement was the only route by which a hostile army could approach within striking distance of the French colony, without making a long detour by wilderness or sea."

It was not until 1755, however, that they advised the building of a fort at that point. Until then, their most advanced outpost had been Fort St. Frederic, named after Frederic Comte de Maurepas, a high French official. Here at Crown Point since 1731, the French had maintained a garrison and on the neighboring projection known as Pointe aux Algonquins, they had built a windmill, around which a little settlement, consisting of a score of families, had sprung up.

The fame of this fortified position had spread over the colonies and, although its founders had held it in undisputed possession for twenty-four years, plans were on foot to capture what was rightly considered to be "the key to the military situation."

Alarmed by these schemes, particularly by the activity of Governor Shirley of Massachusetts, one of the very few men at that time who entertained the idea of expelling the French from the continent, they decided to seize and fortify the still more imposing position of Ticonderoga.

The work was intrusted to the engineer, Lotbinière and, in the spring of 1756, the fort itself was nearly completed, although the system of exterior defenses was only

begun. It consisted of a square with four bastions, a ditch blown in some parts out of the solid rock, barracks of stone and a rampart of two parallel walls, made of the trunks of trees and held together by transverse logs with the space between filled with earth and gravel.

The builders called this fortification Fort Carillon, a name suggested by the noise of the neighboring waterfall, but the Indian name "Onderoga," similar in meaning, found favor with the English and has survived to the present day in the form Ticonderoga.

Here the Marquis de Montcalm assumed command and here on another hot July day, two years later, was fought the second important battle of Lake Champlain, when General Abercrombie led the English forces against the French. Montcalm's defense proved irresistible and the English were forced to retire from a bloody defeat. Connected with this battle is the mysterious legend of Inverawe; dealing with the prophetic vision of a Scotch major who met his death at Ticonderoga. It is, perhaps, the most romantic story associated with this historic spot.

A year later, the French were forced to abandon this position as well as Fort St. Frederic, and to leave the lake which had been their strongest position for more than twenty-eight years in the undisputed possession of the English.

Thus ended the fond dream of Champlain and the English flag waved proudly above the ramparts which had been built 'neath the French banner.

But the southern end of the lake was destined to be once again the object of conquest for the English dominion there lasted only sixteen years. At the outbreak of the Revolution the two forts were captured by the Colonial forces and, although the English regained them once, they soon changed hands again.

During the period of British occupancy, however, many changes had taken place in the fortifications. General Amherst had repaired and rebuilt Ticonderoga and had spent more than $10,000,000 in building a new fortification named Fort Amherst at Crown Point.

The story of the capture of Fort Ticonderoga by Ethan Allen and his band of Green Mountain Boys in the early morning of May 10th, 1775, is as familiar to the average American as any event in Revolutionary history. Whether or not, as tradition states, he demanded it "In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress" is doubtful. Like many other bits of legendary history, this story is fading in the clear light of the twentieth century and some daring disciples of modern scepticism have even dared to suggest that the words of the bold invader on that historic morning might have been unfit to be repeated in polite society.

But no one has ever denied the bravery of that staunch little band of patriots and, although his religious fervor may be questioned, the fame of the "Robin Hood of Vermont" is still enduring.

Strangely enough, no human life was ever lost in the immediate captures and evacuations of Fort Ticonderoga. Crown Point bears an even more unique record for, despite the immense sums spent upon the fortifications there, it is said that no gun was ever fired in their defense. Fort Amherst was easily captured by Col. Seth Warner the day after Ethan Allen had taken Ticonderoga and it was never the scene of any engagement. In later years stone from both the fortifications at Crown Point was freely removed for building purposes by the people in the surrounding country, and the great walls, twenty-five feet high and fully as thick, soon fell into decay. Yet, despite the ravages of time, the ruins of Fort Frederic are now the best preserved and most extensive of any of the kind in the United States.

The ruins of "old Fort Ti" are much more picturesque and have long remained as they do to-day, in a state of dilapidation. All this is to be changed, however, for work of reconstruction has already commenced, under the direction of H. S. Pell's family, who own the site, and in years to come the old fort, restored to its original appearance, will face the traveler on Lake Champlain. This work, begun in the tercentenary year, will probably take ten years and cost many thousands of dollars.

Perhaps the most significant feature of the coming celebration at Ticonderoga

THE WRECK OF THE REVENGE

will be the historical pageant, representing the battle between the Iroquois and Algonquins, given by descendants of the two races, and the presentation of the Indian drama Hiawatha. Although the same programme will be repeated at other points along the lake, its presentation at Ticonderoga seems especially appropriate.

Rivaling Ticonderoga and the southern extremity of the lake in historical interest are the islands at its northern end. Perhaps, indeed, they are of greater interest since their associations are much more varied.

Isle la Motte, one of the larger islands, is by far the most interesting of all. Local historians declare that it was the first stopping-place of Champlain, and certain entries in his journal would seem to prove the theory. The explorer speaks of landing on an island corresponding in size with Isle la Motte which was covered "with the finest pines he had ever seen." At the present time this island is still noted for these trees, although its giant pines, which grew there within the memory of men now living, were long ago sacrificed for commerical purposes. This region is still the favorite resort of sportsmen who declare that the fishing there proves the truth of Champlain's "fish stories."

In 1666, the French constructed a fort on this island under the direction of Captain de la Motte, afterwards Governor of Montreal, whose name it bears to-day. This fort was the fourth in a series of similar fortifications that were located along the Richlieu river for defense against the Iroquois. For more than a score of years it was one of the most important outposts of the French, although it was finally abandoned about 1690. In later years, it was the stopping-place, at some time or other, of nearly all the heroes of the various wars, and many distinguished men have tarried on its shores in later times. In addition to its historical prominence it is regarded by many as the most beautiful island in the lake.

Its military history, however, is not its chief attraction to most of its visitors for it is a sacred spot to the devout Catholic and is the object of many a pilgrimage. On this island, in the midst of primitive forests, mass was first said (probably in July) 1666 and the fort was dedicated to St. Anne. Soon after, a chapel was built for the use of the Chaplain of the regiment of Carrignan. Thus the first Catholic church in Vermont and one of the very earliest in the

THE ETHAN ALLEN FARM

United States was located on this island.

No thoughtful person can fail to appreciate the significance of this event. Bancroft says, "Puritanism gave New England its worship and its schools; the Roman church and Jesuit priests raised for Canada its altars, its hospitals, its seminaries. The influence of Calvinism can be traced in every New England village, in Canada not a cape was turned, not a mission founded, not a settlement begun but a Jesuit led the way."

Although Puritan influence was so strong in Vermont that the Catholic church maintained no permanent organization there before 1830, and Dutch Protestantism was firmly established in New York, yet the French occupancy of the Champlain Valley was not without its religious effect.

Although he had followed the "banner of Navarre" in the civil wars, Champlain was a Catholic by birth and sentiment, and, as soon as his settlement in the New World was well established, he invited the Recollect Fathers from his native town to make his new home the scene of their labors. Finding their new labors too heavy for them, the Recollects invited the Jesuits to share them. Later, members of the Sulpician order also came as missionaries. Representatives of all three of these orders at some time worked in the Champlain valley.

The pioneer priest was Father Jogues, a brave Jesuit who was captured with his companion, Renè Goupil, while they were ministering to the Algonquins. The Mohawks carried them to the shores of the lake, where Goupil was murdered and Father Jogues tortured and kept in captivity for many months. Four years later, when his missionary zeal impelled him to return to the land of his captors, he died a martyr to their vengeance.

This brave priest opened a trail which many followed and several missionaries visited the country before Fort St. Anne was constructed.

In 1647, Monseigneur Laval, later Bishop of Quebec, then Vicar Apostolic and the highest official of the church who had then been in America, visited St. Anne, at Isle la Motte and so the church in Vermont claims the honor of the first Episcopal visitation and function in New England. In remembrance of this early shrine of St. Anne, the Catholic church erected a small chapel on the site of the historic church, a few years ago, and this

will be enlarged and beautified during the tercentenary year.

For more than a century, the denomination maintained its hold. Peter Kahn, a Swedish naturalist who passed through Lake Champlain and Canada in 1749, said, "Near every town and valley peopled by converted Indians there are one or two Jesuits, there are likewise Jesuits with those who are *not* converted, so there is commonly a Jesuit in every village."

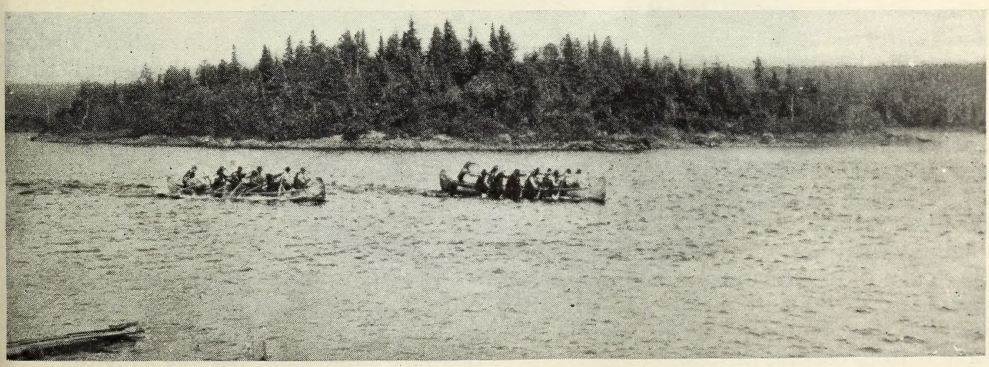
But the abandonment of the lake shores by the French followed by the increasing tide of British emigration changed all this and one by one the Indian missions became extinct. The last trace of missionary endeavor was found in Swanton, Vt., when the English settled there in 1775. Here, on the banks of the Missisquoi river was the little stone chapel which had been a sacred spot to the Abenakais, a tribe of Indians who had been driven from Maine by the English in the latter part of the 17th century. They were a peace-loving tribe, very different from the warlike Mohawks and there are traditions of their fondness for the Christmas celebration, which especially appealed to them. They would beg their priest to construct for them a Christmas manger and perform all the ceremonies of the day in their little chapel.

When all these traditions centering about Isle la Motte are reviewed, it seems especially fitting that the forthcoming celebration should be ushered in with appropriate religious exercises. Although Sunday, the first day of the tercentenary celebration will be observed in a special manner by all denominations in the Champlain valley, the great public services to be held at Battery Park in Burlington will be under the direction of the Catholic church. The Archbishop of Quebec will be present at Isle la Motte and other dignitaries will be at Burlington to show that the church yet appreciates the spirit of the great explorer who wrote that he "preferred the salvation of a soul to the conquest of a kingdom."

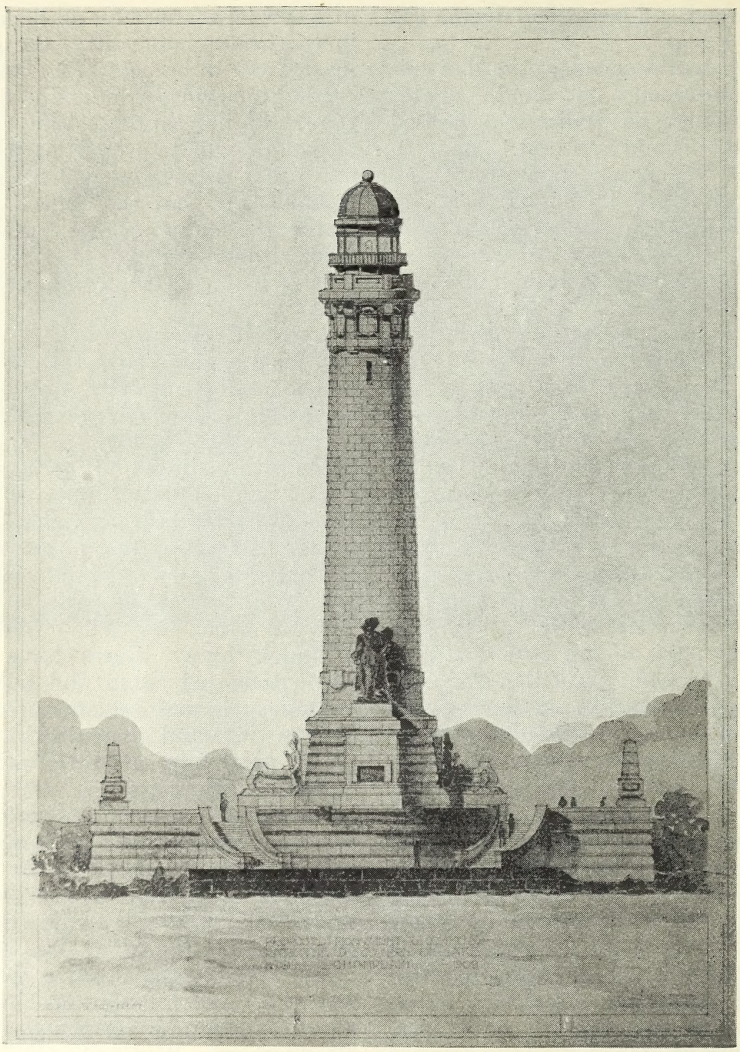
Later in the week, religious services will form a part of the local celebrations at Isle la Motte and Swanton.

Another island associated with later and different history is Valcour now green with verdure and sheltering beneath its banks a relic of one of the lakes' fiercest battles. Near the southern end of the island, early in the Revolution, Arnold's flag-ship, "The Royal Savage," was grounded and burned by the British. The old wreck lies to-day where it sank, although many divers have examined the submerged cabin and hold and the cannon-balls and bullets surrounding it, grown white and glistening by the action of the sand have attracted many adventuresome swimmers.

If present plans are perfected, this ancient wreck whose hull is nearly intact will be raised from its sandy bed where it has rested for more than six score years, and will be used as a feature of the naval celebration. If this is done, it will recall old stories of that dashing young officer Benedict Arnold who once so proudly stood commander on the deck of "The Royal Savage." Foolhardy as he was,



INDIANS PRACTICING FOR THE PAGEANTS



PROPOSED LIGHTHOUSE MEMORIAL TO CHAMPLAIN

and traitor as he became, he was, withal, brave and his dauntless courage was best illustrated in the battle of Valcour's Island.

He did not gain the victory in this first naval battle between the British and Americans, but he did achieve a strategic purpose which caused the enemy to change its military programme, and there is no more thrilling story in American history than the tale of Arnold's burning the remnant of his flotilla to save it from certain capture.

Having transferred his flag to "The Congress," he ran the ships ashore, ordering his men to ignite them and then escape, but he, himself, remained alone upon the deck until the ships were wrapped in flames and the flags which had not been lowered were obscured by smoke. Not until "The Congress" was on the point of destruction did he try to escape.

Less than fifty years later, the fair waters of Plattsburgh Bay were the scene of another battle which is, perhaps, the most famous in the lake's history.

Once again Lake Champlain was

regarded as "the key to the situation," and here the British gathered their strongest forces to strike a desperate blow. So one Sunday morning in the golden September, Commodore Downie of heroic memory met brave Commodore Macdonough and his American fleet. Long and fiercely waged the battle which resulted in the American victory. At the same time, on the land to the northward, the raw militia of New York and Vermont fought valiantly against the veterans from Waterloo. When the day was over, Lake Champlain was the acknowledged possession of the United States, whose banner has ever since floated proudly on her shores.

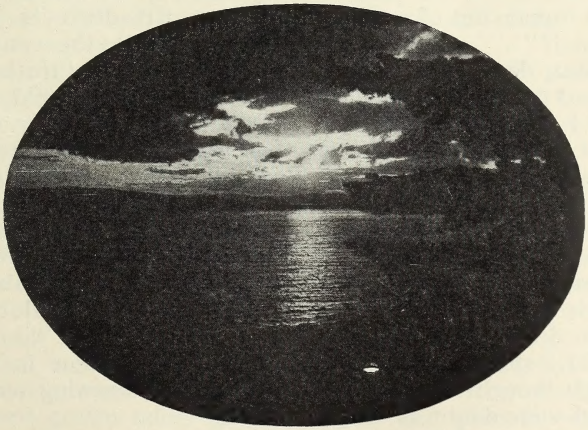
With the peace following the war of 1812, Lake Champlain figured in the new era of commercial and economic development. Just one hundred years ago this summer "The Vermont," said to be the second successful steamboat ever constructed, began to make regular trips on the lake. Ever since, this "lake which is the gate of the country" has been the scene of successful steam navigation, forming an important link in the waterway connecting New York and Montreal.

During Tercentenary week the shores of Lake Champlain from Fort Montgomery to Ticonderoga will be the scene of many celebrations. Prayers will be said, songs will be sung, stirring poems and eloquent addresses will arouse American patriotism. The President of the United States, accompanied by many distinguished men, will be present to personally entertain the representatives of foreign nations. Plattsburgh and Burlington, "The Queen City of Vermont," will be in gala dress and all up and down the Champlain valley will echo sounds of rejoicing.

And after it is all ended, when the great celebration itself shall have become a matter of history, a permanent memorial to Champlain will be erected in order that future generations may appreciate the value of his discovery.

Probably the memorial furnished by the two States in co-operation with the United States Government will take the form of a light-house, and the hand of the "Gentleman of New France" may beckon the traveler across the shining waters he loved so well.

Whatever the memorial may be, the people of New York and Vermont honor themselves in honoring the historical birthday of Lake Champlain whose story is so closely interwoven with the political, religious and commercial history of our country.



SUNSET ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN

A Candid Luncheon

A SOCIAL SILHOUETTE

By BELLE M. WALKER

"Mrs. Broad is just the woman to have thought of it. She is the most original creature—"

"And the most daring," broke in Miss Bright.

"But think what a compliment it is to have been asked to this luncheon! It seems such a pity that the women can't be more truthful." Here Miss Candor leaned back in the brougham and sighed. She was neither unhappily married nor had anything to conceal. "As I understand it," she went on, "Mrs Broad insists that her guests take the heaven-born privilege of not only speaking the exact truth, when asked a question, but of saying what is in their minds,—then as a sort of a reward of merit she is going to take us to the theatre afterward. I suppose it is to be a small luncheon party?"

Miss Bright chuckled. "Eight. It would have to be small considering the restrictions. I call her a social pioneer possessed of bravery worthy of a better cause."

"Eight truthful women out of a calling list of three hundred?"

"Not exactly that, dear, eight women she thought broad-minded enough to stand the truth. I don't know just who is to be there, but of course Miss Young will be. She is the young heiress who has been living with Mrs. Broad ever since the death of her parents who were school friends of Mrs. Broad."

"Mrs. Advanca, too," added Miss Candor, "for she is a dear friend of Mrs. Broad's. Since the death of Mr. Advanca, who was a scientist,—she has gone in for the occult and high thought business."

'When I evinced some doubt as to the success of this excursion into social truth, Mrs. Broad insisted that I should be an eye witness to her success and here we are!" exclaimed Miss Bright.

The motor brougham stopped in front of an old house in upper Fifth Avenue and the women alighted. They did not linger after the maid had taken their wraps. They were too anxious to get into the drawing-room to see who were the other four guests, fearless and discreet—unusual qualities in women.

When they entered the room their hostess came forward with charming cordiality. "We have been looking for you," she said holding out a hand to each.

"I hope we are not late," Miss Candor said, perfunctorilly, as she bowed smilingly to the others, conscious that if she were late her hostess would never say so.

"Yes, you are late."

"What!" Miss Candor's smile was so short-lived that it left her lips wide apart. "What," she repeated, not believing that she had heard correctly.

"Yes, you are about fifteen minutes late. I hope it won't spoil the fish course. Why do you look so astonished, my dear?" There was an amused smile in Mrs. Broad's eyes she noticed the sudden lull in the conversation of her guests, "Is the first truth so unexpected?" What time she could spare from the adoration of her only child, Harold, a nice boy barely of age, was given to unique society events and this promised well.

The early comers were enjoying the situation. They had occasioned no such justified frankness and were beginning to see the possibilities of the next hour.

Mrs. Broad slipped her arm through Miss Candor's and taking Miss Bright's hand placed them in chairs near the others, and drawing one for herself sat down.

"Do put that cushion behind you, Mrs. Head, for you look so uncomfortable," she said, speaking to the oldest and brainiest woman in the group.

Know just how awkward a person usually looks when told they do not look comfortable Mrs. Head said, "Oh, I am perfectly comfortable!"

The reply added considerably to her heightened color but nothing to the length of her legs which made it impossible for her to touch her feet to the floor, although she balanced dexterously on the edge of her chair, and had done so sufficiently long to feel sure of her ability to continue to do so.

Apparently unconscious of the social fabrication the hostess beamed on all about her. "Now that you are all here," she said, "I want to explain this uncanny luncheon as Miss Young calls it." It was Mrs. Broad's secret wish to further the interest the girl felt in her boy, an interest she made no attempt to conceal from Mrs. Broad, and she smiled kindly on her as she continued: "I have heard so much of the shallow duplicity of society women; heard so many deplore the fact that people were not really sincere with each other and that they never said what they really thought, that there was always mental reservation, that I determined to have this luncheon and give a few persons this coveted luxury of free speech just to try the experiment among the broadest minded persons I know. Although you have all met before you don't know each other so desperately well as to make the truth stupid, and I have chosen my guests from widely different avenues of life. Oh, I forgot! Miss Sharp and Mrs. Culture have never met before. Altogether it is a beautiful arrangement!"

Mrs. Culture smiled across at Miss Sharp. She was really very glad that there was one person in the room who did not know of her divorce which, when it had occurred some years before, had furnished considerable comment because it was such a decent affair, occasioned by no scandal of any kind. She had resumed her maiden name and been received very well ever since.

In fact, all smiled approvingly except Miss Candor, whose smile was sufficiently forced to have been grown under glass. Then they all began to talk at once, and had one been able to understand a word he would have known that they were delighted to be of so select an assemblage.

This chorus of self-congratulation was broken by Mrs. Broad rising to her feet as the portieres were drawn aside, by the butler, as a signal that luncheon was served.

It was a round table and Mrs. Broad had arranged her guests with great care and diplomacy. When the eight women had found their place-cards and had seated themselves they all exclaimed at the centerpiece, a miniature cherry tree, and at each place they found a tiny gold hatchet pin.

Mrs. Broad turned to the girl seated at her left, "Ethel, I seated you next to Mrs. Head because you and she have so much in common in regard to music."

Ethel Young raised her pretty eyes from her clams with surprise. "Why I didn't know that you were musical, Mrs. Head!"

Mrs. Head fitted her glasses more firmly on her nose and turned two amazed eyes on Ethel.

"Where do you come from?"

"Springfield, Mass."

"Springfield? Why I've been in Springfield. But it was years ago."

"Yes, I met you there, oh! a great many years ago."

"You?" and Mrs. Head's musical eye travelled over the inexpensive frock Ethel was wearing, "I was there once only, when I went to a reception given at the Mayor's house.'"

"Yes. It was at the Mayor's house I met you," and Ethel fell back on her clams.

"You! How did you happen to be in the Mayor's house?"

"I happened to be born in it; the Mayor was my father."

When some women are made uncomfortable by their own acts they feel a resentment toward their innocent victim. Mrs. Head belonged to that class.

In the babble of voices this little confession reached no ears except the astonished ones for which it was intended, and to recover herself a little, under cover of the general conversation Mrs. Head tapped her glass to see if it were cut glass. Evidently satisfied with its ring that it was she turned again to Miss Young: "He died some time ago and report has it that he left his money in

public bequests. Where is your home now?"

"Here. I am staying with Mrs. Broad now until—"and she turned a grateful, flushed face toward Mrs. Broad who had not heard as she was listening, with some concern, to Miss Bright who was talking across the table to Mrs. Advanca, on the subject of long engagements.

Mrs. Advanca allowed the butler to remove her plate with only two empty clam shells so engrossed was she with her defence of long engagements. "I don't believe that a man and woman *can* know each other too well before marriage."

"Or too little afterward," said Mrs. Culture, acidly. Rumor had it that her husband had left her because of certain vibrations not in harmony with real home comfort. "Men jump so at conclusions"—

"And women jump so at men," said Miss Candor.

Miss Bright leaned forward apparently to address the whole table. "I can't see for the life of me why people are so interested in love affairs. They are as old as the hills, quite common, and wholly to be expected. No one lives who hasn't had one, or couldn't have had one if she wanted one. And with all the complexity and diversity the subject affords there are only two endings to any love affair,—momentary despair if you are disappointed in one and continual regret if you aren't."

"Here, here! What heresy is this, Miss Bright?" exclaimed the widow. "Do you never intend to marry?"

"Who said anything about marriage? That can always be arranged, but love is an entirely different proposition."

Mrs. Culture looked over the top of her glass and said, "Have you been reading Shaw?"

Thinking to avert an unprofitable argument Mrs. Broad looked at Mrs. Advanca's plate and absent mindedly observed, "You aren't eating your fish."

"I can't eat fish, it always poisons me," Mrs. Advanca replied sweetly, playing with her little hatchet.

Mrs. Broad's smile died suddenly and then recovering herself quickly, she said, "I am sorry, I know some people can't eat fish. But you aren't eating your deviled lobster either, Mrs. Head."

"No."

"You aren't fond of it? Or does it poison you?"

"Neither, it didn't taste quite fresh to me." And Mrs. Head leaned back in her chair with an air of a woman who had performed a painful duty required of her, tersely, and with discretion.

Mrs. Broad laughed joyously. "I am so glad that you are all taking advantage of the purpose of this luncheon. It will stand out in the memory of all as being unique."

"Indeed it will," agreed Miss Sharp, who up to now had made no audible comment even to Miss Bright's onslaught on love affairs.

Miss Bright turned an interested face toward her. "You said very little about marriage and love—"

"Or divorce," broke in Mrs. Culture with sarcasm.

Miss Sharp blushed furiously. "You don't believe in divorces where there is utter incompattability of temper? and mutual indifference? I do!"

"You speak emphatically—presumably in proportion to your real ignorance of the subject. You have lived abroad I understand, studying art and then returned to your Arizona home where you have been all this past winter. Two weeks ago you told me that you came to New York for its exhibitions. Pardon me, but permit me to say that you are too young to have formed any just or adequate ideas on so important a subject as divorce." And Mrs. Culture smiled in a superior way over the top of her wine glass at Mrs. Broad, who looked apprehensively at Miss Sharp. She had met Miss Sharp in Paris and had taken a great fancy to her as a talented young woman of rare independence of mind and action. Lately news had reached her that she was engaged to a mining expert whom she had met in Arizona, but she did not know whether it was true or not.

"I am not too young for that, Mrs. Culture," responded Miss Sharp, with a note of defiance in her voice, "I have gone considerably farther than to speculate. I am engaged to a divorced man."

The silence that followed this statement was quite sepulchral.

Mrs. Advanca was the first to recover herself. "There is nothing so amazing in that, after all. I don't know why we should all be so surprised. Love is the great thing, and if Miss Sharp has found that greatest expression of oneself she is to be congratulated," and her eyes grew quite limpid with sympathy.

Mrs. Broad threw her a grateful smile. She felt kindly toward the widow who seemed to be referring to her own happy past.

Miss Young looked with renewed interest at Miss Sharp. Her expression was not unmixed with sympathy, for she, too, had learned what love was. She leaned her elbows on the table and said: "Do tell us his name so long as you have told us so much."

"Yes," joined in Mrs. Culture with a smile slightly tinged with condescension. "Yes, do tell us his name so that we may wish you happiness," and she raised her wine glass with a glance including all.

"Professor Jewell."

The wine glass slipped from Mrs. Culture's hand and shattered upon the table. She started from her seat, her face flushed and excited.

"Why! what is the matter?" Miss Young and Miss Sharp exclaimed, starting from their seats. The rest remained silent with surprise.

"I am going to ask to be excused; I don't feel that I can stay. I'm not feeling well," and she pushed back her chair and started for the door, Mrs. Broad following her anxiously.

Miss Sharp had been watching her very intensely, and before she reached the door she spoke in a low, tense voice: "Mrs. Culture, do you know Professor Jewell?"

Mrs. Culture faced around slowly and looked at Miss Sharp a moment without speaking. Then shrugging her shoulders she said, "I don't think I do. He was my husband." Then she passed out of the room.

A brief and uncomfortable silence followed which was broken by Miss Young who laughed hysterically and said, "Won't the claret stain the cloth badly?"

Mrs. Head mechanically replied to the unanswered and irrevelant question. "Yes, nothing stains worse than claret. The table cloth is practically ruined, and it is a beautiful one specially woven for Mrs. Broad."

"Oh, this is ghastly!" exclaimed Miss Sharp, her face still scarlet from the surprise of Mrs. Culture's announcement. "Why didn't some one tell me that she was divorced?"

"Well, it's fairly safe to suppose that one woman out of eight may be divorced in this country—but even then what good would it have done? That wouldn't have saved the situation as we never knew of your engagement. It is well known here that Mrs. Culture was divorced years ago and took her maiden name. This sounds hard, but this is what we promised—to say what we thought. But don't you mind."

"But I do mind! This spoils the luncheon and my remaining will make it as awkward for me as it is for Mrs. Broad, so I'll slip out and tell Mrs. Broad. You wouldn't ask me to remain, any of you, would you?" she said, with a forlorn little smile as she pushed back her chair and rose.

They all shook their heads sympathetically and she went into the hall where they heard the returning footsteps of Mrs. Broad.

"What a pity," soliloquized Miss Bright, playing with Mrs. Culture's hatchet, which the butler had pushed aside while he covered the wine stain with an exquisitely embroidered doily. "Mrs. Broad's idea was so original and clever! It seems such a pity it is spoiled!"

"It isn't spoiled," broke in Mrs. Head, emphatically, pushing her chair farther to her left as they had all moved their chairs around a bit to fill up the vacant places left by Mrs. Culture and Miss Sharp. "It must not be spoiled. Of course that was a very awkward situation, one that wouldn't happen again in a life-time. You see Mrs. Culture's divorce is too old a story to be the subject of discussion. It was simply a case of being married too young. Now we must prove to Mrs. Broad that the rest of us are equal to her idea."

When the hostess returned, slightly flushed and with an expression of comic despair on her face, the butler was serving the salad.

"Oh, I don't know," she said as she looked around at her remaining guests. "I am afraid this is a dismal failure. Here we are only at the salad and our party has shrunk to six. I never dreamed that such a thing could occur. I will say though that they didn't balk when it came to telling the truth even if they couldn't stand for it. But it seemed strange that unexpected truths should so upset one, I doubt if I should be so unprepared. But I am sorry this occurred before Miss Young. She hasn't become disillusioned yet," and Mrs. Broad leaned forward and patted her hand.

A pretty flush suffused the girl's face and she smiled happily at Mrs. Broad.

"I think it is very dangerous, Mrs. Broad, to have this young person stay with you when that young scamp son of yours is about," warned Mrs. Head in a way she meant to be playful.

Mrs. Broad beamed upon Miss Young. "I think it just as dangerous for him—eh, girlie? Oh, I can be perfectly sure of him. He is a good boy—too young to marry yet. He is only twenty-one."

Miss Candor and Miss Bright exchanged significant glances.

The widow lifted a pair of retrospective eyes to encounter the intent gaze of Mrs. Head. "Are your thoughts worth a penny?" the widow asked, reaching for an almond.

"I was wondering if it was Mrs. Broad's son that I saw you with last night at the theatre. I sat so far behind you, that I couldn't be sure."

The widow looked at the open-mouthed Miss Young and said nonchalantly: "It was he,—we often go to the theatre together. I am as old as mother."

"Oh yes, Mrs. Advanca is very good to my boy," and Mrs. Broad's eyes were wells of gratitude.

"Aren't you afraid of making some one jealous?" grinned the good-natured Miss Candor.

"Jealous? Why, what do you mean?"

"You're hedging, you're hedging and what's more you're blushing, too," and Miss Candor blundered joyously on.

"What do you mean by this, Miss Candor?"

Suddenly sobered, Miss Candor said very quietly with a sympathetic look of understanding at Miss Young and a frown appearing "I heard that you are engaged."

The boy was forgotten in the excitement that followed this announcement. Two romances unearthed at one sitting and the coffee just in sight! No wonder they beat their hatchets upon the table in anticipation of the announcement for the widow had been very discreet, and her name had been singularly free from gossip, considering that she was wealthy and handsome.

"How did you hear that?" asked the widow with unmistakable annoyance.

"Miss Bright's younger brother is interested in a girl who lives opposite you, and he sees him call upon you."

"Perhaps he thinks he knows who he is."

"He does."

"Who does he think it is?"

Miss Candor glanced at her hostess. She sat with her elbow on the table, her chin in her hand, trying hard not to show how she enjoyed the widow's confusion.

The butler had just served the coffee and had withdrawn.

Then Miss Candor turned to Mrs. Advanca. "He doesn't think. He knows. It is Harold Broad."

"What!" If the word wasn't a scream it was a bud from the same stalk, and Mrs. Broad's dimpled elbow slipped, knocking the finger bowl to the floor where it lay in fragments, unnoticed.

"What!" she repeated: "*You* engaged to my son! My boy! It is the most outrageous thing I ever heard! It's not true. I shall never speak—"

In the excess of her rage she burst into tears and promptly passed into hysterics, while Miss Young took this opportunity to fall back into her chair in a dead faint.

When Miss Young recovered consciousness she found herself in her own room in Mrs. Broad's house with the maid in attendance. When she finally recalled all that had happened during the previous hour and a half, she went down stairs to find her hostess.

Mrs. Broad was lying on the couch in her own den. Her eyes were quite red from much weeping, and on the floor

was her favorite book and bits of cardboard that looked as though they had been thrown there in a fit of temper.

Miss Young stooped and picked up the book and the scraps of papers.

The book was Emerson's "Essays on Self-Control" and the bits of paper were the theatre tickets for "Paid in Full."

CAMP IN THE PINES—A MEMORY

By CHARLES WASHBURN NICHOLS.

O morn beside the quiet gleaming water,
Sweet happy dawn I can no longer see,
Close-bound amidst the city's noisy clamor
I lift my heart to thee!

Again I hear the white-throat whistle clearly,
And up the foothills to the ranges proud,
I watch the sun-touched mists of morning wander
In weird white wraiths of cloud.

When lo, the pure gold of my gentle dreaming
Is mingled with the city's hard alloy;
O morn beside the quiet gleaming water,
Give me thy joy!

O noon beside the restless tossing water,
O sunny noon, sweet-scented with the pines,
I need to feel thy touch upon my forehead,
Within the city mines

Where side by side men struggle, toil, and perish,
To hold a bit of silver in their hands;
I long to hear the waves go rushing onward—
The roar upon the sands.

But as I listen for the wind's wild tumult,
The clanging city drowns it out at length,
O noon beside the restless tossing water,
Give me thy strength!

O night beside the quiet dreaming water,
O starlit sky and starlit lake below,
I would that I could feel thy mystic presence
Amidst the ebb and flow

Adown the stifling streets within the city;
Or see the mountains rising in the dark
That prowls around the fire light ever closer
As night comes down—but hark!

Along the glittering sordid city canyons
Sweeps by the mighty roar that will not cease;
O night beside the quiet dreaming water,
Give me thy peace!

THE MATTERHORN

SWITZERLAND

[NOTE.—*This manuscript was sent to us by the late Dr. Edward Everett Hale, who omitted to inform us of the author's name and address. We regret the necessity of printing it anonymously.*—EDITOR.]

I WAS twelve years old at the time my father became the occupant of a farm in the Granite State and that winter, in the district school, in the thin quarto, Morse's Geography, I read that New Hampshire was called The Switzerland of America.

That was nearly sixty years ago. In the time that has intervened I have learned to know the features of New Hampshire; its hills and mountains, its streams and lakes, its flora and fauna, the characteristics of its people and the resources they have at command. Maybe I have known them better because I have been mainly a dweller in other States and, to some extent, a traveler in other lands; for through all the time I have been more than a frequent visitor to the granite hills which I learned to love with a love that knows no ceasing. Maybe the present is the only year—if there are other exceptions they are few—out of the nearly three score, that has not had some portion of it spent in the region of which I had early become so fond; but of the real Switzerland I saw nothing, although more than once I visited the countries on every side of it. I was determined not to visit Switzerland until a time might come when there should be leisure enough to look at it without hurry and to digest its scenes and attractions without the necessity of moving on before being ready to do so. That time never came, but in the year 1907 there was a nearer approach to it than I am destined to again be allowed.

Of many tourists in Switzerland I have asked, "In what respect is Switzerland like New Hampshire?" and by those most competent to express an opinion I have been answered "In no respect," and yet it continues to be called the Switzerland of America. "You should be there in June," said one, "because then the waterfalls are full and the Alpine flowers in the greatest profusion." Earlier than June was not advisable, for the passes would not be passable nor the hotels open for the reception of visitors. Although determined to take this advice no stress had been laid upon what part of June should be chosen, and other attractions so delayed progress that not only did the entire month slip by before Switzerland was reached but so too had the whole of July. August and September however were still available, and what I saw was observed during those two months spliced out by a portion of the first week in October.

If one should take the map of New Hampshire and Vermont, as they are in the atlas commonly pictured, side by side, and, with the scissors, should round off the corners and scallop the edges somewhat, thereby removing about one-fifth of the surface, the part that remained would represent the area of Switzerland with considerable approach to accuracy. Its situation is in the heart of Europe, Italy to the south of it, Austria at the east, France at the west and Germany north. Should we attempt to illustrate its comparative position and area by reference to a map of the United States it would be found to compare pretty closely, both as to space and position, with that portion of Texas commonly denominated "The Pan Handle." Though of area not nearly twice as great as New Hampshire, it has well on to ten times as many people. Taking cities and towns together, with waste places and forests, New Hampshire has forty inhabitants to the square mile and Switzerland two hundred, consequently the probability of seeing human beings around one is increased in that proportion. One

is constantly impressed that Switzerland is full of people, and to those that dwell there must be added tens, yes, hundreds of thousands who go there for health or pleasure. New Hampshire is a summer playground for the inhabitants of the cities of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, and to some extent for those of sections of the United States not so nearly contiguous; but Switzerland is the playground of Europe, and to a considerable degree is frequented by travelers from every part of the habitable globe. On its hotel visitors' book one finds names from Australia, Japan, Russia, Mexico, Argentina, Brazil and far away points generally, about in the same proportion that their populations, of a traveling class, bear to those of the rest of the world, and nearly as many come from the United States, three thousand miles away, as from Germany, situated next door, that sends it most visitors, and actually more than come from any other country whatever. Maybe this is not strange as the United States is to-day the most populous of all the white nations of the earth and its people are more given to travel for pleasure and recreation than are those of any other nation, and, to a greater extent than exists in any other, its people, the common people, have the means to indulge the inclination to go about and see the world.

There is no coal in Switzerland and if there is any peat it is not of much account. The universal fuel among the rural community is wood, and although it is a wooded country the supply has to be husbanded with care or it would soon be exhausted—there are so many people. The forests everywhere appear to be looked after. Every tree has about it almost a suggestion of belonging to somebody. The prevailing tree is—to my eyes—a spruce, corresponding closely to the black or red spruce of New England, although it seems to be universally spoken of as a fir. In New Hampshire there is one species of fir, and only one. It used to be considered an almost worthless tree. Thoreau denominated it the weed of the woods. It rots so quickly that it is of little use for fencing material. Boards sawn from its trunk are too soft and yielding to hold nails so its use for building purposes was discredited. For one purpose the farmer found it unrivalled. Its soft texture yielded easily to the long auger and the perforated trunks joined by driving the sharpened end of one into the hollowed out butt of another made the aqueduct that brought the water supply to every farm house before the days of lead or still cheaper iron pipe of to-day. It is pretty well known that wood that is *always* wet *never* decays, so the fir performed this function to general satisfaction. In recent years it has been learned that its wood may be mingled sparingly with that of the pulp-producing spruce and serve to feed the maw of the great paper factories that are denuding the hillsides of New Hampshire and other spruce-growing regions. The fir however has some other qualities that recommend it maybe more to sentiment than usefulness. The bark of its trunk is thickly studded with small blisters that on being pricked with a penknife and subjected to pressure exude a balsam as colorless as water and as sticky as sin. Sometimes half a teaspoonful will be yielded by a single blister. It has a delightful odor. Who gets some of it on a garment will wait long before any method he may adopt will remove it. On the hands it sticks and turns black, and stays and stays. Soap will have no effect upon it, but by anointing the stained part thickly with any sort of grease and then applying the soft soap made by the farmer for household purposes, the pitch or balsam comes off, leaving the skin whiter than it ever was before, and without any effect upon it that is other than beneficial. For a small cut or bleeding bruise the balsam makes a remedy more adhesive than court plaster and of greater curative qualities than mutton tallow, that basis of all curative salves. When used for the purpose here spoken of it is common to rub the hand with clean soil or, better still, the pulp of a rotten tree trunk, which neutralizes the exposed sticking surface, and makes the application unobjectionable except that it does not look pretty. Nothing in the way of forestry is more attractive than a New Hampshire hillside covered with a young growth of thrifty firs, each tree forming a perfect cone of

THE BERNESE ALPS

green with its sharp top pointing heavenward.

"I remember, I remember the fir trees
dark and high.
I used to think their slender tops were
close against the sky."

It is with the branchlets of the fir tree that the fragrant pillows are filled which young women carry home from a sojourn in the White Mountains or Adirondacks. From the odor and the curative exuding juice or gum the tree is commonly called the Balsam Fir, and maybe oftener the real name is left off and Balsam stands in its place. Of the two species of spruce growing in New Hampshire, one, the white spruce, when having a situation in a clearing or the margin of a wood where its branches may reach out to the sunshine, takes on somewhat of a resemblance and is often, it may perhaps be said commonly, mistaken for the fir. A curious instance of this may be found in the name given to that most attractive and Swiss-like of New Hampshire resorts situated at Dixville Notch and called "The Balsams," taking its name from a pretty bunch of trees left from the original forest but burgeoned out in the greater room now afforded, and supposed by the proprietor to be fir trees, while not more than two or three out of the fifty or more actually are so. Even the natives, mainly lumbermen born, fail to note the error although not one would fail to distinguish the difference instantly if looking at logs cut from the two sorts of trees. On one occasion I had an opportunity to exhibit branchlets from these trees to two members of the New Hampshire Forestry Commission and both pronounced them fir. Then I produced actual fir branches and each acknowledged the error, but neither had ever noticed the resemblance before. What makes the case still more curious is that the mistaken spruce not only is destitute of the odor of the Balsam fir, but

THE CASTLE OF CHILLON

has an opposite quality that has led farmers and others who have occasion to work among young specimens of it to give it the unpleasant names of bastard spruce, stinking spruce and skunk spruce. It grows to be a much larger tree than the fir, and when standing detached in a large field or pasture makes the most graceful evergreen of which New England can boast.

I must not neglect to make mention of one other useful purpose to which the balsam of the fir is applied. It is the adhesive substance used by oculists to cause the separate small lenses of bi-focal spectacles to adhere to the larger part that serves to strengthen the vision for the inspection of a more distant object.

As has been said, most of the trees in Switzerland are spruces. Spruce is the timber and spruce the fuel. In some wide sections, if it should be set down that out of every hundred trees ninety-nine are spruce, one with that idea in mind might find it necessary to look very closely to find the one tree of some other sort to complete the even number. In New Hampshire the owner of the wood lot cuts down his spruce when he wants it for timber purposes, leaving a stump of two or, if there is snow on the ground, three or four feet high. From the butt end he takes one or two, maybe three, logs of such lengths as he desires and the tree affords, and leaves the top and all the branches to cumber the ground, impede the walker through the forest, and, if by good luck the debris does not contribute itself as a quota to a forest fire, it eventually crumbles to the ground and in a dozen or twenty years has sunk out of observation. In Switzerland the timber spruce is most likely to be taken up by the roots and the roots are used for fuel. The cuttings are made not with axes but with saws, thus avoiding the waste that

otherwise goes to chips. Next the bark is removed. In New Hampshire the bark would have no value but in Switzerland it is worth saving for fuel; then all the branches are gathered and piled in an orderly, systematic manner. By and by these will be carried to some near by home and there cut into suitable lengths, will form a portion of the scant winter's supply of fuel. I have noticed in some cases that the leaves or needles that fall off with the drying process, are heaped up as though they too possessed an element of value. That they will sustain combustion every New Hampshire farmer who has had occasion to combat the progress of a forest fire has had reason to realize and regret.

So great is the need of economizing fuel that even small bushes with their dried leaves attached are in some sections carefully preserved for their fuel value.

The spruce is the timber tree of Switzerland but land is too valuable to permit it to be grown on level surfaces. The mountain side, too steep or too rocky to admit cultivation or even pasturage, serves to give it standing room, for a tree can stand where cattle cannot feed and where man only approaches with care and difficulty. In getting the timber to the mill gravity serves the purpose which New Hampshire rivers are called upon to serve. The trees can be made to slide down selected inclines and so much rough usage do they encounter, in their descent, that whoever looks over the collection of logs seen at a saw mill will note that the ends are bruised and shivered to a degree that is sometimes quite surprising, notwithstanding care has been taken to round off the sharp edges of the sawn ends to avoid this very thing.

Enough has been said of the care taken to preserve a supply of fuel to lead one to suppose that there will be little waste in the consumption of it. Who would have a fire in his fireplace in the bedroom

THE VIA MALA

THE JUNGFRAU

of a Swiss hotel will, if he succeeds in getting it, be charged the equivalent of forty cents for no more than a good armful of spruce or pine wood, and additional supplies come very hard indeed. The fuel is split very fine and cut very short. On one occasion I applied to the tender mercies of a Swiss hotelkeeper who had had twelve years' experience in the forests of Northern Wisconsin. To my partly facetious appeal whether I might not be allowed two more toothpicks and a postage stamp with which to reinforce my fire, he not only sent up a large basket promptly but out of consideration of his American memories and sympathies made no mention at all of the fuel in the bill which was presented next morning before proceeding on my journey. Americans in Switzerland, in fact in any part of Europe, find much difficulty about keeping as warm as they think necessary for their comfort. They have to make the best of the discomfort and do not talk much about it, but it is often a serious matter or seems so at the time.

Swiss roofs in the towns are commonly covered with tiles, made of material very similar to that of which the New Hampshire bean pot is composed, but the sides of buildings are often covered with shingles which further illustrate the economy of timber material. They seem to be cut out with a draw knife and are so laid as to present to the weather a surface not larger than that of an American silver dollar, and the thickness of the wood is not greater than that of the coin. That they serve a good purpose is shown by buildings shown me that had stood for fifteen years without renewal and for which it was claimed that with an occasional coating of paint even thirty years would not terminate their effectiveness.

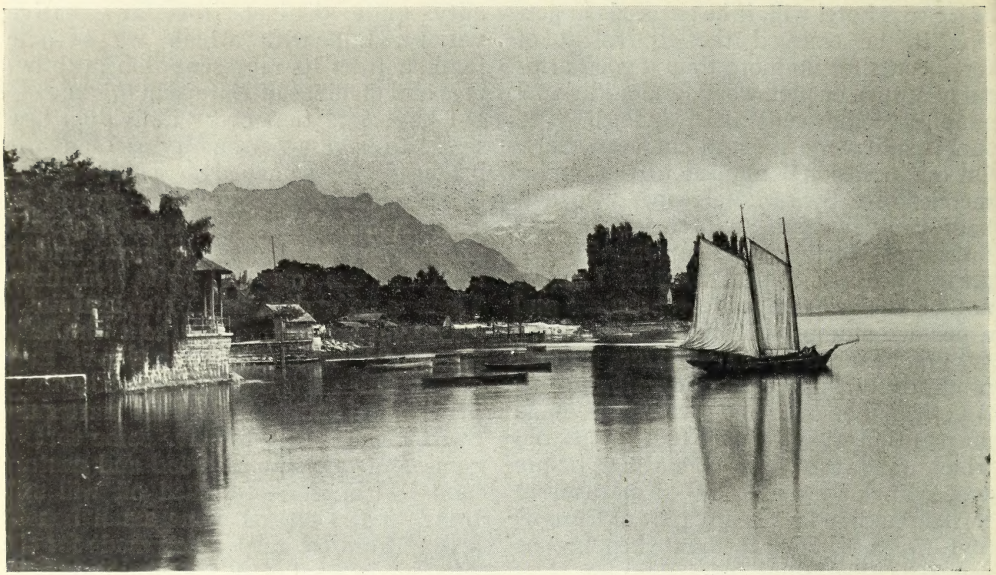
Next to the spruce in value the pine would seem to hold second place, with the tamarack, our American larch, coming close in order. These also grow on the mountain sides. Then, here and there one may see considerable groves of beech. The maple, though not absolutely absent, cuts no figure, and in most sections the birch is absent. Where it is seen it is of that small-leaved graceful variety which in America is obtained from the nurserymen and has an individuality quite distinct from any native variety, but with which we become familiar from its representation in drawings and etchings of European origin.

I have said that every individual tree seems to have a personality as though it belonged to somebody. There is no crowding. Often there is a growth of grass among them where there is ground enough to permit grass to grow, and in such case the cows and goats feed there. There is no underbrush. No dead limbs encumber the ground, for those who have no actual ownership in a forest may gather fallen limbs and loose roots for a private fuel supply. For that matter the Swiss people seem to have some sort of common ownership of wood and pasture land which, if not availed of, will still bring to the citizen some small benefit arising from the disposition made for the common interest of all the members of the community. They seem to be right on the edge of holding the land to belong to all, just as air and water do.

The Lombardy poplar and the silver-leaved aspens seen by New England houses and village streets are also in evidence and both varieties, the round-leaved and the grand identa, called "Poples" in the latest New Hampshire forestry reports I have seen, are common enough wherever a variety of growth seems to gain a foothold. There are maybe as many varieties of willow as grow in New Hampshire, and that is a good many.

The alder is also well distributed and grows somewhat larger and of a more upright habit than in New Hampshire where a tree of this sort as large as a man's wrist never stands up in a self-respecting manner. The mountain ash is common, and wonderfully attractive with its red berries. Other ash trees are seen but are few in number. The elm is hardly to be found at all. Some specimens of the Red Osier Dogwood were observed. Once and once only a hornbeam, called leverwood in New Hampshire, was observed. From first to last I did not see half a dozen specimens of the wild cherry or the choke cherry that ornaments the banks of so many streams in New Hampshire with its flowers in spring time and profuse fruitage in the later summer.

Now and then a sumach could be seen,



VEVEY—THE LAKE

and its intensely red leaves, in early autumn, together with the equally brilliant foliage of the Virginia Creeper, called woodbine in New Hampshire, have some tendency toward giving a Swiss landscape in favored localities something of the gorgeousness of the American autumn. The Virginia Creeper is perhaps the one vine that in Switzerland is most in evidence.

In Europe the yew is a noble tree and lives to a great age. Specimens are pointed out by old churches and castles that are known to have reached an age of many centuries. In New Hampshire we have the "American yew" with the same foliage and branchlets but never growing higher than a man's waist, and is much appreciated by hunters who want an improvised bed for a night, with as they call it ground hemlock. This shrub produces sparingly a bright red berry, which has the peculiarity that it bears an opening at its base through which the stony seed pit in its centre is plainly exposed to view. It afforded some satisfaction to note that a great yew tree, growing in a park at Geneva, bore a few berries and each one presented the peculiarity above described. In a muddled condition of mind brought about by reading fairy stories, maybe, I long thought the yule log was a section cut from a yew tree, and was almost pained to ascertain that any sort of a log on the andirons burning at Christmas was a good enough yule log. How often we drift into notions not better founded. "I suppose," said I once to a young college graduate, "the Sagas of Iceland about which we read were certain wise men of that land, were they not?" And in reply he told me that they were, an answer that pleased me much for I had long had the same idea and only recently found out that I was in error.

Of fruit trees in Switzerland there are an abundance. Of these the pear largely predominates, followed by the plum, the apple and the cultivated cherry. Olives don't seem like fruit to me and the fig and the quince are hardly large enough to be considered trees. The English walnut and the chestnut grow in great profusion and many of the trees are of noble proportions. One walnut growing before my window, at a hotel where I was stopping, was fully five feet in diameter and the few nuts that fell in the little balcony belonging to my room, when peeled of the outer rind and cracked by a sharp rap with the handle of my rather heavy pocket knife, had a taste so excellent as to invariably induce me to walk out under the tree and seek two or three

other windfalls to prolong the pleasure. The hazel nut, too, which fills out to perfect proportions in Switzerland and is, in New Hampshire, always a poor, stunted thing, has an exquisite flavor when eaten only a few days after being gathered from the bush, and while still bearing its green toque with its nettle-like outer surface. The young person who does not know of the excellence of the chestnut that has been off the tree just long enough to be wilted, and not long enough to permit it to become dry as flint or to develop the worm that is as sure to be in it as the soul is in a man, has a pleasant experience still before him.

Favorite shade trees in Switzerland are the sycamore, horse chestnut, linden and locust, of which I should think, from seeing them only in or near to towns and villages, no one of them is indigenous to the soil. They manage shade trees with great skill. By a system of pollarding the head is restricted to a system of short clubbed branches which permit the trees to stand in very close order. From these every spring small branches shoot out with great vigor, growing from two to six feet in length in an incredible time, and filling the entire space overhead, across a wide walk, with an impenetrable arbor of solid foliage, a most complete and grateful shade from the midday summer sun.

They are very considerate of trees in Switzerland. In one city I had occasion to note a very handsome tree of the cedar variety, tall, large, graceful and vigorous. It stood at the side of the street in precisely the place where the tracks should be laid for a trolley road. Did they cut that tree down to remove the obstruction? Not at all, but they made a sharp curve, a sort of semi-circle around it, and every passenger who is jounced around or thrown off his seat as the car whizzes by this point, may have occasion to know that the inconvenience to which he is subjected was an advisable sacrifice in the cause of beauty. It would have been a pity to sacrifice that tree, but in America it would have been done.

Among the shrubs seen growing wild, the familiar red-berried elder is maybe more conspicuous than any other recognized as belonging to New Hampshire. Maybe that the name by which I first learned to know it, "Pizen," detracts somewhat from its charm. The white elder grows more luxuriantly than with us at home and its berries are not only available for elderberry wine, if such a thing is known in Switzerland, but they also have a distinct food value as a constituent of puddings and tarts. Raspberries and blackberries are seen but not in any great profusion, and it was related that a prejudice or superstition prevents the use of the last named as a table fruit. The blueberry bush is not unknown, though by no means common.

On mountain summits the Scotch heather grows and blossoms in its season. Rose bushes, growing wild, are frequently seen and once I noticed one high-bush cranberry, which has such pretty flower *cymes* in the spring, and from which gardeners have developed that rival of the lilac bush that we speak of as the snowball.

Most attractive of all the small shrubs, familiar to the eye of an American, is the barberry bush. Its graceful, curving habit of growth makes it attractive and its red fruit, which is conspicuous from summer till frost time, is as attractive as the flowers of the favorite Japanese quince now so much cultivated in parks and gardens.

Among familiar plants without woody stems I noted, dandelion, the common and the tall stalked sorts; fireweed (Epilobium), very common; red clover, rather rare; white clover, still rarer; white daisy, the whiteweed which the New Hampshire farmer so much despises and which fifty years ago he had never seen; the nettle; Indian poke or white hellebore; hawkweeds; yellow dock, very common; joepye-weed; buttercups but not in the profusion seen with us; ferns, but with nothing like the New Hampshire profusion; the great coarse parsnip-like plant we call angelica; the wild carrot; shepherd's-purse; chickweed; burdock; hemp nettle; pig weed; chicory; bull thistle and meadow thistle, but not the sort we call Canada thistle, which name is said to be a popular corruption of the Bible "cursed thistle"; strawberries; herds grass; marsh marigold; toadflax; yarrow, both white and pink; catnip; sweet clover: live-forever (Sedum).

The little mountain cranberries that flourish on bare New Hampshire mountain tops abound and make the same delicious sauce that goes as well with a Swiss partridge as it does with the much superior ruffled grouse which we call a partridge but is not. I must not forget to add the forget-me-not, the clematis and the sweet little twinflower, maybe better known as the Linnæa Borealis.

Of the club mosses (Lycopodium) I only saw that one of the vine-like habit, most often used for Christmas decorations at church festivals in New Hampshire, and whose cat-tail-like tops produce the powdery spears that old-fashioned doctors used to dust their pills with and are used at the theatre to produce artificial lightning.

Then there is the little friar's head moss, sometimes called bird wheat, and the mare's tail—which is a variation of the once valued scouring rush. The garget grows wild, of which the New Hampshire farmer administers a piece of the dried root to his cow when hard bunches develop in her udder and of the berries of which his boy makes his first and very satisfactory supply of red ink.

The larkspur of our gardens grows in wild profusion by the roadside, poppies color the wheatfields and blue bachelors buttons grow and blossom on the potato hills. In the gardens one sees the familiar sunflower, hollyhock, phlox, dahlias and petunias.

There are several varieties of pretty little bluebells. No other flower is so common. It seems to be classed as a gentian. I saw a very few yellow flowers that seemed to suggest the New England aster but looked in vain for the blue variety which is the pride of our autumn woods. I finally did see some samples of this in a florist's window but learned that it was considered a garden flower.

Of the edelweiss, the national flower of Switzerland, which is not pretty, only curious, I saw but a single specimen growing and that was in a flower pot in a florist's window.

The wild flowers of Switzerland are almost countless and many of them of great beauty. Although there are roses in Switzerland, the Alpine rose, of which one hears so much, is not a rose at all but a kind of rhododendron, corresponding to some extent to the Canada rhodora which now and then purples a whole valley or swampy region in New Hampshire, and to which Emerson dedicated a pretty little poem, and which many a New Hampshire farmer confuses with the lamb kill or mountain laurel that grows side by side with it and between which, when not in bloom, few are able to distinguish although the difference is plain enough when attention has once been directed to it.

Wormwood is a common shrub—from it the deadly absinthe is distilled—there are plenty of dandelions, both the common sort and the tall-growing variety; the hawkweed is seen to some extent and no flower is more common, more widely distributed or much more attractive than the Epilobium, which we call fireweed.

Golden-rod is said not to exist but I saw no less than four varieties which my inexact and not thoroughly educated eye would accord the name of golden-rod if seen by a New Hampshire roadside. There is also a pretty close substitute for the mullein, although its leaves are not so velvety as with us. I did not notice a single specimen of sorrel, either of the field or wood variety, and the hard-hack or wild spirea which so prettily adorns New Hampshire pasture land—very much to its disadvantage—is not seen at all. The buttercup is there but never in the wild profusion that sometimes makes a whole field as yellow as sunshine.

(*To be continued.*)

On the Road to Jimtown

By CHARLES A. CAMPBELL

FOR the rank and file of humanity, there is this all-important problem, occupying eight, ten or possibly twelve hours each day, the problem of work. While this man sets off for the office at eight, another must reach the shop at seven; and one I know swings a pick and shovel with the gang where soon a great store will displace a medley of derricks and engines.

Labor feeds our cities; it has raised them, every wall. And through the changing seasons, the farmer goes the round of toil. Like the Author of all things, work is omnipresent and yet it seems there is a great deal of profanity and discord; go where we will, we must work to live, unless there be, O bliss! lands to the south where provident nature smiles upon a savage attire and supplies a sustenance of fruits.

I remember of lying in wait one night, not far from Minneapolis, for a freight that would carry me to the great wheatfields of the Northwest. The headlight came crawling and glimmering along the track and, nearing, blinded me with a glare of light. There was a monitory snorting of the great hog engine, a rattling of couplings and a sinister grinding of wheels, sinister to me because I was a novice about to steal my way; but as the train slowed up, I climbed aboard by way of a side-door of a box-car. Having crept back out of sight and settled into a comfortable lounging position with my shoulders against a side of the car, I made out, sitting opposite, a fellow passenger in canvas coat and corduroy trousers. The engine started; the couplings clinked down the length of the long chain of "empties"; the wheels began to drone and grind upon the rails; broad, level, treeless, the wheat country slipped past, pierced by the railroad as undeviating as a ship's course at sea.

When you are north of the forty-fifth parallel, though the month of August, the floor of a freight car is likely to be chilly. My companion drew off his coat, then spread it over his face and chest, blanket fashion, that he might breathe under it and turn to account the warmth of his own breath. I, a New Englander, accustomed to a farmhouse chamber from which I could look out upon an alder—fringed stream, orchards and slopes of forest, sat shivering with cold and in some awe of the plains. I wondered, too, just what sort my companion might prove to be; he had said his name was Henry M———; that he was from Milwaukee and had been harvesting many times. Finally, he got up, stretched himself, then sat down with his feet dangling from the car door and remarked:—

"We're pulling into the Red River Valley."

Leaning from the door, I scanned the locality expecting to see, as he had suggested, a descent in the track ahead. But no; there were still the level sweeps of prairie and the shocks of wheat, innumerable as the stars in the blue above.

I questioned Henry and he answered that, on second thought, the Red River must be all of a hundred miles northwest; that we were not in the Red River Va ley though this part looked pretty much like it.

"You've been into Dakota before. Where's the best threshing and where are you bound for?" I asked.

"Last year I was to Devil's Lake and Larimore. This year I'm going up around Jimtown."

"Jamestown, North Dakota?"

"Yes."

Then, noticing how I shivered;—

"I seen a'ready you aint used to hoboing it. Do like you seen me do and you'll forget the cold."

So I slipped off my coat and spread it over my head and shoulders. I could not sleep; the cars kept up an incessant bumping, the wheels kept grinding, grinding, and just as I would reach the point of dozing off a breakman would come shouting and stamping on the boards over our heads.

At an end of a division we stopped. There was a shifting of cars and we skulked along the sidings. He said that about every hundred and twenty miles there were ends of divisions, that if we kept watch we could get out on another train soon to be made up here. As we crouched in the shadow of a car, I said to him:—

"Henry, let's me and you be partners into 'Jimtown.'"

We caught the freight that was to go on and then, with my face under my coat, per instructions, with my legs stiff from the cold, I fell fast asleep. When I awoke the sun was high, the air warm and pleasant. Henry was shaking me. His tanned, bristly face was over me. "Get up, me boy, we gotter change cars."

The cars were rolling gently; the aspect of the country was greatly changed. There was no wheat in sight, not one shock, nor was the land level. We were about to cross a stream not more than two rods wide.

"T'other side of this crick is South Dakota. The minute we cross, jump. And mind you run with the train. Don't fall under whatever you do."

I jumped and kept my feet. Henry was off too, and when the train had dwindled to the size of a fly in perspective across the slopes, we went back to the "crick" and washed. Mysterical Dakotaland! Land of the buffalo, the Indian and the settler—how illusions dwindle when we tumble into some spot outraged by romantic scribblers!

"This here's the Minnesota River near its head," said Henry. "The water goes on to the Gulf of Mexico. A right smart day's walk north and you strike the Red River of the North that flows into Hudson's Bay."

"How far to Jimtown?" I asked.

"It's on the N. P. west from Fargo. With luck we'll get there day after tomorrow."

A short way back up the track we came to a little town. H. bought some bologna and bread and I a can of pears; then, as we ate, H. gave me his plan for transportation to "Jimtown." He said that on the branch railroad, running from where we were to Fargo, the trains would likely be made up of mixed freight and passenger cars, and probably we should have to take the rods.

It does not concern this matter how we rode the rods into Fargo. H. was an expert at this and gave me full instructions. I was a willing pupil, reckless, agile. That evening, as the rosy twilight was settling over the plains, we struck the sidings and the lights of Fargo on the Red River of the North.

Directing our way, next morning, to the yards of the N. P., lying westward of the town, we found a long yard and one through which long trains passed. Surely, we should have no difficulty in getting out. Imagine my surprise when twenty or thirty men came from nowhere in particular, like Henry and myself intent upon "making" the first train west. Here came the engine puffing along with seventy or eighty cars behind; here ran the nimble brakemen, determined that none of us should ride. Brakemen, with clubs and bricks in their hands, a warning to keep off the rods, were at the western end of the yard. Yet a few of my fellow itinerants climbed upon the couplings; becoming targets, they got off, the train rolled by and the chance was gone. We were all out-witted; the trainmen caught the caboose and waved a jaunty farewell.

After waiting until almost midday and finding that there was little chance of getting out as we had planned, Henry and I started to walk to the next station. Through an indifferent wheat country we plodded all the afternoon and in the evening came into a rich belt of grain. Some hours before, we had made out a grain elevator ahead, denoting a station and town; weary wanderers we were when we reached it. As we had not eaten since morning, H. agreed with me that we should have a "square" and, though I favored a bed that night, he said a freight car was good enough for him.

Shocks of wheat, half a dozen of them,

we brought in, to sleep under as well as upon. After cutting the bands and burying ourselves in loose straw, we were a comfortable pair; it might rain, blow high, blow low. But when I crawled out, soon after daylight, I was thinking of those three meals a day at regular intervals, that would go with a job. A million shocks of wheat lay in the gleaming sun and I suggested to Henry that, with so much grain in sight, it seemed useless to journey farther.

"This place looks right, yet by going further west the job lasts longer, not being so many machines," H. answered.

A man got down from a car coupled to the one in which we had slept. He was fifty years of age, perhaps, illiterate, you could know at a glance; and his head and jaw hung forward in a listless way as if the man were tired and out of humor with the broad wheat stubble and the men he found thereon. That elasticity of step that H. and I possessed, the years had taken from him. I felt him to be the humblest of privates in the army that seeks but very little, food and shelter for the day or for the next week.

"Good morning, neighbor," was Henry's greeting.

The man responded and inquired where we were from.

"Milwaukee," Henry answered. "At least, I was there last spring. But that's where I hang up when I'm at home. And where are you from?"

"St. Louis."

"That's a good, long way off. Couldn't you get work nearer home? Have any trouble getting up?"

"I been working here and there along. I walked all the way up."

"What!" gasped Henry. "You don't tell me you walked from St. Louis! What's the matter with beating the freight?"

"Not for me. No, no. About seven year ago, I near broke my fool neck. A brakeman threw me off; climbed down from top of car and threw me right off."

"Since then you've been afraid of the cars, eh?"

"Yes. But I been up in this country three times. I never come again. It may do for jounger men, but not me."

"Don't blame you much if you walk. Well, good-bye," Henry said, as we started away to get breakfast. To me he ejaculated, "Walked all the way from St. Louis! The poor devil! Huh, 'jounger' men! The poor old Swede!"

After trying bologna and bread again, Henry and I decided to hire out immediately, if possible. Our funds were low and we had a common purpose, to make a "stake." Leaving the railroad, we struck off along the roads, always laid out straight, crossing at right angles and dividing the sections, or square miles of grain. We could see the dust-smoke of several threshing machines in the distance. Finally, we drew up to one. The machine was pounding away, sending dust into the air, wheat into the grain carts and straw into a great heap.

H. accosted the first man we met, a driver of a bundle-wagon, and asked for the boss. The answer was that the boss was away but that we could find his son somewhere about the engine or separator. The man to ask for was Carl Peck.

Carl we found to be a smooth-faced chap in his teens. When we came up, he was sitting on the engine box, apparently well pleased with the way things were running in his father's absence. H. asked for work.

"We need more men; in fact, father said so yesterday," said young Peck. "I can't hire you without consulting him, but if you will wait, I think you will get what you're looking for. Father is due back now any minute."

"Sure, we need men. I'm working till my back's broke," interrupted a man we heard called by the name of Ross. He was a husky fellow and full of bluff and small talk.

Agreeing to wait for Peck, we went out among the shocks and sat down with our backs against one of them. Work was the subject now, work, work, work. H. said it was a queer condition of things that some men could live without work, jockeying with the essentials of life. They might wear fine clothes and live on the fat of the land; but as for him, since he was big enough to swing an axe or pitch grain, it had been his life to strike into the woods of northern Wisconsin when winter came, raft logs down the Mississippi in spring, then take to the back

prairies and work north with the harvest. Thanksgiving usually found him in the vicinity where we now were and then the seasons had made the circuit and it was again time to think about the woods. Life had been all hard work; but after all he was happy for the most part. There was a little farm down Milwaukee way that he and his brother were buying, and one of these days he could give up the woods, the river and the wheat fields.

"Scripture says man must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow," I quoted, liking his talk and thinking to draw him on. I was beginning to be fond of Henry. If there is any type I take to, it is the man like Henry, rough, simple and sincere clean through. His solicitations in my behalf, when I got on and off trains on the way up, I knew had been sincere.

So there we were on the western edge of the most valuable wheat belt in all the world. H. insisted that if we could not both get work with this machine neither of us should remain because we could soon find a place for the two of us together.

He pointed out that this section we were on had once been a "tree claim" and showed me a few hundred saplings in a corner. When I inquired what he meant by "tree claim," he explained that some years before a man could take up land by setting out a certain number of trees. Most of them who set out trees placed them thickly in one corner of the land, covering the law and getting the land, but the trees were broken off, usually, by the wind and snow and that was the end of them.

"Down where I come from," I began, and started talking about apple and pear orchards.

"That's what I miss more than all up in this country, the trees and fruit and the water. You can travel all over up here and never find an apple orchard and the water has the alkali taste that keeps you from drinking it only to live."

But here was the wheat that feeds the East. Over yonder the engine was monotonously puffing. The ponderous box-shaped thing, the separator, was eating up the bundles of grain, separating the straw and chaff from the wheat, dumping the wheat in carts and the straw and chaff on a big pile behind. The machine was set near small buildings and the straw, in this case, was to be saved for cattle during the long winter sure to follow. In Dakota, they usually blow the straw out from the machine upon a big pile and afterward burn it; but this was the "setting" at the barnyard and a man was having a strenuous time to keep the straw clear from the separator as it came pouring in bulky masses. This man was the voluble Ross.

"You'll have to get some one to help me," we heard him bawl out to Carl Peck. "This job ought to have three men on it. My back's broke now. Why don't you set them two galoots to works?"

"Them two galoots" referred to us. Henry growled.

On account of some slight repair needed, the machine was stopped and Henry and I closed in to make acquaintance with the hands. A dozen of us were standing by, while Carl overhauled the sieves, when another stranger, coming from the road, turned into the stubble by the machine. I saw it was the old Swede, the man afraid of the cars. Thinking Ross to be the boss, he took off his hat as he approached and asked if there were any "yob" here for himself.

"I'll give you a 'yob,' soon as ever the machine gets going again. I'll try you out for a while and see if you make good. Say, Carl," Ross called to young Peck, "here's a man wants a 'yob'. I'm going to put him in the straw and try him out." Carl made no response; having finished his work on the sieves, he signaled the engineer to go ahead.

Four men began to pitch bundles into the cylinders. The pulleys buzzed; the inwards of the giant separator pounded and fanned; straw belched out behind; the din was on again and the dust began to rise.

"Here, you; take this fork and get into the straw. Lively now," shouted Ross to the newcomer.

"I can do that work. How much the pay?"

"The going wages. Two and a half a day and chuck if you make good."

Now and again Ross shouted to the Swede to "work faster," "keep the blower clear," and the like; then he would seat himself upon one of the grain tanks and

watch the working of the automatic weigher.

"Every time that thing dumps the boss makes four cents. That reminds me of a story," we heard him saying; but Henry and I, going to windward to get clear of the dust, did not hear the story.

An hour passed. Once Carl stole around to the rear and motioned for the Swede to come down yet the man still misunderstood.

In the meantime Henry and I had scraped acquaintance with the engineer. The machine had started that week he told us, having come from a town about eight miles north. There were several threshing contracts, all big ones, around where we were now; after these were done, the machine would move twenty miles west to thresh there probably till snow time. Yes, it was an excellent machine; good owner and good crew. There was a tent to sleep in and when it was filled half way up with straw it was snug and cosy there. Over yonder was the cook-car where Peck's wife and daughter prepared the meals; the "chuck" was good and altogether, there was harmony between the crew and the Pecks. Peck got eight cents per bushel for threshing wheat and five cents for oats. The engineer thought we had a chance of being hired.

"Keep going there! Hi there, do you want to stop the machine?" Ross yelled to the Swede in the straw. It is an unwritten law in the wheatfields that a machine must never stop during the day, except for meals, breakdowns or changes of "settings." Now the straw was clogging behind and beginning to tumble upon the rear of the separator. While we were thinking that the machine would be blocked any moment, and wondering if Ross would take a hand now, a man in a light conveyance, drawn by a pair of bronchos, attracted our attention. The rest all knew and Henry and I soon knew that the owner was coming. To Ross, it was an awkward moment. He ran quickly to the other side of the straw heap and attempted to climb up; but owing to the loose straw, unpacked at the edges, his efforts at first were unsuccessful. Finally, however, he managed to mount the pile and then we heard him yelling:—

"Get away, Ollie. You're no good. Be off down the road; you're fired. Fired! Do you understand?"

Just then the machine stopped, fairly blocked with straw. Ross grabbed the "new man" and threw him over the edge of the straw pile. Henry began to spit fire.

"Look here! I seen you hire this man. He's worked two hours, now give him his pay," he objected.

"I agreed to hire him if he made good. He couldn't do the work. What in thunder is to you?" Ross retorted.

"You treat him white or I'll take it out of you. You hired him, legally hired him, now pay him."

"Legally hired him," Ross sneered, "we're a long way from the courts; what will you do about it?"

Ross glared at Henry and Henry glared back at Ross. The machine, as I have said, had stopped. The crew winked at one another and rested on their pitchforks. Then the owner drove up beside us.

"What's the row here?" he cried, not in the best of humor at seeing the idleness of his five thousand-dollar outfit. He was a big-framed man with eyes that snapped beneath heavy eyebrows.

"Ross was loafing again," spoke up Carl Peck. "There's three men here looking for work. Ross put up a bluff to hire one."

There was a consultation, over by the engine, between Peck senior, Carl and the engineer. As a result, Henry and I were sent into the straw heap together and the old Swede was transferred to the field to pitch on bundle-wagons.

"Toot, toot," screamed the whistle, the machinery began to sing, the dust began to rise and the din was on again.

It was not long before Ross passed us with his "time" in his pocket.

"Wonder where he'll strike for now," mused Henry. "Maybe up Jimtown way. But it certainly did rile me, boy, to see that Swede abused. Poor devil! Walked all the way from St. Louis!"

"Stupid as he is, you did right to holler for fair play," I answered.

WILD CARROTS — QUEEN ANNE'S LACE

MIDSUMMER WILD FLOWERS

By L. W. BROWNELL

ALTHOUGH May is called the month of flowers, it is not until mid-summer that our wild flowers are blooming in the greatest profusion. Then one may drive or walk along the country roads and be hedged on both sides by them; he may go into the fields and wade knee deep in them; or, if he does not mind wet feet and a tiresome tramp, he may explore the swamps and marshes and his search will be rewarded by the finding of some of our more rare and beautiful blooms that seldom fall to the lot of the casual flower hunter.

Indeed one cannot well go amiss in looking for wild flowers at this time of the year, for the fields and meadows, the thickets and roadsides are masses of multicolored blooms, and even the deeper woods are decked out for this the gala season in the floral world.

To those who are lovers of the flowers, this is the season above all others that offers unlimited possibilities in the way of house decoration, for the whole outdoors world is one huge floral garden with no one from whom to ask permission to help ourselves and an unending supply from which to gather. Nature is generous to lavishness with her possessions and never asks for remuneration.

To be sure the majority of the daintier blossoms of the early spring are now gone, but the common or Ox-eyed Daisy (Chrysanthemum leucanthemum), which whitened our fields in June to the almost exclusion of every other flower, still lingers with us in considerable numbers. This plant, a naturalized immigrant from Europe, has, by its hardy persistence, gradually taken possession of almost the entire country. It has, I am sorry to say, become a great nuisance to the farmer who does his best to exterminate it wherever he finds it, but it is still a joy to the flower lover and what could take its place with our school children for their daisy chains? With it can be found in abundance the Fetid Camomile, or Dog Fennel (Anthemis cotula), a plant so like the daisy both in general form and in the shape and color of the blossom as to be generally mistaken for it by those who are not sufficiently well versed in botanical lore to be able to detect the distinguishing features. Its bloom is somewhat smaller, however, as well as is the entire plant, and its leaves are much finer. It may be easily recognized also by its fetid odor totally unlike the aromatic fragrance of the daisy and which gives to this plant its name.

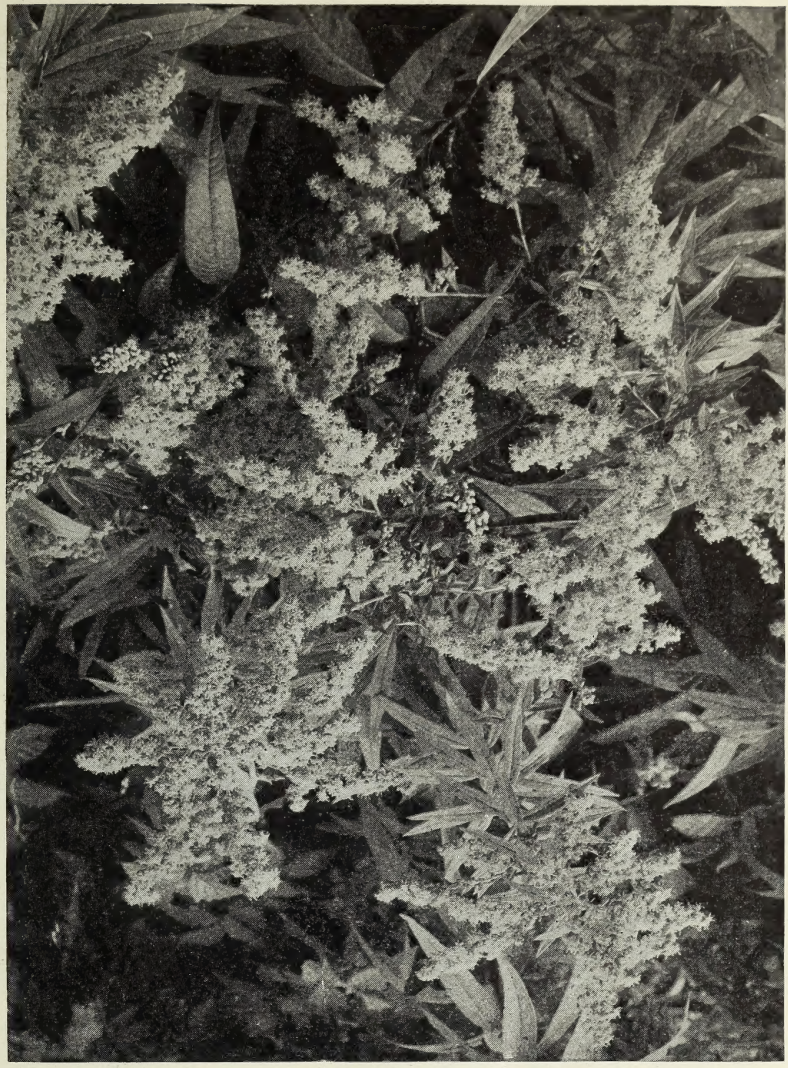
The name Ox-eyed Daisy is often misapplied to the Black-eyed Susan (Rudbeckia hirta), that gorgeous orange daisy with the velvety black centre which is so common throughout our fields at this time and earlier in the season. This plant has, in late years, been transported across the ocean, and has become a great favorite in many a European garden.

Along the roadside and in waste sandy places are tangled masses of the wild Chicory, or blue sailors, as it is more commonly called (Cichorium intybus), that blue-eyed waif from the far East that still retains a semblance of its Egyptian name —Chicourzer. Its rigid stems rise stiffly from the cluster of leaves at their base, bare, but for a few bracts and the axillary flower buds. These buds open daily into loose, blue florets, which in a few hours, or if gathered, fade to a dingy white. This is the English "Succory" and I never see the exquisite blue of its blossoms without being reminded of the old German legend of the young girl who, after waiting and watching for the return of her lover for many long, weary weeks, finally sank by the wayside and died of a broken heart, thinking that he had forsaken her. On that spot an unknown plant with starry blue blossoms, the exact color of the dead girl's eyes, soon

GROUND-NUT

sprang up, which the peasants named "Wegewarte"—the waiter by the way—and to this day that is the name by which the Chicory is commonly known in Germany.

At the same time that the Chicory is in bloom, through the fields, along the roadsides, and in fact everywhere in dry soil, are the myriad blossoms of the Wild Carrot, or Queen Anne's Lace (Daucus carota). This, to the agriculturist, has come to be an extremely troublesome plant, owing to its prolific and persistent growth, but there is no flower that is more delicate or perfect in its beauty. Well may it be called a Queen's lace. Could some lace-maker but copy it truthfully a Queen might wear it proudly, for there is no lace made by human agency that can hope to compete with it in the delicacy and intricacy of its pattern. As the flowers fade the outer pedicels, tipped with the growing bristly seeds, turn upward and inward, thus forming a cup-shaped head that, in form, is not unlike a miniature bird's nest. This, as well as "bee's nest," is a name given to the plant in England.



GOLDEN ROD

Rising high above nearly all the other plants, like sentinels on duty, stand the tall, stiff stalks of the common Mullein (Verbascum thapsis) crowned with their long, irregularly flowered spikes of yellow blossoms. This is a plant of many aliases. The Romans dipped its stems in tallow and used them as funeral torches, and from this fact, as well as on account of its length, it has been called "Long-torch," "Hag's-taper" and various other similar names. "Adam's Flannel" is a name suggested by its soft, flannelly leaves, while the English have cultivated it extensively in their gardens and greenhouses calling it the" American Velvet Plant."

Growing close to the roadside, brushed by every passing wheel and so covered with dust as to be almost unrecognizable, is a bunch of Yarrow (Achillea millefolium). Not only here, however, is it to be found, but everywhere in dry soil it is one of the commonest of common "weeds." In past days it was supposed to be a universal specific for every disease to which flesh was heir, and as such it was sought after and highly valued. Chiron,

BLUE ASTERS

the Centaur, at least so the story goes, recognizing its virtues, taught them to his favorite pupil, Achilles, that he might make an ointment from it with which to heal his wounded during the siege of Troy. The name Achilles was given it on this account.

In similar localities grows another plant, not unlike this one in form although belonging to another genus. Tansy, or Bitter Buttons (Tenacetum vulgare), was well known to the early colonists who brought it from England to plant in their gardens regarding it as invaluable on account of its medicinal qualities. It long ago escaped from cultivation and now its yellow, button-like blossoms are familiar objects along the roadsides in midsummer and early autumn. Its dried leaves are still used from which to brew a tea beneficial in some cases of sickness.

In the swamps the Giant Sunflower (Helianthus giganteus) raises its lofty stem topped with a cluster of bright orange-rayed flowers; while at the same time, in slightly drier places, its near relative the Jerusalem Artichoke (Helianthus tuberosus), the largest of the genus which is native in the eastern states, is in bloom, the stalks often attaining a height of ten or twelve feet, and its brilliantly rayed flowers frequently having an expanse of four to four and a half inches. Before the great value of the potato was fully recognized, this plant was extensively cultivated for its edible tubers. The Italians called it *Girasole articoco* (Sunflower Artichoke) which name has been corrupted into Jerusalem Artichoke.

The Sunflower of cultivation, the common Sunflower (Helianthus annuus) is a native of the western prairies. It grows much larger in cultivation than in the wild state, and is a plant of considerable usefulness, its flowers yielding honey and a yellow dye; its leaves fodder; its seeds an oil; and its stalks a textile fibre.

Thomas Moore's lines:—

"As the sunflower turns on her god when
he sets
The same look which she turn'd when
he rose,"

is much better poetry than botany, for the fact is that the sunflower does not travel daily on its stalk from east to west, and the name "sunflower" (Helios—the sun, anthos—a flower) was given to the genus not for this supposed reason but on account of the brilliance of the circle of golden rays with which each true flower is surrounded.

Overrunning and binding together many a low bush in swampy and moist places is the long, trailing vine of the ground-nut(Apios apios) with its heavy clusters of purplish and reddish flowers. Its name is derived from the bunches of irregular, brown tubers that grow, from six to ten inches below the surface of the ground, at the end of the long and extremely slender root stalk. The Indians and early settlers found these starchy tubers a not unimportant article of food, especially in times of scarcity, and from its economic value and the frequent mention made of it by the early travellers in their writings it has acquired a certain amount of historic interest.

Everywhere the thistles are blooming, their large, purple heads a delight to the bees, who find in them an unlimited source of nectar and pollen. There are two species equally common in our fields: the common, Bull, or Spear Thistle (Carduus lanceolatus) and the Pasture or Fragrant Thistle (Carduus oderatus). Besides these that little pest the Canada Thistle (Carduus arvensus), naturalized from Europe to overrun our land with a spiney, tangled mat, and prove a curse to the farmer, is altogether too common.

The Mints are now all in bloom, and one may find the Catnip (Nepeta cataria) with its long spikes of highly scented blossoms; the Spearmint (Mentha spicata) low and slender, but very fragrant; the Peppermint (Mentha piperita) with its distinctive odor, well known to every country boy; the Round-leaved Mint (Mentha rotundifolia); the Pennyroyal (Hedeoma pulegioides), that most strongly scented of all the mints despite its diminutive size, and which is so closely related to the Mentha pulegiam, or true Pennyroyal of commerce; Motherwort (Leonurus cardiaca) naturalized from Europe, whence it was imported by a more credulous generation for its alleged curative qualities; the inobtrusive, but none the

Ox-Eye Daisies

less pretty, Self-Heal (Prunella vulgaris); and the shy and retiring little Blue-curl (Trichostoma dichotomum). These, together with the Narrow-leaved Mountain Mint (Koellia flexuosa) which one can hardly credit as belonging to the Mint family, are but a few of the mints that one may find in a day's walk, for the Labiatae is a very large family and many of its members are natives of the United States.

Late in the fall, if one takes a walk through the fields or woods, he is lucky indeed if he does not come home more or less covered with little triangular seeds, which stick to his clothing with such persistence that it needs considerable urging to dislodge them. These are the seeds of the Tick-trefoils, or "Beggar's-lice," by which name they are more familiarly known, and this is the method employed by these plants in the distribution of their seeds. There are a number of species common throughout the eastern States all in bloom during July and August, but the one most likely to attract attention is the Canadian or Showy Tick-trefoil (Meibomia Canadensis), a tall, bushy plant with long, dense, terminal racemes of pink flowers, each one in shape a miniature pea blossom, as is only natural, as this plant is a member of the pea family.

In the low, damp, marshy places grow the Joe Pye Weed (Eupatorium purpureum), that old-fashioned plant that took its name from Joe Pye, an Indian Medicine Man of New England, who gained much fame and some fortune by his supposed ability to cure typhus and other dread diseases by the use of a decoction made from its leaves and roots. At the same time, and in much the same places, although more frequently upon somewhat higher ground, we may find a close relative of this plant, the common Thoroughwort or Boneset (Eupatorium perfoliatum). This plant was also held in much reverence by the old house-wives who brewed from it a tea which was believed to be a sovereign remedy for nearly every human ailment. Its medicinal qualities are still recognized but its field of usefulness has been narrowed to a considerable extent.

In the deeper marshes, growing among the sedges and rushes, is one of the most gorgeous of all our wild flowers, the Swamp or Rose Mallow (Hibiscus moscheutos). In order to gather these flowers one must be willing to risk wet feet and even worse, for the places in which they choose to grow offer treacherous foothold and one is all too likely to sink to his knees or even higher in the water and soft, oozy mud before he has accomplished his purpose. The reward is well worth the attempt, however, for there is no other wild flower that approaches them in size and coloring. Strange as it may seem, these plants may be transplanted from their native wet soil to the dry ground of our gardens, and will flourish there needing but little attention, their large pink flowers comparing most favorably with, and even putting to shame, many of the cultivated blooms.

Nearly the last to bloom, but by no means the least of our flowers in point of either beauty or quantity, come the Goldenrods and Asters. Nature, seemingly intent on closing her annual floral show with such a burst of splendor as to eclipse all that has gone before, now literally covers our fields with a mantle of purple and gold, a royal robe indeed. For indoor decorative purposes there are no flowers better suited than these, for their colors combine perfectly and they keep well after being picked. The Goldenrods, are of all our native plants, most distinctively American, for of the eighty-five known species nearly all are exclusively natives of this country. Two or three species are found in Europe, and a few in Mexico and Central and South America. The genus can, with entire propriety, be called North American.

Of all of them the first to appear in the eastern States is the Early or Sharp-toothed Goldenrod (Solidago juncea), and this species is also often the last to linger with us in the fall. It is one of the most graceful species of them all, tall and straight with its spreading, re-

MOUNTAIN-MINT

curved branches literally loaded down with their weight of golden blossoms. It is easily dried and can be kept all winter retaining much of its original beauty.

We have in the eastern States about thirty species, but the majority of them are difficult for any one but an experienced botanist to distinguish. They are all more or less beautiful, however, and that is what counts most with the casual flower hunter. I shall speak here of but one other species, the Showy or Noble Goldenrod (Solidago speciosa). This may be readily distinguished from the rest for it is the tallest of them all, its stem frequently reaching a height of six or seven feet, crowned with a pyramidal cluster of flowers nearly, if not quite, a foot in length. It is undoubtedly the noblest species of the genus- and well deserves its name.

The Asters are a much larger family than even the Goldenrods, numbering over two hundred and fifty species. It is not so exclusively North American, however, but we have within our borders something like one hundred and forty-five species of which about fifty are to be found in the eastern States. Many of these are so closely allied that even a person well versed in botany is apt to have difficulty in distinguishing between them at sight, it is an utterly hopeless task for the tyro.

Of them all the New England Aster (Aster Novæ Angliæ) is probably the commonest as it is undoubtedly the most striking. It is also the most widely distributed despite the fact that its name might imply it to be a plant local to the New England States. It is the one that finds its way most often into our houses, for with its dense cluster of large magenta or reddish-purple blooms, it can hardly be surpassed for house decoration.

It is entirely out of the question to speak, in a short article, of more than a few of the flowers which one can find during a day's search in midsummer or early autumn. It is enoug hto say that I have but commenced the list, let those of my readers who are interested fill it out for themselves.

SELF-HEAL

THE FEALTY OF LING SIEN SUNG*

By FRANCIS HATHAWAY

"*TA, ta, ta!*"

That ominous and fear-compelling cry — the worst that can arise from a Chinese mob — cut the air like a knife, sounding clear like the notes of a bugle, in the high treble of excited youth, and rising distinctive above the low, sullen mutterings and coarse insults and epithets that had preceded it from the glowering rabble.

"Foreign devils!"

"Red-headed barbarians!"

"Evil-magic workers!"

"Child-stealers!"

These and worse — horrible, obscene imputations — had assailed our ears, and, accustomed as we were to hearing these insults and accusations from the ignorant and superstitious — were they not our daily experience as we went about among the people of the city in the prosecution of our task? — the evil, angry looks and the gleam of murderous fanaticism that we saw in each eye to-day had set our hearts quaking and caused an unwonted constriction in our throats, as we tried to swallow our apprehension and present an undismayed bearing to the surly throng surging about us. And now the dread cry of "Strike, strike, strike!" — only to be interpreted in the sense of "Kill, kill, kill!" — struck a cold chill of terror through us, one and all; for which no blame of cowardice could fall even on the strongest,— for *we knew*, and would only pray for a speedy death as the greatest mercy to hope for if the mob should work itself up to its characteristic insensate fury and we should fall into its hands.

We were but a handful, six in all, and of these,— two women and a child of five. My dear, beautiful elder sister, Muriel; her husband, the Rev. Arthur Collyer; their blue-eyed, golden-haired darling, little Nan; Dr. Robert Sedgewick,— *my* Robert, my big, strong, brave, beautiful lover, who only that morning had told me of his love and won my happy promise to be his wife; Ling, our Christianized Chinese secretary, and I, Margaret Merrill. Missionaries, all but me, we had been that morning to conduct a service in a chapel in a distant part of the city, and were now returning to the mission station. Disquieting rumors and a pregnant sense of the unrest and growing animosity in the city had given rise to uneasiness and watchful apprehension on our parts. Arthur and Muriel had tried to persuade me to leave them and return to our New England home whence I had come a year earlier to visit my sister; but my heart was too full of love for Robert and my sure knowledge that he loved me and would soon tell me the wonderful, ever-new, and ever-sweet story, and I would not leave him. When I dissembled and said I would not go and leave them to face the danger alone, my brave, beautiful sister had declared that they had their duties to perform and would not shirk.

"And what about Nan?" I had asked, with unthinking cruelty.

"Take her with you, Margie," she had cried, passionately, "for us it is as God wills, and if He requires it of us we will die at our posts. But for her there is no such need, and I would she were safely away before the storm bursts."

And seeing the pitiful grief in her face and the tears streaming from her eyes, I, too, had broken down, and sobbing in each other's arms, I had confided to them my secret and my hopes, and my yearning to remain by my lover's side.

*"Sien Sung" is Chinese for "The Writer" (in the sense of "The Scribe") and is an honorific term applied to those who do literary, secretarial, or clerical work, etc. Used also to indicate "Scholar."

"We know, too, dear," said Arthur, with grave kindness, "that he loves you. So let your heart decide. We cannot urge you. And we are all in God's hands."

And for several days past there had been no unusual signs of hostility and we had begun to hope that our apprehensions had been unfounded and that the excitement had quieted down to the normal state; although Ling had shaken his head dubiously and tried to dissuade us when he learned that we two women and little Nan were to be of the chapel party.

But that morning the little son of a pork butcher living near the mission hospital had mysteriously disappeared, and after a long and fruitless search for him, the cry had been raised that the missionaries had stolen and killed him to make their magic medicines from his eyes and entrails. And so we had found the sullen, half-angry, half-fearful mob at our gates as we approached the hospital.

"*Ta, ta, ta!*" again shrilled the youthful voice, and attracted by a sense of familiarity in its tone, I looked in its direction and recognized a boy of about sixteen years of age whom I had helped to nurse in the hospital some six months earlier, when, after being shot in the leg in an affray with river pirates who had attacked the boat of which he was one of the crew, he had been brought there for treatment. Neglected, the wound had gangrened badly, and to save the boy's life, Robert had been forced to amputate the leg at the knee,— much against the boy's will, but with the grudging, reluctant consent of his father, who, with a Chinaman's desire for his son to worship at his (the father's) grave, wished the boy to outlive him. Later, on leaving the hospital, the boy as well as his father had been profuse in his expressions of gratitude.

Ling spied him at the same moment. The boy was hare-lipped, and recognizing that ridicule is the surest weapon to employ against a Chinaman, Ling shouted with a laugh,—

"Eh, *Tu-tse* (hare) what ails thy saucy mouth this morning? Was thy rice so hot that the hole in thy lip is too small to cool it, and thou must open it still wider with big words that no one heeds from the mouth of a child and a fool? Or is it because thy lip is split thou puttest forth words like cane sugar from one side and those like foul serpents from the other?"

A chorus of guffaws and laughter caused the boy to hang his head, abashed. Then plucking at his courage he called back, —

"A cracked bell* may make much noise, but its tones ring not true. And such art thou, Ling, who forsakes his father's religion and prays not at his father's grave."

"And wouldst thou ever have prayed at thy father's grave had not the good doctor saved thy worthless life by cutting off thy rotting leg?" asked Ling.

"And so mutilated me," angrily cried the boy, "that I may never pass through the seven hells on one leg and so never gain the highest heaven where my fathers sit. And didn't the accursed foreign devils take my leg and brew their foul magic medicines from it?"

"Dost think thy putrid leg would make medicine fit even for the foulest?" asked Ling, with a loud, contemptuous laugh, "Thou fool! Thou hast been listening to tales of evil men and greater fools than thou,— if that be possible. Come thou with me and I will show thee where thy leg is buried in a tin box, safe even from the corrupting worms. And thou canst have it to raise a mound over it and pray to it if thou likest. It was dead and corrupt ere it was cut from thee, even as thou would assuredly be, had it not been taken from thee. Where is the gratitude thou wast so prodigal of when the good missionaries saved thy worthless life? Hast forgotten that, or is thy brain two-parted like thy lip?"

"'Tis true they are good and wise people," chimed in an old man; "did they not save my son and give him back to me when he was as dead from the opium poisoning?"

Sentiment seemed to be turning in our favor and no effort was made to stay our progress, and we seemed about to gain the hospital unmolested, but just as we reached the gate, the pork butcher and

*"Ling" is Chinese for "bell."

his wife pushed through the throng and to the front, and with the exaggerated violence of grief and worked-up rage common to their race, frantically gesticulated and vociferated,—

"Where is our son? Give us our son. You have stolen him. You have killed him to make your filthy medicines. Neighbors! Brothers! They have stolen our son. The vile child-killers! They have killed him to make their foul medicines. Never will he pray at his father's grave. Never will he go to his father's heaven."

And casting themselves to the ground, they tore at their clothes and hair, and taking up handfuls of earth sprinkled it on their heads, rocking their bodies, and screaming and groaning.

"The accursed child-stealers!"

"The foul magic workers!"

"Stone them! stone them!"

"Kill the foreign devils!"

"*Ta, ta, ta! Ta, ta, ta!*"

Again the awful cry arose, now from many voices. Stones began to fall about us, and the mob surged forward. But we were now at the gate, which was opened swiftly by the old, white-headed gatekeeper, and we slipped through and quickly closed and locked it in the very faces of the clamoring mob.

The hospital and dispensary were in one buliding, a stout one, built of native bricks and roofed with native tiles, and surrounded by a high, thick brick wall, surmounted with broken glass set in mortar. There was only one gate, and that a strong one. Outside and at a little distance were the two missionary homes, that of my sister and one occupied by Robert and his assistant and dispenser, a young man named Hunter.

We heard the mob surging outside the wall. Presently, at a cry of "burn their houses; loot their houses," they made a rush towards the two pretty little homes, and soon we saw smoke and flames arising from our dear little, happy homes, and crowds of rioters running in and out, ruthlessly dragging out our precious belongings and savagely destroying what failed to appeal to their cupidity.

"We must get help from the *Taotai*," said Arthur, "they will return from that burning and sacking with redoubled lust for murder and pillage. But God help us," he added, despairingly, "how to get word to him ——"

"I will go," calmly interrupted Ling, "while they are venting their rage on the houses I can get away. And I will stand a better chance than any of you, — being a native myself. And I have a revolver, and *I will get through and bring help*. And better me than any one else."

And then he looked at me, and I realized that he knew I understood. Yes. Ling loved me! I had known it for some time. Among the Chinese, love as we know it between young man and young woman is virtually unknown. But Ling, taken as an orphan child of five to America and educated there until manhood, had become Americanized in every element of his nature; and loving me,— hopelessly, as he realized, because of our disparity of race and because he knew I loved and was beloved of another,— because of that love he would risk, and if necessary lose his life to save me.

We had a native pony stabled within the walls, used on occasions for our messenger to ride to the city. This was led forth and Ling mounted. I had just time to say to him, "Ling, I understand, and — I'm grateful to you. And God speed you and bless you, Ling," when the gate was opened and he sped forth. A great shout went up from the mob as they saw him, and they ran, scrambling and tumbling over each other, after him. A shot rang forth! Then another and another! Some of them had firearms, then! I saw Ling sway and reel in his saddle. Then recover himself, and, outdistancing his pursuers, was soon lost to sight.

Then the howling mob turned to us. They surged again around the wall and about the gate. Would they be able to get in at us? Would Ling be in time? The *yamen* was nearly a mile away. And would the *Taotai* send soldiers? I saw Robert with a couple of repeating rifles and Hunter with a revolver, and — yes — even dear old Arthur with his double-barreled fowling piece. Consistent Christian as he was, yet at this crisis he had the sense of the God-given right to fight for his life and those of the dear ones confided to his

care. The hospital was only a one-story building — bungalow style — and we had no effective means nor time to barricade its entrances, and so could only hope to defend it as best we might from a few of its many windows. Presently we saw bamboos thrust up in many places, breaking and sweeping away the broken glass. Then pieces of clothing tossed up on top of the wall until enough rested there to render the jagged surface harmless. Then two men appeared on the wall. One bore a musket and the other a sword. All the while there was a great pounding and hammering at the gate.

Arthur stepped out onto the verandah.

"Listen to me, my friends," he called to them in the local vernacular, "We haven't the butcher's son and don't know where he is. Nor do we practise the foul arts you charge us with. And if you persist in your folly we shall shoot; and if harm comes to us you will be punished."

A scornful laugh interrupted him, and the man with the musket fired, aimlessly and out of bravado, towards us. Arthur returned to the room, and then Robert fired. The man with the musket toppled back off the wall, and the other jumped back quickly out of sight. Dead silence followed. Then a howl of frantic rage, in the midst of which could be heard the "keening" of the butcher and his wife and the direful shouts of "*Ta, ta, ta!*" The pounding at the gate was resumed, but while it held we felt we could keep at bay all who could get over the wall until Ling returned with the soldiers. Even in its rage the mob seemed to have a healthy respect for our firearms up to the present, and would have to work themselves up to a pitch of greater recklessness before they would face them. But that this condition would come soon was certain. *We knew* the history of Chinese mobs. Missionary annals had plenty of such incidents to remind us. If we could only hold them back until the soldiers arrived!

Another five minutes of racking uncertainty and apprehension slowly passed. And still another. While all the time the mob surged and roared, working itself up to the required height of Berserk frenzy. Then they came on again and several men appeared on the wall. Robert and young Hunter fired rapidly; Arthur reserving his weapon — useless at long range — for closer quarters. One by one these men dropped, but now others appeared in their places, armed with bamboos and farm implements, with here and there a sword or musket or pike. Several of these went down, and then the rest wavered, fell back, and scrambled over the wall again. There was another short respite.

Then there was an appalling shout of exultation as the stout gate gave way with a crash. And as we saw the throng pouring in through the entrance and swarming over the wall, our hearts sank within us. I sat on the floor beside Robert, and mechanically obeyed him as he curtly ordered me to reload his magazines as he emptied them as fast as he could into the oncoming mass. I saw him firing, as in a dream. I saw Arthur, his face set and stern, yet sorrowful, blazing away with his shotgun. But all the time I saw the mob coming nearer, until, finally, they streamed into the room. I saw Hunter fire his last shot and then dash his useless weapon into the face of an opponent and fall beneath a volley of blows from bamboos. I felt Robert grasp me and push me under a bed, and then, standing in front of me, using his rifle as a club, beat down all within reach. I felt the trembling, sobbing form of little Nan crawl in under the bed with me, and I hugged her close to my own beating heart. I didn't see Arthur go down, but I knew he was down, for I no longer heard the heavy explosions of his gun. I saw my beautiful sister collapse to her knees from a blow of a bamboo; and then the life and intelligence cruelly beaten out of her sweet face and her lovely body by a shower of brutal strokes. Then, as I saw Robert forced to his knees, half stunned, and blinded by blood, I heard and saw signs of consternation among our foes, and cries of fright and pain, and shouts of exultation, and the sound of sword blows, and presently Ling staggered into the room at the head of the *Taotai's* soldiers,— and then I saw and knew no more.

When I came to myself I was lying on

one of the hospital cots, with little Nan beside me, patting my cheek with her soft wee hand and cooingly beseeching me to " wake up " ; and Robert sitting beside me, laving my head with lavender water. My poor Robert was pale and haggard and a blood-stained bandage was on his head and one arm was in a sling.

" Nothing serious," he said, smiling wanly, when I mutely questioned him with my eyes, " only a broken collar-bone."

Silently I gazed at him and then at the wrecked room and the horrible huddled forms lying here and there.

A great sob welled up from him, and then, with his free arm encircling me, he said, brokenly and huskily,— " Thank God you are safe,— you and the child. But you must be brave, little woman. There's ill news to tell you. Do you think you can bear it now? "

I nodded dumbly; ther was little he could tell me after what I had seen, and my senses were numbed by the horror of it.

" The rest? " I murmured.

" All gone," he replied, solemnly, and with a deep sorrow in his face and voice, " All except Ling, and he's going fast. He was badly wounded in the first dash out of the gate, but pluckily held out until he'd brought us help, and then, weak from loss of blood, was overcome in the last desperate tussle when the fiends were fighting like rats in a corner, and was — well, it's marvelous he's still alive; but he wants to see you, and I think that's all that's kept him; but he can't last much longer. Do you think you can see him? You know, dear — I — I think — I — understand,— and — it means a whole lot to him."

Painfully I got up and with Robert's help went into the next room, where I found him. And oh, what a pitiful wreck of a man! But a happy smile crossed his pain-racked features as he saw me, and in a weak voice he said,—

" You — you understood? "

I nodded, unable to speak.

The following day, as we were leaving for the nearest coast treaty-port, under an escort of the *Taotai's* cavalry, the old gatekeeper came to bid me farewell. Then he said,

" That butcher man, he have findee he son."

EVENING IN THE ORCHARD

By EDITH C. M. DART

The sunlight lingers as 'twere loth to pass
From the long swaths of daisied orchard-grass:
And when the sunset slips at last away,
Blue shadows steal, just shadows of the day,
Lying so lightly on the pleasant glade,
That buttercups gleam golden in their shade;
And by the ditch, beside the broken wall,
Cow-parsley stalks stretch faery-like and tall,
Slim wraiths of white 'gainst dock leaves broad and green,
And all is beauty—quiet as some dream.

Late-flowering apple blossoms here and there
Drop loosened petals on the evening air,
That in the faint breath of this summer night
Upon the grasses tremulous alight.
And every tuft and root of weed and flower
Yields its damp fragrance to the dusky hour.
The world lies scent and shadow-twilight-dew,
Above, stars glimmer in the failing blue:
And like the sunlight I am loth to pass
From the long swathes of daisied orchard-grass.

Photograph by F. E. Ball

A PATRIARCH—HOPEDALE PARK

VIEW ON ESTATE OF GOVERNOR DRAPER OF MASSACHUSETTS

A MASSACHUSETTS GARDEN SPOT

By G. SHERMAN JOHNSON

HOPEDALE, Massachusetts, has excited so much interest among sociologists that it has seemed impossible to obtain a description of the place uncolored by theories and speculations, or, escaping this, to avoid the wiles of political partisans in whose hands all things must serve one purpose.

With the politicians we have little or nothing in common, and as to the scientific gentlemen, we have only to say that theirs seems to us to be a method which must either be applied in the scientific spirit and with scientific thoroughness or not at all. Our preference is to approach this beautiful little village with no intention of treating it either as a shining example or a black warning of approaching national disaster.

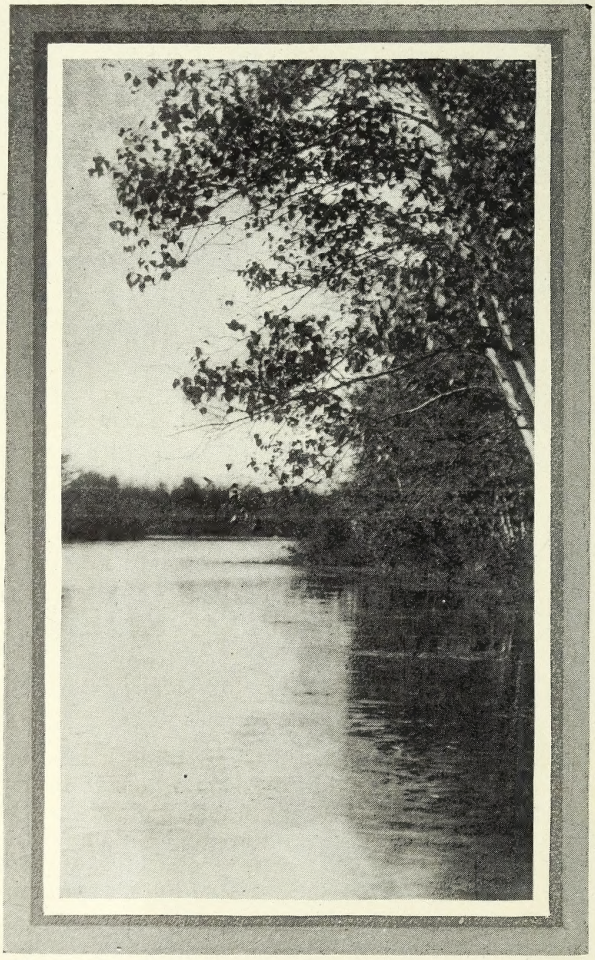
Of its remarkable history the only indication which it bears upon its face is an unusual air of orderliness and beauty, —this and a monument or two. Otherwise people live, work and seek health, wealth and pleasure much as in other communities and the more thoroughly we grasp this simple truth the more readily shall we gather an accurate impression of the place.

Hopedale is a manufacturing community in which one great corporation either owns or controls the entire industrial activity and a large percentage of the property, a condition of affairs which is the ultimate residuum of a futile communistic experiment back in the forties. Purity of purpose and Puritanism of manners are not always allied,

but in the case of this interesting experiment and in the person of Rev. Adin Ballou, its founder, they certainly were. The community, however, failed to produce enough for its needs, and its indebtedness was rapidly becoming unmanageable when property and debts together were taken over into private hands. All this is self-explanatory, the only wonder being that there were men available who were willing and able to shoulder the load. That there were is the explanation of the existence of a prosperous and beautiful community instead of a few rotting beams to point a moral and adorn a tale.

The other unusual circumstance in connection with Hopedale is that the sons of these saviours of the Hopedale experiment were also men of great business ability, breadth of mind and high ideals. Two generations of this kind of management have made Hopedale. Many people, merely because of this fact that it is a so-called "corporation town," would call it a desert. It looks like one of the garden spots of Massachusetts.

Situated on the Mill River, it occupies the slopes of two converging hills and the narrow valley between them. The main street curves about the base of the more northerly of the two hills. It is the highway from Milford to Mendon, and upon it are situated the mercantile establishments, the principal public buildings, the mills and a number of residences. The majority of the latter, however, occupy the frontage of the streets that ascend this northern or principal hill of Hopedale. Many of them are very beautiful and surrounded with spacious grounds. The streets are broad, perfectly macadamized and arched with mature shade trees. The southerly hill is partly occupied by the cemetery and the beautiful Hopedale Park, of which more will be said further on, and by some of the more modern of the corporation tenements. A substantial and imposing viaduct bridges the valley that lies between. Over all dwells an almost Sabbath stillness that contrasts strikingly with the usual manufacturing community. It is true that a considerable portion of the three thousand workmen in the Draper Company's factory come from Milford, Mendon and other nearby towns. I do not know just what the figures are now, nor is it important. Certainly those who do reside in Hopedale



Photograph by F. E. Ball

WHERE SHORE AND WATER MEET — HOPEDALE PARK

MEMORIAL CHURCH — HOPEDALE

must be of more than average intelligence and enterprise. It is not enough that a wealthy corporation should build picturesque and homelike dwellings: those who occupy them must have both taste, thrift and energy to accomplish the results that are in evidence in Hopedale. The way in which a house is lived in is as vital to its appearance as is the way in which one wears his clothing to the appearance of the garments themselves.

The architectural gems of Hopedale are the Hopedale Memorial Church, presented by the brothers George A. and Eben S. Draper in memory of their parents, George and Hannah (Thwing) Draper; the Bancroft Memorial Library erected by Mr. Joseph B. Bancroft in memory of his wife, Sylvia (Thwing) Bancroft, and the Hopedale Grammar School erected by the town. The first of these, constructed of Milford granite in the low, old English Gothic style is an ideal village church. The broad lawn and great shade trees which surround it add much to its quiet strength and restful charm. The library building, of a far more ornate architecture, is also constructed of Milford granite and enriched with costly carvings. Near to its east front is a monumental marble drinking fountain of great beauty. This also is a gift, having been presented to the town in 1904 by Mrs. Susan Preston Draper. In addition to these buildings there are a number of residences of great attractiveness and at least one business block of architectural importance.

Unquestionably the setting of these buildings on the perfectly macadamized and tree-bordered highways greatly enhances their beauty. And we would note these streets as one of the most important elements in the comfort and attractiveness of the town. Worthy of still more extended notice is the Park land of Hopedale, a descriptive account of which is furnished us by Mrs. Florence E. Ball.

"In nothing is Hopedale more fortunate than in its parks.

Hopedale covers in all, about thirty-five hundred acres, and of this area

Photograph by F. E. Ball

THE "BLOSSOMING RIVER" — HOPEDALE

nearly one thousand acres are set aside for the use of the general public, who derive the freest benefit from this preservation and improvement of the landscape, unfettered by any sort of restrictions except such simple law as makes for the safety of the individual, and the protection of the natural life of the region.

Ballou Park, the beautiful setting for the statue of Adin Ballou, who may well be called the patron saint of the village, with its winding paths and sturdy apple-trees, is a delight to the eye from the early spring when it is fairly ablaze with forsythia bloom, through all the seasons of the year.

The playground is a tract of four and one-half acres, enclosed by a mass of shrubbery most interesting to a nature student in its variety of tree and shrub.

Here are tennis courts, hurdles, a band-stand for the weekly concerts, and a baseball diamond, while all about are seats for those whose tastes are for a quieter sort of enjoyment.

The children love this place, and their elders are of the same mind. It is a rare thing at any time during the "out-of-doors" season to find it deserted.

The remainder of the park system, about five-hundred acres owned by the town, lying on both sides of the pond, with as much more belonging to Gen. William F. Draper, is posted for game protection; and although this has been done but a few years, results are gratifyingly obvious in the increase in the number of the song and game birds.

The fern growth and flora, too, are rich and varied, and the region affords a never-ending joy to the lover of all the year may bring to one who cares—, as who does not?—for the full possession of field and woodland in their wealth of nature's associations.

Some fifty boats and canoes may be found upon the pond, and we who haunt its rippling waters and shady nooks, know and love the gleaming birches and stately pines, the pretty rustic bridge

and beckoning pathways, the clear, cold springs, and the winding stream through the marshes—while the merry shouts of the youngsters which fill the air of the summer evenings, leave no room to doubt their appreciation of the bath-house with its careful attendant. We of small holdings are indeed rich in our out-of-door privileges.''

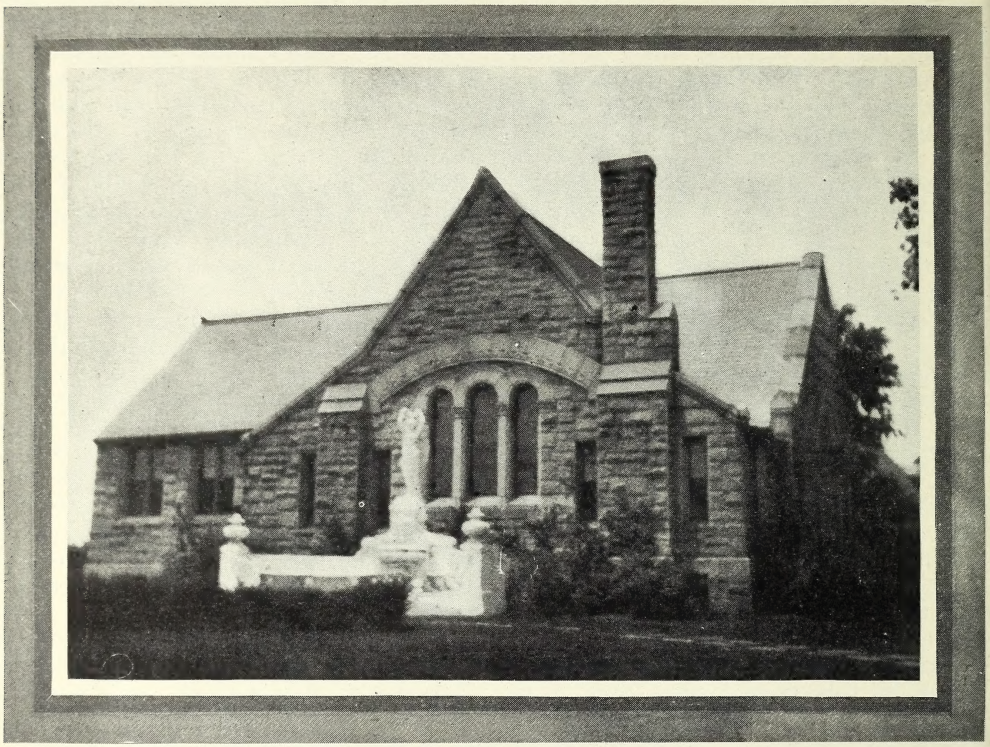
Until 1886 Hopedale was a part of the town of Milford, politically, and but little over a mile separates the two post-offices. Nevertheless the separate incorporation of Hopedale has been justified by the results, its development since that time having been rapid and substantial. Electric and gas lighting systems, water supply and sewerage, macadamized streets and concreted side walks and a beautiful new school house are the creation of these twenty odd years of Hopedale's corporate existence. The tremendous expansion of the Hopedale shops of the Draper Company during this period is, of course, the all-important factor in this development, but along with it has been a civic development that is thoroughly sound and wholesome. It is said that the new Draper Company loom, known as the Northrup loom, is weaving over twenty-five per cent of all the plain cloths produced in the United States. This loom is the result of long and costly experimenting, but has proven to be very successful.

The beneficient public activity of the Draper Company in Hopedale is everywhere apparent, and in no particular more so than in the houses that are erected for rental.

The same care in setting and in side walks and street improvements is exercised about these homes as elsewhere, and the houses themselves are of purposely varied and attractive architecture and equipped with every improvement. But all this has been developed time and time again. It is a matter of national repute.

What is not so generally known and what we wish here to emphasize, is the thoroughly independent and soundly

SOME DRAPER COMPANY TENEMENTS



THE BANCROFT LIBRARY AND SUSAN PRESTON DRAPER MEMORIAL

American political, civic and social life of Hopedale. It is very natural that this should not have been generally accepted and subject to misrepresentation when we consider the economic questions which have been under discussion and have even approached being political issues, and are by many so considered, in the past decade

But as matters are, Hopedale is worth tomes of argument against corporation growth.

The atmosphere of the community is buoyant and hopeful. It is as far removed as possible from a subservient, dependent spirit and nothing of the kind is fostered by any existing practice. It is perfectly obvious that a body of three thousand workmen must be under some systematic regime, but I venture to say that few large industries undertake less interference or more beneficent activities. Interference with personal rights or the true political privileges of American citizenship simply does not exist. In no manufacturing community that has come under our observation is the education of children more carefully attended to or carried so far in the average instance. In comparison with many other industrial communities where the young life is warped and stunted, Hopedale is a veritable earthly paradise.

Another vital indication of communal health is the combined movement and stability of population. A fixed, unchanging population, the only alteration in which comes from the inroads of the grim reaper means stagnation, and it is a condition that has become altogether too habitual in many of our New England communities. On the other hand a population without stability, every individual particle of which is a drifting and transient element, cannot develop those higher civic qualities that make for progress and communal welfare,—and this too is a condition into which not a few of our manufacturing centers have fallen, a condition that not only precludes the splendid products of local patriotism, but too often loosens the bands of social ethics.

Between these two undesirable extremes, Hopedale is nicely balanced, with enough of flux and movement to make for health and enough of stability to make for strength.

Local patriotism is very strong. Nothing pleases a Hopedale resident better than to be asked about his town and his replies are enthusiastic and well-informed.

In this respect the place reminds one of a college town where the visitor is always met with courteous attention, and the sights shown with unfailing interest.

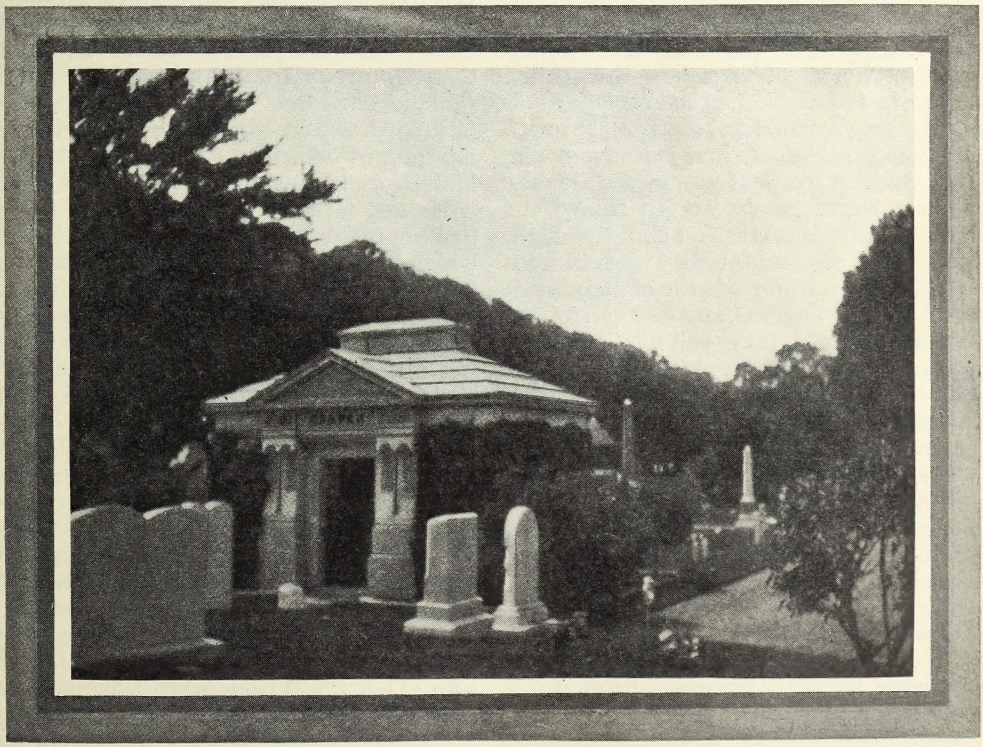
Still another wholesome feature of Hopedale life is the fact that those who are leaders in her industrial life retain their residence in the community.

It is the *alien* corporation that is the source of often well-grounded complaints of indifference, but in Hopedale the very fountain and well-spring of interest and devotion to the common good is with these men who are at once the owners and the active managers of its foundation of wealth.

The outlook for Hopedale is exceedingly bright. It is estimated by careful statisticians that the construction of textile mills in the United States during the next year or year and a half will amount to one hundred million dollars. Such an enormous expansion must be felt in Hopedale, and, whether our idealist friends will have it so or not, industrial prosperity lies at the foundation of the best points of modern civilization.

To say that the outlook for Hopedale, industrially, is bright, is to open to the imagination a vista of development along civic and social lines that will keep this beautiful village in the first rank of modern communities.

These, it seems to the writer, are the features of Hopedale life that are in need of public recognition today—these actual facts that enter into the daily life and experience of its residents, rather than those doctrinaire discussions that may add to our industrial confusion, but do not give us a very clear idea of actual conditions.



THE PLACE OF PEACE — HOPEDALE CEMETERY

GLEN NOBLE*

By WINSLOW HALL

CHAPTER XX.—*Continued.*

WHEN Constance gained her room, she sank into a chair by the window and gazed long and steadily across the whitened field toward the distant mountains.

It seemed as if the nights of secret weepings had dried the fountain of her tears. Her eyes were parched, yet her very soul seemed rent with inward sobbing. "Dead, dead, dead," her heart seemed beating, as it throbbed beneath her rounded, heaving bosom. "Dead, dead, dead," and she pressed a cold hand where the pain seemed keenest.

Then a fierce hope and passionate self accusement filled her and she sprang erect. Why was she sitting thus, idle, with only assumption as the basis for her grief! Hastily she took scarfs and stockings, white petticoats and laces from the great chest of drawers within the alcove, and a gown of heavy woolen from the closet. Spreading these upon the high softness of the wondrously carved old bed, she let fall her wealth of hair, and with flying fingers made her toilet. Gowned with dainty fullness, she reappeared within the kitchen, cheeks pale, but a light of hope within her eyes that chased the stifled tears from those of the troubled doctor.

The old practitioner was dressed in a suit reserved for rare occasions, pressed and spotless, and Aunt Kate was by the window industriously coaxing the nap of a gray and shabby beaver to lie down, which it would not do.

Constance kissed her old friend and guardian as a token of her bravery, and said with forced brightness, "I'm going too, doctor, and am all ready."

For weeks upon a cot halfway down the homogeneous line of iron beds in the city hospital one form had lain for many weary days, now tossing in delirium, now silent as death, save for the pained throb and slow, labored pulsing of the chest choked with congestion.

Since the night he had been taken there, deep in a leaden slumber, not by the dint of the most painful striving had Glen been able to collect his vagrant thoughts and separate what he judged was fact from fallacy. Nothing within the restricted range of his feeble reckoning seemed real. As consciousness crept back to him things would start aright and then shunt off to the harrowing or the ridiculous. Back tracks he could not retrace; the past seemed only a jumbled mirage, in which he could not locate himself as having been.

He had relapsed thus into one of these baffling phases of the complicated disease which held him in its grasp, when Doctor Grey entered the ward. The benign personality of the practitioner seemed to bring a benediction with it, and the patients nearest the doorway unclosed their weary eyelids and smiled. An atmosphere of God's open, upland country seemed about him, a pervading sense of homely virtues and old-school gallantry. He paused a moment over the threshold, the tall beaver, which Aunt Kate had failed to coax to smoothness, in the crook of his right arm, searching the double row of cots for the face he sought.

A sweet, yet strong-faced nurse, in gray, stood just behind him, one friendly arm about Constance, who welcomed the pause in which to fortify herself for the

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ordeal. Her oval cheeks, despite the abiding dread that tugged at her heart, were pink with the bloom of youth and the kiss of the keen outer air. She wore, over the black dress, a short, tight fitting jacket of rough goods, trimmed at neck and cuffs with Canadian otter, and a cap of the same fur was set squarely on her wavy brown hair, with its golden tint, that escaped in vagrant curls from beneath it. Her deep hazel eyes, beneath their long, curved lashes, full of love and kindness, she presented a wholesome, winning picture.

Singling the particular cot of their concern more by intuition than visual intelligence, the doctor led the way to it. Its silent tenant lay revealed beneath the coverlid, his stalwart frame taxing the length of the bed to its full, like a prostrate image a top the tomb of some young martial knight of old.

Constance sank on her knees by the side of the cot while the doctor, with moisture in his kindly eyes, looked on the pair, and the nurse turned away. The girl took one of the thin, parched hands between her own, and with head bent down took in every detail of the pitiful change that illness had wrought in the well-known features. Unseeing, the sleeper looked at her from the half-closed lids, and hot tears dimmed her eyes as he sobbed his name silently.

She could pour out to him now her futile words of love without any maidenly reserve, for in the vast universe of outer blackness in which his soul was wandering there was no consciousness of her presence.

Her head sank lower and her hands relaxed their hold, and the doctor stepped quickly to her side in some concern; for in that swift collapse of hope which youth is prone to with its unreasoning impetuosity, she felt that he was already dead.

Gently the doctor raised her up and counseled her to come away, trying to comfort her with assurances that the symptoms which alarmed her so were but phases of his illness, to be expected, and that the tide of life would set back again, perhaps bringing consciousness and recognition.

Obedient to the doctor's kindly insistence, Constance went slowly with him, but pleaded so with voice and eyes that he interceded in her behalf, and secured permission from the house physician, whom, it was discovered, he had known at Amherst, for Constance to watch by Glen's side during the night.

A folding screen, of some frail, figured material had thoughtfully been placed about the couch, and at nine o'clock she took her place again beside the prostrate form. Noises of the great city came dimly to her, strange and mighty sounding in her hearing used to the soft, harmonious interludes of the country's quiet. The lights grew dim in the shadowy ward, and the footsteps sounded ghostly coming and going. Low moans of the ill and injured lay upon the still, heated air, with its cloying aroma of opiate and disinfectant.

With her eyes upon the pallid face of the sufferer, and one hand of his witihin her own, Constance fell to musing of the past.

When was it she had first so cared for Glen! She could not tell. She could remember him, a giant from her lowly vantage ground of stature, coming to her home on errands, and romping with her in boyish glee; of his strength when she had a difficulty with line or stone or board at play, and went to him for help; of his patience with her nonsense and his manful taking up of a man's responsibilities when his mother died, and of his great devotion to his mother's memory.

It seemed to Constance as if she had always loved him, and yet, somewhere, the quality of that love had changed from passive warmth to potent flame. Whereabouts the frontier of the past estate was merged in the boundary of the present, when or how its transition had occurred, she could not tell.

Slowly she reviewed the more recent years, pregnant with change and sorrows. Tears flowed unheeded as she dwelt upon the memory of her father, but there in that silent room his spirit seemed very near, and looking up she could see with the fervor of her love his smile of benediction.

The nurse came frequently to note the patient's condition, and with kindly hand she petted the girl's flushed cheeks and bade her have courage.

A watchlight burned at the patient's head, shaded by a tinted globe, and the mellow rays, like filtered moonlight, shone over the recumbent form. It was just succeeding the yet vibrating final stroke of the distant bell, which had tolled the hour of four, and in memory Constance was traversing the velvety sweep of her native hills again, when she became conscious that the gray-robed figure of a nurse was standing by her side.

She looked up into the attendant's face and her own blanched with pulsing dread, for the nurse was rigid, gazing into the sleeper's face with an expression of mingled doubt and fear.

What did her trained eyes see in the patient's pallid face that was not there when she had gone her rounds but a few moments before?

But the nurse, relaxing her rigid pose, suddenly put her finger to her lips, denoting silence, and silently hastened away.

Constance followed her with her gaze until she disappeared, and then bent over the silent form, searching the set face for some token that her untutored eyes might read.

While she stood irresolute both doctors came, accompanied by the nurse, and bent over the iron cot, then, almost forcibly, Constance was urged aside into the care of the nurse while the doctors bent above Glen's form, one busy with the pulse, one deftly applying and listening to the stethoscope.

Then there was a hurried consultation, both men very grave, held in brief, concise undertone, but Constance, her hearing quickened, could catch portions of it, in which the words "sinking," "anemia," and "transfusion" were intermingled.

"It would be an open chance," said Doctor Grey, as the men rose from their cramped positions.

"But who would make the sacrifice?" remarked the house physician, as he turned to go.

Constance, pale but firm, stood by Doctor Grey's side, and he passed one arm around her waist to help her down the length of the silent ward.

"What is it," she queried, in a tense whisper. "What chance? What sacrifice?"

The words had caught her hearing, and she would not be appeased. Tenderly as he might, for it was useless to disguise the truth, the doctor explained to her, when they reached the retiring room, the nature of the case.

He told her of Glen's harm, and how, from exposure and grievous loss of blood his system had failed to respond to treatment, and he was slowly but surely drifting away.

Urged on, his head bowed and tears starting to his eyes, the old doctor answered the girl's impulsive questions. In such extremity cases had been saved by the heroic resort to what is known in surgery as transfusion. "Yes," in answer to a query, even now, in Glen's case it was, perhaps, not too late, but ——"

Chapter XXI

Constance's whole being seemed changed at the implanting in her heart of a new hope. Of the two — the ordinary courageous, resourceful physician and the brave-hearted but unsophisticated girl — she, for the time, was master.

Alternately pleading, commanding, inquiring, she had the house surgeon summoned and another consultation was held, which resulted in a decision that, as a last resort, the expedient might be tried.

Reluctantly, with a great fear tugging at his heartstrings, such as the old practitioner never before had known when battling for a life with death, Doctor Grey gave hesitating consent that Constance might have her way.

The white light of the winter morning was just breaking as they tenderly conveyed the insensible form of the sufferer into the bare-walled operating room of the hospital, and laid it in its winding sheets upon the iron table.

When Constance came into the room, accompanied by Doctor Grey, her sweet face was a little pale, but there shone a light in her brown eyes that for strength of purpose and love was heavenly.

Stoutly declining to have an anesthetic administered to her, saying, with a brave little smile, "I can stand it, doctor," she bared her white arm and felt, without giving one sign, the bite of the keen

steel as the necessary incision was made. Then, deftly, with practiced knowing, the surgeon and his assistants attached to the tender arm of the girl and to the marble-white one of the patient the little surgical cannula, after the keen knife had also exposed the pulsing vein in the arm of the prostrate sleeper, and then the tiny syringe was connected.

At once the rich, red blood of the brave girl began surging gently, urged on by the bulb's slow pressure, into the veins of the unconscious man whom she so loved.

When the trial was over, and the operation was pronounced as in all probability a success, Constance was led away, weak from loss of the life-giving fluid an d from the scenes she had witnessed, and as her arm was being bandaged the old doctor patted her as he might have done a sweetheart.

But after a period of rest Constance pleaded to be allowed to go back to Glen's bedside, and finally she had her way.

She was told, however, that at the first sign of the sleeper's awakening she must leave him, for it was feared that excitement, engendered by the presence of his friends would be detrimental to his recovery. This Constance readily agreed to, for, somehow, from native modesty, considering all that had gone before, realizing Glen's love for Jessica, she did not want him to know that she had come to him.

So she put a ban on the doctor not to mention her presence to him, and the old practitioner promised to obey.

She had made what sacrifice lay in her power. Now, to know that her endeavor had not been made in vain, that he would recover, was enough; with that balm to her heart she would go away and none ever should know her secret. Nourished and fortified by the blood of the girl that sat through the long hours by his side, her moist eyes bent lovingly on him, Glen relapsed into a natural and refreshing sleep, a faint flush of newborn life suffusing his features.

The early dusk of the waning day was creeping over the roof tops and squalid tenements when, finally, the form of the invalid stirred slightly. A moistened bandage had been spread over his eyes, and it seemed as though he essayed to raise one hand and remove it.

Constance slipped to her knees by the couch and bent her face over, feeling the warm breath of the waker on her temples.

Oh, how she longed to give expression to her love; to rest her tired head on his breast; to whisper, "Glen, Glen, do you know me?"

But the restraining hand of the nurse was lightly upon her shoulder, and the restraining power of her maidenly reserve was enthroned over her love in her bosom, and so she drew back and watched from the shadows as Glen gradually mastered himself and took the cooling potion that the nurse offered.

And then, as one of the doctors came, Constance turned away, and slipped off in the fast gathering gloom of the echoing ward, and announced to her silent but comprehending friend that she was ready for departure.

CHAPTER XXII

It was the end of the following October when Glen came home—golden and crimson October, the most glorious, soul-laving season, here amid these northern hills, that any clime can boast.

The maples on the hill were splashed with all the rioting colors of the pallette for, several nights earlier in the month, frost had settled, but now, for days, summer had come back, and sat enthroned, a diadem of matchless splendor on her brow, and time drifted over the pungent, haze-clad hills with dream-like indolence.

It had been for Glen a tedious summer; a summer of convalescence. Strength had come slowly, so terribly slowly back, urged by desire but really retarded by concern for his affairs, by doubt and by perplexity.

But now he was a prisoner to medical restrictions no longer. Pronounced officially fit, he was free, and to-night, in the glow of the setting sun, he stood again on his native hills, a little weary, his broad frame showing somewhat the ravages of his sickness, but a whole

man still, with youth dominant and his old-time, winning attributes undimmed.

His russet foot-gear was flecked with the dust of the dun-grey road, his soft hat hung in his hand by his side, and the breath of air which stirred along the upper ridge on idle wings kissed his bared brow with a tender salutation. He raised his unencumbered hand and let his fingers idly stray amid the wavy tangles of his rich brown hair, brushing them back the better to receive in full the heaven-sent benediction.

The doctor met him at the gate, arms out in wholesouled greeting, and, taking him as would have done a returning son, by one hand and a shoulder, he held him off for critical inspection.

"Well," the old practitioner said, his face aglow with fun and pleasure, "for allopaths they patched you up very creditably. But you had a country constitution with which to offset their physics and that's probably how you escaped 'em," then, arm linked in arm, they went up the box-bordered path together.

Constance had gone back to Westborough, in attendance at the Seminary, and would not be home again until Thanksgiving. The doctor told Glen all about the farm work and what had been done and explaining the change which had occurred during his long absence.

When the supper was over, the two men retired to the doctor's study, and there alone with the doctor Glen's demeanor changed, and he faced his old friend resolutely, a deep determination apparent on his serious countenance.

During his long convalescence he had had ample time to canvass his experiences the past year and formulate plans and resolves for the future. Lying helpless on his hospital cot, or, later, propped in an invalid's chair in the sunlit ward designed for the patients who were on the mend, Glen's mind was active with the problems which beset it, trying to entangle the twisted and knotted skein of incidents which he evolved out of half-fathomed surmises.

Gradually, like images on the exposed plate of the photographer in its chemical bath, the details of his recent experiences developed in his mind, coming out finally sharp and positive as a completed picture.

The happenings, however, which had occurred after he sank into a stupor at the critical period of his illness, and just before he awoke with a new life-energy pulsing in his veins, refused to develop, concentrate his mind's energy as he might upon them. They remained blurred images, dimly apparent, but unintelligible, like those on an under-exposed photographic film.

When they had moved him to the operating table, and for hours prior thereto, he had not been as totally oblivious to his surroundings, as the doctors had supposed.

As in a deep dream-state he had been dimly conscious; too weak to formulate an opinion; too tightly held in the thraldom of disease to command his faculties, but just sufficiently conscious to receive impressions vaguely and retain them for future reference.

He had said nothing of his suspicions to doctor or attendant, but, craftily he had questioned them and dove-tailed fact and fact together, and now, straight from his enforced confinement he had come to put to supreme test his constructed theory, to prove it truth or fallacy.

Eagerly, persistently he plied the good old man with questions, and the doctor, knowing nothing of their full purport, ignorant of the story of Glen's infatuation, believing implicitly that the relations of Glen and Constance remained the same as they had existed in childhood, only altered, perhaps, by a maidenly diffidence on the one side, by a species of manly reserve on the other, and with no ray of suspicion but that the facts had been withheld from the patient purely because of his weak condition and liability to shock; so believing, and arguing that now that Glen was well again, knowledge of Constance's sacrifice would only strengthen their bond of affection, the doctor told the story of her sacrifice, sparing nothing of detail or of the risk which she had incurred.

As Glen listened to the recital; heard his suspicions verified, and fathomed the sacrifice which his playmate of old had made for him, his face grew drawn and

his eyes moistened. When the doctor ceased Glen bowed his head upon his arms, outstretched across the table and moaned.

"And in spite of all, she did that for me." He said finally, "Why did you let her? Why did you let her?"

His old friend, perplexed by his demeanor, took the clenched hands in his own and tried to calm him.

"Oh, but you don't understand, Doctor, you don't understand," Glen replied, raising his set face to look into the troubled countenance bent over him. "I love Constance, Doctor; have always loved her. I know it now. I knew it as I lay there in that hospital. There the great light came to me, my eyes were opened and I saw things aright, and now—now she will think it is not love, but only gratitude, and will not believe."

The doctor, bewildered in his simple mind unused to such complexities, tried to argue down Glen's statements, telling him of his belief that Constance returned his love and that he was making mountains out of wild conjectures; that he was not himself, and that he ought to rest, and that everything would straighten out if given time with courage.

Glen smiled into his old friend's face, and pressed his aged hand in token of the thanks he felt for the doctor's good intentions, but he shook his head sadly and, rising from the table, his features set, the old sadness in his eyes, he went slowly out of the room and through the hall onto the veranda, where he sat down in the darkness.

Chapter XXIII

The November election was now but a brief time off, and with its approach public interest had been unusually roused by an undercurrent of criticism of recent political events. The civic interests of the world beyond the encircling hills was already slowly flaming, fed by revealments in the columns of an unmuzzled portion of the public press, relating to the iniquities of modern-day practices, and the echoes of the distant rumblings of discontent had rolled northward through the passes of the mountains and found lodgment in the hearts of many men who, heretofore, had been content to place implicit confidence in the party leaders and to do unquestioning as they were bid.

Over the evening teacups the doctor had told Glen somewhat concerning the details of the campaign, and pointed out casually its salient features which were most particularly concerning the inhabitants.

Glen knew, of course, that more than wonted interest had been aroused locally by the advent of the Honorable Theophilus I. Burland into the community as an avowed candidate before the incoming legislature. The famous Christmas night inauguration of his campaign and subsequent manifestations had been too flagrant not to have imparted an exceptional degree of general concern to the event, and indeed, the aspiration of this man of millions and his methods had evoked not a little comment far outside the borders of the State. But what Glen did not comprehend was the intensity of public interest generated during the months of his absence. Major Terrill of Ludlow, stirred deeply by the trend of events, had come from a retirement of years into political arena and was electioneering, with the fire of youth and the judgment of age, up and down the county confines on a platform of "No boss dominion," and "State's offices for State's sons."

It transpired, therefore, that much had been said, and much that was bitter, concerning the impurity of the local electorate and the danger to free institutions from the advent of hordes of aliens into the locality, organized politically and controlled by an unscrupulous political boss through the agency of local hirelings.

The temper of the populace had been roused to just that inflammable pitch needing only a tinder to start the smouldering resentment into blaze.

Through the droning, moonlit hours to nearly midnight after his conversation with the doctor, Glen kept his place against the pillar of the wide veranda, deep in meditation upon the eventful past and pregnant future.

Suddenly he was conscious of a red

reflection on the southward sky line, that flared feverishly and then was gone. He watched intently. It rose again, like a forge-fire playing on a frosty pane, grew, diminished, then sprang to a deeper glow, yellow and crimson, and at that instant the faint bell-notes of the metal voice in the old church steeple came hurtling across the valley.

Glen stood erect and buttoned his round-a-bout coat tightly over his chest, pulling his felt hat down tight over his forehead. In the country, where fellowship still maintains, and where too lend a hand to a neighbor's needs had not been supplanted by the city's selfishness, the cry of the village church bell at night was an imperative summons to all for miles about that aid was needed in some neighbor's defence, and all within hearing of the call made ready to respond.

Assured in his mind that fire was the cause of the bell-ringing Glen turned and went hastily into the house. He called up the stairs, waking the doctor, and told him of the circumstances and of his intention to proceed toward the village.

The doctor urged him to saddle one of the horses, but he declined, saying he could go across lots the more quickly. Then he hastened across the meadow in the direction of the red glare, which now broadly suffused the low-lying sky-line.

Just as he was sliding to the ground on the far side of the fence, a sound came up to him from somewhere off on the main-traveled highway—a sound inimitable, indescribable, baffling; one which, if ever heard, is never forgot; the memory of which, even, stirs the blood to quick pulsing—the low, long, ill-omened sound of the voice of a mob bent on destruction.

For a moment Glen stood irresolute. Then, like a flood, memory came over him of what the doctor had told him concerning the temper of the townspeople, particularly the younger portion, in whom the hot blood of youth pulsed quickly, regarding the political trend of events.

"They're headed toward Badessiao's place," Glen exclaimed, as he climbed hastily over the fence and then ran, slantingly, down across the field. Before he was half way of the incline a new burst of flame showed directly ahead, and the orchard and outlying premises of the old Copely place were vividly painted against the dark background of the night with colors of crimson and yellow.

(To be continued)

Tarry at Home Travel—1890

By EDWARD E. HALE, D.D.

AFTER breakfast and prayers I read to them all, as I always do, the Declaration of Independence. I am fond of reading it from the *Annual Register* of the year 1776, which was published in London. They say it was edited by Edmund Burke. I wish I were quite sure of this. The interest which belongs to this particular edition comes from the danger which then attached to printing in England any criticisms on the Crown. Our dear George III., the "Brummagem Louis XIV.," as I am fond of calling him, was not to be spoken of as freely as men speak of his more worthy granddaughter. So, where the Declaration comes to its central charges against the King of Great Britain, the *Annual Register* for 1776 had to say decorously,—

"The history of the present K—— of G—— B——n is a history of repeated injuries." And the reader, if he chose, might suppose that the Khan of Green Bokharan was alluded to.

The language of the Declaration is rhetorical, as its author was. Such was, indeed, the need of the time. It is very good rhetoric, too. And one never reads it through without feeling that what they had to say — and it was a great deal — they said wonderfully well. At any celebration, the "orator of the day" may be glad if his address interest the hearers as much as the Declaration does, when well read by Master Goodchild, of the first class of the high school. All the same, when I was engaged in the forming of the literary style of some young Americans, I thought it well to offer a prize to any who would give a paraphrase of it in words as short as four letters. Let us train our young people to the use of monosyllables.

See what I had given me. Jefferson's rendering of the introduction, as I hope you remember, is in these words: "When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them,— a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation." Here are twenty-five Latin words — if you count "nature" twice — and twenty-four words of more than one syllable.

The best version I got in words of five letters or less was this: "When as, men are, one set of men must cut the bond that ties it with a set out side,— let it say why." But this, as you see, omits all that about assuming a separate and equal station,— as if it were surplusage, as it hardly is. Still, the success of this experiment was such that I offered another prize the next year, for an introduction in words of three letters or less. I got this essay in competition: "If it be fit for any set of men to cut an old tie,— let it say so,— let it say why." This shows what can be done, when the columns are crowded, and we must reduce the length of the President's message. In my little book, *How to do it*, I condensed eighty-one horribly long words of the worst English I could find,— one of President Peirce's messages, — into thirty-six. And I thought my English better than his.

I will now renew my offer, and for the best rendering of the Declaration sent us to print in the next year's New England Magazine, in words of four letters or less, I will give a copy of *The Man without a Country*. For the best rendering in words of three letters, or less, I will give a copy of *Red and White*.

We will take the 9.32 train into town.

It is to be a hot day,— but the sun does not seem to affect Miss Reader much, and as no one sees her, she can wear as light costume as she will. The moment the train arrives, we see there is a holiday, — it is so crowded. Fortunately for us, Roxbury has its attractions, and so many leave the train there that I find a seat. Miss Reader always does. And here at Park Square — such a crowd! There is that droll tendency of a holiday, which makes people walk in the roadway, instead of keeping to the sidewalk. Is this perhaps the feeling of being in a procession; or is it because they are from districts where there is not so much distinction between the ways for bipeds and those for quadrupeds? Let us not philosophize. Enough to see that everybody is cheerful and resolved, as the Yankee says, " to have a good time."

" The sons of Belial had a glorious time,"

says John Dryden,— so the Yankee has good authority. And we need not fear that he is descending to that low revelry of the Sons of Belial.

" Here's your ice water — free — ice water free." Listen to that, Mr. Bellamy, and tell me if you will have anything more virtuous in the twenty-first century. See the great inscription.

FREE
ICE WATER. ICE WATER

This over a well-fitted marquee, with eager bartenders behind, dispensing the cooling draught " which cheers but not inebriates," to all comers. The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has wisely pronounced the open bar a common nuisance, — license or no license; but, in the enthusiasm of our celebration, the city of Boston steps over the letter of that great decision, in this instance, and opens five or six or more of these " open bars," for the Fourth of July, with their " gentlemanly attendants."

And notice, dear Miss Reader, how the children of commerce take up the idea. " Here's your iced lemonade. Only three cents. Lemonade made to order." Observe, if you please, that the detestable liquid known as lemon syrup has disappeared before the progress of commerce and prosperity. " Here's your Moxie." " Here's your Saratoga and Kissingen." And cakes enough, too, dear Miss Reader, — though I cannot offer you ale. Try that pop-corn, amalgamated into a long parallelogram, by the dextrous cement of boiled molasses. How they cut it is the mystery! No, you need not be afraid to eat it as you walk up Beacon Street. If you will observe, no one seems to notice you. That must surprise you, as it did Madame Recamier, when the Savoyards looked at her no longer. And, if you will observe, every one else is doing the same thing, or something like it.

Oh, yes! we will walk around the Common. That is what I brought you here for. Do not mention it,— but I always feel as if these elms on Charles Street were one inch in diameter, and in danger of being uprooted by some boy. They were in my day, sixty years ago. That open space? Oh! that is the " ball ground." It is roped off to-day,— as it would not be on a common day,— because to-day our South Boston La Crosse team is to play a match against some other team. Now, they are all waiting for somebody to arrive. There is a good deal of waiting on such occasions. But you and I are too busy to wait. Will you observe how all the people keep behind the ropes, though there are not five officers in sight? That is democracy. Everybody knows that if everybody stepped inside the line, nobody could see the game. So nobody steps in.

" The common sense of each keeps a fretful world in awe."

Or as our old friend said in the beginning: " Among these [rights] are life, liberty, and *the pursuit of happiness;* to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers *from the consent of the governed.*"

And here, next the ball ground, the men are stretching the balloon out upon the grass, so that all may be sure there is a balloon. And this afternoon it will rise in the southwest wind, till it comes so near the sea that they do not dare to go any further,— and it will descend somewhere

in Chelsea or in Malden,— after they have been in the air eighteen minutes. They always do it in that way. For, as the average Fourth of July wind is westward, or west-southwest, a point west, or something like that,— and as the ocean "holds Boston in its arms" on the eastward, it is a bad place for balloons. When they flew the first balloons in Paris, dear old Ben Franklin was there. And some one asked "Of what use is it?" As if, indeed, anything in the camp or court of poor Louis and his Marie Antoinette were of much use! And dear old Ben said, "Of what use is a new-born baby?" Well, the baby is one hundred and seven years old now, born, if anybody cares, in 1783, the year in which the K——g of G——t B——n acknowledged the independence of another baby. And thus far, nothing much seems to have come of it. They are unfortunate to-day,— for the requisitions of our gas companies, which are none of the best, compel them to use heavy gas, which is not the best for ballooning.

When I was a boy, whom you see yonder with a little balloon, on a string, or when I was of his size, "Independence Day" was celebrated at the eastern end of this same Common. And the booths of candy men, oyster men, men who sold cocoanuts and tamarinds, were on Park Street, in the old malls, and under the shade of Paddock's Row. We have now cut down the trees in Paddock's Row, and we are so genteel that we allow no stalls or booths in Park Street, excepting those for the dispensation of cold water, for genteel people may be thirsty. The booths are now at the western end, which was in those prehistoric days considered quite outside the world. On the western side of Charles Street, where now the Public Garden shows all its beauty, and where all the seats you see are occupied by young men and maidens, was still the original beach of the Back Bay, kept at low-water mark by the original Mill Dam. A superstition, wholly unfounded, existed among the young and the masses of the people that human law did not extend beyond highwater mark. And so, on this low-water beach, certain games of "pitch coppers," and "props" were permitted, which could not be played on the uplands. With bated breath, and the sense of assisting at Crockford's or at Monaco, we little boys used to leap down from the beach wall and witness these saturnalian revels. The real reason why these were not interfered with is now better known to me. The whole police establishment of the new-born city was then in the hands and brain of "Old Reed," as he was affectionately called by the boys. He was the only "constable." He must have had his hands full in so pulling and hauling that nothing stronger than spruce beer should be sold on the Common. So he, doubtless, drew the line at Charles Street, knowing that he must draw it somewhere. Now, as you observe, the people in the Public Garden are as peaceable and loyal to law as those on the upland. But, as a reminder of those days, this boy attired as a sailor here offers us this basket made of the propp-paw shells. Shall I buy it for you, Miss Reader?

Miss Reader. That ugly thing! Not for me! Why, there is not a Chinese sailor at the Fort but has his pockets full of them.

Traveler. Ah, yes! You forget, dear Miss Reader, that all of us have not seen both oceans.

Of the entertainments of those older days, some, I see, survive. Some others have been evolved from those beginnings. For instance, this of the free iced water had not been heard of then. But there was water in the frog pond and there was ice. Spruce beer and ginger beer we had then and now. It was two cents a glass, and, with a kind concession to the impecuniosity of little boys, a half glass was sold for a cent. For one cent, also, you could buy two oysters (raw), with salt and pepper and vinegar *ad lib.* I see no oysters to-day.

It is, perhaps, not proper, in the presence of a millionaire, and Miss Reader may be one for aught I know, to allude to these humble details of personal expenditure. But as these pages are read by statesmen, and as Le Play and Mr. Wright

have earned their fame, by rightly presenting to the world their studies of just such expenses, I will venture some memoranda on the ways and means of a small boy's Independence Day in 1830.

There was a ribald story, in my boyhood, of a father who tipped his son on the morning of Independence, with these cautions:

"Here, my son, are two cents. Don't be extravagant. Treat all your companions liberally. And bring home toys for the children." But the injustice of this ribaldry was well known to all of us, and we never repeated it. The custom at home was that my mother provided herself with a store of Spanish reals,— then called ninepence,— and gave one to every child, of every race or color, with whom she had to do. An occasional uncle,— a real uncle, not one of the three-ball variety — did the same. So you started for the Common, with a very reasonable sum for distribution among the various venders. It was certain that you would carry nothing home.

There was a story — well vouched — of a lad who started with twenty-five cents (or two ninepences), and under the first tree in Paddock's Row found a man with purses to sell. The boy bought a purse — purple, with a gilt clasp — for twenty-five cents; and for the rest of the day had the purse with nothing in it. How many people I have known since, in his condition! How many houses with pianos in them, where, by no intercession, can I evolve a note, far less a bar of music!

More prudent boys — or is it more audacious — passed the temptations of the purse seller, and reached the Common. Sticks of candy were still in existence: barley, which was translucent (yellow); checkerberry, also translucent (red), and a little shorter than barley; peppermint (white and not translucent; but striped obliquely with red, like a barber's pole); and molasses candy,— more in quantity, but perhaps carrying a mean feeling of home manufacture, which made us distrust it, as we are apt to distrust an American knife, for no reason. Each of these sticks was one cent in price. I see none such now. But, on the other hand, every third table is now heaped with what is called a French mixture, at ten cents a pound. As I observed, this morning, that the finest refined sugar costs six and three fourths cents at wholesale, I am a little afraid about this manufacture. There are scarlet dolces! We had none of them in 1830. But I see no tamarinds, which were a commodity of those days.

No Priscilla! And there are no Governor Endicotts! Miss Reader and I have gone round the Common, and looked at every booth carefully. There are no Governor Endicotts.

In those earlier days the dealers had sheets of white paper, on which were many checkerberry candy medals,— shall I call them? They were larger, each, than a cartwheel dollar. On each was stamped a head. It was not General Washington. It was not General Hancock. So we children said that the medal was first struck in 1629, and that it represented Governor Endicott. We made it a sacred duty to invest one cent in such a medal on election day and on Independence. Observe that Massachusetts still honored her own holiday of election, and maintained a pride in such sovereignty as she had. So that the celebration of her election day in May — up to that fatal amendment of her constitution, when it was pushed back to January — was, in every jot and tittle, as distinguished as this of the Fourth of July.

Mr. Hawthorne, who cared for such things, observed, so soon as he lived in England, that the Whitsunday week holidays of the Old Country were celebrated with precisely the observances of an old Massachusetts election day. True old Puritans would have nothing of Whitsunday,— a popish holiday,— not they! But, though they were virtuous, they let the people have cakes and ale,— and so election day took its place. Good for Winthrop and Dudley and Governor Endicott!

And now, to think that the die which bore Governor Endicott's likeness should be lost or broken,— and the art of making checkerberry medals should be forgotten!

I ALWAYS touch my hat to a policeman. I like to show the good fellows that their

business and mine is the same,— the business indeed of their Master and mine,— to take away the sins of the world. These two officers, whom we are passing, are the only people in this throng, I suppose, whom I ever saw before.

"Good morning, officer. A quiet time?"

"Very quiet, sir, very quiet."

Indeed, one cannot see that they have anything to do. Ah! yes! — there is one of the force running across Park Square. Has some one lapsed from virtue's path? He calls to that German who is leading a little child! The German turns, frightened! How has he offended the majesty of the law? Oh,— there it is,— the little girl has dropped her handkerchief, and the officer sees it. All is restored. The grateful German thanks the policeman. And, as the French reporters say, "The incident is exhausted." But you will hardly do better than that, Mr. Bellamy, in the twenty-first century. The whole police force of the town on the alert — yes — to see that none of us drop our handkerchiefs on the sidewalk!

So Miss Reader and I walk around among the booths. They run from West Street west and from Walnut Street west; and there are double or treble lines of them. On Beacon Street, observe the tenants are black people mostly. Their race is, perhaps, singularly fond of this holiday. We look everywhere for Governor Endicotts,— but, as I say, we do not find them. But here are roses, Miss Reader, and carnation pinks. You have not finer in your charming Alaska climate. "Here's your fresh roses; here's your fresh roses,— only ten cents." Please accept these Bon Silenes,— they will look so pretty in your corsage.

And so we have passed round the five malls, Charles Street, Beacon Street, Park Street, Tremont Street, and Boylston Street; and we are here opposite the Providence station again. Two hundred thousand men, women, and children we have seen, at the least, probably twice that number. And I, who ought to know Boston people, have not seen one I knew I ever saw before, unless it were those policemen. The truth is, that the greater part of these people have come in from the country,— and of the Boston people a good quarter part have gone into the country. This is just as it should be.

But Miss Reader feels as if she would like to see some more consolidated or definite centralization of enthusiasm. So far, these have all been individual expressions. There is a large tent. I think it is a Merry-go-round. Let us work through the throng. "I beg your pardon, sir. Will you let this lady pass?" "Thank you, sir." "This way, Miss Reader." "Please make room for this lady." They are all very obliging, and so we press our way in. The great tent is crowded. We can all hear, for a thousand people are singing a temperance song, and this is a temperance orator leading them. This is the only organized entertainment on the Common for the morning.

I have not observed any lack of children in our promenade. I think the country children have come into town with their fathers and mothers. But you must observe that, during these hours of the morning, fifty thousand children of the city, or thereabouts, are cared for in various places of public entertainment at the city's expense. Jugglers,— or performers of legerdemain, to be more grand,— variety people of different kinds, — singers, banjo players, and others who know how to entertain,— have been brought together at different places; and a ticket has been given to each boy or girl, who was at school last week, so that his entertainment or hers might be made sure. We who are older are not supposed to care to have such things for nothing, we must go to one of six or eight theaters, unless, as it happen, we find ourselves better entertained out of doors.

But there are ten places of entertainment, to which we must not go. We may go to any of the public bath houses, and the towel for our drying and the key for undressing will be given us, the last on its india rubber string. But woe to him who wishes to read! The ten public libraries,— the best places of amusement or of entertainment in Boston,— these by a most curious superstition, are closed

on all the days when we entertain the lieges.

THE Sons of the Revolution, the new society lately formed in many states, and united in a national society, places on its program, among many objects worthy of praise, its determination to promote the celebration of the Fourth of July in the different states. The society has been organized by men who have the intelligence to see that the American ideas which are interwoven into all our plans, and into the detail, even, of our administration, are worth preserving; and that if the newcomers, who add so much to our physical strength, are to fall into line with the Americans who have made America, they must be taught the history of the country, and must know on what principles its success is based. It is idle to say that we owe these successes to the natural fertility of soil, or to the wealth of mines, or to the gifts of climate. The valley of the Danube is as richly stored by nature as the valley of the Mississippi; but we see no such communities of men there, as have, in a hundred years, made the valley of the Mississippi what it is.

The Society of the Sons of the Revolution has formed itself, in the hope that there may be a more spirited effort to teach what all men are glad to learn. I have been pleased to see how widely such hopes show themselves in action in the great states of the Northwest. In Minnesota, for instance, the supervisors of the public schools have established a "National Day" as a part of the regular duty of each school term. It becomes a festival for the schools. National songs are sung, national history repeated, the American flag is displayed, and all the resources which intelligent teachers command are drawn upon, that the children of Norwegian, of Welsh, of Icelandic parents, or those from any other nation under the sun, may know what new privileges they acquired, on the happy day when their fathers "highly resolved" that they also should be Americans.

FORTY-EIGHT years ago my Alma Mater gave me the "privilege of speaking in public as often as any one asked me to do so,"— "privilegium publice praeligendi, quoties-cumque ad hoc munus evocatus eris." I have sometimes wondered whether a man can speak in public, if there be no public to hear. But that is cynical to say in this connection, for Alma Mater certainly meant well. I suppose I have availed myself of the privilege then given, if I should guess roughly, some seventeen thousand five hundred and twenty times, "be the same more or less," thus addressing men on various lines of life which have been suggested by consideration of the Three Elements of Life.

But, among these seventeen thousand and odd occasions, I have never delivered a Fourth of July oration. I think I have been "called to do it," but it has not seemed to me that the call was compulsory. Still, there have been two fundamental statements which I should like to make, if such a call seemed peremptory. And, lest no such call be made, I will state them here.

First. When these states declared themselves independent, they were independent. Practically, they always had been. New England fought Philip and his men,— man to man, about equal numbers on each side,— and never asked the home government for an ounce of powder, or for the flint to a firelock. Such help as the Crown ever did give them,— as when it sent such a general as Braddock,— cost more than it came to. *Moral.* Let no man or woman or state say, "I am independent" unless in truth he is.

Second. That what we need to maintain this nation is the same quality and the same determination which made it.

THE "HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES"

Another of New England's literary shrines is saved from the chance of time and tide. This time it is the "House of Seven Gables" around which Hawthorne wove his magic spell, and the individual to whose generosity the City of Salem is indebted in this and in other instances, is Mrs. George R. Emmerton.

The use to which it is to be put furnishes a hint of value to patriotic associations and others interested in the preservation of historic buildings, which are too often looked upon as useful only as museums of antiquities. It is far better in the majority of cases that some more practical utility be found for these buildings, some use that will not demand their alteration nor suffer from the limitations incident to the retention of their original form.

The form taken by Mrs. Emmerton's gift is not its least commendable feature.

GRADUATION EXPENDITURE AND SIMPLICITY

Graduation Expenditure and Simplicity

The tendency of Public Schools to ape College ways is often only amusing and may sometimes be beneficial; but in the growing elaboration of graduating exercises which has been increasingly in evidence for a considerable time we find something that is to be seriously resisted. It is not only undemocratic, but unkindly so.

Signs of a reaction are occasionally observable and are to be encouraged. There may have been something for a carping mind to ridicule in the calico gowns which the young ladies of the Simonds Free High School in New Hampshire chose to wear at their graduation exercises, but the spirit was all right. We congratulate them on their courage and the stand which they took.

But there are other things than graduation gowns—bouquets, parties, elaborate programs, decorations, class pictures, gifts and special class exercises that together loom up very formidably before many and many a family.

Let the movement toward greater simplicity grow.

SEATTLE HOSPITALITY

The New England Club of Seattle, whose tastefully furnished apartments are shown in our engraving, extend a cordial invitation to all visiting New Englanders to make of this delightful club home a rest room and headquarters during the Alaska-Yukon Exposition.

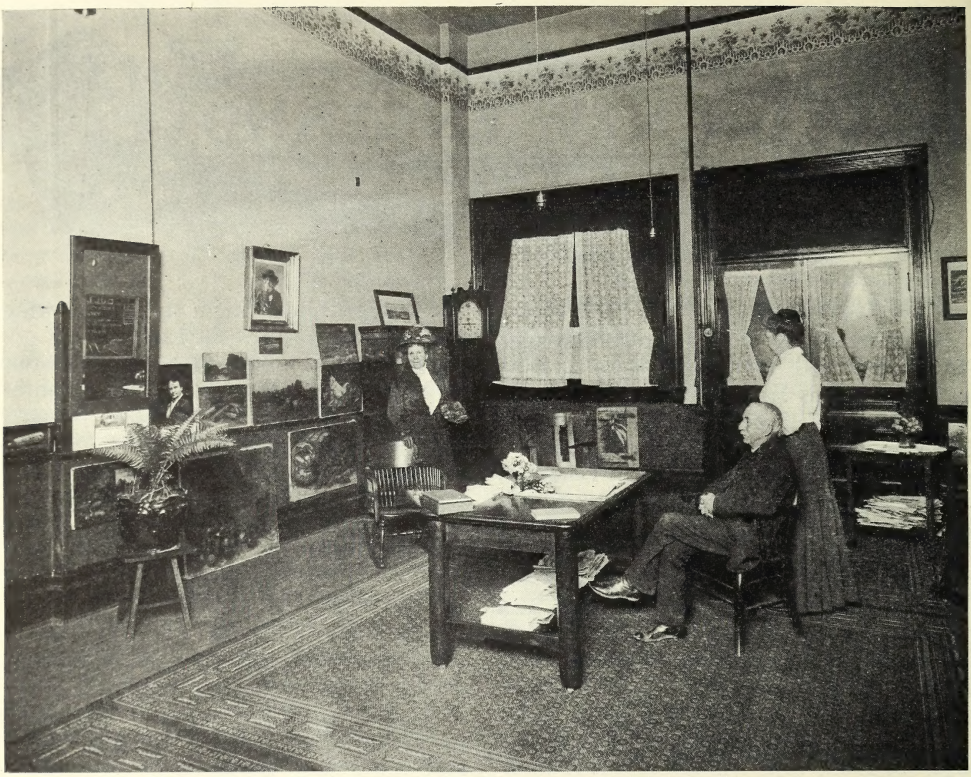
It is an opportunity that will undoubtedly be used and appreciated by many of our readers.

The location of the club rooms is Suite D., Haller Building, corner of Second Avenue and Columbia Street, Seattle, and the New England Day at the Exposition will be September 7th.

The president of the club, Mr. Leonard F. Dearborn, sends us the following interesting item:

HISTORY OF A FLAG IN PART

The mascot flag of the "New England Club" is shown with name "Puritan" in the club rooms, Seattle, also on the fountain, at the home of the president of the club. It was first called forth in the fall of '84 and floated from a staff over the speaker's stand at the dedication of a magnificent monument at Candia, N. H., the monument a gift from the late Gov. Frederick Smythe to his native town; since which, no holiday has ever passed when it failed to answer "Here am I." In 1901 it crossed Behring Straits, and



INTERIOR OF SEATTLE NEW ENGLAND CLUB — OPENED BY COURTESY OF THE CLUB TO ALL NEW ENGLAND PEOPLE DURING THE ALASKA-YUKON EXPOSITION

for weeks its folds were kissed by the bleak winds of the Arctic. The self-same year it floated from a staff over the post-office at Nome, Alaska, July 4th. January, 1904, it was in evidence at a reception given to President Roosevelt by twelve hundred Alaskans at Seattle, the writer being the sole appointed representative from the Arctic. The following winter it graced the reception hall at the American House, Boston, during a session of the "New Home Week Candia Club," N. H. February, 1906, from an improvised staff from the Carnegie Observatory at Mt. Wilson, California (the first flag ever there placed) its stars looked down upon the finest valley upon earth, where it faced a new continent. Later, its record shows, at the formation of the first New Hampshire Club in California, at the Chamber of Commerce, Los Angeles, it received the encomium of hearty applause.

At the presentation of a portrait of Seattle's pioneer, Henry L. Yesler, to the Washington State Art Association, at the Carnegie Library, Seattle, February 6th, 1907, by the writer, it was the only flag that occupied a prominent position, although robbed of much of its original fabric by the bleak winds of the Arctic, its beauty marred by time, stars dimmed from age, still the New England Club of Seattle has faith to believe that there resides in it much to fulfil.

THE CAPE COD CANAL

The first "official" shovelful of earth in the construction of the projected canal that is to bring New York City and Boston sixty-three miles nearer together by water transportation, was taken from the ground by Mr. August Belmont of New York. The work begins at Sandwich and it is understood that it will be pushed to a conclusion in about three years' time.

MEMORIAL TABLET TO ALICE FREEMAN PALMER IN HOUGHTON MEMORIAL CHAPEL, WELLESLEY COLLEGE

ART

AN APPROPRIATE MEMORIAL

The beautiful Houghton Memorial Chapel at Wellesley College has been enriched by a tablet in memory of Alice Freeman Palmer.

The memorial, which was unveiled at a special dedicatory service Sunday, June 6, is so notable from an artistic standpoint that we have selected it as the most important piece of New England art news that has come to

our knowledge during the month.

As the work of Daniel Chester French, we may also claim it as a New England production, for Mr. French, although his studios are not at present located with us, is none the less a New Englander, having been born in Exeter, N. H., and educated at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Dartmouth College. Much of his best-known work was produced from his studios in Concord and Boston, Massachusetts.

The tablet in Houghton Memorial Chapel is carved in deep bas-relief from a flawless, snow-white marble of a highly translucent texture which plays an important part in the spiritual, almost ethereal, character of the work.

The plinth, or sub-base, bears without further embellishment the following inscription:

Here rest the ashes of
Alice Freeman Palmer
In the heart of the college she loved
1855—1902.

The second member of the base carries a medallion portrait in low relief. This is said, by those who knew Mrs. Palmer, to be an excellent likeness.

The principal figures under the simple Gothic canopy are carved in high relief and are entirely symbolical.

If this lovely group did not tell its own story better than it could be told in words, it would have been better to have so told it in the first place. But just because Mr. French did have a story that only form and gesture could adequately present, his work is genuinely sculptural and verbal interpretation of it is something of an impertinence.

That which appears to be represented is just that pathos and mystery of the limitation of the influence of one personality upon another which is the essence of moral influence, the dependence of the teacher upon the pupil as well as of the pupil upon the teacher—a relationship that is best described by the single word *moral*, when we regard that word in its sweetest Christian significance.

The face of the maiden has all of the dreamy indefiniteness of youth. She goes forth equipped and with wise and loving counsel, but that toward which she goes, toward which the guiding hand sends her forth is without, it is the beyond, the unknown, and the very sending is in itself an act of separation. Faith and love and all the most beautiful qualities of human life are embodied in that action.

All that is humanly holiest in that idea is undoubtedly associated in the minds of many hundreds of young women with Mrs. Palmer—and Wellesley. The memorial is thus very intimate—a memorial for those of the Wellesley household and of the loved Wellesley teacher and executor appropriately enshrined, as the inscription says, "in the heart of the college that she loved."

THE BOSTON OPERA COMPANY

Ponchielli's masterful opera, La Gioconda has been selected by director Henry Russell for the opening performance of the new Boston Opera House.

The opera will be presented with a splendid cast including such artists of world-wide fame as Lillian Nordica and Florencio Constantino. The opera will be conducted by the musical director of the company, Arnaldo Conti.

The inaugurating features as arranged by Director Russell and general manager Ralph L. Flanders will commence with the National Anthem sung by Lillian Nordica assisted by a strictly American chorus of five hundred voices conducted by Wallace Goodrich, one of the conductors of the Opera Company.

The new Opera House will be one of the finest playhouses in the world. It will be modern in every particular, and supplied with every device known to stage-craft and furnished with every comfort conceivable. Its inauguration will mark an important event in the musical life of America and the social life of New England and particularly that of Boston.

The best names of the city's blue book are to be found in the list of subscribers of the new temple of lyric art.

Twenty-five operas of the Italian,

LYDIA LIPOWSKA, COLORATURA SOPRANO ENGAGED BY DIRECTOR HENRY RUSSELL FOR THE NEW BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

French and German repertoire will be produced the first season of Boston's own Grand Opera.

Many among them have never been heard here, and some of them have never been presented anywhere in the United States.

Every one of these operas will be presented in a manner worthy of the patronage of the highly cultured public of Boston.

A special feature of the performances will be a Grand Opera ballet of mostly American dancing girls. These girls are being trained by the best foreign ballet masters, and will undoubtedly surpass in charm, grace and youth the imported girls hitherto seen in America.

"PASTURES WILD"

We do not need to introduce Mr. Winthrop Packard to the readers of the NEW

England Magazine, and many of them will already be familiar with this delightful book of his which has just been published by Small, Maynard & Company of Boston.

The alluring field of authorship into which Mr. Packard enters with this book is one of very exacting requirements. The man who would undertake to do our out-door seeing for us must have a keen vision, a conscience of truth and a sound and sane philosophy of life. He must have very sensitive sympathies toward that beautiful but lowly world from which our daily life is so far removed.

To say that one has succeeded in that kind is to mete out very high praise—it is almost as much as to say that a man has written a poem of the first class, and *that* we never do say save under compulsion. Does the author of "Wild Pastures" compel us to number him among that elect fraternity whom we shall permit to be eyes and ears for us in our own out-of-doors? Let us see.

In the first place Mr. Packard is honest both with us and the world that he talks about. He does not misrepresent them for our amusement, and he adheres strictly to that which his own perceptions have given him knowledge of.

That is, of course, fundamental, but it will be of small avail unless his perceptive faculties are sufficiently allert, well-trained and industrious to render their gleanings worth our while—that is to say, bring into clear definition a certain considerable quantity of our own subliminal seeing. For we have all brooded by these same pools and in these same pastures. What we need is some one to tell us what it is that we have seen —to define our sensations into permanent intellectual possessions. I think that no one can read "Wild Pastures" without acknowledging himself indebted for just this service.

Almost any one can go into the jungle where we have never been and tell us at least a few interesting things about it, but to go into our own door-yards, as it were, and tell us what we have seen there so fairly and clearly that we will not only tolerate the telling but be grateful for it is a supreme test, and "Wild Pastures" meets that test. It bubbles over with good-humor, abounds in subtile observations and delicate disclosures and is interesting from cover to cover.

A LIBRARY EDITION OF E. E. HALE'S WORKS

"The writings of the late Edward Everett Hale, who died at his home in Boston, June 10, aged 87, must be included among the classics of the English language, and classed among the very best productions of American literature. Dr. Hale's contributions to our literature have been voluminous, and in some cases conspicuous. He has been, as everybody knows, a man of great and varied activity, within and without literature.

"No American author has held a warmer place in the hearts of his countrymen. He had the affections of all classes and conditions of readers.

"His writings expressed the best and noblest of that great and pure New England character which has stamped itself deepest on the life of this Republic

"When the works of a contemporaneous writer receive embodiment in a definitive edition, a certain stamp of classicality seems to be set upon him—so far, at least, as the word 'classical' can be applied to literature that is current. Dr Hale attained this distinction in his ripe old age for a uniform library edition of his works in ten volumes, issued several years ago by his Boston publishers, Little, Brown & Company, under his own supervision, with new prefaces in which Dr. Hale expressed himself in his best vein of genial reminiscence.

"This library edition contains practically all of his best-known books, including his famous 'The Man Without a Country' and 'In His Name,' 'Ten Times One,' 'The Brick Moon,' 'Philip Nolan's Friends,' 'A New England Boyhood,' 'How to Do It,' 'Addresses and Essays on Subjects of History, Education, and Government,' 'Sybaris,' and 'How They Lived at Hampton,' and 'Poems and Fancies.'"

OPPORTUNITIES FOR YOUNG MEN

Still another edition of ex-Governor Frank W. Rollins' suggestive and helpful book on this subject is announced.

Bristling with practical suggestions and overflowing with the very best kind of optimism, that, namely, which is developed by a sound and deep experience of life, the book is an inspiration to the youth particularly of New England.

This Commencement season brings its topic very sharply to the fore-front in thousands of homes, where it is not "what can a young man do?" but "what can our boy do, now that his long course of schooling is done?"

To those of limited horizons and an experience of life more or less shut in, Mr. Rollins' book will prove to be as helpful as to their sons.

Beginning with the premise that there are more rather than fewer opportunities for young men to-day than formerly, the author proceeds to cover some of the most prominent fields of modern activity which open careers of usefulness and profit unheard of by our forefathers. He speaks of Electricity, Forestry, The Consular Service, Politics, Good Roads, Journalism, Stenography, The Church, Settlement Work, Farming, etc., these indicating the breadth and scope of the work and its sympathy with varied circumstances and capacities.

The young men themselves often develop these same themes in the same apparent spirit in their Commencement oratory, and their sage elders benignantly interweave them into their baccalaureate sermons and Commencement addresses. The trouble is that the young men are merely hoping and dreaming and have not the least idea whether what they say is true or not, and their elders speak with a lurking skepticism that is only too visible or with that most hopeless form of unpracticality which shows itself in those with whom experience leaves no knowledge of men and affairs.

In the midst of such utterly useless—worse than useless for often positively depressing—"encouragement," the clear, firm convictions of ex-Governor Rollins drawn from keen observation and wide conservatism with the broadest affairs, is a veritable battle-call to endeavor and victory.

It is this rational, practical, earnest conviction and the sympathetic vein in which it is conveyed that is the unique and invaluable characteristic of the book.

Over and above this it is a mine of information concerning modern activities and turns the mind of the reader in just the right direction.

It is sound in philosophy, sympathetic in spirit, broad in its outlook, practical in its suggestions—a book well worth reading and one in whose continued sale we find peculiar pleasure.

THE HARTFORD WAY

WITH a desire to encourage the enterprise of your worthy publication and to reap the advantages of the publicity attending your symposium on New England Boards of Trade, I take pleasure in making a contribution concerning our organization in Hartford.

While our city has long enjoyed world-wide repute as an insurance center, it has, during the past decade, made wonderful

progress industrially and is to-day regarded as a leading center of high-skilled mechanics. The products of our factories are exported to the remotest corners of the earth, and are famed for their ingenuity, durability and workmanship. One of our chief assets therefore is mechanical supremacy. No city in the world to-day surpasses us in mechanical skill. Naturally we advertise this fact extensively and seek to induce industries, that depend primarily on high-class workmanship, to settle in our midst. That we have been successful in this respect is made evident, in a degree, by the following editorial comment in the *Providence Journal:*—

"The removal of a large typewriter industry to Hartford emphasizes the growing importance of that city as a center for skilled labor. It has experienced a remarkable industrial development in the last few years, and fortunately for itself, the newcomers have been almost entirely of the higher class."

Hartford is also famed for its wealth, beauty and culture. As a residential city it is ideal. It maintains seventeen parks, covering an area of six hundred and fifty-five acres, about nineteen of which is water. This does not include a tract of six hundred and eighty at present in the care of trustees, which will eventually revert to the city. We have eighteen high-class banks, seventeen insurance companies, one college, Trinity, two seminaries, four libraries, one high and manual training school and eighteen grammar schools.

With the exception, possibly, of Buffalo, no city in the East furnishes electric power to manufacturers at a lower cost than Hartford. The rate ranges from three to six cents per K. W. hour. The average horse-power paid for, as indicated by the meters, is only thirty-three and one-third per cent of the motor rating. This covers the total motor installation. At present such concerns as the Pratt & Whitney Company, Billings and Spencer, The Hartford Machine Screw Company, and the Colt Patent Firearms Company, are using electric power furnished by the Hartford Electric Company.

Located on two divisions of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company, just mid-way between New York and Boston, to which trade centers it is linked by a chain of thriving cities and towns—Hartford has admirable transportation facilities. It also has a first-class freight and passenger steamship service to New York.

Labor troubles are practically unknown here. This is in a measure attributable to the Manufacturers' Association which treats with employees, and through which harmonious and satisfactory relations are maintained.

The Board of Trade emphasizes the advantages to a manufacturing concern of coming here and standing upon its own feet, and not being obligated to the community for favors such as free land sites, bonuses or tax remissions. In every legitimate way we encourage legitimate concerns to locate in Hartford, but the Board of Trade inclines strongly toward the policy of internal development. It does not overlook the small growing concerns, because it realizes that eventually these are destined to expand. The part they play in the development of a community, such as ours, is large, so our board seeks to direct those looking for opportunities to invest money in industrial enterprises, to investigate these small manufacturing plants. It is deemed safer for our citizens to foster and encourage these than to become identified with speculative enterprises engineered by outsiders, whose motives in desiring to locate in Hartford are too frequently found to be based on a desire to raise capital for purely experimental purposes.

During the present year the Hartford Board of Trade has been instrumental in bringing two manufacturing concerns to town, *viz.*, the Roth Shirtwaist Company of New York and Stamford, which will give employment to five hundred women and girls, and the Bennet Manufacturing Company of Springfield, Mass., which will employ about three hundred hands.

The Board of Trade is constantly striving to impress upon outside manufacturers who are considering a change of location the advantages of Hartford. Our annual reports, circulars and clippings are circulated widely. These are designed to give general information concerning the city, together with manu-

facturing statistics. We have compiled an A. B. C. of the city in order to give desired information as briefly and concisely as possible. The Board of Trade keeps complete lists of vacant manufacturing property, the details of each individual site, with plan outlines, being circulated to induce consideration.

In 1890 the population of Hartford was 53,000. Progress was being made slowly. The Board of Trade, then in its infancy, sought to turn the conservative and potential energies of its citizens into new and more active channels. An inventory of the business interests was taken and spread before the citizens. It was a revelation of facilities and possibilities and opportunities. Encouragement inspired enthusiasm. Men whose business had led them into different walks of life were brought together. They were unified by the spirit of civic pride, and from that time on the city grew by leaps and bounds. To-day the population of Hartford is 108,000, an increase of 55,000 in less than twenty years.

The president of the Hartford Board of Trade is Gen. Henry C. Dwight, a Civil War veteran, who devotes much of his valuable time to promoting the city's welfare. Adolph W. Gilbert, president of the Pratt & Cady Company, is the active and energetic secretary.

THOMAS. J. KELLEY.

THE BOSTON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

After a year of preliminary work, the final step for the formation of the new Boston Chamber of Commerce was taken on June 15th. The members of the Merchants' Association and Chamber of Commerce met jointly on that day as members of the new corporation, adopted by-laws and elected a board of directors.

The new organization will conduct a campaign for the commercial and industrial growth of Boston and New England. The Merchants' Association have within six months successfully used their organization to obtain lower express rates, a new custom house, a new city charter, a board of transportation, a union of the State Boards of Education, legislative initiation of a more equitable tax system, promotion of savings bank insurance, and a reduction of $150,000 on a public service contract. This summary gives some conception of the broad work before the organization.

The new Chamber is sparing of promises. It hopes to carry to completion many important undertakings begun by the Merchants' Association, and is making plans for new and more extensive methods of advancing the growth of business and manufacturing in New England. A membership of nearly three thousand, an income of over $100,000 a year, and the organized assistance of the commercial organizations of six States, promise results for Boston and New England.

SPRINGFIELD

Editor NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

Dear Sir: To those interested in the work of New England commercial organizations the Springfield Board of Trade would call attention to its recent co-operative effort to boost goods manufactured within the limits of Greater Springfield.

Many municipalities have, from time to time, attempted by concerted and systematic publicity to stimulate the markets for the different products of their mills and factories, but most of this stimulation has been directed toward outside or foreign markets, very little attention having been given to the home field. The recent movement in Springfield was distinctly one whose maximum effect was felt at home, and it is because of this *home* effect that we write.

On May 25th and 26th (anniversary dates of the chartering of Springfield as a city) all retailers handling goods made in Springfield displayed such on their counters with more than usual prominence. Their windows, too, were utilized in this pushing of Springfield Product, and the schoolboy and the workman, the stranger and the shopper, all saw on every hand Springfield-made goods. Nor was the retailer the only one who took part in this effort, for the manufacturer, the producer himself, had his share. Every concern turning out home-made goods saw to it that the retailer was well stocked with his respective line,—saw to it that effective window displays advertising his product were arranged in vari-

A MANCHESTER STREET ILLUMINATION

ous parts of the shopping district,—saw to it that all shipments, either local or abroad, were marked "Springfield Product." On these two days also manufacturer and retailer alike confined their newspaper and periodical advertising to "Springfield Product," and these two words became the countersign all over the city.

Now that we look back on May 25th and 26th, it is not an increase in retail trade that we first recall, and not the thought of larger shipments of manufactured product that is most prominent, but the realization that through co-operative activity a trading population of over five hundred thousand people were educated to the fact that at their very doors were produced commodities of which they had little knowledge—that scores of manufacturers, large and small, have begun to realize that their home city is interested in their progress,—and that Springfield as a community has rightly assumed a greater confidence in the strength of the diversity of her industries. These are the results that have testified to the success of our effort.

Education wisely begins at home, and the Springfield Board of Trade feels that such activities as those outlined above make for a bigger and better New England.

C. HENRY HATHAWAY, *Secretary.*
Springfield, Mass., Board of Trade.

NORWICH

The Norwich Board of Trade is an organization of over three hundred members who contribute five dollars annually in dues. The amount so raised is used to maintain a paid secretary and a central office for committee meetings, etc.

Monthly meetings are held. All of these meetings are conducted so as to give an hour for business and an hour for social features, always including a lunch. The business meetings are principally for the purpose of discussing public matters with a view to giving city affairs publicity. Whenever possible, a noted speaker is secured to make a short address upon timely topics. During the past year the

speakers have included President William H. Taft and City Engineer F. L. Ford of Hartford. The membership includes all classes of business men, professional men, bankers, etc.

The Norwich Board of Trade publishes a quarterly magazine full of information regarding the city and the work of the organization.

The policy of the Norwich Board of Trade is to assist manufacturers desiring to locate, by providing suitable buildings and paying moving expenses. Norwich does not enter into competition with the larger cities by paying bonuses. During the past year the fourth factory building for industrial purposes has been erected and was rented before completion.

FRAMINGHAM

The Framingham Board of Trade, proud of its past achievements, not only in adding largely to the industrial interests of the town, but in securing a more business-like and economical administration of the affairs of the town and a unity of feeling and purpose among the business men, is about to celebrate the fourteenth anniversary of its organization by issuing a book descriptive of the town, its industrial, educational and business advantages, its beautiful scenery, its healthful surroundings, its unsurpassed transportation facilities and its advantages as a home.

The book will also contain a list of the officers, standing committees and members of the Board. The last annual reports of the president, secretary and treasurer will be given, the whole to be profusely illustrated with some forty or fifty half-tone engravings of some of its prominent manufacturing plants, business blocks, residences, bits of fine scenery and portraits of a few of the men who have been prominent in making the Board so distinguished a success.

Pleased and proud of its past success, but not satisfied, we have determined by this venture to make the town and its advantages better known, believing that a little judicious use of printer's ink, properly applied, will result in the good of all concerned.

EDGAR POTTER, *Secretary*.

MANCHESTER

Editor NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: The accompanying picture illustrates one of the recent features of our work.

Believing fully that an attractive street draws trade, a committee of our Board of Trade took up for consideration a special lighting system for the business centre of the city. As a result ten structural steel truss arches were constructed across Elm Street, our principal business thoroughfare, spaced about three hundred feet apart, each arch carrying sixty-eight sixteen candle power carbon lamps. The funds for constructing these arches were contributed by the merchants and real estate owners in the section where they are located, while the current is supplied by the city, under contract with the Manchester Traction, Light & Power Company.

These are lighted from dusk till eleven o'clock on the two evenings each week when the stores are open for business, or on any special occasions when conventions and other large gatherings are being held, and give to the street a most attractive appearance.

As far as known these are the first arches of this character to be erected in New England, though they have been used successfully in some parts of the West.

Hoping this may be of interest to your readers as showing one line of Board of Trade efforts, I am

FRED T. DUNLAP, *Secretary*.
Manchester, N. H., Board of Trade.

PORTSMOUTH

As Portsmouth is essentially an attraction for summer visitors our effort is, during the three months, to place before our influx of visitors attractions that will spread broadcast throughout the country the possibilities of Portsmouth for summer visitors.

There are few developments industrially, but with three large battleships undergoing repair at the Navy Yard, we feel that the distribution of wage-earners also commands the attention of our local dealers.

FREDERICK M. SISE, *Clerk*.

PORTLAND

Editor NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

Dear Sir: We note with pleasure that the progressive NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE is one of the first to come to a realizing sense of the great value of Boards of Trade to their respective communities, and with the idea of educating the rank and file up to the importance of their work, has now established a department to be known as "With the New England Boards of Trade."

The history of Boards of Trade in the old world is a long one, antedating the sailing of Columbus' fleet. In this country the movement, though comparatively young, is growing rapidly and the towns at the present time that are without Boards of Trade will from present indications be organizing them in the immediate future. Only a short time since it was the newer and more enterprising towns in the East and West that were foremost in this work; but to-day old-fashioned towns, towns that have been finished for years, and which have had the appearance of being ready to be fenced in, are wakening to the need of business improvement, and to the fact that such an instrumentality as the Board of Trade is indispensable if life and progress are to reach them. Such towns are profiting by the work already done, and Boards of Trade are being organized in all directions.

The Portland Board of Trade lays claim to the proud distinction of over fifty-five years of useful life, having been organized in 1853. For over half a century this Board has been a prominent factor in every move that has been for the betterment and advancement of this city and State.

Portland is the father of the Board of Trade movement in Maine, and is also the originator of the State Board idea. The Maine State Board, the first of its kind in this country, was organized twenty years ago. Due to its long and useful existence, there is scarcely a public movement that is undertaken in the State but that the counsel of this organization is sought, and its suggestions and recommendations always receive serious consideration.

The Portland of fifty years ago gave promise of the Greater Portland of to-day. In a large sense, the Portland of 1853 stood on the threshold of great things. The door was ajar, but not quite open. The foundation had been laid for future commercial prosperity. The Portland business men of half a century back were interested in some things we do not think of now except as matters of history. Some lines of business, then of the first importance, passed away long ago; but the business of the city, the importance of the port, the great commercial rank of Portland is to-day secure beyond the reach of change, and destined to grow.

The merchants of fifty years ago counted much on their fast clipper ships just as to-day we reckon the time between Portland and Liverpool, London or Glasgow—not by weeks but by hours. The great and growing commerce of this city is rapidly and securely taken from port to port.

Our great coaling trade has grown up, miles of streets have been added, and we have to-day business relations with all the world; we are securely established as one of the centers of export and import of this country, as the winter port of Canada, and as the great winter terminus of the Grand Trunk.

We look backward over fifty years and rejoicingly note the growth of our railroads. To-day the Maine Central, our great "all Maine route," is of first importance to Portland. We reach the Western grain fields and cattle ranches over the Maine Central and its connecting lines and our great feeder, the Grand Trunk—our international line.

The first duty of the Board of Trade then is to find out what its locality has that is worth using, what it has to sell, what it can offer to outsiders, and for what industries it affords unusual and special advantages. It should also discover its beauties as a summer resort, its climatic favors, and the bounties of the forest, the farm, or its advantages as a shipping port—in a word it should endeavor to discover all those things which go to make the place fair in the sight of man for pleasure or profit.

Portland long ago recognized her great natural advantages which go to make up

an ideal summer resort, and during the past four or five years has conducted an extensive advertising campaign throughout the country with splendid results, not only to Portland but the entire State as well, and where but a few years back the retail shopping district during the summer months presented an almost Sabbath day quiet, summer is to-day quite the busiest season of the year, almost entirely the result of our large summer population. This condition is also true of the wholesale business section, which now furnishes supplies to the great and growing list of summer hotels in the environs of our city. It has been estimated that the summer trade of the State means about $20,000,000 annually, which is greater than the revenue derived from any three of our largest State industries and is therefore a business proposition that cannot be overlooked.

Enthused with the success of our advertising campaign for summer tourist travel, Portland Board of Trade is now taking an inventory of what the city has to offer manufacturers and new enterprises, and what the conditions are generally, and when this is accomplished there will be created a system for handling the matter in an intelligent and accurate manner. At another time we will go more into detail on the success that has been attained along these lines.

In closing we would call your attention to the records of all our great New England cities. They were small once, and to their Boards of Trade, Chambers of Commerce, Citizens' Associations and other trade bodies they are heavily indebted for the positions which they have attained. It takes time to build cities, but when once established they become forever a source of pride and of boundless value to their citizens. But if each man holds back and imagines that his colleague is going to step forth and take the laboring oar, just so sure will the craft eventually run aground. A commercial organization is not for the individual but for the community, and if all do their share a great civic, commercial and industrial development is not only possible but probable.

MAURICE C. RICH, *Secretary.*
Portland, Me., Board of Trade.

PROVIDENCE

Editor NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

Dear Sir: In the forty-second year of its existence, the Providence Board of Trade has entered upon a broader field of activity than it has ever before dared to attempt. Realizing the importance of co-operative work systematically laid out to be slowly but surely developed, for the past three months the Secretary of the Board with the united help, particularly of the Chairman of the New Industries, Publicity and Transportation Committees, has been actively engaged in outlining plans which will eventually be instrumental in the development of that part of New England for which the Providence Board of Trade stands sponsor.

During the month of May the Special Harbor Commission appointed, at the request of the Board, by the Rhode Island General Assembly to examine into the needs of Providence Harbor and its tributary waters, secured the passage of an act providing for the submission to the voters of the State, of a resolution authorizing a Harbor Improvement Loan of $500,000

The Secretary of the Board of Trade secured the passage of acts authorizing a Rhode Island State resources survey and an annual tabulation of the receipts and disbursements of the cities and towns of the State.

The Harbor Improvement Committee of the Board, during the final week of the last Congress, secured an authorization for a preliminary survey of the Providence River channel at Field's Point, anticipating the removal of the sand spit at the entrance to the upper harbor, now a serious menace to safe navigation.

The New Enterprise, Publicity and Transportation Committees at the present time are engaged in raising a guarantee fund of $9,000 for the carrying on of their work during the balance of this year, work which will mean much for the commercial and business interests of Providence. These committees have outlined a broad plan which will eventually necessitate the employment of three additional paid secretaries, who will devote their entire time to the work of developing trade and commerce in Provi-

dence, in an economic and comprehensive manner.

Civic pride in Providence aroused at the recent trade dinner given to twenty-five hundred business men in the State Armory, under the auspices of the Board of Trade, is coming to the support of the Board in its promotion work; and with the development of Providence Harbor —the keynote to the situation—there will, undoubtedly, be an awakening of interest on the part of the citizens of the whole State, which will mean much to her industrial future.

The "booming" of any centre of trade generally attracts temporary attention with results of doubtful value. The word "boom" is omitted from the plans of the Providence Board of Trade, and the word conservative is not being used so frequently as to imply narrowness of views. It has, however, well defined development plans which must necessarily appeal to the pusher as well as to the plodder, and which will, if carried out, attract the attention of the business world more than ever to the City of Providence which provides so many of the luxuries as well as the necessities of life in use to-day.

"Providence Provides" is no mere expression; it's as pertinent as any motto or slogan ever adopted by any business community, and during the next few years, possibly slowly, but nevertheless surely, it will all the more aptly fit the case. Watch out for Progressive Providence, and the Push Providence Plans.

Providence, R. I., Board of Trade.

GEORGE H. WEBB, *Secretary.*

NEW ENGLAND SHOE AND LEATHER ASSOCIATION

By Secretary Thomas F. Anderson

The special problem to which the New England Shoe and Leather Association (Boston), has been devoting its attention during the past few weeks, has been the campaign for the removal of the duty on hides.

When shoe manufacturers as conservative as ex-Governor William L. Douglas of Massachusetts publicly declare that unless the present unnecessary, illogical and burdensome duty of fifteen per cent on hides is removed, the great shoe manufacturing business of the United States will be in grave danger of ultimately falling into the hands of the Beef Trust, it surely is time for the public to "sit up and take notice."

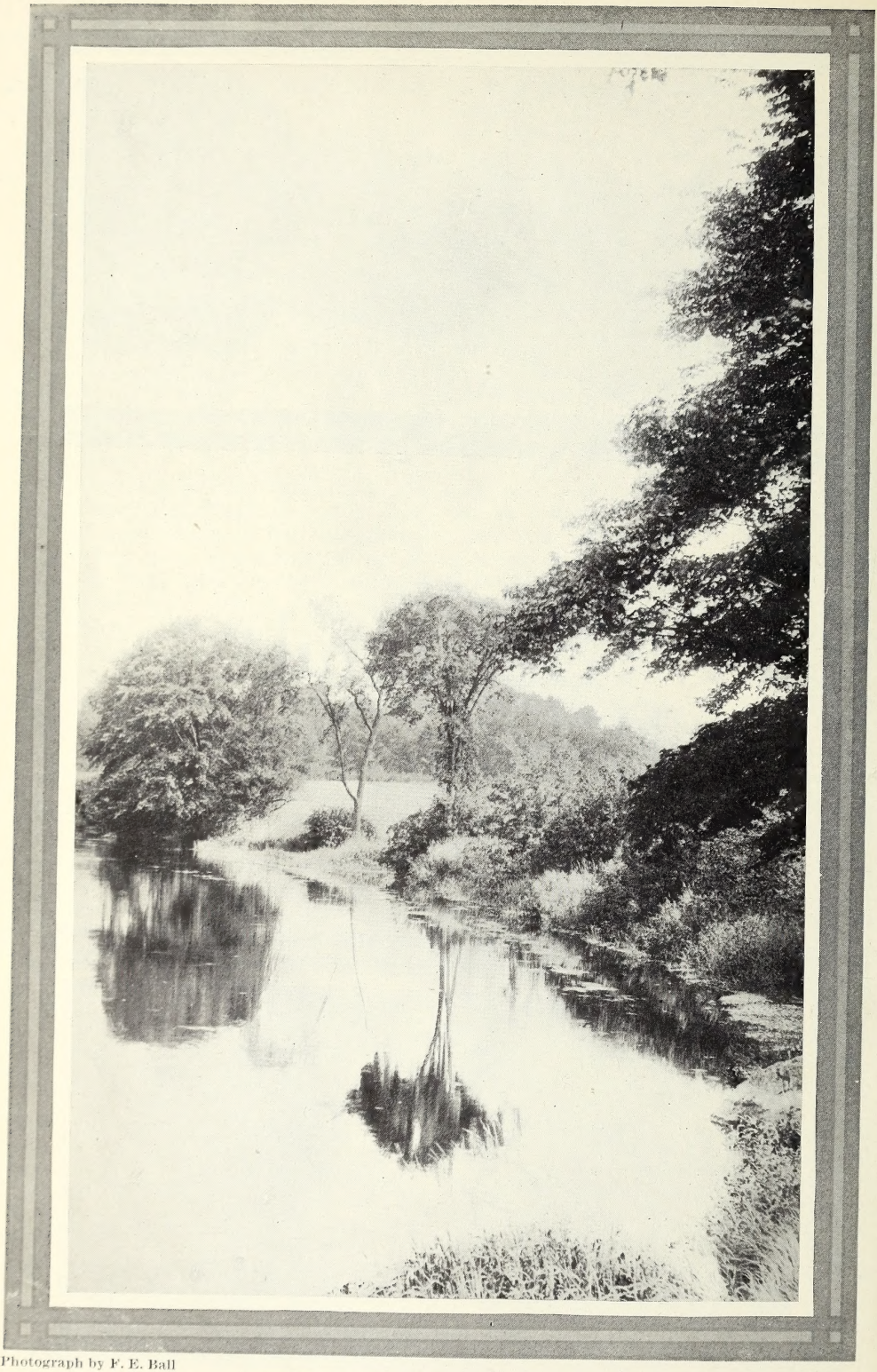
The Payne Tariff bill, as passed by the National House, provides for free hides, but since the measure reached the Senate, it has been generally believed that a majority of the senators, purely as a matter of political expediency, have been ready to vote for a continuance of the duty; and the most discouraging feature of it all has been that at least five of the twelve senators from the New England States are believed to be either actively opposed to free hides, or in a wavering attitude toward the question.

It is with a view to influencing these unfriendly or lukewarm senators, through their shoe-consuming constituents, that the present vigorous campaign of education has been waged by the New England Shoe and Leather Association.

In its economical aspect, the situation boils down to this: that under the present law, by exacting a duty of fifteen per cent on the hides that enter largely into the making of footwear for the wage-earning classes of our country, the government derives a revenue of about $2,000,000 annually, while the wearers of boots and shoes are obliged to pay $10,000,000 a year more than if hides were free; and further, that the retention of the duty will be an important factor in enabling the western packers, already firmly entrenched in the tanning business, to obtain control of the shoe manufacturing industry of the United States.

It would be a shameful and humiliating thing if such a condition as this should be brought about by the votes of New England senators, representing a community in which the business of shoe manufacturing has a larger representation than in any other section in the world.

Beautiful New England

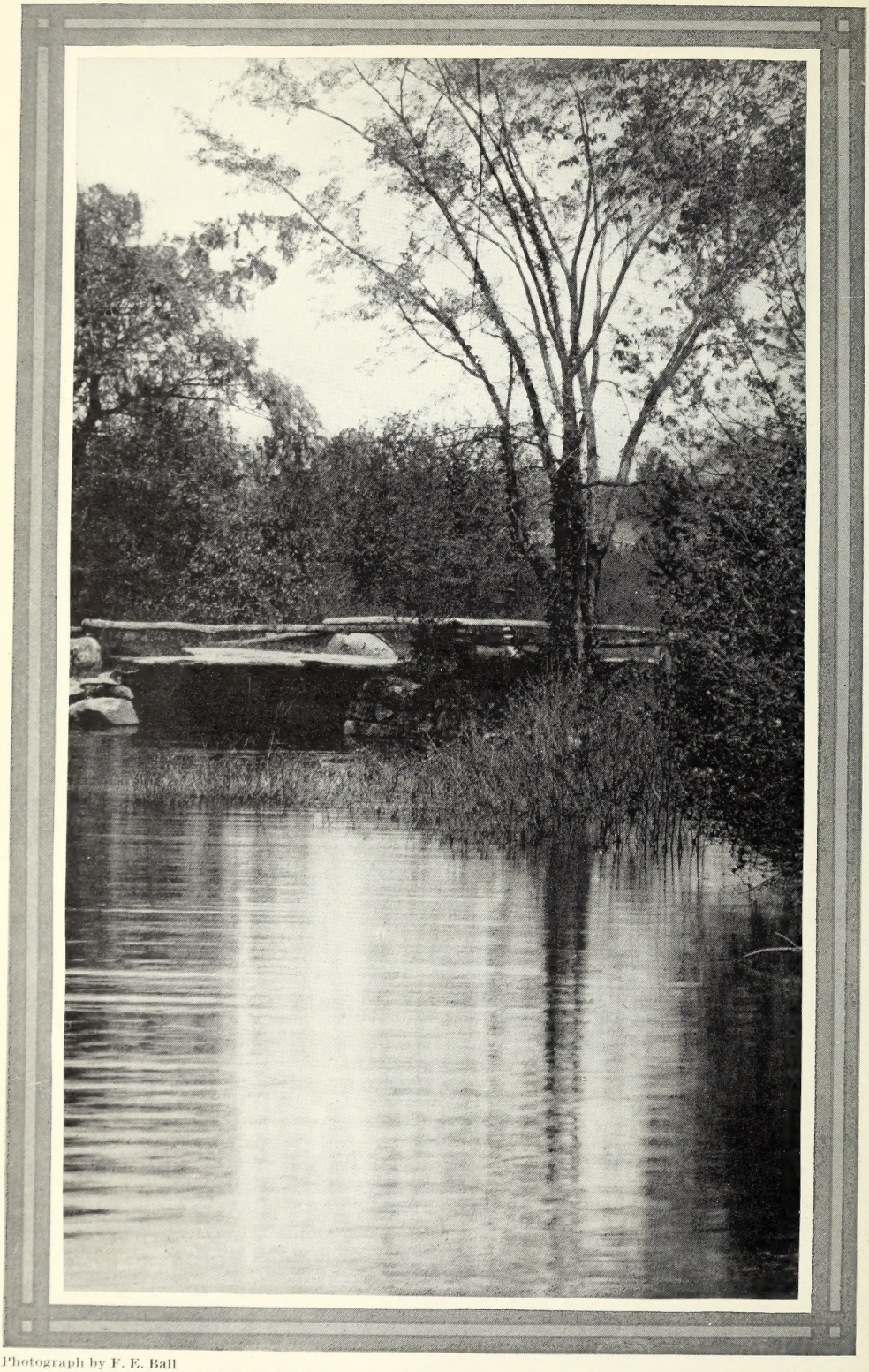


Photograph by F. E. Ball

A QUIET REACH OF THE CHARLES RIVER

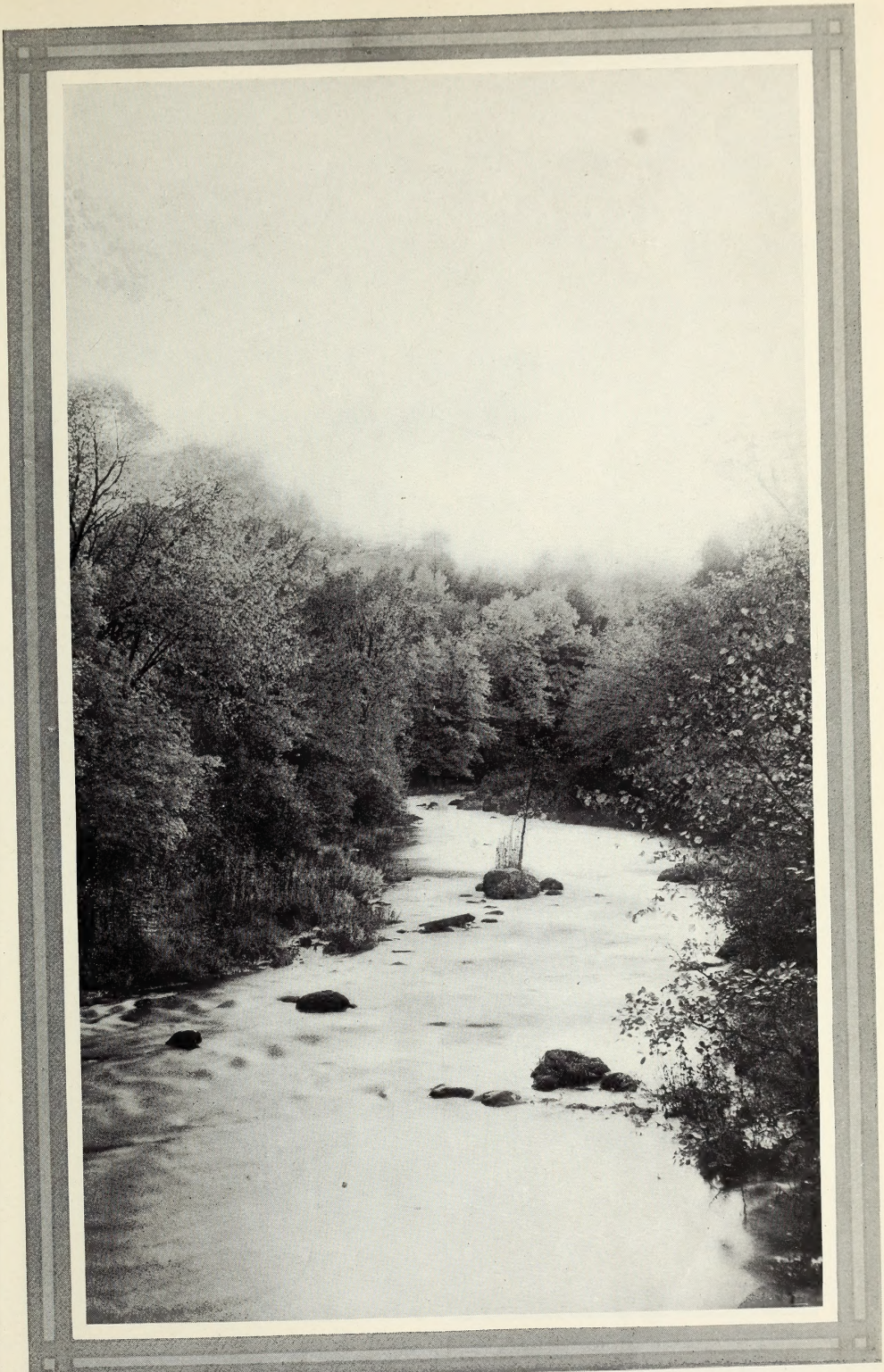
Photograph by F. E. Ball

BORDERED BY MEADOW LANDS AND ELM-SHADED HIGHWAYS

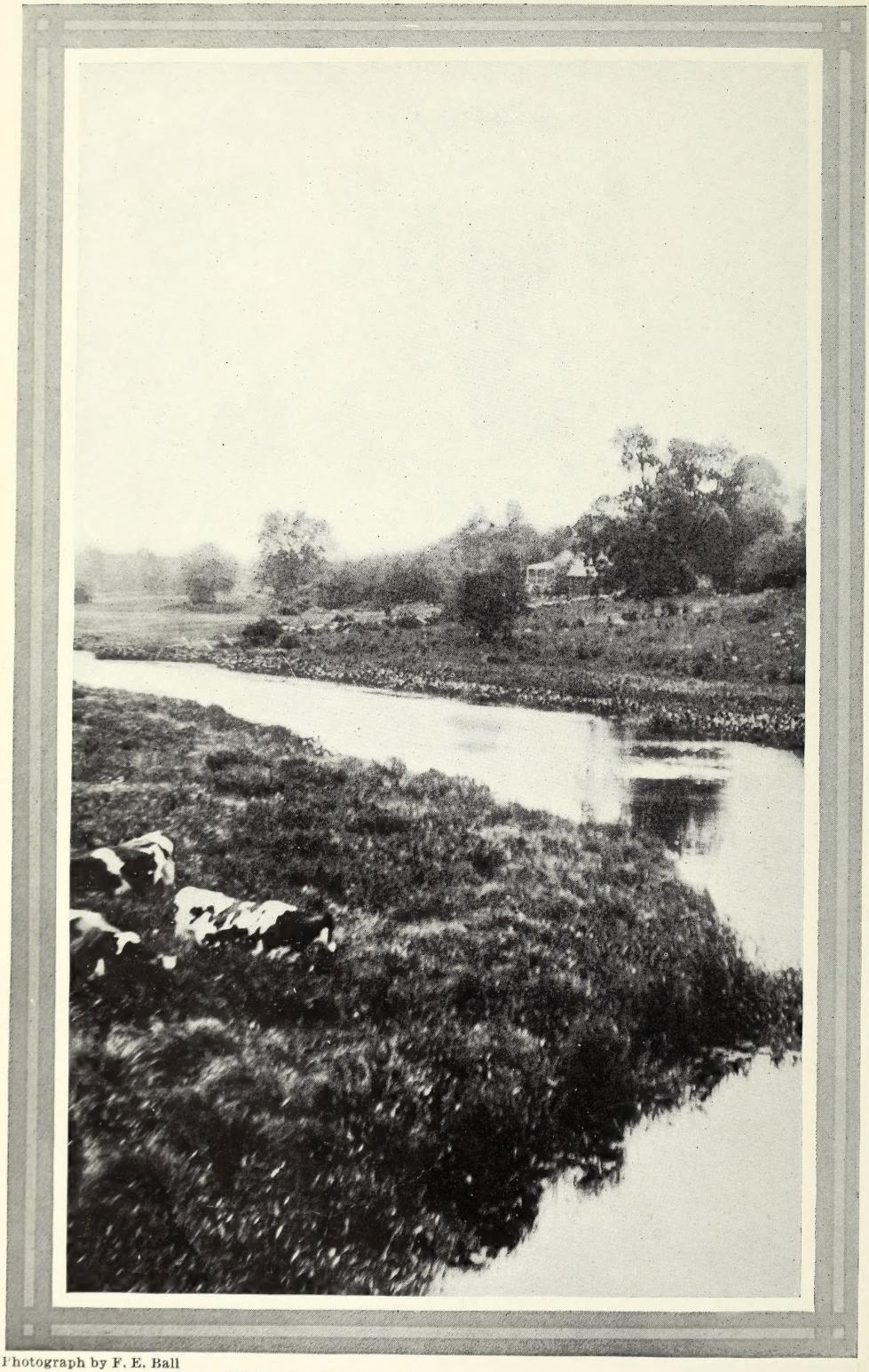


Photograph by F. E. Ball

A RUSTIC BRIDGE ON THE UPPER CHARLES RIVER



Photograph by F. E. Ball



Photograph by F. E. Ball

WINDING THROUGH PLEASANT FARM LANDS

Photograph by F. E. Ball

THE SENTINEL AT THE BRIDGE

SUMMER HOME OF PRESIDENT TAFT, BEVERLY, MASS.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

VOL. XL. AUGUST, 1909 NUMBER 6

OLD BEVERLY

By REV. B. R. BULKELEY

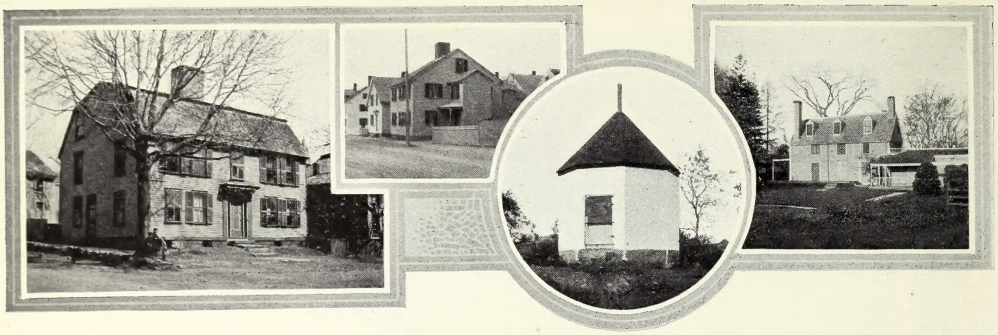
THE city of Beverly, has come, of late, into a prominence which, in some of its expressions, is not altogether to the liking of citizens of discrimination in matters of taste. That the President of the United States should spend a season of rest within our borders, may easily be a matter of congratulation on the part of all inhabitants of the staid old town—for it is difficult in fifteen years of municipal life to get quite wonted to being a city, especially when one thinks of the admitted advantages of the earlier form of government. Yes, Beverly was pleased to have the privilege of saying the President would make his residence here for the summer. But why so much cheap ado over it? On the whole it is quite as agreeable to the genius of a self-respecting old community to be called plain Beverly as "The Summer Capital,"

FIRST PARISH CHURCH, UNITARIAN,
REV. B. R. BULKELEY, PASTOR

By the way, as to the pertinence of names, many will recall Dr. Holmes' Beverly-by-the-Depot," as a bit of a take-off, which he sent to one who found pride in "Manchester-by-the-Sea," instead of the unadorned name of the town. And, speaking by and large, a good percentage of the names which, through conceit or fastidiousness, have been put forth as substitutes for, or appendages to, good old names, might as well be left out of the account as undesirable.

From the far off time in the 1630's, when our little community was known as the "Bass River Side" of Salem, of which it was a part, until this day we have had a good old English name, and while, for convenience, other names must be used for special designations of parts of the growing city, we seek for no new name for the community as a whole, not even Garden City-by-the-Sea.

The account of the beginning of the town is highly interesting and attended



JOANNA REVERE HOUSE
FIRST SCHOOL

BIRTHPLACE OF
LUCY LARCOM

POWDER HOUSE

HALE HOUSE,
BANCROFT

by quaint features of fact and tradition. Originally part of Salem, which connection takes us back to 1629, the first settlers had to go, in many cases, two miles or more to worship with that society which claims to be the first one established in New England *de novo*, for Plymouth Church (be it said) was founded across the seas and *imported*—all praise to its distinctive record. Now, when the community over on this side of the tide-river became of considerable size, then, getting restless over the necessity of walking so far, as well as the need of taking a ferry-boat, for the attendance at divine service, they presented this petition to the old church: "We, whose names are hereunder written, the brethren and sisters on Bass River side, do present our desires to the rest of the church in Salem, that with their consent, we and our children may be a church of ourselves, which we also present unto Mr. Hale, desiring him to form with us and be our pastor with the approbation of the rest of the church." This was signed by Roger Conant, a leading spirit in his day, who, with forty-eight other members, made up the first parish in Beverly under the charge of John Hale, who, by the way, is one of the ancestors of the late venerable Edward Everett Hale. The unanimous consent of the mother church was given on July 4, 1667, the ordination of Mr. Hale taking place in September, of the same year.

It gives a touch of quaint interest to read that the salary of the minister was to be £70 a year with 30 cords of firewood and he should have the use of a new house, two acres of land to be fenced in, as much meadow as would bear about four loads of hay, and the benefit of pasturing during the time he remained with them in the ministry. Under his pastorate, the famous Salem witchcraft delusion came to an end when his wife was accused and he was led to recognize the absurdity of the superstition.

Thus much has been said about the old first parish, as its life made the beginning of the town; the latter, at first, paying the minister's salary, as we have seen. It may be added that two of the successors of Hale in the large history of the church have become presidents of colleges, Joseph Willard going to Harvard in 1781, and Joseph McKean to Bowdoin in 1802; also that the first Sunday School established in America began in a house still preserved on Davis Street, in 1810, under the lead of Joanna Prince and Hannah Lunt, of the First Parish, so that the One Hundredth Anniversary of the event will be celebrated next year.

Since the early days the town has had much set down to its credit on the pages of history. Sharing, with other towns, in its response to demands upon men and treasure in the time of war, and now and again having some special distinction. It had a large part in the "Flower of Essex," sacrificed at the Deerfield Massacre. It is recorded

with pride that the first cotton mill built in the United States stood out in sufficient prominence, having been built in 1789, to atttract the attention of the world and receive a visit from Gen. Washington, who visited the Norwood on Cabot, where, also, La Fayette was entertained.

Again, the first vessel put into commission in the War of the Revolution, embarked from the harbor of Beverly under the name Hannah, and four other vessels were put into commission by Washington soon after taking command of the Continental Army under the famous elm at Cambridge, and earlier than any other man-of-war. Hard by the Norwood house, mentioned above, is the house of the Beverly Historical Society. This society is of comparatively recent origin, but it is steadily accumulating a rich store of historical works, manuscripts, relics and curios of all sorts. Among the valuable autographs which belong to its collection may be mentioned those by Henry VIII., Napoleon Bonaparte, Sir Henry Vane, George Washington, Cornwallis and Queen Elizabeth. Among rare volumes may be seen: First Edition of Northumberland Household Book, volumes belonging to the second minister, Thomas Blowers; Revolutionary rustic rolls and orderly books, Old Beverly documents, and records of Kings of England and France. Two fine bronze tablets give the names of those who went from Beverly to the engagements with the English at the famous battle of Concord and that at Trenton.

Within the memory of many who are still living, the land along the beautiful North Shore began, increasingly, to attract the attention of the residents of Boston as being most desirable for Summer homes, and very interesting stories are told of sales of farms for

ROAD TO FARMS, BEVERLY, MASS.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY BUILDING, BEVERLY

good prices as they seemed in the early days, before the "shore" development was fairly begun, but which now, compared with the values that attach per acre in the possessions of millionaires, can appear but insignificant, indeed. The development, however, has been characterized by a somewhat uniform type of estate, set in spacious grounds and commanding broad views on wooded vistas towards the ocean. Many of the finest families in Boston, whether from the point of view of inheritance or atmosphere of culture or literary accomplishment, have made Summer homes within the limits of Beverly and became a valuable acquisition as furthering the development of its best interests. From the proximity to Boston the families thus located could easily spend a long Summer on the beautiful North Shore, some staying very late into the Fall, as, indeed, many come in the Spring, while a few make visits to their fine estates in the Winter time.

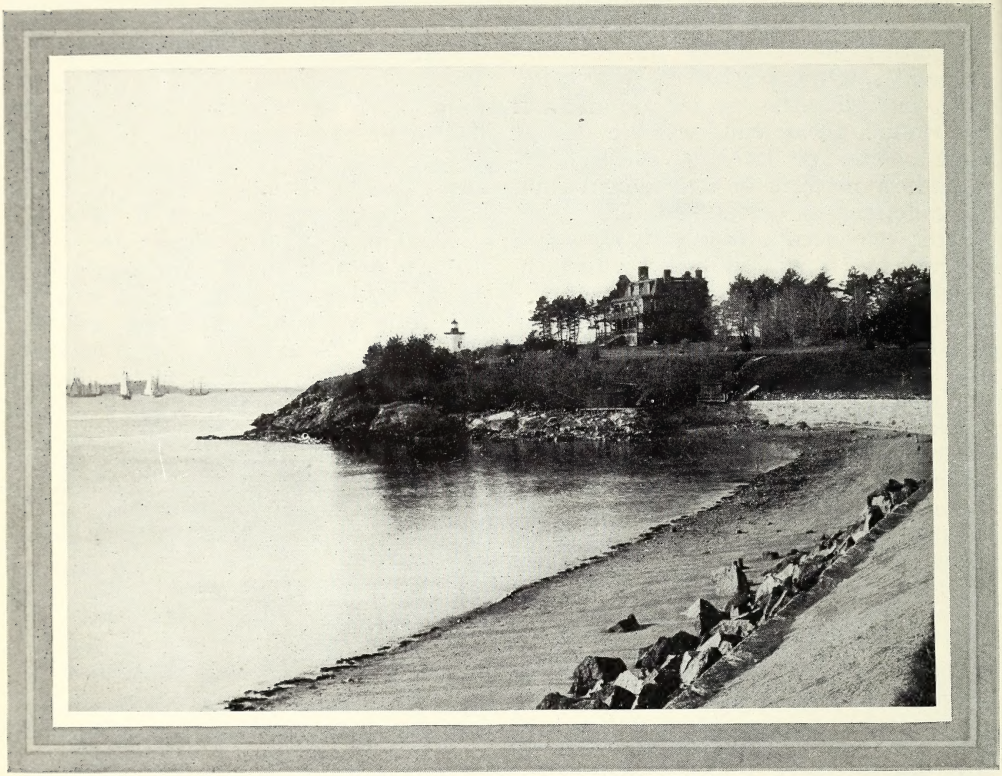
The development of a city even in the direction of culture and high spiritual interests must wait, more or less, on the extension of resources and the accumulation of material power. These alone cannot, indeed, make a literary atmosphere; in fact, they seem often to shut out such, as the smokiness of a thriving metropolis may obliterate the beauty of sky and deprive the longing eye of the view of mountains and sea—otherwise, the privilege of the community. But granted a tendency to the higher accomplishments of life, granted an ancestry of the right sort, in the case of a good minority of the families making up a town, then there will be helpful connection between commercial welfare and the refinement and culture which now and again must furnish the environment of writers and benefactors

in the higher realms. Sometimes the higher interests are postponed with a dangerous insistence on the worldly success which characterizes a growing city; but the best people do not account such as an end to abide in, but hope sooner or later to make some record in matters of refinement and belles-lettres as well. Touching this matter, we recall the remark of a Chicagoan (it is said) who, when reminded of some short-coming of the great metropolis in the more aesthetic attainments, said: "We don't boast much yet of culture, but when we take it up we will make culture *hum*."

The growth of Beverly in the early days was, of course, based on agriculture; in the last century the manufacture of shoes became the chief element, with still, as now, a large interest in market gardens and green-house products. Since the beginning of the twentieth century much of her prosperity has been due to the remarkable growth of the enterprise known lately as the United Shoe Machinery Company. Its magnificent plant was at the time of its erecting the largest in the world of the particular type of construction known as the reinforced concrete; while its product of many millions' worth goes far around the world.

Within a hundred years there has been a growth in literary atmosphere in the region hereabout which is worth recording. Whittier lived not far away at Amesbury and Oakknoll, Mary Abigail Dodge, "Gail Hamilton," found her home in the adjoining town of Hamilton and had close connections here, where her visits were frequent. Her friendship with Whittier was a marked one and many tokens of it have been preserved. Dr. Andrew P. Peabody, most beloved by Harvard students, whose cheers for the venerable preacher to the University re-

THE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES HOUSE, BEVERLY FARMS, MASS.



HOSPITAL POINT, BEVERLY

sounded in the "Yard" less heartily than for none other, was born in Beverly and used often to repair hither for the Summer season.

Lucy Larcom Beverly claims as its own, as she was born here and spent most of her life in the town. The peculiar association of her, whose "Wild Roses of Cape Ann" was issued in the full flush of her powers, with the very regions she describes, is reflected in the comment of Dr. Holmes that "she was as true a product of Essex County soil as the bayberry." "A New England Girlhood," is a choice picture of her own tender years modestly set forth, while the sequel to that period is contained in the life of Lucy Larcom, written by Daniel Delaney Addison, once rector of St. Peter's church here, giving also, as he does, extracts from her letters and diary. Mrs. Larcom was well acquainted with Whittier, having lent him considerable assistance in the shaping of the collections entitled, "Child Life" and "Child Life in Prose," and more conspicuously in the valuable "Songs of Three Centuries," published by Whittier.

Sensitive to the charms of Nature and in touch with humanity in high circumstance and humble, it was the privilege of this singer to give helpful utterance to that which came sweetened from her spirit, to help many to come under the spell and harmony of the heavenly life which she knew. As the kaliedoscopic changes of life's experiences are brought quickly to view in the passing crowd and the question of the purpose of all may press to the front for the on-looker, she gives a helpful tune to the thought:

"But think! No jewel out of setting shows
As in its own fit work. So let us learn
To look upon these various lives that turn
To one illumming centre. Lo! Each glows
In the full brotherhood of Christ's dear face,
And is by that relationship divine—
The bond that glorifies your life and mine—
Forever lifted out of commonplace!"

And now mention must be made of one, whose paternal ancestry goes back to the original settlers of Beverly, and who, born at the homestead to which he now and again returns, has made large appreciative mention of Beverly in his verses, while he has valued the setting of nature among his native scenes and caught the spirit of its history. The life of George E. Woodberry has been given to letters, while for about twelve years he was professor of comparative literature in Columbia College. His literary product is considerable, and he is in the full measure of creative power. Various volumes of essays on literary men and periods, poems in several issues, with, more recently, a collection giving the published and hitherto unpublished material until 1903, "The Torch," a book on comparative literature; "Appreciation of Literature," a critical book on Emerson, besides lives and estimates of Poe and Shelley in more exhaustive form,—these items tell of literary activity, of a mind clear in insight, suggestive in ideas, sensitive to Nature, non-traditional in spiritual tendencies, and while entertaining confessed prejudices, yet open to the poetic interpretating of the thought and life of men, which befits the seer, whose qualities he, in part, exemplifies. Surely we have here the most significant literary product of the community which makes up old Beverly, and, withal, the most original thinker that has come from its soil. A man of letters, he appeals rather to the world of thinkers—not thus necessarily to the world of readers. His output is not for popular consumption, but rather fit food for those who have had some fondness for ambrosial viands in their training and development. "The Torch" and "Appreciation of Literature," may be taken as marked examples of his originality. His estimate of Emerson will give evidence of his keen analysis and insight with some glimpses of an acknowledged prejudice—indeed one to which he refers in the volume.

In "The North Shore Watch," which celebrates his attachment to an intimate friend, taken away by death in 1878, we get a blending of the human element as seen in true friendship and a marked sensitiveness of Nature, making the descriptions, though strikingly subjective, still impressive and beautiful. Note the following stanza which, in form, is the type of all the forty-seven composing the elegy:

"Still planet, making beautiful the West,
Bright bringer of the stars and sheltered sleep,
Calling our hearts as some beloved guest,
Whom for a little while our eyes may keep,
And through long years shall weep;
O, eloquent with flowers to the soul,
Even as his eyes beneath thy pure empire
Beamed the mute music of the heart's desire,
Thee, too, doth Fate control:
And brief as this, thy hour of light must be—
To Earth her starry hush, thy solitude to me."

Beverly inhabitants who have valued the literary associations of the community must recall with grateful memories the many Summers during which Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes repaired to his residence at Beverly Farms. The genial presence of the "Autocrat" must have a place in the choice recollections both of those who find here a home only in the Summer and those

whose continuous residence is in Beverly. Many well recall his driving about through the beautiful scenes of the North Shore, while some will have special memories of incidents or pleasantries of conversation which they treasure. The writer heard only recently of one who as a little girl having lost her way as she wandered a bit from the house where she was visiting, was accosted by the good doctor who, upon finding the cause of her tears, led her back to the place she was seeking.

Affable and humorous as he was, leaving to the world so much to charm away care and weariness as one comes under the spell of his musings and comments on human traits and tendencies, sometimes his criticisms were more to be enjoyed by a third party than by the one to whom they were made, as on the occasion which Dame Rumor has handed down, in which the Doctor, having repeatedly attended a country church, suggested to the minister that his services would be improved if he put more work on them.

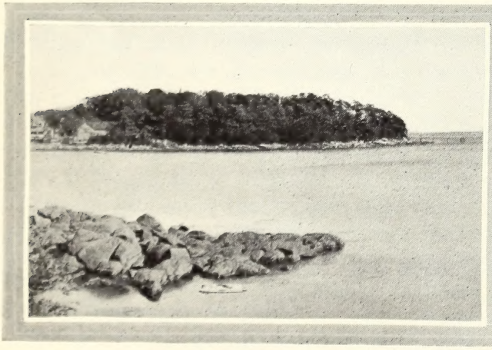
It is pleasant to record that while no one takes the place of our gentle humorist, the house where he last lived in Beverly, the old Marshall place, is occupied by his son, who inherits the father's full name, one of the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Of course, from its proximity to Boston, though other considerations would be necessary, Beverly has been visited by many literary men and women, who have stayed here for a longer or shorter sojourn. Some will recall that years ago the historian, Prescott, lived here for a season or two.

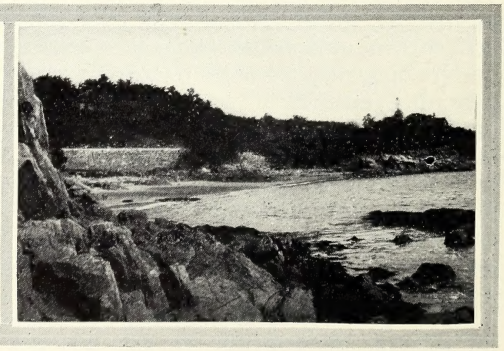
James Russell Lowell and Edward Everett Hale once boarded together in a little house not far from Mingo Beach, which this present season is the residence of Bishop McVickar and family, and a little beyond, for a season, lived O. B. Frothingham, the writer of New England Transcendentalism.

The atmosphere of the town, in the way of such associations, is touched also by neighboring communities, and so Salem with its Hawthorne and Manchester with Mr. and Mrs James T. Fields, who found there for years a retreat from their busy Boston life, have helped to maintain the spirit and suggestiveness of a life of letters. Mrs. Field, as a literary hostess, has, of course, done much in the way of stimulating intercourse on a higher plane, while it is recalled especially that Sarah M. Jewett, only recently withdrawn by death, spent many a period in enjoyment of Mrs. Field's hospitality, and thus was brought near to many who had found a charm in her stories.

No doubt the coming of President Taft has suddenly increased the prominence of Beverly in the minds of thousands and revealed the fact of its existence to possibly a greater number in far off regions. But before this unsought, though welcome, emphasis on



PRESIDENT'S PIER, BERGEN POINT



MINGO BEACH

its desirableness as a place of residence established by the choice of the President of the United States, it had been to thousands a spot favored by Nature, gathering to itself an interesting history and an increasing store of literary associations to blend with patriotic annals, and altogether a community which, happily, combining city and country, hill and shore, furnishes a habitation and environment for fine achievement in the humanities of social life, but also in the realm of art and letters.

May the inspiration that inheres in the prominence which comes this season to Beverly, tersely expressed by the alternative name, "The Nation's Summer Capital," find an issue and resultant in such larger life, as its future unfolds itself to the widening acquaintance of the world.

THE BREATH OF THE WORLD

By ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN

I dreamt I saw the still, still world,
Ere yet the birds and winds were born—
Long pulseless days when ne'er a leaf
Was stirred from silent morn till morn.

And as my panting spirit strove
In vain to lift the breathless pall,
I heard the voice of God himself
To all the sleeping Earth-winds call:

"Awake, ye southern zephyrs soft,
On flowery banks that dreaming lie,—
Awake, strong winds, and wide unfurl
My fleecy banners 'gainst the sky."

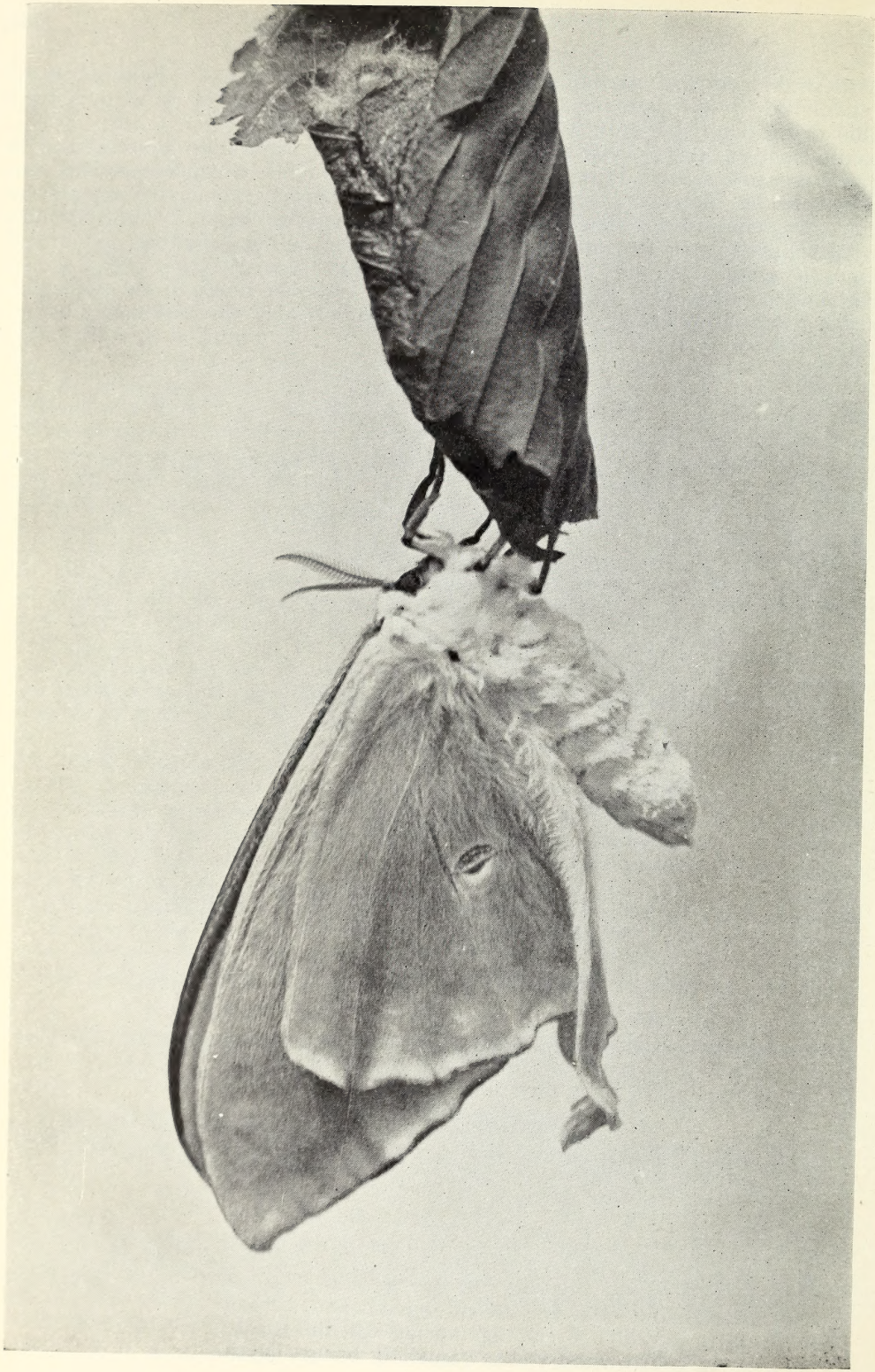
Then gently came the world's first breath—
In leafy murmurs through the trees—
In undulations o'er the grass
And ripples over opal seas.

The drooping blossoms raised their heads
And with a fragrant fee repaid—
In currency the winds might take—
The debt their ministry had made.

. . . . . .

Across the blue expanse of sky
A thousand fleecy caps took form,
Whose mimic sisters rode the waves—
Sea-heralds, bearing flags of storm.

'Twas thus, meseemed, the earth did learn
To draw her deep-lunged cosmic breath,
Which dreaming mortals call the wind—
The wind whose vanishing brings death.

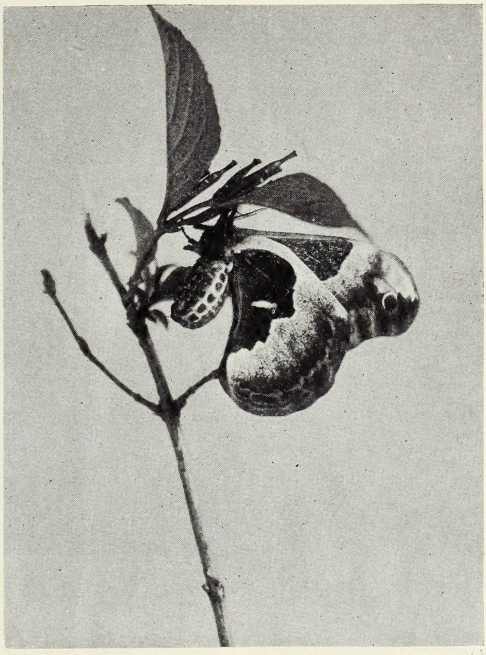


THE LUNA MOTH, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THAT FLIES

Moths and How They Live

By L. W. BROWNELL

WHEN the word moth is mentioned it immediately conjures up in the mind of the average hearer pictures of ruined clothes that have just been taken from the press where they have spent the summer in the supposed security of innumerable camphor balls. This is only natural, for that little pest, the clothes moth, is the only "moth" that the majority of people know anything about or have ever seen or known by that name, and yet he is one of the smallest members of a large family; a family of lepidopterous insects that numbers among its members some of the largest individuals known in the entire insect world.

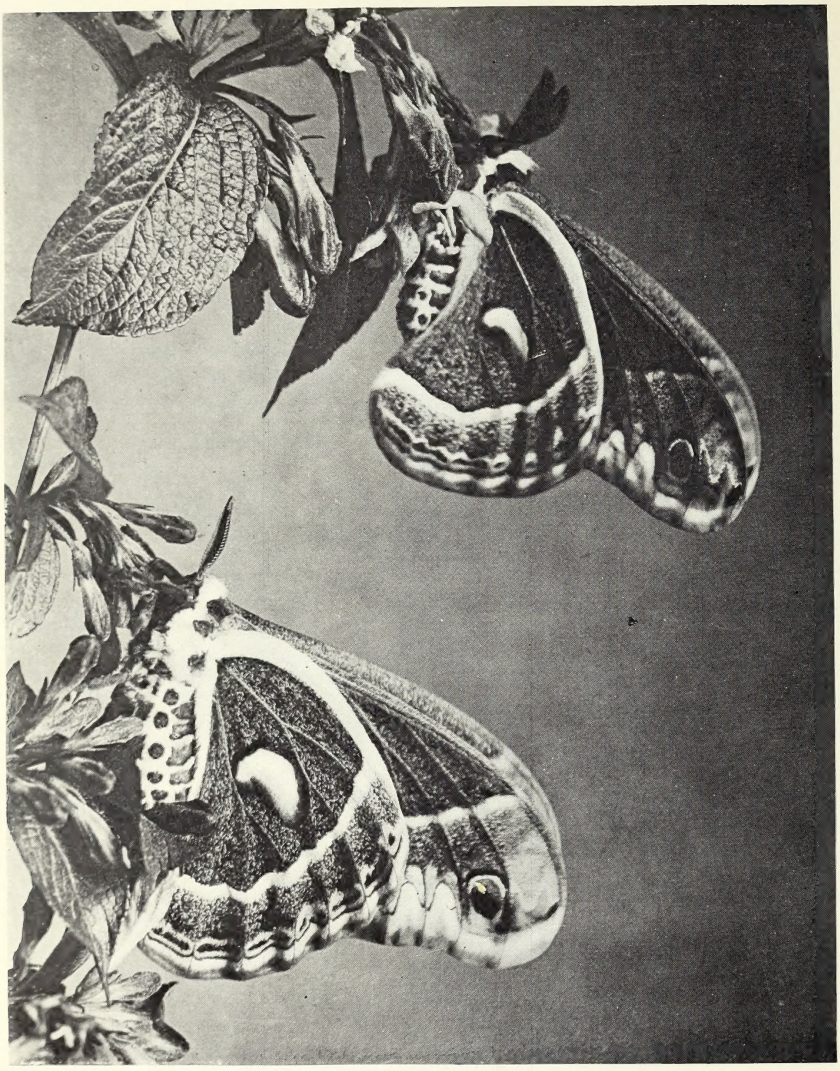


PROMETHEA ASLEEP DURING THE DAY

There are moths that live in the tropical regions whose wings expand to a breadth of sixteen or seventeen inches, beside which the little clothes moth, with his scant half inch of wing expanse, is indeed a pigmy.

The fact that this little enemy of the housekeeper is the only moth known to so many people is not very remarkable and is explained by the fact that the moths are nearly all night fliers, spending their days well hidden in the thickest foliage where they can escape the light of the sun, for which they have no love, and where it is extremely difficult for even one who is well acquainted with their habits to discover them. But the little clothes moth is a regular visitor of every household and there is no one who has not learned to know him to his or her cost.

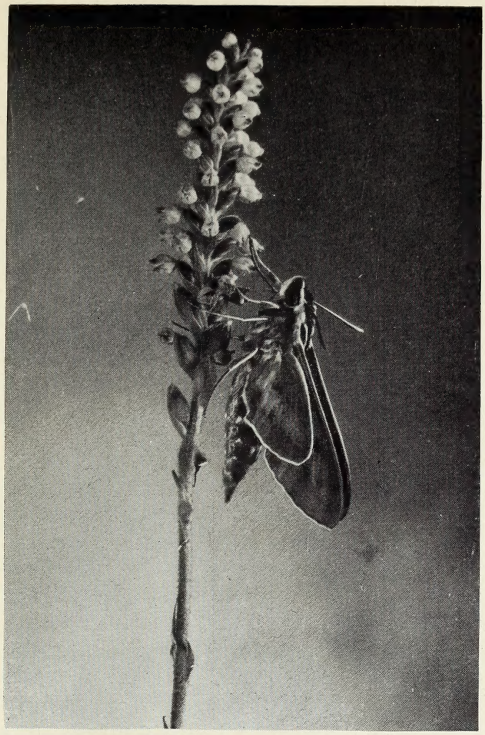
There are many members of this family that are extremely injurious to other things than clothes and chiefly to vegetation. Principal among these are the Gypsy and the Brown-tail moth, both of which species have made widespread havoc among the elms and other shade trees of our eastern states in recent years and have caused the commonwealth of these states, in which they have appeared in immense numbers, large sums of money in the attempt to exterminate them. The majority of the moths, however, are not sufficiently common to do any damage and they are many of them beautiful creatures and well worth studying.



CECROPIA MOTHS, MALE AND FEMALE

We have in this country some fairly large species, several of which it may surprise some of my readers to learn have an expanse of wings of from six to ten inches. Fortunately these are the species that are the least common, for if they were as numerous as is the Gypsy moth, for instance, their larvae, or caterpillars, which attain a length of from three to six inches, and are extremely voracious eaters, would make short work of completely defoliating their food-trees, although, from the fact of their large size, they would be easier to fight than are the little ones.

The moths and the butterflies are the two great families of Lepidopterous insects and the members of each are very easily distinguishable by any one who will take the trouble to study them a little. In the first place, as I have before stated, the moths are principally night fliers, few being

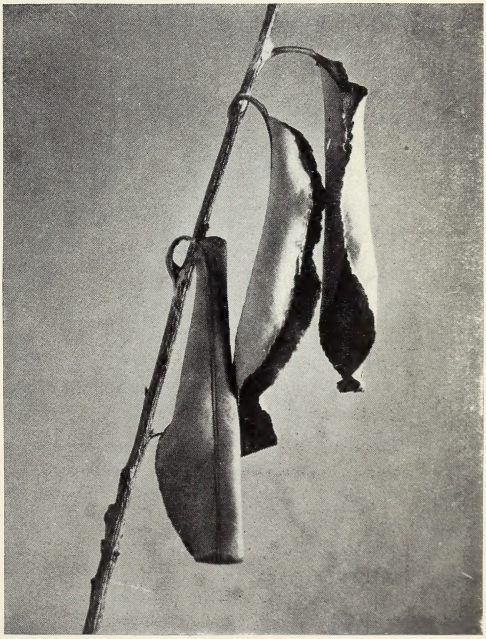


ONE OF THE HAWK-MOTHS, DUSK FLIERS

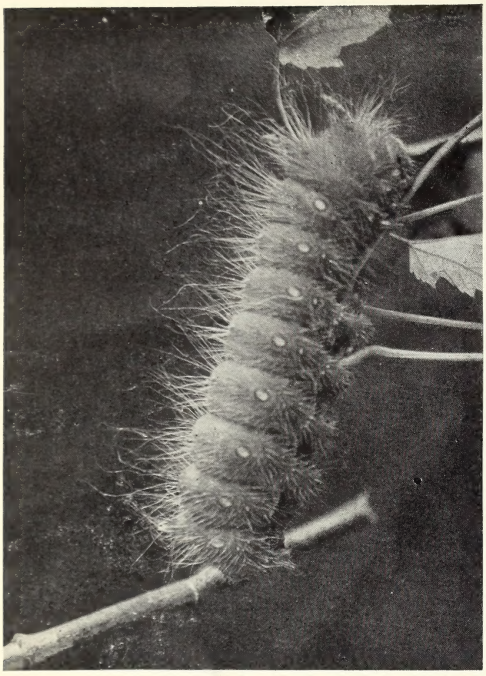
abroad during the day; they are all much heavier bodied creatures than are the butterflies; their plumage much thicker and downier, and their antennae, or feelers, are always feathered, while those of the butterflies are bare and end in a knob. The caterpillars of the moths are all either more or less hairy or are covered with bristles or have rough wart-like excrescences growing from their bodies while those have neither hair nor bristles growing from their bodies and are, for the most part, smooth skinned. All moth larvae form coccoons of more or less elaborateness in which to pass their pupal stage, the butterfly larvae pass this stage of their existence without covering of any sort, simply hanging themselves from some leaf or twig to the side of some tree or weed stem, hidden under loose bark or beneath stones, and in many other like places.

It is my intention in this article to give a condensed life history of a moth from the egg to the perfect insect, describing the metamorphoses and each of its four stages of existence: the egg, the larva, the pupa and the imago, or perfect insect.

The eggs, which generally are laid in the spring, vary considerably in size, shape and coloring, although the majority are white, stained with a sticky, brown substance with which they are fastened securely to the leaf, twig or branch upon which they are deposited. They are often laid singly, but more often in groups consisting of two or more rows and sometimes even two or more layers. In form they vary from ovoid to globular, many cylindrical or even flattened and shaped more like a wafer than anything else I can think of. At one end of the shell is a most minute passageway that is known as the micropyle, which means little door, and through which the spermatozoa of the male enters, making the egg fertile. Just before the young caterpillar makes his escape the egg changes in color to a dull leaden hue.



COCCOONS OF THE PROMETHEA



LARVA OF ONE OF OUR LARGEST MOTHS

It takes from five days to three weeks for the eggs to hatch, according to the species, except in such instances when they are laid in the late summer or autumn and remain over winter, hatching in the spring.

The moth usually deposits her eggs on the food-plant of the caterpillar, although the statement made by some writers that she invariably does so is a mistake. The fact is, she must lay her eggs upon what is handiest when the time comes for them to be laid, and she cannot stop to choose the spot, for other eggs are forming constantly and those which have already formed must be gotten rid of. That she more often hovers near and about the food plant, and rests upon it during the day, than elsewhere is true, for it is upon or near the food plant that the coccoon is spun and there is usually but a short space of time allowed to elapse between her escape from the coccoon and the laying of her eggs. For this reason, therefore, and for no other, are the eggs more often to be found upon the food plant of the caterpillar than elsewhere.

When the little caterpillar is ready to emerge from the egg he does so by biting a hole in one end of the shell and crawling out, and he at once commences to perform the main duty of his existence, which is to eat as constantly and as fast as he can. Many of them commence the performance of this duty by eating the egg shell from which they have but just escaped, while others crawl immediately away from it to some spot which suits their fancy, where they may rest quiet for a few hours before entering upon their life's job of leaf-eating.

The caterpillar is composed of a head and thirteen segments forming the body. The first three segments behind the head are called the thoracic segments, fitting so closely together as to seem to be one, and the eyes are of the simplest form, distinguishing only light and darkness. Among the mouth parts is the spinaret, a little tube from which flows the gummy fluid which hardens upon coming into

COCCOON OF THE LUNA

A Cecropia Moth, lately emerged

contact with the air and is then called silk. The best example of this, the one known to everybody, is, of course, that which is secreted by the so-called "silk worm" and from which the silk of commerce is manufactured.

This "silk" is used by the caterpillar for fastening itself to the leaf upon which it is at work; to let itself drop from a leaf or twig without injury; as a guide to bring it back to the original starting point, but chiefly for spinning the coccoon in which he will pass the pupal stage.

The six true legs with which every caterpillar is provided are placed one on each side of the three thoracic segments. The third, fourth, fifth and sixth abdominal segments have the prolegs which are useful only to grasp and cling to the leaf or twig. On the last segment are a very heavy pair called the anal props, which are capable of clinging to anything with great ten-

A BEAUTIFUL PALE YELLOW MOTH WITH AN EXPANSE OF FIVE INCHES

acity, so much so, in fact, that if a caterpillar is forcibly removed from his perch he is apt to be injured before these props will release their hold.

The breathing is done entirely through what are known as spiracles, and these are oblong openings that are situated low down, one on each side of every segment, with the exception of the second and third, which have none.

A caterpillar molts, or casts his skin, several times during its existence, the number of molts varying in different species from four to ten. This is done for the reason that the skin, being composed of a more or less chitinous or horny substance, is not elastic and does not grow or stretch with the growth of the body and, therefore, as it becomes too tight it must, like the clothes of a growing boy, be discarded for a larger suit. Before each molt the caterpillar ceases eating and remains perfectly quiet for a day or more. The molt is accomplished by the caterpillar twisting and squirming and performing other contortions until the skin splits along the back for a short distance just to the rear of the

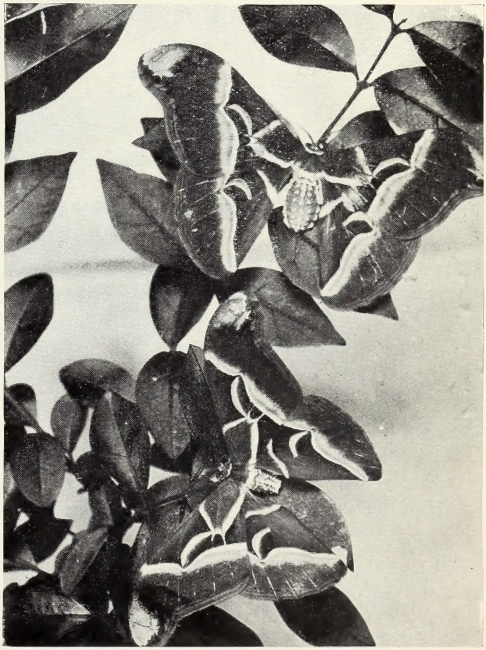
LARVAE OF THE PROMETHEA

head. The caterpillar then commences a series of peculiar contractions and expansions of its body which gradually pushes the discarded skin backward until it is pushed backward in a wad to the last segment and the caterpillar crawls forth in all the glory of his new suit. Sometimes the caterpillar turns about immediately and eats the cast skin, which is rather a peculiar way of disposing of one's cast-off clothing, but eminently satisfactory to the caterpillar, but more often it is left in a bunch attached to the leaf or twig where it dries up and blackens.

As the time approaches when the caterpillar must enter upon the second or pupal stage of its career, it ceases eating entirely and becomes extremely restless, crawling about from leaf to leaf and from twig to twig in apparent haste to locate the proper spot in which to pass this important period.

The colors of a moth caterpillar are often variegated and brilliant in the extreme, green usually predominating; red, yellow and blue being the other colors most often in evidence. These colors frequently change considerable with each successive molt and it is often the case that the full grown caterpillar has but slight resemblance to a newly hatched one of the same species. The length of the caterpillar stage varies from about five weeks to, in the case of a number of species that hibernate through the winter in the larval state, two or even more years.

The pupal stage is passed in many different situations by the different species, although, as I have already stated, a coccoon of some sort is always spun. Some caterpillars burrow into the ground to a depth of four or five inches, where, by a twisting motion of their bodies, they form a cell slightly larger than themselves, which they line with silk to keep the loose dirt from falling in upon them. Others, the boring caterpillars, which live inside the wood of trees or the stems of plants, simply enclose themselves in their tunnel by spinning a wall of silk at their head and another one at their tail, between which they lie. Others again



THE CYNTHIA MOTH

MALE POLYPHEMUS MOTH, SHOWING THE FEATHERED ANTENNAE

form rough coccoons beneath loose bark of the tree trunks, underneath stones, leaves, pieces of wood or other debris on the ground, in the crannies and corners of stone walls and buildings and in many similar situations. Some draw together a number of grass stems by means of their silk until a considerable bunch is formed, in the midst of which they spin their coccoons.

The emerging of the pupa from the now useless larva skin is accomplished in exactly the same manner as is the molt, that is, by the skin splitting on the back and the pupa working its way out by alternate contractions and expansions of its body. When it first emerges it is soft and almost shapeless, generally of some shade of green, but in the course of the first twenty-four hours or so it hardens on the outside into a horny shell and the color changes to a dark brown. In this condition the pupa awaits the appointed time for the Imago, or perfect insect, to emerge, which is usually late spring; in the meantime, many wonderful changes are taking place within the brown, horny shell, changes which we cannot witness, but of which we shall soon see the result.

The New England Type

A Study in Psychological Sociology

By Caroline E. MacGill

Among the social problems before our modern American civilization, the one which will undoubtedly bulk the largest in the retrospect of future centuries is the problem of assimilation. We are in a state of flux, seething, absorbing, changing, we know not where we are going. Now and then can be seen traits, hints, vague prophecies of the future race, occasionally we can discern a few characteristics that seem of sufficient prominence to be permanently dominant. Moreover, the growing knowledge of our age is leading us more and more to a sense of power over ourselves and our surroundings, not merely of our physical environment, but of our mental as well, and we are learning to understand the effect of "states of mind" upon the body politic from our better understanding of the means of control of our physical selves. Is it not worth while then for us of America to study our country in its component parts, that we may consciously know for what each has stood or is standing in our brief but most vital culture-history, and to determine what contributions are most worth preserving in order to make the most perfect and harmonious whole? Such studies for the present as have been made for a portion of our past history by W. G. Brown's "Lower South in American History," would teach us many useful things, about the part played not merely by particular geographical sections, but by particular race-types, or combinations of race-types in particular geographical and political environments. It is such a study in brief form that I purpose to make of what is perhaps the most dominant both as regards our past and present history—the New England Type. Being a New Englander by ancestry and residence, I recognize that my fellows will instantly oppose me with the question: Is there a New England Type, as they contrast the "Yankee-notion peddler" with Jonathan Edwards or Whittier. And yet the contrast is just the most useful part of such a study, for it presents the divergence that may take place in men from a common stock in similar environment, with precisely the same early opportunities for better or worse spiritual growth. When we say that the New England type has stood for something in our national life and growth, we do not think of the wooden-nutmeg side of Connecticut's history, nor do we remember that Massachusetts and Rhode Island once threatened to disrupt the infant nation by a too narrow devotion to selfish commercial interests. We rather think of the steadying influence of the "New England Sabbath," of those expressions of the best of the sturdy independent American spirit of self-reliance in Emerson and Channing and the host that has followed after them.

To narrow down the divisions of the census bureau in order to properly place the New Englander, he is first of all "native white of native parents." The people of New England have shown perhaps less tendency toward intermarriage with later immigrants than any other section, possibly for historical reasons. An examination of the New England Historical and Genealogical Register will show generation

A New England Lady. From an old portrait reproduced by Nottman

after generation of unmixed New England names, even among those who have left their native states or who have married outside them. This, I take it, is the first postulate of a type, comparative purity of blood. The next is persistence, that is, retention of type characteristics in a different environment. This can be shown only by observation—whether the New Englander, transplanted to Illinois or Wisconsin or California will preserve, as a general thing, the same essential characteristics in the second or third generation. If there has been intermarriage with radically different stocks or races the lines will, of course, tend to be obliterated, but if, according to my previous statement, the New England man or woman does not tend to marry outside their kindred in the sectional sense, these essential characteristics should remain, unless they are a mere matter of environment. Herein, indeed, lies the true test of a type, will it preserve itself, or will it break down and quickly become completely assimilated to its surroundings, or will it assimilate its surroundings to itself? As an answer to this question the writer has in mind two cities in the middle West, one in Illinois, of perhaps forty or fifty thousand inhabitants, including a very large number of Swedish people, and another in Wisconsin, not so large, but where the proportion of Scandinavian and German residents is possibly even larger. In both the effect of the descendants of the first settlers from New England and the later arrivals from the same states is so completely dominant as to affect not merely the habits and customs, the ways of thought and standards of action, but the physical appearance both of the town and the people. In the Wisconsin city, this has gone so far as to assimilate even the architecture of the Episcopalian, Roman Catholic, and Swedish churches, and the Jewish synagogue has a suspicious resemblance to a meeting-house. Surely assimilation of surroundings could go no farther. Another example: A branch of one of the oldest of the New England families, whose clan is a very large and prominent one throughout Massachusetts and Connecticut went to Ohio in the early forties or thereabouts, and brought up a large family of children. One of the sons, just after the Civil War, married a woman from New York whose parents were from Connecticut, and this pair went to the Pacific Coast. They also had a numerous brood, and the "family feeling" remained strong enough to give to each child the distinctive names that may be found generation after generation in this particular clan, some indeed so unusual as to be very noticeable. One of the sons of this family, when a man of nearly thirty, came East for the first time in his life, to find himself as closely akin to the people whose name he bore as if he and his parents had been brought up in the same towns. There were, of course, minor differences, but in appearance, ideals, and outlook upon life, all the surroundings of Western optimism and spirit of the day (which had naturally tinged him to some extent) had not overcome his inherited sombre outlook upon life, with its stern sense of duty and inevitableness. In many ways these Middle and Far Western people and their towns are far more like New England than the towns of the state of New York, although these might be expected to have more in common from the mere fact of propinquity.

This brings me to my third differentiation—Is there a veritable New England type, or is it an Eastern-American type? That is, is there anything by which the New England people may be differentiated from the New Yorker, the New Jersey man, the Pennsylvanian? Historically the dominant element of all three of the latter may be English as well, especially the early settlers of New Jersey, and yet here is one of the clearest cases of the profound effects of basic psychological differences in explaining the later divergences of types. The Quaker element in Pennsylvania, for instance, combined with the German sects who

settled there, drawn by the attraction of very similar ideas, has resulted in a type widely at variance with that produced by the descendants of the Puritan—a type which, it may be said in passing, has, by its very trait of non-resistance, been able to keep its stability only in isolation, and has hence made no such impress on the nation at large. New York, with its compound of Holland Dutch, English Episcopalian Tories, some High Dutch from the Rhine Palatinate, and the first of the western emigration from the New England states, has produced a variety wholly distinct from its eastern neighbors, quite as stable, perhaps, in impressing its own social structure upon those with whom is came in contact, and yet having possibly this difference, that while the Puritan descendant has remained individual in a comparatively alien environment, and has impressed his individuality upon his environment, in the end, the New Yorker more easily assimilates those with whom he comes in contact, making a unified and coherent whole. The New Yorker has the advantage of being psychologically more genial, more open to impression, and less addicted to forcing his opinions upon others, though not less likely to win them to his way of thinking in the end. He is more likely to rely upon the power of attraction than that of argument, as is well shown by a comparison of the religious differences of the two states. The average New Yorker has quite as high a moral standard as his more eastern neighbor, but he does not bother either himself or his friends so much about it. He is similarly more emotional in his religion, and does not take it so seriously. There is a very different type of church life prevalent in the two states, although at present there is some ground for believing that the more formal and ritualistic spirit, characteristic of the New York churches, is invading the very strongholds of New England Congregationalism as a response, doubtless, to the socializing and institutionalizing tendencies of the Zeitgeist.

The "typical" New Englander, of the highest and best type, would, doubtless, choose for a description of the New England ideal something like this quotation from Lowell:

"The longer on this earth we live,
And weigh the various qualities of men—
The more we feel the high stern-featured beauty
Of plain devotedness to duty.
Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise
But finding amplest recompense
For life's ungarlanded expense
In work done squarely and unwasted days."

For it is this "sense of duty" that is, both in the popular and more accurate estimate of the student, the most striking characteristic of New England people. This does not mean that others do not have it in even equal degree; such an assumption would be, of course, absurd, but that in the atmosphere of the Puritan inheritance it worked out psychologically different results from those seen in other places, into a sort of Greek-temple ideal of life. It is not the result of isolation, for the people who developed it were always in the thick of national life, it is rather the result of continual reaction, of the constant response of the intellect to the social stimuli of daily life. It is the ancestor of modern pragmatism and "New Thought," of eugenics, and the whole movement for a real control by man of his environment. It is not an ideal of life that will be called attractive by the majority of people, whose inheritance is less highly intellectualized, or who have a stronger element of primitive passion in them. It gives rise to an idealistic type of mind in which abstractions take the place of susceptibility to personal appeal. The "quickness of response," said to be characteristic of Americans, is not a notable trait of the New England people, who are generally to be described by the adjectives cold and unemotional, and who are

slow to make a decision. The key to this, as to all the New England character, is their historical and religious Puritanism. The first settlers came to the Atlantic coast under peculiar conditions of civil and ecclesiastical reaction. In 1620 and 1630 the more thoughtful people of England were in revolt against the irreligion, vice and extravagance of their country. At the same time, a company of London and Bristol gentlemen were looking for a chance to invest their funds in some New World enterprise. The first ventures of the London Company were complete failures; so when the Plymouth Company sent out the Pilgrims, it was under a stiff financial contract, and the leading men were forced to become personally responsible for its success as an investment. The colony was barely self-sustaining, so when the Massachusetts Bay colony was planted, the prospective settlers were chosen most rigidly, from men and women "inured to labor from their youth up," as the company's prospectus says. They were no "lily-fingered gentlemen" such as those whose tender skins made such trouble for Captain John Smith, but hard-working English yeomen and mechanics, cloth-weavers, spinners, and the like. There were thus two forces in full play upon their lives, the moral courage that had enabled them to leave England for the sake of their religious and moral ideals, and the stern absolute necessity of hard unremitting toil, not only to escape starvation, but also to satisfy the constant demands of their English backers, who threatened to cut off the supplies from the mother country if it were not made worth their while to send them. Very naturally they became convinced that hard work was the only road to safety in a wicked and profligate world. With this early prepossession they found themselves in an environment that served to deepen and vivify the impression. There was little in the land to encourage poetic vision or love of beauty, for even the ocean grandeur revealed the pitiless cold of the climate. Now and then we read of a forlorn soul who had ideas of a less stern cast than those current of intellectual coin. To the majority these seemed base metal.

Next, historically, there enter the two socio-revolutionary factors of attraction and isolation. Up to 1640 the two colonies increased rapidly, but the accretions were largely of folk of like stamp with the original founders, and those who were not received speedy encouragement to depart. The spirit of "social solidarity" was strong in the land. There was no room for idlers or wastrels. In 1636 Massachusetts Bay passed minute laws against idleness, providing that even children of six should be constantly employed, that when tending cattle they should be weaving tape or spinning, upon a small species of distaff called a "rock." One sighs for the spirit of Froebel at the picture. Sumptuary laws were passed, and laws restricting citizenship and residence to householders and church-members. To this deliberate solidarity was added practically forty years of isolation, for from 1640 to 1680 there was comparatively little immigration, and the colony increased by natural means. Such a period of isolation and mental inbreeding by people of naturally active minds, lasting for more than a generation, inevitably produced rigidity and crystallization of thought and moral standards. The new-comers to the colony, instead of being a source of fresh inspiration, actually deepened the religious austerity by their obvious recognition of its moral superiority in choosing to become members of the favored community. There was thus no life or contact for the colony except such as strengthened its already stern ideals. There was no distraction from hard work but hard thinking, and nothing to turn that thinking into any variety of channels. There is no wonder that this intensification and intellectual concentration resulted in morbidity. A study of the social psychology of the time will furnish ample explanation for the religious and mental vagaries shown by history. When one asks

why people of the mental calibre of the leaders of the Puritan ministry took up such strange conduct as the witchcraft persecutions, one must remember the old proverb about idle hands, which applies as well to idle minds, and when a mind or a group of minds has thrashed out any set of questions until no one is able to add anything new to the discussion, such minds are to all intents and purposes idle, and ready for perversions, since no new truths are obtainable. So delusions of any nature sufficiently akin to the usual habits of thought to present the specious appearance of truth find ready acceptance. So, too, is the reaction to be explained, for this did really present a new truth, and a new line of thought. Moreover, at this time the colonies had begun to be affected again by immigation and trade, and there was some source of new life and new stimuli. During the period of isolation the danger of morbidity was increased by the lengths to which the Puritans went in suppressing wholly innocent amusements. At the same time deeply serious evils escaped notice. When one reads the contemporary accounts of certain social peculiarities prevalent even in Boston, where was contact with the outside world if anywhere in the colony, and remembers at the same time the vicious suppression of the May-pole dances, dear to the hearts of these English peasant-folk, there seems to be something amiss. Modern sociology may recognize in the old May-pole dances a survival of the worship of the god of Spring, and recognize that there probably were features not in accord with the high notions of Puritan morality, but there were worse evils to be feared than even these. The discouragement and elimination of the joyous sides of life was carried to the farthest extremes conceivable. The twenty-fifth of December, hallowed not alone by Christian tradition, but going far back into the birth-dawn of the Saxon stock, the Yule-tide that far antedated the coming of the White Christ, was made the hateful day when the taxes were returnable. Now, one cannot root out in such fashion race-customs, race-traditions, "folkways" followed for thousands of years, without incurring grave dangers. Nowhere did the stern doctrines of Calvin become so pitiless as in New England. No sensitive soul could survive such utter "depravity of God and man."

The result of this intellectual life was to develop in the dominant element of the New England colonies a race of moral technicians, people skilled in all the niceties of outward and visible signs of righteousness whose rigid standards of conduct left little room for the gentler virtues. Now undoubtedly the moral technician has a place in the world, is often useful as a means of social control, but the role of moral technician is not one adapted to all sorts and conditions of poor mortal souls. Morality and religion must be, after all, not merely of the intellect but of the emotions, like music, and in both technical perfection may often be attained only by the sacrifice of the qualities that are really of worth. Over-stress of technical religion, or technical morality, when it is developed in those whose minds are not fitted for it, causes too often outward conformity and inward indifference or evasion. Herein lies the oft-noted anomaly of the New England type, the source of the hard-headed, close-fisted farmers, traders, and fishermen, men who might be honest in some of their dealings, but whose reputation for cheating and over-reaching their fellows at every turn has earned a very different reputation from one of moral excellence. Few of the bondman and criminal type reached New England, and the prevailing type of settlement was the town with its provision for the maintenance of religious life, not the isolated pioneer, as in the settlement farther west. The men who made the name of Yankee one of reproach, who were willing to conspire against the government of the nation who had given them freedom of commerce, in order to gain a few more dollars, there is no accounting for them on the basis of different an-

cestry, as in the case of the poor whites of the South. They were not different in stock from those who left their native land in search of "freedom to worship God," nay, they were even pillars of the Church, for "deaconing" is still a term used to indicate the dishonest packing of fruit so that the top will appear well while the lower rows are of inferior nature. This divergence of outward conformity and real living is after all scarcely more than one would expect from Calvinism carried to logical conclusions. If the doctrines of total depravity and election are grafted upon the type of mind that is not inclined to worry about such things, the chances are good that such a person will feel not greatly afraid of the consequences of any particular act, for it is all settled too long beforehand.

So much for the historical ascendancy of Calvinism in New England and its early tendencies and results. There was another element in the prerevolutionary religious life of New England that has not been touched upon—that of Rhode Island. It was comparatively unimportant in the early days, in its influence on the life of the section as a whole, though very important in itself, and destined to be more so later. In many ways Rhode Island and the other colonies developed along much the same lines, yet there were certain differences that gave powerful reactions in later New England culture-history. Rhode Island, as is familiar to all, was a colony of protest, a place of refuge from religious intolerance. As in the case of the older colony the law of social attraction drew religious outlaws in numbers to its bounds, and we there find Baptist, Quaker, and Catholic mingling freely and with self-respect. Although founded later than Maryland, it seems to have attracted a number of Roman Catholic gentlemen who found life in England during and just following the Civil War somewhat difficult. They do not appear to have retained their Roman Catholicism with much fervor after their arrival, but speedily drifted into one or the other of the Protestant sects already there. Besides this religious variance of the two colonies, there was a difference of social strata. An examination of the inhabitants of the two with a reference to their rank will reveal the fact that there was in Massachusetts a majority of the people belonging to the middle class, according to the standards of the mother country, and even to the lower middle class, with only here and there one entitled to write "gentleman" after his name. In Rhode Island, on the contrary, a large number belonged to the ranks of the "gentry." From this basis the contrasting development can be traced, with interesting results. In Massachusetts there grew up an intense religious, civil, and moral conservatism, an aristocracy in the narrowest sense of the term, as bigoted and unfree as an aristocracy could well be. In Rhode Island, on the other hand, there arose a species of fierce democracy, a feeling that seems to characterize many of the descendants of old Rhode Island people to the present day. It was the source and well-spring many times of the liberal element in New England life. Now, of course, there was, except in the very earliest times, constant association between the two colonies, so it would not be fair to assign radicalism and dogmatism, respectively, as their descriptive adjectives, yet, in their broad tendencies, these are dominant traits.

Upon this psychological basis of legal inhibition of all emotional or pleasurable life there arose almost as an inevitable consequence, asceticism. It is sometimes considered a strange phase of life in the western world, seeming to belong to an older, more oriental civilization, and yet it is quite clearly an outgrowth of religious idealism playing upon a high-strung, sensitive mind. The last generation of the eighteenth century was a period of great intellectual activity, combined with the popularizing, in a certain sense, of many philosophical ideas. The break with England from the days of the Association implied more than a political separation, for it carried with

it the revolt against the traditions of toryism and aristocracy as well, and produced a reaction against the ideas of luxury that had begun to invade even New England. The "natural-law" philosophy of the Physiocrats transmuted into American experience by Paine and Jefferson, embodied in the Declaration of Independence, and disseminated by popular sympathy with the French Revolution, did not, apparently, tend to work itself off in popular demonstration as in New York and Philadelphia, but took the impression of the ingrained habit of mind of the people, and entered into their fibre in a peculiarly disastrous way. To add to this came the several periods of industrial depression preceding and following the turn of the century, times when, indeed, men's souls were tried with the awful thought that perhaps separation from the mother-country was a terrible mistake, which they would yet have to acknowledge. Especially were the English efforts at revenge levelled at New England, for she was regarded as the prime author of all the trouble, and strenuous efforts were made to prevent the revival of New England industry and commerce. Out of this time of struggle, of intellectual ferment and financial hardship came at once the greatest and the worst developments of the New England type. Asceticism, a necessity perhaps during the first years of the nineteenth century, became a virtue a little later, and developed into the "era of plain living and high thinking," upon which we are wont to look back as the American golden age. We think of this as something distinctly creditable to us as a people, whereas, as an example of real "race suicide" it is rarely to be equalled. True, during the first half of the century people had large families, but what of the vitality of their descendants, as measured by their ability to perpetuate themselves? The truth is, the New Englanders built up a highly developed intellectual machine, but the cost price exceeded the final utility. to measure men in terms of economics. The physical type prevalent in New England to-day among the descendants of the old families is not a racially desirable type, and may explain why the description of Massachusetts as the "abandoned farm of literature" is so painfully apt. It is true that an ascendancy of mind over body is necessary to civilization, and that to some degree the height of this ascendency measures civilization, but after all disembodied spirits are of little use in practical achievement. Few of the present generation, unless they are familiar with New England and its traditions, or have happened to read a good deal of biography of the time, can realize what this "plain living" meant, how it involved not merely what we to-day call the "simple life," but an actual denial of the commonest comforts. In many cases this was necessary, for the people were pitifully poor, but in countless more rude health was actually a subject for mortification, as not indicating a proper subjection of the carnal man. This constant deliberate weakening of the physical substructure and the equal overstimulus of the intellect and higher emotional faculties left its legacy of tragedy to succeeding generations. Biologists tell us that the reproductive function is in a sense a surplus, and not absolutely necessary to the life of the individual. Hence, when undue demands are made upon the body without proper provision for rest and recuperation, the race vitality is the first to atrophy, in order that the energy which would be consumed there may go to meet the demands from the other organs, especially the brain. It is small wonder that the great men of New England left no children, or left descendants of such low vitality that in the second generation the stock did not reproduce.

It was said above that along with this worst development of the New England type grew its best, its most significant and lasting contribution to American culture-history. The individual contributions made by New England men and women to our culture-history would form an inexhaustible field for study, but it is something

more peculiarly the product of the people as a whole that must be considered, something that arose out of the spirit that had been developing for more than one hundred and fifty years, waiting till its time of service should be ripe. We are a nation of idealists, it is said, religious, moral, intellectual, and it is our faith in our ideals that has made us free. Sometimes we think our national optimism the result of the reaction of the frontier upon the older country, but I believe it to be rather the practical working out of the natural rights theories of philosophy, vivified by religious enthusiasm into that large faith in man which was the keynote of the liberal religious movement of the early nineteenth century. Part of a growing spirit of philosophical individualism, it took this new sense of self-reliance and harmonized it with the old belief in a Divine Being, by emphasizing the closeness of the relation of man and Divinity, rather than casting aside all sense of a Superior Power as did the French Revolutionists. It was a movement for freedom that should really be freedom, not in name only but in substance. It did not stop at religious freedom, but went on to demand freedom from wage-slavery, woman-slavery, and black-slavery.

The reaction from the stultifying moral technology of Calvinism was the first of these forces making for freedom. It was a demand for a more liberal, humanized religion.

The social impetus started by the reaction of the Unitarian leaders upon the natural rights philosophy against the traditional Calvinism of New England went on working itself out in many and various ways, in the demand for the reform of conditions of wage-labor, in land-reform movements, or agrarianism, in a demand for popular education, for the abolition of negro slavery, and the enfranchisement of women. The doctrine of the dignity and perfectibility of human nature was not one to exist side by side with social inequalities. The time was one of industrial change, of the transition from the craft to the factory system. It was a time of invention, of swift progress both in the material and intellectual worlds. There was need—and the service is still with us—of a spiritual force that should harmonize the world of sight and the world of faith. Not that all of this spirit of religious liberty was worked out through the Unitarian Church. We rarely more than superficially understand what religious liberty means, but confound it with multiplicity of sects, which it does not necessarily connote by any means. Religious intolerance within a sect is quite as destructive of spiritual life as against a sect. The new force which found its most marked expression in Unitarianism affected all the other sects as well, in varying degrees, and in good time.

These then are the peculiar contributions of the New England men and women to our national culture-history, these the traits by which the New England type has proven itself of permanent value as an element of the nation to come: Idealism in the intellectual and spiritual sense first and foremost, and closely connected with it, Love of liberty, held with an intellectual depth that carries with it to the American people courage, steadfastness, tenacity of purpose, enthusiasm, balanced by calm, dispassionate, trained judgment, and receptivity to new ideas. For the New Englander is at heart a radical. Not the quick, inflammatory, superficial type, but the slow, reflective kind, who, possessing an ideal of constructive duty, searches for the new, and when a clue is found, investigates it carefully to see if it promises a useful end. He is thus prepared to weigh each new thing, to give it a sober, purposeful enthusiasm, if it be found worthy, an enthusiasm which works steadily and patiently towards its goal, and is not impatient of results if they seem slow to come. The free individual is thus given opportunity to develop a sense of personal responsibility, to react for the social good.

Business section of Main street, Nashua

NASHUA,
THE GATE CITY OF THE GRANITE STATE

By FRANKLIN HULL

IF called upon to choose from among New England's thriving cities, the one combining in a superlative degree beauty of location and surroundings with intense commercial activity and bright promise of golden reward for its spirit of vigorous enterprise and unselfish devotion of its business men to the furtherance of its every interest, Nashua, New Hampshire, must be kept in mind while all her sister cities are challenged to show in what respects they are her superior.

Nashua is the gate city of the grand old Granite State, located in the beautiful valley of the Merrimac River upon the Merrimac Valley State Highway, the main thoroughfare from the State of Massachusetts to the White Mountains, one of the greatest resorts in this country. The dweller here has at his command all the advantages of a big city, enjoying, at the same time, complete freedom from the thousand disadvantages. All modern facilities and conveniences, which usually come under municipal construction and management, are here maintained at the very highest standard.

Nashua possesses public spirit; evidence of this fact abounds on every hand. Her charitable institutions are numerous. Her people whole-heartedly support any project which is generally admitted to redound to her advantage. Wages are fully the average paid in any city in this country. House rent averages less than in any other city of her size in New England.

This is truly a manufacturing city as well as a city of homes. Visitors are at once impressed with her beauty and attractiveness and up-to-dateness meets the eye on every hand. Her streets are paved in the business section, macadamized in the residential, and are so abundantly shaded that from the tops of high buildings the city has the appearance of a vast park.

The population of Nashua is in excess of 30,000 and she is growing fast. Her city valuation is $20,000,000, and she has invested in school and city buildings $798,740, with $142,000 in her fire department, which is one of the finest in the entire East. The valuation of her manufactured products for one year is $20,500,000 and her wage payment $4,000,000 during that period—an exceptionally fine showing, and in no mean measure her enterprising Board of Trade, characterized by a spirit of broad and deep understanding of local requirements and hearty co-operation with other centres from which radiate live wires, is directly responsible for the facts cited.

Her public buildings are of the finest, including a Federal building, Court House, State Armory, Library, Hospitals, etc., and she owns public parks and play-grounds galore, the former embracing over 200 acres.

The school buildings of Nashua are modern in every respect. They are equipped with splendid systems of ventilation, heating and lighting, and the greatest care has been exercised that the sanitary conditions be of the highest order of excellence. The standard of scholarship is unexcelled.

The modern city of Nashua dates from the establishment of the cotton industry, that is from 1823, when the Nashua Manufacturing Company was chartered by the general court.

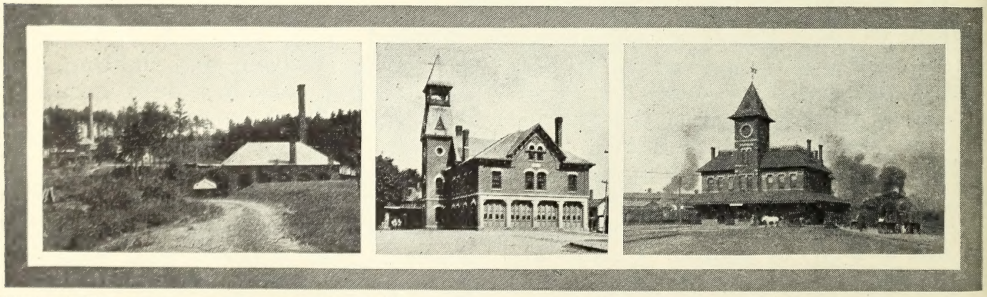
MASONIC TEMPLE I. O. O. F. BLOCK NASHUA M'F'G. COMPANY

Back of that lies the story of the early settlements, which is a matter rather of local and curious interest than of general importance, although, as in most New England communities, it has left its marks that are visible not only in the past, but also in the civic life of to-day. These, however, are rapidly fading before the influx of foreign population and the weightier interests of present day commercial life.

Old Dunstable and its divisions, the boundary dispute that was a source of contention in the British parliament for nearly 80 years, and the contentions that appear to be the universal heritage of the city that is built on both sides of the river, even though the river be but a span wide, are all matters out of which the story teller may glean plots and local color for the setting of his tales of early New England life, but the great stream of working men and women that is the Nashua of to-day know little about them and care less.

The Nashua of to-day is a city of the hardest kind of hard facts. Tariff issues that are mere academic discussions in many other communities are matters of immediate and vital concern. Economic conditions throughout the Nation are immediately reflected in her great industries. Questions of immigration, naturalization, and public education, about which so many things are said from vague and general sentiment, are issues that are being unconsciously met by the churches, the merchants and the educators, the employers and the toilers, themselves, in this great and typical New England manufacturing centre.

Our story must of necessity be a story of hard facts for thinking people. Of Nashua's 30,000 inhabitants, nearly 20,000 are of foreign birth or parentage, who reside in a city of varied industries, the majority of which are in an exceedingly prosperous condition. These two facts belong together, and mean that



WATER WORKS PUMPING STATION CENTRAL FIRE STATION NASHUA UNION STATION

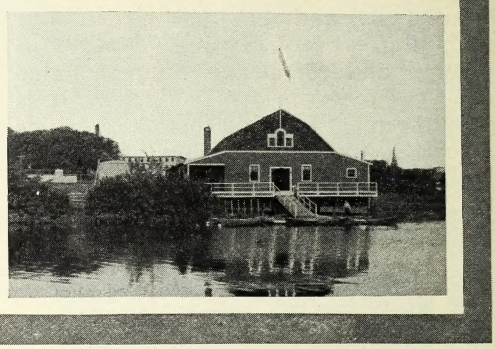
this great foreign population has adapted itself to American industrial conditions, has produced skilled labor of sufficient intelligence, sobriety and steadiness to allow of progressive development, and is building in our midst a great city, of whose continuous growth and prosperity no reasonable observer can fabricate a doubt. It is only the most idle and foolish of critics who can turn away from such facts with a pessimistic shake of the head. A more statesmanlike view can only result in the highest optimism.

Soldiers' Monument, Nashua

Unquestionably, if some old resident from the first part of the 19th century, who had been accustomed to seeing the sons and daughters of New England farmers coming into the village at early dawn with their lunch pails in their hands for the day's work in the mill, should stand at the gates at closing time, it would be difficult to reassure him as to the fate of his beloved city. Unquestionably, also, Nashua and other cities similarly situated have their political and moral difficulties. But the wonder is not that these exist. They existed, also, in the good old times in another form, perhaps, but no less really. The wonder is in the order, the average morality, social and political decency, and the evidences of civic pride and patriotism that are building a city that is an American city and a sign of promise.

Our first important fact, then, about the city of Nashua is, that it is the home of an abundant and capable laboring population who may be depended upon in the building up of an industry. They are healthy, industrious, law abiding, and loyal. Nashua is not a city of turbulent strikes or labor diffi-

UNITED STATES FISH HATCHERY



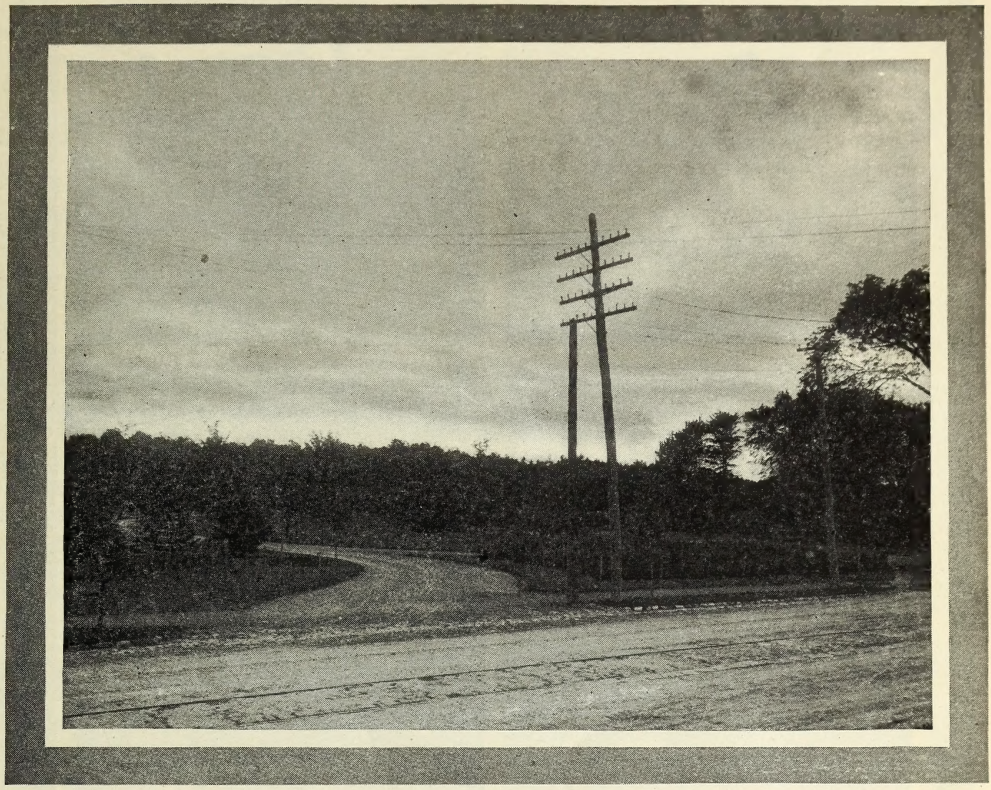
NASHUA BOAT CLUB HOUSE

culties. It passed through the recent trying time without distressing its population and without recourse to soup houses, or any other form of public charity. Families were fed and tradesmen's bills paid, although hours of labor were somewhat shortened. This is a very creditable showing, not duplicated in many large centres during that same period, and it speaks volumes for the excellence of the industrial conditions of the city, and for the thrift and intelligence of the laboring population.

Hard facts do not build upon pretty sentiments, but sentiments have a way of weaving themselves about hard facts and making them beautiful. I think that to a true lover of New England there can be no sweeter or more beautiful picture than that of the growth of the children of the foreigner into our life and institutions. It is a curious truth that the highest genius has rarely sprung from academic shades and surroundings of ease and culture. And who knows what element of salvation, what added intellectual grace these foreigners may graft upon our somewhat cold New England stock?

Be all that as it may, this is the first point that we wish to make,—that the city of Nashua possesses a splendid industrial population.

Another fact of the utmost importance is that here is an important railroad centre. Transportation facilities unsurpassed in New England are at the service of the producers. Nashua has no equal in this section in railroad centering, being located upon two divisions of the Boston and Maine system, *i.e.*, the Worcester, Nashua, and Portland and the Southern, the headquarters of the former being in Nashua. This makes Nashua the centre of six different radiating lines of steam railroads. The frog and switch shops of the entire system are here located. There are eight local freight trains and forty-two through freight trains starting from or passing through Nashua daily. There are forty-five passenger trains leaving Nashua daily, twenty-two from the East and South, twenty-three from the West and North. Nashua is only one hour's ride from Boston and six hours' from New York. The city is also a centre for electric railways, which have direct lines to Lowell, Boston, Manchester, Concord, Haverhill, Lawrence, and about fifteen miles of local system operated by the Boston and Northern Street Railway Company. With all the advantages named here, Nashua can well claim to be one of the best shipping points in New England, which is a fact of great importance to manufacturers. Nashua



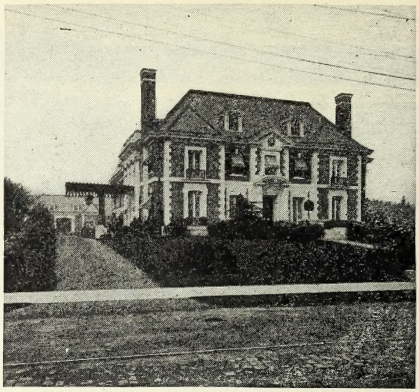
ENTRANCE TO GREELEY PARK

is in immediate touch with the widest possible markets.

Whatever we may think, politically, about railroad combinations, the fact that all these railroads centre in Nashua and are, practically, under one system, simply makes for prompt and efficient service as far as the industrial world is concerned. Whether or not the abundant trolley lines centering in the city are of immediate benefit, may be a point for fair difference of opinion, but unquestionably as the city expands, they will play a very important part in the homing problems. That day of expansion cannot be very far off. I think that almost every one feels that New England is now on the verge of a great upward movement. It is said on competent authority, for example, that over $50,000,000 will be expended within the next two years for new construction in the textile industries alone, Nashua is going to share in that expansion, and in view of that fact, the abundant electrical equipment must be included among transportation facilities as an asset of value.

But the most important fact of all is that the industries at present located in the city are prosperous. Prosperity depends upon too many and too complicated conditions for any man to logically deduce it as the necessary result of any set of facts he might put together. We might analyze correctly or incorrectly the conditions that have produced the present prosperity of the city. But vastly more important than our analysis is the fact itself of prosperity.

The Pennichuck Water Works, incorporated 1853, furnishes the city of Nashua with an abundant supply of wholesome water, as pure as that sup-



RESIDENCES OF

COL. W. D. SWART
L. E. THURBER
GEN. J. E. TOLLES

F. E. ANDERSON
DR. C. S. COLLINS
MRS. DR. COLBURN

plied to any American city. The springs and flowing wells are known and famed for their quality and purity. Chemical analysis and bacteriological tests rightly enable the company to place the pure water label on its product.

For industrial and manufacturing purposes the water is equal to any. In addition to the supply from springs and wells this company has large storage reservoirs of extra fine quality water that can be used for power and fire purposes. The ponds of the company are surrounded by forests and woodlands, owned and controlled by the company, which conserve the water and protect the supply from polution.

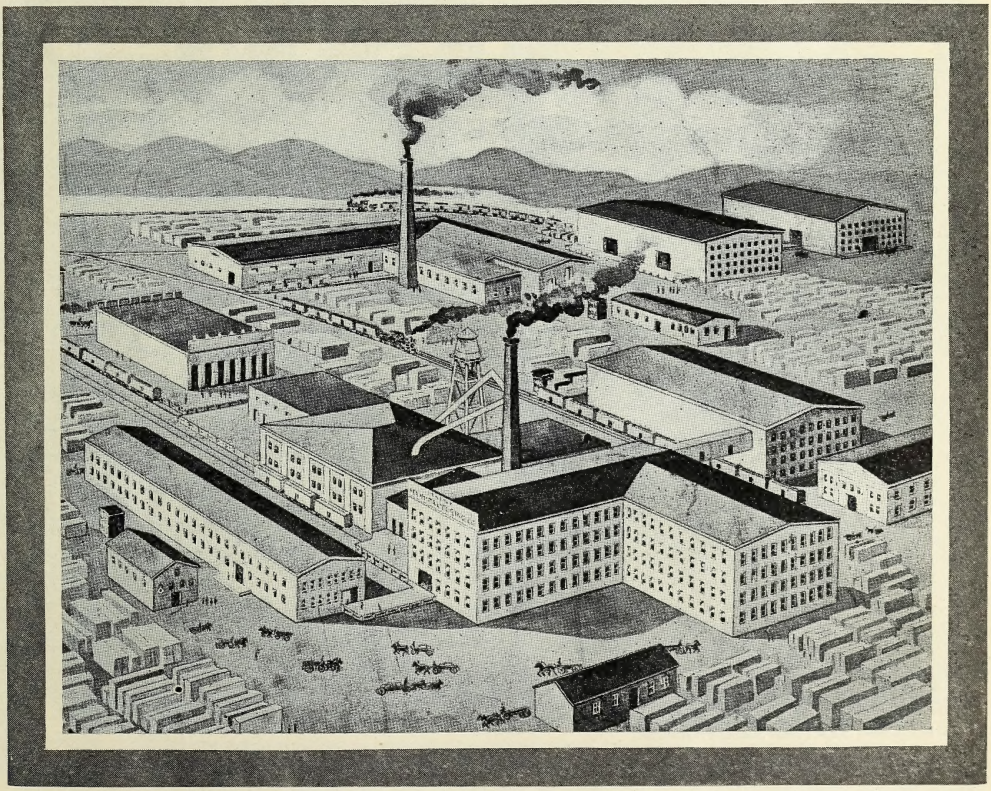
The average daily pumpage is 2,730,000 gallons. In case of possible conflagration the company has a reserve pumping capacity of 14,000 gallons per minute, or about sixty first-class fire streams.

The supply and distribution systems are so arranged that during large fires the normal water pressures can be raised to 100 pounds per square inch.

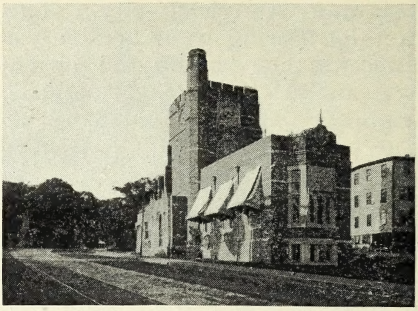
The rates of the Pennichuck Water Works are less than most cities of the Merrimack Valley and elsewhere; and for industrial and manufacturing purposes, the lowest meter price is at the unusual rate of five cents per thousand gallons.

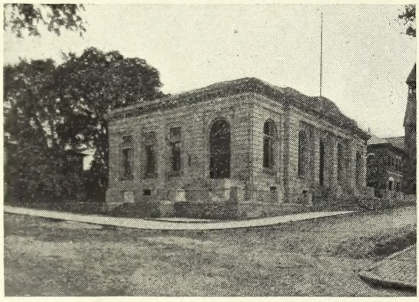
The Nashua Light, Heat and Power Company has a station capacity of 2250 H.P. It lights the streets with 272 arc lights and 80 incandescent on an all night and every night schedule of about 4000 hours per year. Carbon lamps are furnished and renewed free, and no charge is made for service wires or setting meters.

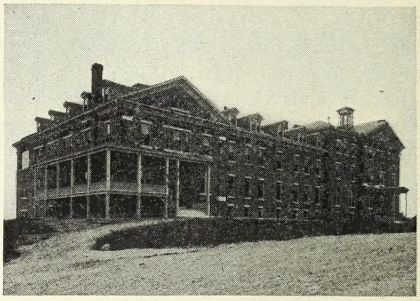
The company furnishes power at a maximum rate of nine cents, graded down to two cents per K.W., according to quantity.

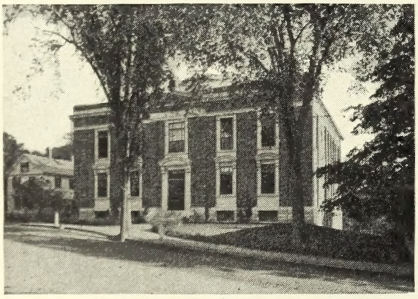


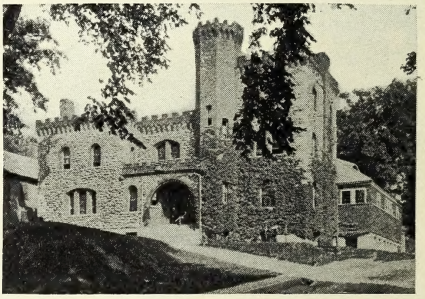
PLANT OF THE MAINE MANUFACTURING COMPANY

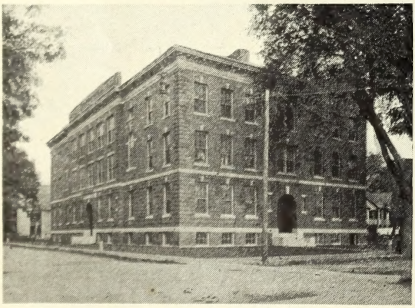












HIGHLAND SPRING SANITARIUM
POST OFFICE
HILLSBORO COUNTY COURT HOUSE
NEW HIGH SCHOOL

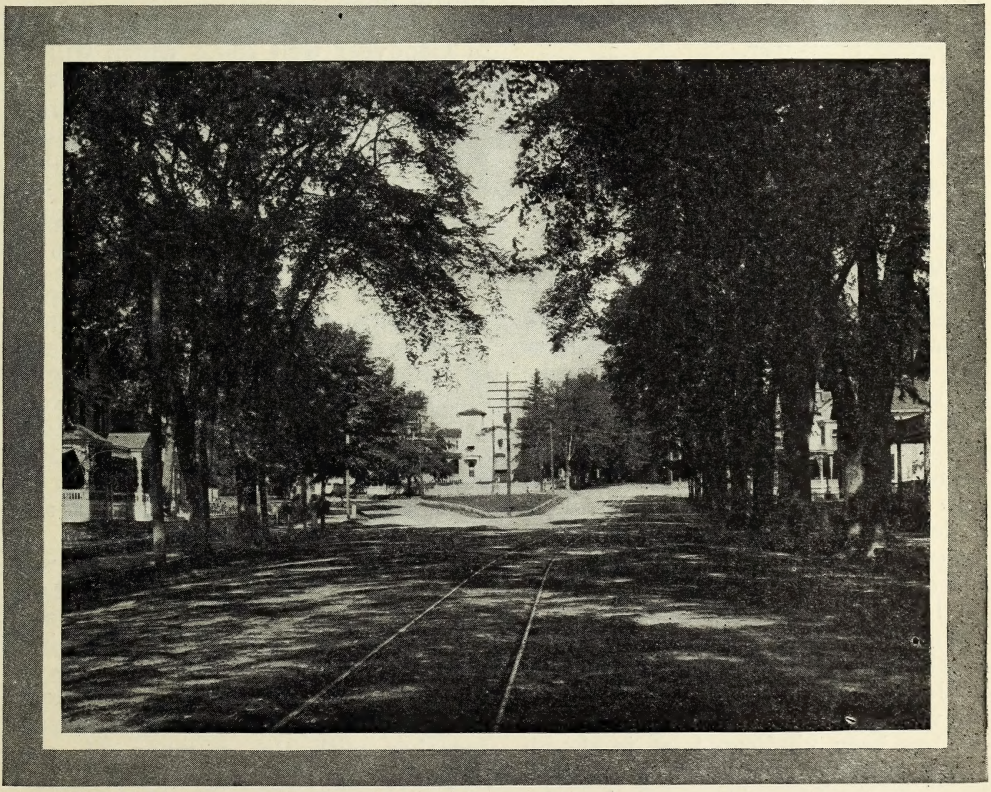
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL
THE ARMORY
THE INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL

The Nashua Manufacturing Company, capitalized at one million dollars, has averaged to pay seven per cent dividends for many years and this concern possesses quick assets in the shape of raw cotton, manufactured goods, and tenement property sufficient to cover the full value of the capital stock, without including the great mills and their equipment, or making a single dollar's allowance for dividend-paying power, upon which so many mushroom industries base their entire capitalization. The stock is widely distributed throughout New England, a good deal of it being locally owned.

The Jackson Manufacturing Company is capitalized at $600,000 and is in about the same situation as the Nashua Manufacturing Company.

There are five banking institutions in Nashua, two national, two savings and one trust company, having a total deposit of more than $4,000,000. The oldest is the Indian Head National Bank, organized in 1851. Its new quarters in the Telegraph Block are among the most attractive and convenient in the state. The officers are: President, David A. Gregg; Vice-president, William H. Beasom; Cashier, Ira F. Harris; Asst. Cashier, J. B. Tillotson. The bank's surplus exceeds the capitalization and it has passed through every financial panic serene and untroubled. Its newly equipped safe deposit vault is one of the best in the state.

The Second National Bank, with which the First, chartered in 1863, has recently been united, was established in 1875, and was the United States Government depositary during the time of its separate existence, and it ranks as one of the strongest financial



STARK SQUARE, NASHUA

institutions of the city. The present officers are: President, F. W. Estabrook; Vice-presidents, S. D. Chandler and W. E. Spalding; Cashier, F. A. Eaton.

The Nashua Trust Company is very strong, handling all the large variety of banking business that has come to be included in the work of trust companies, such as accounts subject to check, savings deposit, trust funds, guardianships, and acts as transfer and fiscal agents for municipalities and corporations. This company has a finely equipped safe deposit vault for use of renters. Its officers are: George W. Currier, President; W. D. Swart, Vice-president; Joseph L. Clough, Cashier.

The City Guaranty Savings Bank, organized in 1891, has grown with great rapidity.

The bank has deposits of $1,250,000 and a guaranty fund of about 20 per cent. It is purely a savings bank. Lester J. Thurber, President; H. W. Ramsdell, Treasurer.

The Citizens Institution for Savings was incorporated by the Legislature of New Hampshire in 1899 and opened for business April 2nd, 1900. The Bank was chartered as a Mutual Savings Bank, the earnings being equitably apportioned to the depositors. The laws of New Hampshire governing Savings Banks are considered as strict and conservative as those of any state in New England. From the start it has been the purpose of the Trustees to make this Institution a strictly safe place for deposits. By its charter it receives deposits of Trustees, Executors, Administrators and Guardians. Interest at three and one-half per cent is paid on all deposits, reckoning from the third day of each month. The deposits are invested in New Hampshire securities and largely in real estate mortgages, making the bank a strictly home institution, one in which the working people can safely place their money. The wisdom of the policy of the Trustees has been vindicated, as is shown by the healthy growth of the institution, indisputable evidence of the confidence and unqualified approval of the people. The banking rooms are pleasantly located in the McQuesten Block, with large vaults and safety deposit boxes.

New England's second great industry, the manufacture of boots and shoes, is also strougly represented in Nashua, which has the distinction of having the largest shoe shop under one roof in the United States. This is the Estabrook-Anderson Shoe Company. More than twelve hundred resident employees carry on the work of this great plant, which has a capacity of 15,000 pairs of shoes a day. The company was organized in 1879, and the present factory was erected in 1885. The President of the firm is Frank E. Anderson, and the Treasurer, Fred W. Estabrook.

A new factory, now in process of building, will be some over five hundred feet long, fifty feet wide, and five stories high.

It will be devoted to the manufacture of Goodyear welt shoes which will be an entirely new line for the Company.

The new factory will have an output of 600 dozen per day, and will be equipped in every particular in the most modern way, with every facility for turning out this line of goods in competition with any manufacturer in the country.

This will give the Company a capacity in both factories of 20,000 pairs of shoes per day, which, with possibly one or two exceptions, will be the largest output of any shoe manufacturing concern in this country, and will add a very large number to Nashua's resident employees.

In 1888 the W. D. Brackett and Company Factory, now operated by the W. L. Douglas Company, was brought to Nashua by inducements held out by the city government and by the citizens. Since the original plant was erected the firm has twice remodeled and enlarged its quarters. its production has constantly increased, together with the number of employees. This is a signal instance of what may wisely be done in the way

of inducing industries to locate in particular communities, the faith of those who labored to bring the Brackett Company to Nashua having been fully justified by its prosperity and its value to the city.

One of the oldest establishments in the city is the Nashua Card Gummed & Coated Paper Company. A few years ago they moved into their new factory on Franklin Street. In this substantial brick building, equipped with the most modern machinery, they are doing a constantly increasing business in the manufacture of gummed, coated and glazed papers. Organized sixty years ago, it is to-day considered one of Nashua's most thriving industries.

And here is located that old-established concern, The Maine Manufacturing Company. The fact that they make the "White Mountain" refrigerators endears them not only to New England, but to the strong dealer and to the good house-wife, all over the United States. And not a town of importance but knows the cold breath of the "White Mountain." This great industry, owned, controlled and operated by John E. Cotton and I. Frank Stevens, represents a production of 50,000, and upwards, refrigerators year in, year out, in the largest refrigerator factory in the world. The "White Mountain," famous as "The Chest with the Chill in it," adds greatly to the city's wealth.

The largest and most complete factory in the world devoted to the manufacture of ice-cream freezers is another of the industries which have been drawn to Nashua by solid advantages.

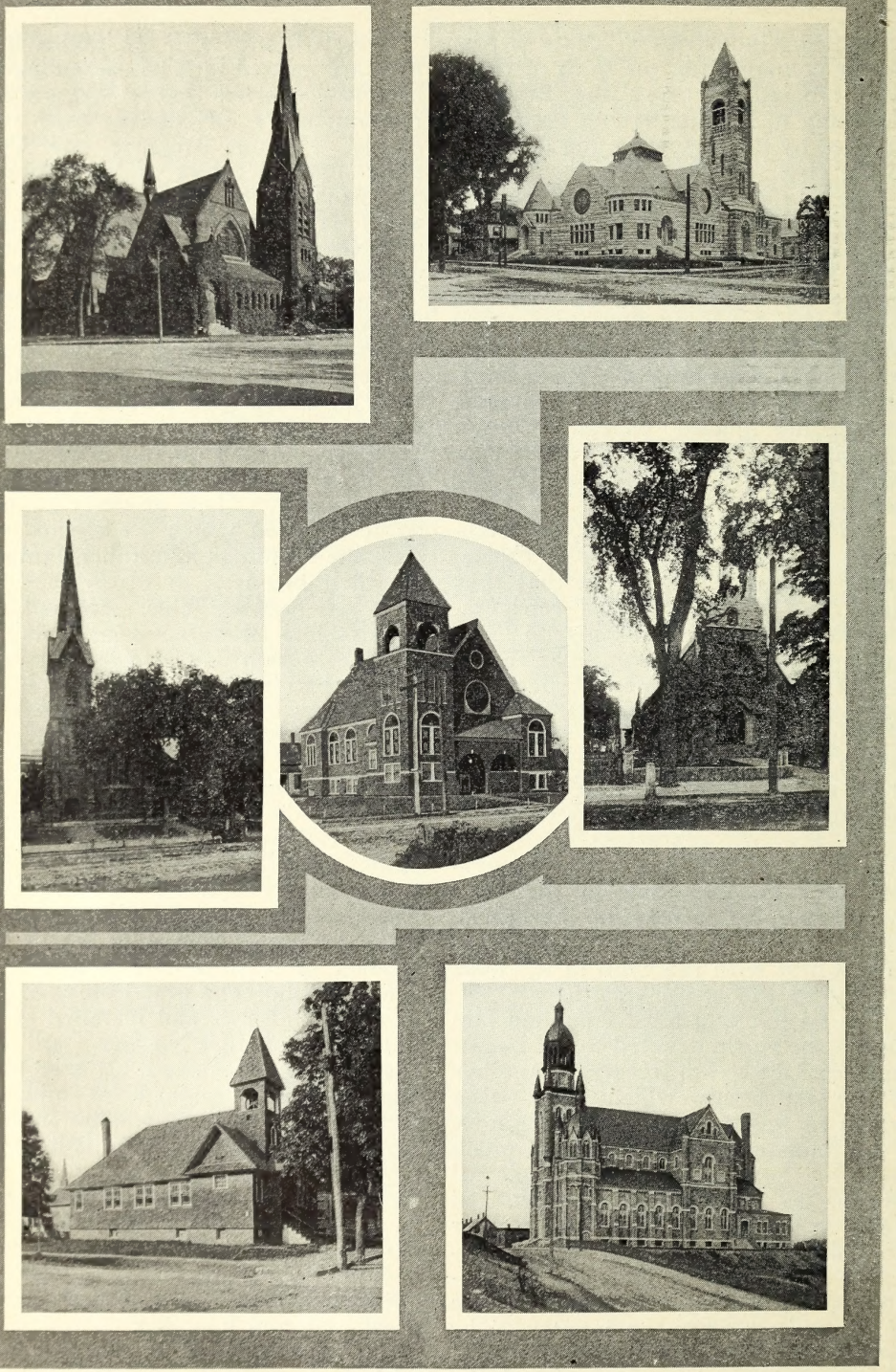
An industry that has done as much as any other to carry the name of Nashua to all parts of the civilized world is the White Mountain Freezer Company. This concern was established in Nashua in 1880 and its factory is the largest and most complete of any of its kind in the country. The White Mountain Freezer is a Nashua product, of which the people of the Gate City are enthusiastically and justly proud.

Several branches of the lumber business are located in Nashua, among the largest of which is that of Gregg & Son, manufacturers of doors, sash and blinds; Proctor Brothers and Company manufacturers of barrels, kegs and pails; Roby and Swart Mfg. Co., and J. H. Tolles & Co., manufacturers of boxes and box shooks and producers of mouldings and cabinet work.

The Roby & Swart Manufacturing Company, whose principal output is boxes and box shooks, are the largest concern in their line in New England, with an annual cut of from 24,000,000 to 26,000,000 feet per year. Advantageously located on the main line of the B. & M. R. R., they use their own water power. Their property includes 30 acres, upon which are erected several fine buildings admirably equipped for their business, in which they employ 200 people. This firm supplies the Nashua Manufacturing Company and the Joelson Company with packing boxes, the remainder of the output going largely to the middle States.

The Roby & Swart Manufacturing Company is owned by the American Box and Lumber Company.

Among the metal workers of Nashua is the William Highton & Sons Company, manufacturers of hot air registers and ventilators, who moved to Nashua from Boston in 1889; and the Rollins Engine Company, which is a product of Nashua enterprise and inventive skill. The first Rollins engine was built in 1878, and installed in the old plant of the Nashua Card and Glazed Paper Company. It is an automatic engine, designed for mill and factory use. The company employs highly-skilled labor, and in its long history has never had a strike nor any serious difficulties with its employees. The Nashua Saddlery Hardware Company was organized in 1889, the stock having been subscribed by Nashua citizens. The concern has always prospered, and it possesses to-day one of the best-equipped plants of its kind, with a market throughout the United States and extending to South America and the Phillipines.



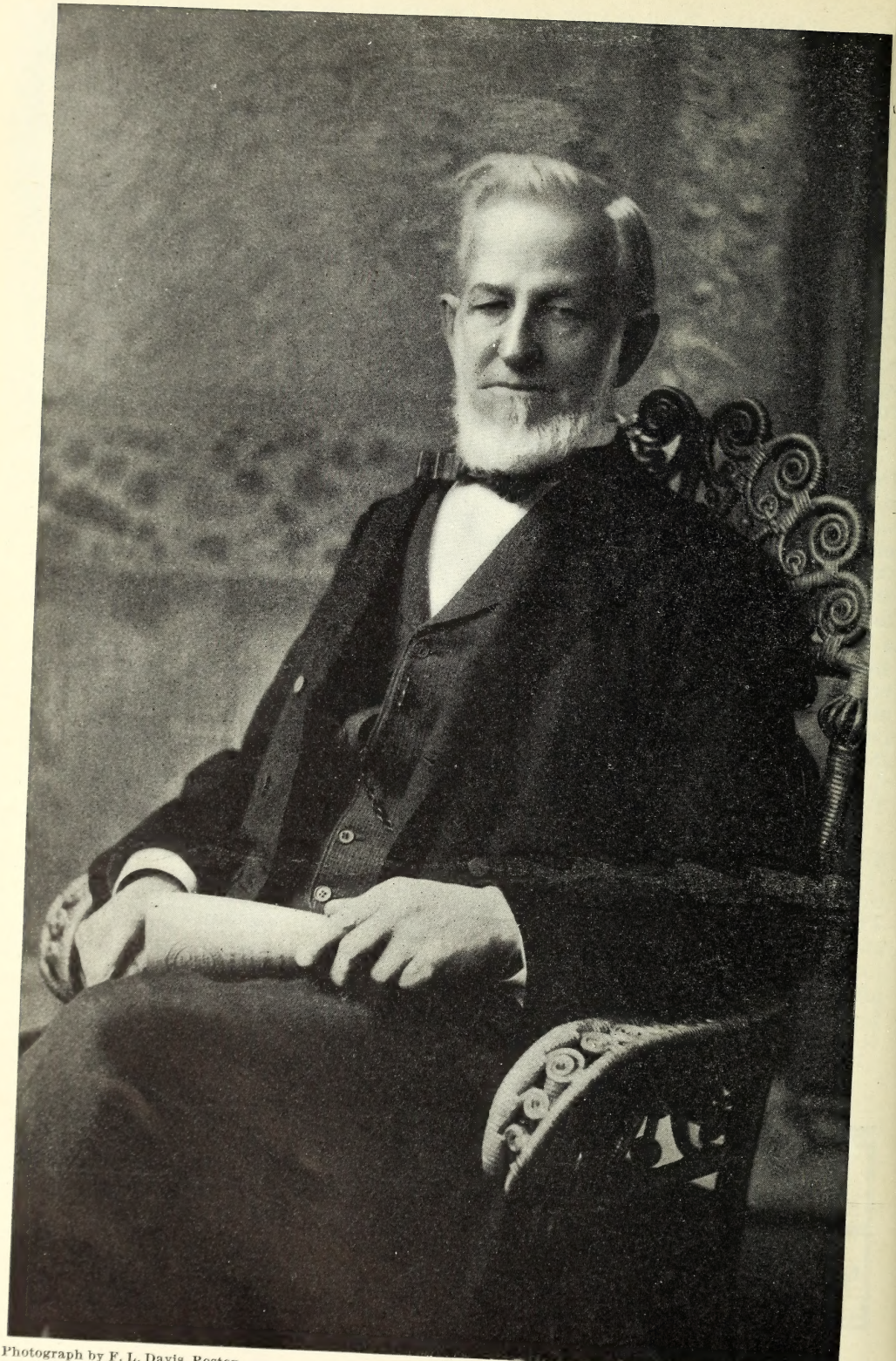
PILGRIM CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
M. E. CHURCH
CROWN HILL BAPTIST CHURCH
FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
EPISCOPAL CHURCH
ST. FRANCIS XAVIER CHURCH

An old and well-known Nashua enterprise is the Londonderry Lithia Water Company. Londonderry Lithia Water was first introduced as a medicinal water, but lately has been carbonated in bottles and sold as a table water throughout the length and breadth of the land. The water comes from a spring in the town of Londonderry, located in the centre of the large tract of land owned by the company. The flow of water is very abundant, even in the dryest seasons, and the bottling is conducted with the greatest care. Probably no concern in the city gives a wider publicity to the name of Nashua.

This list by no means covers the entire field of Nashua's industries, but it serves to illustrate the wide diversity and the fact that their prosperity must depend upon broader grounds than any small local advantage which might give rise to some one successful line of production. Nashua turns out a line of goods ranging from shoes to steam engines, and from cotton blankets to Londonderry Lithia Water, and all this business prospers exceedingly, compelling us to find some reason in the location and transportation facilities, for there is always a reason: Things do not simply happen.

Citizens of the city, under the guidance of the Board of Trade, very rationally look forward to growth through an inflow of varied industries. The experience of the city with new enterprises that have been induced to locate there, is of the happiest kind, affording strong encouragement to further undertakings in the same line. It is a lesson, also, to other New England communities that have often been too backward and conservative in their hospitality toward new business combinations. No such spirit exists in Nashua and any prospective manufacturer will find in this city not only exceptional advantages, but a hearty welcome and every rational inducement.

Withall, the city of Nashua is an attractive one. It was not laid out in the beginning by a landscape gardener, and the local bickerings that seem to be an inseparable element in early New England history did not always result in the happiest kind of location of highways and public buildings. But it is an old saying that time and Nature are kindly friends and very charitable toward human failings. Nature, the great adapter, softens the hard outlines and fits herself to our human idiosyncracies with the most surprising and happy results. There is many a picturesque glimpse in the old city of belfries, between treetops, and even the mills, vine-clad, rising from the water's edge, are not devoid of beauty. Nashua has a unique and beautiful library building, some very fine churches and beautiful residences, and is in line with the forward movement of our age in the matter of substantial and attractive school buildings. And there are some undeveloped possibilities. The banks of the river and its bridging, and the inevitable civic requirements of a growing city, afford opportunities for the expression of beauty in architecture and parkways that are certain to be utilized by the patriotism and civic pride of her citizens.



Photograph by F. L. Davis, Boston

GEORGE T. ANGELL

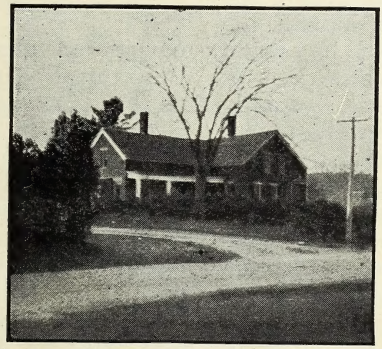
GEORGE T. ANGELL

THE MAN WITH A MISSION

By MARY OLIVIA SUMNER

NEVER since the dawn of Christianity has a man lived who has followed more closely the teachings of the great Nazarene, or has spread throughout the world benevolence of such extensive effect, as the eminent philanthropist who passed to the life beyond on the sixteenth of March, 1909. By a strange ordering of Providence, it so happens that the men and women who have been the greatest benefactors to a race, a country, a religion, or to humanity in general, are of either humble or unpretentious origin.

The project to erect in the city of Boston a Humane Building as an Angell memorial and a headquarters from which the beneficent influence of the work which he founded might irradiate is so rational and fitting that it would seem certain of success.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF GEO. T. ANGELL AT SOUTHBRIDGE, MASS.

Its commendation by the press of the country is universal and the friends of Mr. Angell will be glad of the opportunity thus afforded to express their appreciation of his character and work.

As the "Boston Journal" aptly says:

"If all whom he led to kinder ways and words should contribute, the memorial to George T. Angell would be one of the wonders and glories of the world.

So when the day which gave birth to George T. Angell was ushered in, and the family of the good Baptist clergyman of Southbridge was made glad by his coming, it was with no thought that on this fifth day of June, 1823, a life had begun which should bring to the world many benefits it had never before enjoyed, and the influence of which should continually increase even after the life should be ended.

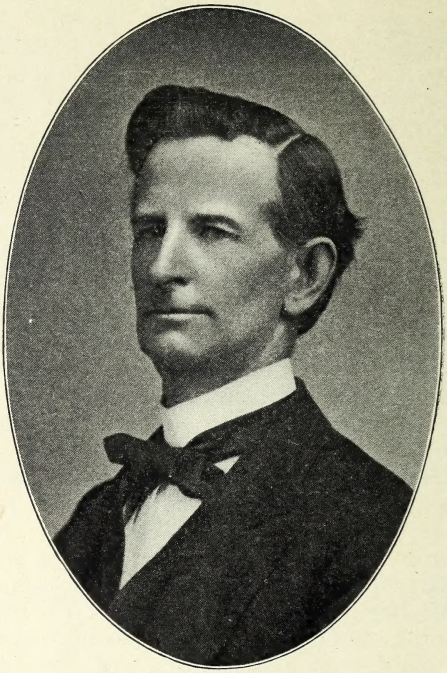
George T. Angell has been well called the greatest humanitarian in the world. His charter has been compared with that of Lincoln; and in the inner cosciousness of each there is, indeed, much to compare, for Lincoln, the emancipator, was in the highest sense a humanitarian, and Angell, the humanitarian, was no less an emancipator in the truest meaning of the word.

Those who stand out in history as leaders of great movements or enterprises have many characteristics in common. Perhaps the most important is a fevrent belief in and enthusiasm for the ideas they hold. They are persistent, self-sacrificing, untiring, generous and courageous. All these qualities Mr. Angell possessed to the utmost, and it is a matter of wonder that his remarkable enthusiasm never diminished, but remained unabated to the end of his eighty-five long years of life. This trait, combined with his strong personality, was instrumental in keeping the society he founded at high-water mark, although in later years ill

health compelled him to conduct his business affairs at his home; and it is a surprising fact that he accomplished as much with his pen in keeping pace with progressive methods, as when younger and stronger and able to go among men.

Indeed, so active was his brain that his mind was often striving with thoughts at intervals throughout the night, and he was most impatient for the arrival of his secretary at nine o'clock in the morning; because, as he affirmed, his mind was so full, and he felt as if some unseen power were telling him what to write. His ideas, too, were so well arranged that he could at all times dictate both rapidly and clearly. His power of conception was extremely keen and he saw his plans plainly, from their inception to their result; so that when others attempted to discourage him he simply dropped them, never allowing their opinions to disturb him, and was always absolutely indifferent to the commendation or the condemnation of the public. His insight into human nature was remarkable, and he could readily understand the motives for action of men who were wrongly judged, even before their motives were admitted. Quick to discern and grasp an opportunity, he accepted with alacrity the responsibility of publishing "Black Beauty," which had been a failure in England, but which he perceived would be the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the horse.

Early in life he displayed some of his most striking characteristics, his resourcefulness showing itself while he was a very small child. Hearing that some boys were stealing their apples, he determined to prevent it and frighten but not harm them. Accordingly, he watched one night in the orchard, lying on the ground and standing a gun up in bold relief beside him. The ruse was effectual. An illustration of the fondness for animals is quoted from the incidents of his boyhood. While going to church on Sunday mornings he would invariably stop to pat the dogs on his way. This was



GEORGE T. ANGELL, FROM A PORTRAIT MADE IN 1870

considered almost a crime in those Puritanical days and his distressed mother would exclaim: "George, George, come along. What will the people think?" This, however, never prevented the lad from doing the same thing on the next occasion, although in other matters he was very obedient.

His college education he never felt was of any special benefit to him in his vocation. His legal training, however, and his association with one of the able lawyers of Boston were a decided advantage to him in the handling of important questions, and enabled him to use skill in the presentation of his subject, which, coupled with his directness and simplicity of expression, gained for him many a victory. One instance is particularly noteworthy. He wanted to have a law passed in Massachusetts for the protection of the pigeons, but many of the wealthy citizens were opposed, and when he appeared at the State House to make his plea he found four prominent lawyers arrayed against him. He

made his speech in such a convincing manner and with such clear arguments that the entire atmosphere was changed, and he won. So great was his power in addressing an audience, that one long connected with him in business has said: "What we need is public spirited citizens with power to speak as Mr. Angell spoke." His addresses, his writings and his work, were always plain, simple and directed to the people.

It is usually a fact that strong men rule through the force of their character, but Mr. Angell ruled through love and the desire to help the weak. His nature was poetical, affectionate and full of sentiment. He was of a happy, genial temperament, with much humor, and could tell a witty story admirably,. His instinctive culture and courtesy were very marked, and his advocacy of peace in all ways, his generosity in using his talents and energies without remuneration for the causes he upheld, his conscientious courage in standing by his conviction whatever the cost to himself, and his readiness to strive for the overthrow of all obstacles in his path—these were inborn traits. Of his discrimination a long-time friend said: "One could not talk with him for five minutes without realizing and appreciating his wise judgment." Especially charming was his home life, where he was aided in every possible way by his faithful wife, who devoted herself to him most loyally, in thought and deed, for nearly forty years.

The prevention of cruelty to animals is the work by which he was first and perhaps most generally known; but his mission and service were for the betterment of all kinds of life. Thus he stopped not with the crusade for the comfort of animals, but labored most zealously for the comfort of men, as the enactment of laws for prohibiting the sale of poisonous utensils for cooking, poisonous wall papers, adulterated foods and medicines, plainly testfy. For these laws he worked arduously for four years, and all owe their existence to his untiring efforts.

The American Humane Education Society, with its Bands of Mercy, he considered his greatest service—the vital force of his philanthropy, and the most far-reaching, because it is the means of educating and uplifting the people to higher ideals of thought and action, of love and kindness to man and beast. That the idea of humane education was original with him, is proved by the fact that in 1864, two years before he heard of Henry Bergh, he made his will, leaving a large portion of his property for the purpose of publishing and distributing humane literature. He was justly proud of the wide circulation of "Our Dumb Animals," which has undoubtedly reached more conditions of people and has gone regularly to greater distances than any other publication in the world.

In 1868 he established the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in his office and with notable patronage.

When abroad in 1870, he urged England, through those most interested, to form the Ladies' Humane Society, which was accomplished at that time largely through the efforts of Miss (afterwards Baroness) Burdett-Coutts. "The Animal World," a paper on the order of "Our Dumb Animals," was started at his suggestion while in London.

It is given to few reformers to see a large measure of the results of their life-works, and in this respect Mr. Angell was peculiarly fortunate; still the work he originated and carried forward is not yet in its fullness. He was wont to say, "We must get at the root of this thing and begin with the child." In his opinion this was the only effectual course, for it is by educating the children in kindness and thoughtfulness that all mankind must have ideals perceptibly raised.

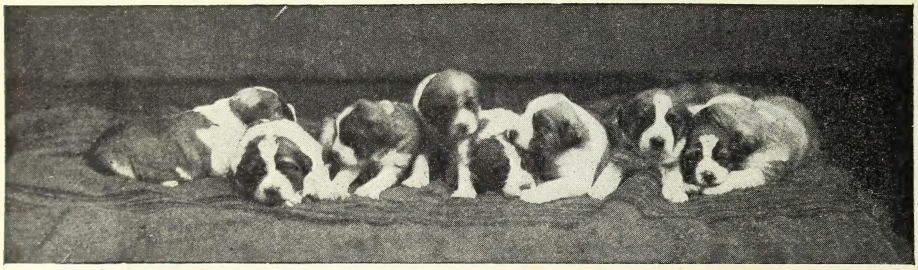
A gentleman who had never seen him, calling upon him shortly before his last illness, said to Mrs. Angell, at leaving: "I felt I could not go home without shaking hands with Mr. Angell. The inspiration I have received

from talking with that man will remain throughout my life." And a former pastor thus writes of him: "I think of him as one whose mission was world wide, and whose service has linked his name with the deserving great in the world's benefactors."

For many years he was a sufferer from asthma, and though growing weaker each year he was most anxious to live, saying towards the last: "I want to live three years, for there is so much to be done." But the effort of breathing finally became so great, and so impossible, that with his accustomed clearness of vision he realized the end was near, and with fortitude declared: "I must die, for I cannot breathe."

The life of George T. Angell is closed on earth, but his work marks an epoch in the history of the world, and throughout future ages the tree that he planted shall constantly bear fruit; for in the words of Owen Meredith:

"No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby."



A REVELATION

By ROSALIA M. L. FROST

If in the hush of some fair summer eve,
Making redress for many a lonely day,
The friend who loves me best should come and say,
"To-morrow, dearest, you and I have leave
To travel far to lands of which we've read,
Seeking new life and home beyond the sea."
Because I trust his faithful love for me,
I should go freely, without thought of dread.

If in the quiet eve of life's last day,
I should see by my side the Friend of friends,
Showing the door at which earth's journey ends,
Which opens out upon an untried way;
And He should bid me take the paths which wend
To His new home,—I should go without fear,
Seeing, because earth's love holds me so dear,
How far Eternal love must this transcend.

NOT PROVEN

By ZITELLA COCKE

INCREDIBLE!" "Diabolical!" "A Nero!" "A maniac!" "A brute!" —burst from the occupants of a stage-coach which was rapidly rolling along a canebrake road in the South, a road next to impassable in the Winter season, when it proved a more excruciating torment to horses than the most painful avenue of Trieste,—but as smooth as glass in the heat of Summer, or in the golden haze of Autumn.

In swift antithesis followed another outburst, "Rightious retribution!" "Even handed justice!" "The judgment of Heaven!" "Served him right!" —"Well, that depends altogether upon the point of view," said the speaker, who had evidently been playing the part of narrator-in-chief to a company of weary travellers. "It is a circle of crime, and in whatever light you see it, the circle is still there and it is a circle which you cannot square. I have looked at it on all sides, and I confess my inability to arrive at a perfect comprehension, to say nothing of a solution of the facts. Suspicion and surmise will preside at the tribunal, and logic seems rather to summon than to dismiss them."

"Well, the jury settled the matter, didn't it?" asked an ambitous young lawyer.

"Can't say that it did altogether, jurymen are not apostles of wisdom anywhere, and certainly not in the Southwest, and a Sherlock Holmes is not to be found in these parts," said the narrator.

"You know the whole story, do you?" asked a passenger from the top of the coach, craning his neck for a better view of the speaker inside as the horses slackened their gait.

"I know it all as far as human and circumstantial evidence go. I heard the trial in all its details, and I was acquainted with many of the jurymen. I think every man perhaps wanted to do his duty with a leaning toward mercy,—yes, I know it from A to izzard!"

"Well, here is a good place to give us the details," urged the young man on top, as the driver called a halt to his horses and the coach pulled up hard by a stream which ran across the road and meandered through the forest. In the adjacent wood was a spring of living water, and the driver, equipped with a bucket in each hand, took a short path to this perennial fountain and speedily returned laden with refreshment for man and beast. In the meantime the travelers inside and outside the coach had descended to stretch their legs for a minute or two in the road, and inhale the delicious odors which prevaded the vast contiguity of shade on either side of the highway. Several little paths gave access to the centralia of the forest, radiant with Autumnal coloring, and through one of these the party wended its way to a sequestered spot, where the soft, cool air and the music of flowing waters soothed and invigorated body and mind like a balm of healing.

"Very well," said the story teller, seating himself comfortably and conviently near a muscodine vine, fragrant with ripe and luscious fruit,—"just look off toward that rise of ground beyond the field in the distance,—no big hills, you know, in the canebrake, but these little elevations make advantageous building sites."

The travelers looked eagerly and gathered around the speaker. "Well, on that elevation stands the house—you cannot see it, of course, through the obstructions of leaf and limb, but

we'll catch it as the coach turns into the curve of the road some miles ahead. You could see the gable end of the house from here if you chose to climb a tree for the purpose. Well, right there it all happened, and very wonderful happenings, too, and at whose door lies the greater part of the blame none of us can tell; and, perhaps, we can judge as fairly dispassionately as they who were the judges. It was a trying trial,—a case in a century, so to speak. To begin,—old William Bateman was the hardest man I ever knew or heard of. He seemed to be made without the bowels of compassion or the milk of human kindness. He was hard on his own flesh and blood, and his negroes, and would have been hard on his neighbors if he had dared, but they did not permit him to go very far with them without calling a halt, which he was apt to heed. He came from New England, but his wife was from North Carolina, and they settled in this state shortly after it was admitted into the Union. He was not destitute of fortune when he came and as his wife, too, had a goodly portion, the productive lands here made him a rich man. His wife was meeker than Moses, for there was never one instance of her rebellion against his authority. She had worn the yoke of subjugation so long that she hardly laid claim to her own soul, but my!—in that trial she rose to the occasion, and was every inch a Marie Antoinette—but I must not anticipate. Well, old Bateman's eldest son, John, was bad, and bad enough to provoke a kinder father than he had; so bad that the neighbors said to their sons, 'Never do you go in the company of John Bateman!'—and it came to pass that no respectable lad ever was seen in his company,—a sad condition of affairs for boy or man. Bateman never granted the boy any sort of indulgence, although the mother protected him and indulged him as far as she dared. She prayed for him, too, night and day, with all the earnestness of a rigid Presbyterian, but the father's law was the law of the Medes and the Persians.

"Early one spring the country town was thrown into wild excitement by a series of daring and startling burglaries. Bateman's boy was suspected and circumstances pointed toward him sharply, but there was not sufficient proof to cause his arrest. Old Bateman's pride was colossal, and these suspicions stung to the quick. Angered by the reports which hinted the criminality or complicity of the boy, he drew the reins of control tighter than ever, and refused him the common privileges granted by the ordinary master to his negro slave. A few months after the burglary excitement, a safe in Bateman's library was broken open and robbed of a large sum of money, together with valuable papers, utterly useless to any one except the owner of the safe. No ordinary thief, unacquainted with his business could have known the value of these papers, and the motive of revenge on the part of his son at once suggested itself to Bateman's mind."

"Chip of the old block," interrupted one of the company of listeners.

"The father accused the boy, who was defiant and insolent and there was open war between them. But for the mother's tears and pleadings, the father would have driven the boy from the homestead. The Summer came on and the whole family went to New England to spend the season,—ah,—I see you are about to ask about the boy, —well, gentlemen, it is hard to tell and hard to believe,—no,—the boy did not accompany the family. He remained in the homestead, in a room up-stairs, fast bound to an iron staple driven into the wall, by a chain which gave him the length of the room only. A faithful negro was detailed to provide for the boy's needs during the absence of the family. For three months, the boy was as much a chained prisoner as the Prisoner of Chillon, with this difference,—he was not in a dungeon."

"O-O-O, the execrable brute, the inhuman monster!" interrupted the company, bursting forth into comments like a Greek chorus, at the recital of each horror.

"Every word true, ladies and gentlemen, the more's the pity, but the Sum-

mer ended and the harvest came, and with it came the Batemans back to their home. The father then released the lad with surly threats against future violations of his laws, and the prisoner immediately made use of his freedom to leave for parts unknown."

"Of course; what else could he do?" chimed the chorus.

"A whole year passed and then one dark November night," continued the narrator, his voice taking on a significant impressiveness, "as the father sat reading at a table in the library, a shot came through the window, and, in the twinkling of an eye, he fell to the floor, a dead man. Now who fired that shot?"

"The boy, of course," again chimed the chorus.

"So everybody said, and so at last the law said. The boy had been seen in the neighborhood but two weeks before, and was known to have secretly visited his mother, and after some days of search he was discovered, arrested and lodged in jail. As much as the old man was detested, a parricide was so horrible that the sympathy which the community had previously shown with the boy, now vanished like smoke. Parents could not forget or forgive such an atrocity and eyes, which once melted with pity, now looked upon the culprit with judicial sternness."

"Yes, bad blood, bad blood; he did it, you may be sure," were the comments on every side.

"But the mother suddenly developed into a full-grown woman! Never was such a change in so little time! Naturally the defendant was the observed of all possible observers, a boy of eighteen a parricide!—a boy of eighteen an Ishmael, against whom every man's hand was turned! As he entered the court, he looked like a hunted animal at bay. My seat afforded an uninterrupted view, and as I critically scanned each feature, I saw in his not so much of demon, as of defiance. Every nerve of his face was tense, as if every power of mind and body was strained until there seemed something stagey and melodramatic in the scene, and now and then, during the examination of witnesses for the state, his lips would curl with a smile caustic, ironical and contemptuous. I had never noticed a resemblance between mother and son until both stood in the court-room. Yet there were many who misread the boy's face, and saw there only the hardened, brazen criminal, resolved upon braving out his unnatural deed. After all, there are not only problematical natures as Goethe had declared and Spielhagen has protrayed, but all human nature is more or less problematical. The passions and possessions of the soul trench upon each other; vice is virtue exaggerated. The calm of innocence is read by some to be the callousness of sin, and the cry of outraged justice rings in the ears of some like a confession of guilt. Circumstances told heavily against the boy and his previous history added weight to the accumulation of evidence, until guilty, guilty, guilty, seemed to breath from the walls, the benches, the desk: his mother saved him."

"Yes, yes, tell us!" interrupted the chorus, eagerly.

"Like the seeds the jugglers of India treat with formic acid, you could absolutely see her grow! She was transformed from cowardice the most abject to the full stature of brave and capable womanhood! She straightway engaged the ablest counsel in the state to defend her son, but the prosecution was strong and public sentiment was steadily building a tremendous wall around the boy, from which there seemed little chance of escape. To say that the country crowded into the town where the trial was conducted, would be no figure of speech. The annals of the state had never recorded a similar deed, and curiosity instigated quite as many as duty, and every man who could walk or ride came to the trial. Even the 'Crackers,' a people *sui generis*, mostly confined to mountain fastnesses, quit their hilly regions and made it convenient to deliver their annual cargo of apples and cider a month earlier than was their custom. Besides, it was believed that the lad had

taken refuge with them at the time he fled from home. Ladies, of course, were not present at the trial, as they rarely enter a court-room in this section, and always under protest. Yet there was not a woman in the state whose heart remained untouched by the awfulness of the crime. The deed suggested such dreadful possibilities. Nature has her revenges as well as time,—she is sure and relentless, she always strikes back, and she hits hard. Never can I forget the face of the boy, or the face of that mother."

"An alibi, of course," smiled the lawyer, complacently.

"Not a bit of it," replied the narrator, "the gun which accomplished the murder was an old-fashioned shot gun, as was proven by the wadding found on the floor of the library, and this wadding was a piece of paper torn from the New York Observer, a periodical taken and religiously read by the mother for years. Of course, the library was under official surveillance, and in one corner of the room was found a copy of the New York Observer, one page of which, presented a ragged edge, the wadding from the gun fitting into this edge, line for line, and word for word!"

"Indisputable evidence!" exclaimed the lawyer. "Is it not remarkable that these fellows always do something, or leave something undone which tells the tale. Murder will out. Why did he not destroy the paper?"

"Then the mother was put on the stand," continued the narrator, unperturbed by the lawyers comments. "Everybody looked to see a collapse, —to see her borne out of the court-room in a swoon. Never before had she been known to assert herself, but now the sublimest self-mastery spoke in her voice, her gait, her manner; every movement of her person, as she took her place on the witness stand, declared more forcibly than words: '*Incedo Regina.*' Not once did she quail, and the most ingenious cross-questioning failed to weaken her testimony. The ragged edge of the New York Observer had told its story to the Court. It was her paper? Yes. She had read the article and column from which a piece had been torn? 'Yes, I read the whole paper in the afternoon and, failing to find a lamp-lighter on the mantle-piece in its usual place, I tore a scrap from the paper with my own hand, rolled it into a lamp-lighter, held it over the coals in the grate until it ignited, and lit the lamp on the library table. I tossed the lamp-lighter into the fire and saw it turn to ashes,' she answered.

"Not a juryman present but believed that the mother had sworn to a lie:— not one blamed her in his heart; no doubt angelic recorders keep special ledgers for mothers and wives and sisters. The theory of the wadding was destroyed: the prosecution did not prove that the boy fired the gun, and the verdict was virtually that of, 'Not Proven,' although that formula is not employed in the jurisprudence of the United States. However, the court required the defendant to leave the state in twenty-four hours. Whether or not the mother believed her son guilty, no one knows to this day."

"And what became of him?" chimed the chorus. "Why, he went far West, lived long and prospered to the degree that he was able to furnish his mother with a pretty fair bank account, when Southern riches took to themselves legs and walked away."

"That boy ought to have been convicted—slovenly work, sir, very slovenly," said the young lawyer.

"I hardly think so," calmly replied the story-teller. "You see, about seven years after the trial, an old fellow, named Andy Langdon, a pedler from Connecticut, it is said, who had worked his way up to the questionable position of overseer, and was in Bateman's employ, died, and confessed himself the murderer. In his death-bed confession, he also acknowledged himself to be the thief who opened the safe and stole the money and papers. He had borrowed large amounts of money from Bateman, and these papers were the proofs of his indebtedness. He knew the unnatural father's weak points and by emphasing suspicion of

the son, succeeded in covering up his own inquity."

"O, the wretch!—he ought to have been dragged out of bed and hanged!" chimed the high soprano of the chorus.

"Well, ladies, poetical justice vindicated the unhappy boy; let us hope Langdon found his retribution in another world, I think he must have had a portion of it here. An amusing story is told of the rascal in a neighboring town. It seems that he was detected in some of his villanous tricks and public indignation siezed him, held him poised over a well at a street corner, and was about to drop him in when an old Cracker called out: 'Stop, boys, don't ye drap that dirty rascal in the well; ye'll everlastingly spile the water!' The ludicrousness of the situation turned the wrath of his executors and saved a contemptible creature from wholesome discipline."

The driver's horn sounded shrilly, followed by his call. "Come on—it's gettin' towards the shank o' the day, the horses air blowed, en I rekin ye air!" The story-teller and his chorus hastened to the coach, and as it turned into the curve of the road, the gable end of the historic house stood clearly in view. The once-beautiful lawn, which reached to the road, was making rapid strides in retrogression, and would soon present the rank weeds and undergrowth of its original savage state. An owl hooted dismally from an adjoining swamp. The scene was one of desolation.

HAMMOCK LULLABY

By CORA A. MATSON DOLSON

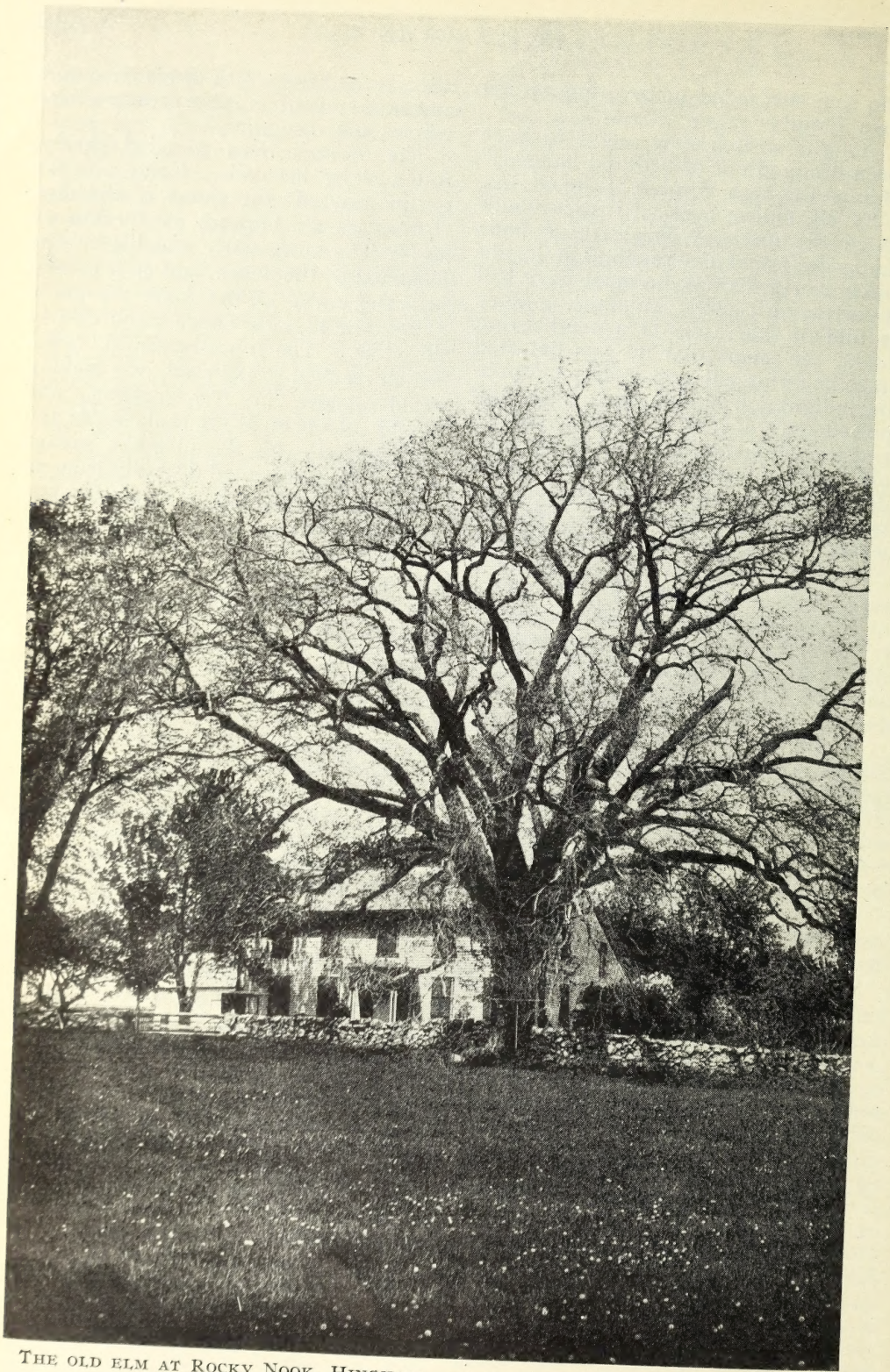
Swing in our hammock low down in the tree
Hung for the swinging of baby and me.

Father this hammock brought home from the town,
Strong are its cords, and its pillows of down.

High in the elm has the oriole swung
Her little hammock the green leaves among.

She has three babies and I have but one,
Each has the dearest babe under the sun.

Go to the eastward, or go to the west,
Sweetest the babe in its own hammock nest.



THE OLD ELM AT ROCKY NOOK, HINGHAM — PLANTED EARLY IN THE 18TH CENTURY

Holmes and the Trees

By RUTH DAME COOLIDGE

TO anyone who loves American stands pre-eminent among all trees there is one name that those whose centenaries are being celebrated this year. No one of all our American authors is so closely connected with trees as Oliver Wendell Holmes. To-day the dangers of deforestation have aroused the whole nation to an appreciation of trees, but Holmes was a pioneer in his affection. There is something peculiarly touching in the real personal friendship felt by this little energetic man toward the great giants of living green that towered above his head. But the friendship was as true and generous as it was real. Near Beverly Farms was an oak which Holmes said he never passed without lifting his hat and there were mighty elms "before which," he says, "I have often, when alone, and without affectation bowed my head, and could without shame have knelt and kissed the turf at their feet."

But his love was practical as well, for Dr. Holmes was a scientist as well as a nature lover and carried his keenness in the lecture-room into his outside interests. On all his lecturing tours he carried in his pocket a thirty-foot measuring tape and measured all the giants of local reputation that came within his knowledge. He would go miles to "feel the biceps of a goodly oak or elm," and he subjected the pretensions of all great trees to a rigid examination. In this search he almost wore out a tape, he claims, on the rough bark of New England elms and other trees. He even referred to the trees as his treewives and to the tape as his wedding ring. "I have as many tree wives," he says to the divinity student in the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," "as Brigham Young has human ones," Sometimes he imagined that the great tree was afraid of him and that "a sort of shiver came over it as over a betrothed maiden when she first stands before the bridegroom to whom she has been plighted." Yet the tape had often stretched beyond twenty feet in New England, and the trees came forth triumphant from their trial.

Often his scientific exactness went so far that he counted the rings of fallen trees. One curious experiment he made was with a section of a hemlock about the shape, he says, "of a slice of apple pie in a large and not oppulent family." Into this section he stuck a little army of pins, bearing each a white lapel with the famous events of the world at that time. So he was able to trace out the history of Europe in terms of tree rings. "The tree was seven inches in diameter," he tells his audience, "when Shakespeare was born, ten inches when he died. A little less than ten inches when Milton was born; seventeen when he died. Then comes a long interval and this thread marks out Johnson's life during which the tree increased from twenty-two to twenty-nine inches in diameter. Here is the span of Napoleon's career; the tree doesn't seem to have minded it. . . . I have seen many wooden preachers,—never one like this."

This interest in trees is not surprising in Dr. Holmes; it came to him as a birthright. The old Washington elm, most famous of all American trees, past or present, stood godfather at his christening, for Holmes' birthplace, "the house with a gambrel roof," was almost within its shadow. "When

I first rolled my infant eyes toward the glare of the western sky," says Holmes himself, "as it looked through the windows of my birthchamber, four green masses, each of them 'a forest waving on a single stem,' as I put it into verse long afterward, printed themselves on my retina through my blinking eyelids. One was an old patriarch, which fell, I think, either in the great September gale of 1815 or about that time, but I remember its stump with a certain reverence. On the opposite side of the Common stood the Washington elm, now senile and soon to be father and godfather of innumerable canes, crosses, picture-frames, and other relics. . . . These trees entered into my young life as truly as the milk that made its blood. Why should I not love their memory and linger over it?"

But the Washington elm was still strong and vigorous when Holmes was a boy, and imagined that all trees were "holding their green sunshades over his head." The unsightly bandages of zinc were then unnecessary, and even the granite tablet beneath it was not in existence. Every tourist who visits Boston and Cambridge to-day knows the inscription,

Under this tree
Washington
First took command
of the
American army
July 3d, 1775

But the author of the lines, Longfellow, Holmes' literary friend of after years, was then himself a boy, only two years older than the little Oliver. Holmes undoubtedly heard the story of the elm, however, from the local traditions of Cambridge. No one knew how old it was, but everyone knew that it was a large tree in the days of the Revolution, probably a hundred years old. Only in the future will we be able by accurate counting of the rings to find its exact age, and that future all lovers of trees and traditions wish as far distant as possible. Then, perhaps, historians will count back to the ring of the tree which was growing when the patriots of 1774 gathered in Cambridge to whisper revolt against King George. Only a slender thread of wood, perhaps, will mark that famous year of 1775, when the tree earned its reputation. In that year "it saw the hasty burial, by night, of the Cambridge men who fell on the nineteenth of April, 1775; it saw the straggling arrival of the beaten, but not disheartened, survivors of Bunker Hill; it saw the Common,—granted by the town as a training field,—suddenly transformed to a camp under General Artemas Ward, commander-in-chief of the Massachusetts troops. But all this glory might have been forgotten if, on the third of July, George Washington had not taken command of the American army beneath its branches. There was living in Holmes' boyhood a member of one of the families who had seen the general draw his sword above the little American army, and Holmes undoubtedly learned from her the glories of the silent old tree.

Perhaps it was from his peculiar intimacy with the Cambridge veterans that Holmes acquired so ardent a love for elms. There was no form of tree-life in which he did not see beauty, from the horse-chestnut, "with its chandeliers aflame," to the homebiding apple tree, with its "sharp elbows" of old age. It was worth a pilgrimage to Boston, he declared, to see a certain willow in the Public Garden near the eastern end of the bridge over the pond. "Its trunk," he wrote in 1890, "is not of exceptional size, but its masses of drop-foliage are a truly magnificent overflow of abounding life. . . . I remember having pointed out to me in the forest of Fontainebleau a very beautiful tree known as le bouquet du roi. May we not call this tree the Queen of Willows?"

But it was toward the elm especially that Holmes felt the drawing of his heartstrings. It was no fruit-pedlar, as he quaintly put it, but dealt "only in sunbeams." He felt that it was "the favorite of Nature above all other ornamental trees in our New England

THE WAVERLEY OAK — ESTIMATED BY AGASSIZ TO BE ONE THOUSAND YEARS OLD

flora." So strong was his New England pride that his special delight was a comparison of new and old world trees. In his trips to Europe he always measured the English elms and compared them with those he knew so well at home, and in Boston itself he made a continual study of both varieties on the Common.

But united with this pride in the size of our native elms was a sorrow, too, for their short lives. Nothing perhaps is sadder to the true lover of New England trees than the short life of the elm. All the famous trees that Holmes had known as a boy had passed into decrepitude by the time he became an old man. "The truth is," Holmes confessed, "the magnificent American elm is a fragile and not a very long-lived tree; and from what I heard in a late visit to England, the English elm on its own soil is not much better. The tenants of the college quandrangles lie awake in the great storms listening to the crash of

the falling branches of the tall elms that line the walks and river margins. As for our own native elms, I doubt if the most aged among them could much more than cover the lives of three old men, starting from their cradles with the second and third as their predecessors disappeared. But a life of between two or three centuries seems a long one in a new country like ours, and 'the old elm' is often the most ancient monument of a New England village." Holmes' estimate of the age of the elm is only too true. The full measure of the elm's life is two hundred years and if, by measure of strength, some attain unto two hundred and fifty, still is their strength marred by broken branches, and the vision of their former greatness is equalled only by the sadness of their decay.

With the approach of his own old age Holmes felt more keenly the parallel between himself and the great short-lived elms. It was then that he watched the English and American elms on the Common, and saw the American elms "strip their coats off, and roll up their shirt-sleeves, and show themselves barearmed and ready" for the storms of winter. "We must drop much of our foliage before winter is upon us," he concluded, rather sadly. He might well have written a dirge for one of these great veterans with the same humor and pathos that he showed in the "Last Leaf on the Tree."

Throughout his life he felt in trees a whimsical personality. He was touched by that "sweet meekness of theirs which belongs to huge but limited organisms, which one sees in the brown eyes of oxen, but most in the patient posture, the outstretched arms, and the heavy-drooping robes of those vast beings endowed with life, but not with soul,—which grow and outlive us, but stand helpless,—poor things!—while nature dresses and undresses them like so many full-sized but underwitted children." But occasionally the pity and reverence in his attitude gave place to his own peculiar humor,—a harmless fire, merely creating an aureole about whatever was dear to him. It was in this mood that he defines a tree as, "an underground creature with its tail in the air." "Very little wills of their own did they have," and when they whispered importantly together, "they seemed to think they made the wind as they wagged forward and back," and to cap the climax, they were as vain of their "caudal appendages, especially in the summer time, as a peacock of his gorgeous expanse of plumage."

But Holmes' regret for the short tenure of the great elms' life can only approach our own real sorrow in the loss of such a wealth of tradition. All the arbor days of a century can hardly compensate for the beautiful legacies of the old New England elms. A street planted to-day by the city, an estate properly stocked by the best nurserymen, can hardly have the sentiment that went with the trees set out by the bridegroom in front of the new house he had built for his bride. The great Pratt elm, for instance, was properly set out in Concord in 1700 to shelter and adorn the new frame homestead that its owner had erected the same year. It stood within a mile of the "embattled farmer" and, doubtless, vibrated to the sound of "the shot heard round the world." Elms have marked the history of a hundred old New England homesteads, a history that must soon be silent. With the oaks, indeed, there is more hope. The largest of the Waverley oaks, but a few miles from Holmes' birthplace, "may well have sheltered Lief Ericson beneath its branches, and must have been in its best when Columbus rediscovered America, and it has in it the promise of decades yet of life."

If the elm bore as enchanted a life as the oak, the trees might well live their own unwritten history. It was the desire of Holmes, however, that a book should embody the decaying traditions of the trees and picture their great attainment. From his instigation sprang a book, "The Typical Elms of Massachusetts." It was in 1858 that Holmes had written a plea in the At-

THE GROVE WILLOW, DORCHESTER
PROBABLY THE LARGEST WILLOW IN MASSACHUSETTS

lantic, "I wish somebody would get up the following work:

Sylva Novanglica

"Photographs of New England elms and other trees taken upon the same scale of magnitude; with letter-press descriptions by a distinguished literary gentleman. The same camera should be used and as far as possible at a fixed distance."

But as Holmes afterwards said, he had to wait a generation before he found the man to carry out his suggestion. The lot fell on a New England botanist, Lorin L. Dame, who in his own words, "had long felt the glow of discovery when, in solitary walks, he had chanced upon some stately tree, unheralded by fame, lifting its serene head in proud obscurity." With a friend, Henry Brooks, as photographer, he laid his plan before the Autocrat and received his encourage-

ment. The book that was published, "Typical Elms and other Trees of Massachusetts," bore a preface by Oliver Wendell Holmes, and was presented in accordance with his scheme. This was that two white wands, each five feet in length and put together in the form of a T, should be set against each tree and photographed with it. This permitted both an artistic study of the tree and an accurate gauge of its size. Though at first it was called a "scientific disfigurement," its use was so apparent that it was styled a "rod of reason" instead. It is this rod against the trunk of every tree that makes the picture of "Typical Elms" so different from those of every other book on trees. The scheme was characteristic of Holmes himself in its union of a love of science with a love of beauty.

The difficulties in the preparation of this book were far beyond what Holmes had anticipated. Only by an indefatigable search for great trees and in a comparative measurement was anything like a fair representation obtained. To add to the obstacles in the path, the trees were difficult to photograph. The overhanging branches were often so heavy that the only time the trunks could be clearly seen was shortly after sunrise. Many trees, too, had to have a double set of photographs—one in summer, one in winter dress. But after four years of study and labor, the book came out and Holmes' wish was fulfilled.

The success of "Typical Elms" casts an interesting light upon another friendship of Holmes. The love of trees was a connecting link between the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" and "The Grand Old Man," of England, for Holmes' love of trees was rivalled only by that of William Ewart Gladstone. It seems as if there must have been some strange influence in the year of 1809 in a love of nature, that two such famous tree-lovers should both be born in that famous year. Gladstone knew the girth, height, and age of the great trees at his home of Hawarden as well as he knew how to cut down the smaller ones on which he gained his exercise. Holmes might never, as Gladstone claimed for himself, been able to gain his livelihood as an expert woodchopper, but he vied with his English twin in his interest in trees. Upon the publication of "Typical Elms," Holmes sent a copy to his friend on the other side of the Atlantic. A visitor to Hawarden found the great Englishman absorbed in the trees of the new world. By Holmes' careful scientific scheme he was able to catch at a glance the real proportions of the new world giants and see how they compared with those he had measured so proudly in the old world. In the American elms especially he took great interest, observing that though their height was greater, their girth was not so large as those of their English cousins. So it happened that Holmes' proud comparison of English and American elms was reflected back to his English brother.

The publication of "Typical Elms" completed Holmes' final expression of love for the trees. With his preface to this book he completed his defense of the patriarchs of the new world and threw his mantle on other shoulders. Yet beyond his own words and his influence on other men, there are more monuments to the memory of Holmes' love for trees. In the living trees themselves his works may speak for years. He had at one time a summer home in the Berkshires, and there with his own hands he set out trees on a bare hillside. It was a constant joy to him to watch their growth and in 1890 he was able to exult that the saplings only a span long when he planted them were towering high above the tallest chimney. In the olden days men erected their own monuments of brass and stone. By far the most beautiful monument would be a grove of lofty trees, the wide-arched pillars of a new memorial chapel, raising high upon their columns the green vaulted roof, and the best tribute paid to Holmes would be the reverent baring of the head before the mighty trees he planted.

THE HEART'S DESIRE

By LEIGH GORDON GILTNER

" Pray that thy heart's desire be never granted thee, for so shall there still be left thee something for which to hope." — *Oriental Proverb.*

SO long had Camilla subconsciously foreseen his coming, so often and so variously had she dreamed it, that the actuality seemed too inevitable and natural for comment or commonplace. He, too, must have been alive to the inevitableness of it, for as he followed her into the quiet room, impressed with her personality, as Camilla had the power to impress herself upon even the chance caravansary where she tarried for a night, there was neither speech nor apparent need, therefor, between them. The situation was too obvious for words; to have announced superfluously: " I have come back to you," to have exclaimed, " You! after all these years," were banalities of which neither was capable. So for a long moment they faced each other wordlessly, searchingly, uncertainly.

She had pictured it all so often (there had been abundant leisure for the building of dreams in the years since they parted) and in so many ways that she now felt, captiously, that the season was incongruous. It was early spring and early morning, a day drenched with the tenuous gold of April sunshine, the scent of opening flowers and freshly turned earth and vocal with the joyance of birds· whereas her native sense of fitness would have suggested sunset, late autumn, and an accompaniment of sobbing rain, though she had wellnigh passed that period of unconscious egoism pending which youth endeavors always to adapt the moods of Nature to its own.

For fourteen years Camilla had shuddered at the return of the springtime. To others it meant renascence, rejuvenation; for her " the old eternal spring once more came back the sad eternal way," reawakening the old deadly sense of futility against which she had striven — and not wholly in vain. For she had succeeded in reducing existence to a dead level of commonplace, which in her optimistic moods she called content. But always with the light laughter of spring, with the birth of May bloom, and the trysting of birds, old memories and dreams awoke, and relentlessly pursuing, left her rebellious, refugeless, desperate. True, with each succeeding year the pang grew less poignant; yet ever she dreaded, like a blight, the coming of April and the April hopes which are for youth alone; just as she welcomed the " autumn fall of leaves," low-hanging clouds, and brooding winter twilights.

The blow which had slain her youth had fallen with such suddenness, such shocking force, that it had left her, at first, mercifully benumbed, too stunned to feel the desolation which was later to be her portion; then had followed the agony of realization, a period of consuming anguish, a fierce beating of her breast against the bars which held her prisoner to the flesh; without heart or hope to face the future she saw only the open door that leads to darkness and oblivion. Then strength and sanity had gradually returned, and later calm had succeeded — a calm which somehow seemed most deadly of all.

In her desolation and desperation the girl had reached out blindly for some chance bit of wreckage to which she might cling; as women must, she had turned, not to some huge, heroic emprise, but to the petty expedients and interests which make up the life feminine. She marshaled her few poor little possibilities and piteously strove to make the

best and the most of them; without hope, she entered upon a hopeless struggle, which none knew better than she, was foredoomed to failure. She had no illusions as to her prowess; she knew herself possessed of taste, but not talent; of a slight gift which bore no remotest relation to genius. She fought her losing fight gamely, not eagerly nor hopefully, but because at her other hand loomed the specter of that melancholy madness which arises from inertia. We talk of the splendid bravery of genius which struggles against almost unconquerable odds, which will not let itself be beaten, but fights ceaselessly toward the inevitable ultimate success; but what of the infinitely greater courage of conscious mediocrity, battling for what it knows is sure defeat?

With such despairful courage, Camilla had patiently picked up the broken threads of her life, had chosen the most potent of her possibilities and nurtured it so carefully that she now and again achieved some small success, the pettiness of which was as bitter as failure.

One by one those nearest her by ties of blood went away; one by one her girlhood friends drifted out of her life; some married, some died, some gradually slipped out of her knowledge and remembrance. Day by day she was more alone in the great, gloomy dwelling that had been the home of her family for generations, and to which she, the last of her line, clung instinctively, though its maintenance was a drain upon her slender resources, as its vastness and loneliness increased her growing sense of desolation. For she was quite alone, save for two faithful dusky retainers, who loved and protected, even while they pilfered from her, after the manner of their kind. She was not the sort of woman to find solace in the companionship of cats and canaries, in casual intimacies, neighborhood gossip, or the pitying patronage of her married friends, who felt that in attaining matronhood they had achieved the whole duty of woman and accordingly viewed the unwedded as aliens.

But the feminine heart must inevitably have something on which to spend its largess, else, turned back upon itself, it speedily eats out itself and the life it supports; and after a time Camilla found herself semi-consciously erecting a temple. Happily, she had not known the crowning bitterness of realizing the unworth of her devotion's object; he had been all truth, all honor, all chivalry, and she had thus been spared the ultimate pang of disillusion. She knew she had only herself to blame; her own pettiness and pride had caused the shattering of her life-dream; and inwardly she felt herself, like Elaine, "not all unhappy, having loved God's best." So she built her shrine — not, indeed, to *him*, the husband of another, not to an entity, and individual, but to a disembodied ideal which yet bore his likeness. For fourteen years his portrait — artists delighted to pronounce his face ideal in perfection of feature and contour — had stood upon her desk in her own small sanctum, unseen by other eyes, untouched by other hands than hers. And this, this one outer and visible sign of an inner spiritual longing became her very life.

At first hers had been the bitter cry of Faust: "*Je n'ai rien!*" later this inner richness of resource had panoplied her poverty against the patronizingly friendly assaults of those more fortunate friends who bourgeoned in the warmth of human tenderness. But as Love had been to her always a beacon, a "child's dream of a star," so still the star shone; and though its full effulgence brightened another life than hers, yet its reflex radiance pierced the utter darkness of her despair.

Often she heard of him, of his achievement, of his genius. She never saw him; she heard his name spoken only by casual lips, yet she knew herself nearer to him in spirit than the pretty trivial creature who wore his triumphs and his jewels with equal complacency. Her coming into his life had been a mere chance; the outgrowth, largely, of sheer desperation at Camilla's defection; her going out of it prettily, painlessly, and peacefully, had seemed to him the beginning of all things. He had merely existed during these thirteen years of life, cramped, artificial, saturated with saccharine, with pretty sophistries,

charming silliness and winning dependence; *now*, he told himself, he would truly live. For of Camilla's changelessness he felt sure as of his own. He had heard of her rarely; the thought of her had been to him variously an inspiration, a torment, a haven, a hope.

So now across a gulf of years of separation and physical estrangement, these two faced each other questioningly. There had inevitably been change, physical and psychological, in either. Outwardly, the man's beauty (Camilla had always chaffed at the word as misleadingly suggestive of barber-block perfection, but it was the only adequate term) was but mellowed and matured. A sterner line here, a heavier shadow there, a touch of white in the leonine mass of hair above his brow — and that was all. She had always reveled in his physical perfection, his bigness, his beauty — not the cold classic beauty of the Greeks, but the regal humanity of the patrician Roman — for he was patrician first of all; unconsciously, yet eloquently and unquestionably, he embodied all the traditions of the "*hoch wohl geboren.*"

The woman had aged more perceptibly. There were fine lines about her lips, patient shadows beneath her eyes, and more than a suggestion of silver in her hair. Yet, oddly enough, there was here none of the wonted pathos of wasted beauty. Hers was rather the noble dignity of some ruined fane, regal even in decay.

It was he who spoke first, without prelude, and quite simply:

"You will want the whole story first, Camilla, won't you? The whole sordid story just as it was, unrelieved by artistic touches or glossing over of facts — the truth, I take it, and not a tribute to the fitness of things. Oh, I know the cloak of silence would be more charitable; *de mortuis nil* — and she was my wife. But this is no time for concessions to chivalry and convention. Think me a cad if you will, but — you've a right to the truth. She was an incident, an accident, merely. I was desperate when I married her, desperate with misery at the loss of you. You know what she was — pretty, trivial, clever in a shallow fashion, clinging, confiding, full of pretty wiles and coquetries — a very feminine type. . . . At first, when I woke up to what I had done, it was — pardon me — hell, pure and simple. But, cad though I was, and half crazed with impotent rage and despair, I remembered that the fault was mine, and tried not to make her suffer for it. After a while it grew — bearable. She was beautiful, winning; she wore her Paris gowns and my poor laurels well; she adorned the place I was able to give her; she steeped me in Circean sweetness, and so — after a while — I fancied myself in some sort content. The starving epicure may subsist on a crust, you know. I stifled the cry of my soul and made the most of what was mine. If, at times, that soul sickened within me, if now and again I was half mad with regret and longing for that which my own cursed folly had put beyond me, I wasn't brute enough to let her see it. I don't think she ever guessed. When I felt a black mood coming on, I simply went away till the mood passed and I felt I could be decent again."

Camilla had seated herself facing him, and was listening quietly.

"I don't think I was ever quite a brute to her," he went on, slowly, "and in her way she was rather a solace to me. A man needs a woman's tenderness at times; if he cannot have what he wants, he must content himself with what he has. But Camilla, Camilla," the low voice had the intensity of a cry, "*you* were my life, the animating power, the soul of all my endeavor. If I've done anything worth while in my art, it is you, *you* who inspired it." He looked at her with kindling eyes, but her still face did not change.

"You were to me all beauty, all inspiration, all aspiration. My 'Galatea' — the worthiest of my efforts, the critics say — was you. My "Niobe" had your features — you know I always told you your beauty was pure Greek — frozen into tense despair; my 'Andromeda' had so much the human look of you that often I found myself holding out my arms to the perpetual prayer of her outstretched hands. Dear, dearest, you must see them all, and in them all see yourself. All the best that is in me and in my art is you. I used to smile at the

poet's dictum of undying love — the smile was bitterest stifled with violet scented caresses — but it's true, dear, it's true. Love doesn't die — it *can't* die! Always I've loved you; I love you now; and always I shall go on loving you. This isn't the melodramatic raving of a callow youth, remember; it's the mature conviction of a mature man, a realization beaten into his consciousness under the hammer of suffering; I tell you — and I know — that but one thing matters, but one. Fame, wealth, honors — what are they worth — when there's love?"

Camilla, who had risen, stood motionless as he spoke. The light that had leaped into her eyes when first they fell upon his face had flickered out; the youth which had, earlier, seemed hers had somehow slipped away. Had another woman been present she would have summarized the change tersely in the dictum that "Camilla looked her age." The passion in the man's voice did not touch her. White, still, and virginal as the sculptured 'Galatea' he had wrought in her likeness, she met his gaze with the calm of one who listens to the alien speech of a stranger. Her quiescence shook him a little. He moved a step toward her.

"Camilla," he said, in his compelling voice, the voice she had so long waited to hear, "Camilla?" But she did not move. Her repression fell upon his eagerness like a heavy restraining hand.

"Camilla," he said again, uncertainty, entreaty in his tone. She gathered herself together as one waking from a trance.

"Will you come with me for a moment?" she said, "Or — pardon me — I forget. I am very inhospitable. May I offer ——?" He waved the suggestion aside with angry impatience.

"Dear," he said, "don't you remember? It has been fourteen years. Don't waste time with trifles. What is it you have to say to me?"

Silently she led the way to the sanctum which no one save herself ever entered, and where stood her desk, her piano, her books — and the portrait. His swift glance, roving hastily about the room, fell upon and was fixed by his perennially youthful pictured face. Before the portrait, in its heavy Florentine frame, lay a single white flower. Camilla took it up, with a faint smile just touching her lips.

"As always," she said, simply, "I permit myself so much. Spinsters are given to sentiment, you know."

"Don't!" he cried, almost roughly, "Camilla, tell me — —"

She turned swiftly upon him.

"I *will* tell you," she said, fiercely, "tell you so plainly, so simply that you can't fail to understand. That portrait has been my life for these fourteen years, years rich in love and fame and success for you; it has represented to me friends, companionship, all the dear things women prize; it has been all, all I had or hoped to have, and —" her voice broke suddenly, "you've taken it from me. *Je n'ai rien!*"

He could only stare at her in stupefied silence.

"All these years I've cherished a dream — a foolish, pitiful dream, no doubt — which fades at the approach of the actual. I don't know how or why —but— since you came — it has vanished.

"Dearest, dearest," he cried, wretchedly, "what have I done? How have I changed? What has come between us? What can I do?"

"I do not know," she said, with simple finality, "I cannot explain. All these years the dream of you has been as a religion to me. I've lived each day in memory of you; far away as you've been in the flesh, you were always near me in spirit. Don't misunderstand. There was nothing that *she*, that all the world might not have known. I loved you, but I loved you impersonally; not as an individual, but as an ideal. The thought of you helped me, comforted me, filled my life, though I never hoped to see you again. This has been my shrine. I've come here with my loneliness, my discouragements, my despair, and always I've found peace and strength. The understanding of your answering gaze — somehow the picture has always seemed animate to me — has helped me to go on with the hopeless struggle. You see I wasn't a genius. I had no art to which to turn. I longed for human tenderness, the human touch — and I had only

this. But now, somehow, the dream is shattered. You are not the same. The portrait no longer lives. I am adrift. Whether it's only time's hand which has thrust us apart; whether the knowledge of those Circean years; whether some lack in me, some change in you, I cannot say. I only know that it is gone. I don't care any longer; my dream seems folly; I'm desolate."

"Dear child," he said, soothingly, "it's the shock, the suddenness of it all. I shouldn't have taken you unawares. Don't vex yourself with problems; don't try to think, to reason yet. Come to me, Camilla. Let's forget it all — the separation, the bitterness, the lonely years. Dear, give me a chance. Go away with me; let me try to make up to you for the bitterness of these lost years; take the poor gifts I have to offer. I've wealth, fame, freedom — everything but you! Don't let a mood come between us; remember what we've both endured. Fate has been good to us after all. We've many years of life before us — let me try to make those years happy. Dearest marry me at once, and let me take you away from all this; let me make you forget the past in the blessed present. Dear?"

She shook her head.

"Don't tempt me with 'the kingdoms of this world,'" she said, and again the smile, half bitter, half patient, touched her lips. "I know what you offer me, fame, wealth, and the devotion of a man of whom any woman might be proud. Also, my marriage would justify my existence in the eyes of my friends, who now regard me as a cumberer of the earth. I know, too, how doubly desolate life will be for me — hereafter. It isn't easy to put all you offer aside. But I've loved you too well, dear, to regale you with 'funeral baked meats.' I don't love you now; it's too late; years of slow starvation have done their work. It's a sort of anesthesia, I fancy; I'm as lifeless, as loveless as your sculptured marbles. It was good of you to come; yet, if only you had stayed away! You took my youth, my happiness, my hope — forgive me, I realize I'm not quite just — but the dream was mine and you might have left it to me."

"Perhaps," he ventured, "it may return?"

"Perhaps," she echoed, wearily, "perhaps after a while I can gather up the fragments and patch them together again. But it will never be the same. And now, I think you must go. There is nothing to be said — except good by."

"I won't have it so — I will not!" be broke out, rebelliously. "I won't give you up. I'll not be beaten by a mood. Once before I let you go, but I mean to hold you now. I love you; I want you; you belong to me. You loved me once; you will love me again. I *will* have you!"

He caught her to him with cruel eagerness, kissing brow, cheek, and lips with a fierce intensity which must have stirred her had there survived a vestige of her oldtime feeling for him. But she only lay passive in his embrace, unresisting, but quite unmoved. When at last he released her, conscious defeat and impotent yearning had smitten youth and hope from his face.

"Camilla," he plead desperately, "I love you; I want you. Don't send me away."

"It's hopeless, you see," she said, quietly, "I don't love you — perhaps I never loved you, the real *you*. Perhaps I only loved Love or some 'bodiless creation' of my own fancy. I'm not given to change. I don't understand. I can't tell you how or why — but — this is the end."

"If my unworthiness ——" he was beginning.

"I fancy it's I who am unworthy," she said, slowly, "I can't find fault or flaw in you. Only — only I've stopped caring. No argument or reasoning can quicken a dead love. It's good by, dear,— and for always."

No prayer, no pleading, no argument moved her. The future stretched gray before her, but its appalling desolation had no power to shake her resolve. And when at last he went away and left her to her loneliness, it was less for the barren reality she mourned than for the shattered dream.

An Idyl of the Bottomlands

By FRANK H. SWEET

I.

THERE is snow in the Minnesota marshes, obliterating the exuberance of life and color that characterizes the Mississippi bottomlands in summer, and the wealth of red and gold that dyes them in autumn. Uncertain rich fleckings of light and shade that magnify details of contour, bewilder one no more. Bare limbs and naked twigs weave intricacies of shadow lace over the snow with startling distinctness. Frozen reeds and glittering rushes stand like wraiths of the summer's cardinal flowers and crimson milk-weeds. Miles and miles of snow, miles and miles of marsh, miles and miles of shadow lace.

A crooked footpath breaks the smooth expanse of snow. In mazy windings it steals among the underbrush, over ponds, and threads into the innermost woods. The morning sun traces dainty shadows along its ragged edge, shadows set with sparkling brilliants. It seems a thread of Fate spun out in these lonely wastes, and that only by dire necessity could it lure human footsteps into the forsaken winter marshes.

But the man striding along the narrow trail is the embodiment of strength and happiness. His tall figure in a scarlet felt blouse startles one in this white world. The axe on his shouulder portends the doom of many a goodly tree, and his strong stroke will soon reverberate afar, sending the snow sliding down ash and cottonwood trunks. In among the trees he disappeared, and with him the desolate aspect of the swamps. We know there is human life down there.

Sheer abundance of vital strength sent him swinging along as he cast calculating glances up along different trees. Flinging down his axe, he turned to pull off his scarlet jacket, when the blithest girl-laugh thrilled out on the frosty air, filling the woods with echoes.

"Good-morning, John Erick. Ha, ha, ha! didn't 'spect company?"

"Good-morning to you. First time I ever found a girl down the timber this here time o' day. You quite scared me, Rozina."

"That's just what I came for," she replied, from her perch on the leaning trunk of a broken tree.

"How did you know I was here?"

"Do you 'spose you've been anywhere the last two years and I've not knowed it? I knowed you was choppin' down here."

"Did your pa send you?"

"My pa? No. Nor Pernilla neither," she gratuitously added.

"Rozina, what's up?" asked her companion, stepping back with folded arms.

"What's up? What's up?" she scornfully repeated, "I'll tell you what's up. I come down here, John Erick, to tell you I hate you."

"Oh, pshaw, Rozina! You don't, neither."

"Yes, I do, yes, I do. I—" here she broke off with: "Is it true you're comin' over next Sunday to talk it all over? To set the day? Is it true?"

No answer.

"John Erick," she cried, "is it true?"

"Rozina--"

"Oh, don't say nothing! I know it's true. But how do you s'pose I feel? I tell you Pernilla don't love you the way I do—'tain't in her."

John Erick started back with a surprised ejaculation, but she proceeded.

"Why couldn't you take me instead of her? I'm prettier'n Pernilla, and you know it. Lots prettier. I'd be just as good a wife, and I'll never care for anyone else. I can work as smart as her. I can weave faster, and you remember I was 'head of her at school. I got lots more headmarks. Oh, I just hate you and her!"

John Erick's blood boiled to hear this unabashed little beauty making love to him from the old stump, and coolly valuing her accomplishments above her sister's; and he retorted, with but little chivalry.

"No, you're not prettier, Rozina, you're crazy. Come, get down and go home."

"Be you goin' to marry her?" she persisted.

"Marry her? You're just right, I be, as soon as ever I may. Go home now, Rozina."

But she kept her perch, biting her lips in her excitement, and going on hurriedly. "I tell you it wouldn't hurt her much if you give her up. Do you know when I looked at Pernilla this morning, with her black hair all over the pillow, I felt as if I could kill her. Do you hear? What would you say, then, John Erick? Pernilla won't care for you the way I do, anyhow, that's sure." And standing a moment on the leaning tree, she jumped to the ground beside him.

He drew aside as if afraid to touch her.

"I could kill myself now," she cried, feeling the edge of his axe and holding her wrist over it an instant. Then she bent swiftly down, laying her cheek against one of his footprints in the snow, and, without glancing at him, ran quickly homeward, light and noiseless as a rabbit.

The Rosengren home was a log-house set in a birch-cove under the hills, more than a mile from the river marshes, and when Rozina reached it, the sunshine had scarcely peeped over the bluff that both morning and afternoon shut off most of the winter sun.

Her mother and Pernilla were taking a rag carpet from the loom.

Pernilla lifted the roll in her long, beautiful arms, threw it down, and, with a touch of her foot, sent it across to the opposite wall, leaving a strip of the bright new web smooth laid on the white floor. With loving pride she looked upon this product of her own labor—her own cutting, sewing, dyeing, spinning, and weaving.

"Mother, Rozina—do you like it?"

Mrs. Rosengren tied and retied the blue and yellow checked herchief on her head, as she reiterated unstinted praise.

"I was married many a year before I had a yard of carpet," she said.

"Would green warp have been prettier?" suggested Pernilla, dubiously.

"Child, no. If you want it to fade, wish it was green warp. When at last I got my first carpet, I wove the rags into green warp, and you never saw nothing fade so quick as that warp turned into pink and yellow."

Pernilla was down on her knees to cut away a knot, and remained kneeling at the end of the carpet, caressing the pretty stripes and turning her head from one side to the other, looking for knots.

"Isn't this red and white twist pretty? And who'd a thought that blue dress 'ud be so handsome in a carpet?"

"It feels real bright to the foot," said her mother, carefully stepping on a stripe of "hit and miss"at the other end. As this foot of Mrs. Rosengren was encased in a very solid, well-seasoned, shining wooden shoe, it might be questioned just what sensation of color could penetrate her substantial foot-gear; but Pernilla, too, was sure it felt nice to the foot.

"Hoey, now, womenfolks! Is the carpet done? Sure if it ain't fine! Seems, Pernilla, as if you're kind of mean to put so much time on a thing like that, and get your ma to help, and after all sneak off with it to another man's house. Ain't your pa's house got a room good enough for it?"

Stepping out of his wooden shoes, he walked all over the carpet. Pernilla laughed merrily and threatened

to snip into his stout blue stockings with her scissors.

"Hi, there!" he cried, capering around. "Goin' to chase your old pa off o' it, too! Be careful, or I'll get a mortgage on this here fine carpet and keep it to home."

After jumping around some more, cutting a ludicrous figure in his snuff-brown homespun clothes, he sat down on the carpet roll and stamped, approvingly, with his stocking feet on the gay stripes.

"I s'pose as John Erick'll have to take off his stockings, too, before he puts foot on this, eh?"

Pernilla, still feeling for knots, laughed out a little, "O, pshaw!"

"Ma," asked Rozina, later in the day, "where's the aniline? I'm goin' to color some rags."

"What for?"

"For my carpet," replied the girl, curtly.

"Your carpet?"

"Yes, I'm goin' to make a carpet as well as Pernilla, if I ain't goin' to be married."

And color rags Rozina did all afternoon, planning designs of crimson and white stripes as she dipped the magenta skeins and hung them all around the walls of what was known as "the shanty."

During the spring, all Swede Creek settlement talked of the approaching marriage of John Erick Peterson and Pernilla Rosengren; of the fine wedding there would be, and of the clothes the Rosengren women were making. Claus Rosengren had thrived since he came to America. These two beautiful girls were born to him in the Minnesota woods, and now that Pernilla was going to marry, she should have an outfit worthy of him.

They drove twenty miles in a lumber wagon to Meadow Falls, to buy what they actually could not manufacture themselves. As is was, the sheep huddling among the charred stumps on the side of Old Rattlesnake bluff furnished a good part of the outfit in way of dresses, stockings, and shawls. For wasn't Mrs. Rosengren the only person in the settlement what could weave shawls, as well as marvellous dress fabrics that were all purple or green in one light and shining gold in another; material all from these same scrubby sheep?

Coming to Swede Creek now, you will find white dresses common. The girls flit up and down the paths of Rattlesnake and Owl Point to the log church, to quilting bees, to surprise parties, clad in dainty white gowns and embroidered suits that come from St. Paul and Minneapolis. Not so then. That was long ago, just after the war, and none of the girls in Swede Creek had white dresses.

But hadn't Mrs. Rosengren been a maid-servant at the clergyman's in her own native parish in Sweden? And when his daughter, Miss Wilhelmina Ulrika Unonius, was married she wore white. So white dresses they bought; some fine, soft, all-wool delaine, more dainty than any goods they had ever before seen, and consternation fell upon the whole settlement when they heard it. Even the young men asked John Erick if it were true.

But when Betsy Johnson put on her shaker to run over to tell Annie Anderson about that Pernilla's hat, it seemed as if it couldn't be true.

"A spinkin-spankin new hat, kind of tall and all covered with frosting like the frozen snow," she said.

"Who'd ever!" ejaculated Annie.

"And a big red flower in front. Don't b'lieve I'd want one."

"Rozina's awful sick, though," added Annie. "Ain't she thin? I think it's wicked to go on so 'bout clothes when her sister's so down."

But poor Rozina was sick; such a cough.

"I'm sure as you catched cold the day you dyed them rags," said her mother, as she watched her through a hard spell.

In the wedding she had no interest, and Pernilla tried to keep her own happiness out of sight.

II.

In all Swede Creek, time was now

reckoned with reference to the wedding, and somewhat more than a month before that local date, John Erick came to tell Pernilla that their house was finished.

Spring was here. That very morning Old Rattlesnake had changed color, inaugurating the witching scene that lasts but three or four days in every Minnesota May—the fairest, most fascinating day to watch the bluffs. It is when the birches leaf out, when the new foliage hangs like misty suggestion about the silver stems; when patches and stretches of pale ethereal green transform the hillsides, bringing into cameo-like relief the sylph trunks of the trees, that "conceal and half reveal" themselves amid the sacred halo.

Up the bluff, along the ravines, out on the spurs, is massed the cloud-like color that seems the spirit of the heavy foliage of summer. Just three or four days it takes for the birches to dress themselves, to invest their dainty limbs with the folds of fragrant gauze, to veil themselves in the delicate green.

Such was the blithe aspect of the hills about the new house when John Erick went to tell his black-haired sweetheart that it was ready, all ready, even to tables and chairs.

The next day he was going to the Falls to buy the most important article of household furniture, a stove. Next to the wonderful white hat, the prospective stove excited greatest interest; for, wouldn't Pernilla have to learn it all over, how to cook, bake, and brew?

Rosengren and the hired men were fishing down in the bottomlands, and Pernilla asked John Erick to stay as late as possible.

"Because," she whispered, "we're afraid to be only womenfolks, as Pa got money to-day, and it seems I can't think of nothing else."

Some "fellows from Wisconsin" (Swede Creek technical term for their brethern dwelling across the Mississippi) had paid Rosengren several hundred dollars on old debts that he had had no hope of collecting this year. His wife and girls were the only ones who knew it, and with him had shared the anxiety of secreting it in a safe place. It had been successively put in several places: in a sack of wool, in Pernilla's new rag-carpet, in a copper coffee-pot, and even in an old wooden shoe. But his anxious mind conjured forth particular dangers connected with each one of these, and at last he deposited it in a tool-chest in the barn, much to the consternation of Mrs. Rosengren, whose sense of security bore an inverse ratio to his own on this, as on all occasions.

So John Erick stayed, and they drank fresh-brewed beer sitting on the crazy little stoop that hung like a wasp's nest on the log wall. This same drink is known as "molasses beer," and is as harmless as buttermilk. They drank a whole pitcherful of the renowned drink, and then went up on the shanty roof to look for the fishers off on the bottomlands. An occasional gleam of the torches flickering, wavering down in the darkness of the overflowed meadows, was all they saw.

John Erick could not stay very late on account of preparations for the next day's trip, and with various injunctions from Mrs. Rosengren not to spend too much money on the stove, and a sweet farewell to Pernilla out by the birch-rail fence, he left them.

The May night was heavy with the scent of young leaves and unseen buds, and John Erick's life was a thing of joy to him; a strong, buoyant personality revelling in love.

The next morning, as the first blue wreaths of smoke floated from the capacious chimney, Rosengren strode into the kitchen with colorless face, and his teeth chattering in consternation.

"The money's gone—it's gone," he gasped.

"What do you say, Rosengren?" answered his wife, faintly.

"I say you've put it somewhere—or it's gone."

"I hain't touched it. Be you sure?"

"I looked over every nail in the chest."

The girls came from the barnyard with foaming milk-pails, and he ex-

citedly met them at the door with the news.

"And I felt of it the last thing before I went fishin', and slept out there, too," he groaned.

"I don't see," said Pernilla. "No one knowed it; and John Erick was with us till late, knowin' we was skeery."

Rosengren was tearing up and down the room, feeling frantically in his pockets, in hope of finding the bills there, and muttering under his breath various vague threatenings; but at Pernilla's words he turned on her with an evil light in his narrow brown eyes.

"'Knowin' you was skeery?' What be you talkin' about, girl? Do you mean to say, do you mean," he hissed in a whisper, "that John Erick knowed about the money?"

Dumb horror seized the girl.

"Answer me."

"Why, yes,—I asked him to stay for that."

"You did,—did you? A pretty weddin' you'll have," and vouchsafing not another word, he strode off down the valley road.

Rozina, silent, sat by the fire, white as the milk foam, while Pernilla sank down by the table, moaning as she buried her face in her arms. But little was done at the Rosengrens that day. One pail of morning's milk was forgotten out under the trees. Pernilla went to John Erick's house, and Mrs. Rosengren wondered and wept.

The whole settlement was afire with the news. Women put on hasty headgear and ran to glean rumors at neighboring hearthstones. So quickly did the news spread that half the households held council over *Klockan elfva kaffe* (Eleven o'clock coffee).

John Erick did not go off to buy the new stove, and before the sunset lights spanned the swollen Mississippi, Pernilla's lover was in jail.

III.

For days, for weeks the Mississippi waters had been rising, crowding back over the bottomlands, overflowing the wooded marshes, and forming a lake in the heavy timber.

A yellow sunset cast long shadows quivering across the amber depths of the watery waste. The course of Swede Creek, like a current, was outlined by rows of young willows out in the lake, that waved lazily toward the grove growing downward in the yellow water. Black and yellow, black and yellow, the waters filled all the clearing, and all the timber, splashing in little dreary waves and ripples against oaks and cottonwoods.

Rosengren and the hired man appeared on a high bank, carrying a boat, an awkward old affair, which they managed to get down to the edge of the water.

When the water comes up into the timber, the farmers find good fishing o' nights in their own fields, so to say, and an hour after sunset, the flash of lanterns about the old boat revealed Rosengren, the hired man, and Pernilla preparing for the sport.

From a tin cylinder filled with kerosene, several wicks gave forth a glaring yellow light, tempered as to intesity by dense clouds of smoke and soot. This apparatus was sometimes carried, and sometimes fastened by a long pole to the side of the boat.

Pernilla took the oars and with strong, steady strokes rowed the old flat-bottomed boat into the clearing, as the men, with spear in hand, watched for the fish among the grass and leaves.

Anon they took the wagon road, spearing pickerel and catfish right in the wheel-ruts, or rowed across a little triangular patch of winter wheat whose sparse blades bode small harvest.

"Not very heavy grain here," said Rosengren, "but—" and he stabbed a fine rock-bass as a compensation from Nature.

As the boat stole along the edges of the heavy timber, the torch threw ghastly lights into the watery vistas among the trees, and owls hooted in the sacred recesses of the tree-tops as the fishes splashed through the shallow water.

Far to the East, over the distant Wisconsin Hills, shimmered a trembling radiance. Silvery lights illumed the fleecy fretwork of white clouds that grew brighter and brighter with opalescent edges, until above the dull forest rose the waning moon of May. Down over the watery waste of the bottomlands streamed the glory of the sky spiriting forth troops and platoons of willow shadows, oak shadows, reed shadows, and grass shadows to dance in spectral silence over the dark, restless waters.

Running up in shallow places, the men often got out and waded off with torch and spears, leaving Pernilla alone in the dark.

Several times they pulled up on some grassy islet, tipped the boat to pour out the water, and silently resumed their slow way.

In the centre of the clearing was a large half-finished hayshed. The rise of the river had stopped the builders, and there it rested like a Noah's ark on the face of the deep.

They were edging along its pole foundations, but it proved too hard to row through wet grass, so the two men walked up the shallows to pursue their prey.

Pernilla, from the shadow of the hayshed, watched them stride cautiously off, peering intently under every leaf and ledge. She was glad to be out in the night air. Her fevered being was in a whirl of passion and sorrow, and as she rowed back and forth over the silver-bocaded waters of the woods, she had been thinking of her wedding, of her lover so unjustly accused, of his calmness when arrested, of the same old question, "Who took the money?" She was tired of thinking, of wondering, of crying.

Then she felt in the dark that a form was near her and, speechless with terror, hear her name.

"Pernilla, Pernilla. Sh—sh—it's me —John Erick."

"You? you? I thought you were—" she faltered.

"Yes, yes, in jail. But I ran away to see you I must find out if you think—"

"Oh, hush! The men are coming back. Don't let them find you. Please go," she whispered, excitedly.

"But you must tell me—"

"Go, go! I'll come back to-night again—will you stay?"

"Yes—for heaven's sake don't let them find my boat around on the other side."

The men were back. Pernilla was all a-tremble.

"I'm cold, father, let's go home."

"Pretty soon, but fish is plenty to-night. See what a pickerel!" And he threw down upon the slimy mass of small fish a grand old monster that reached half the length of the boat.

"Fifteen—sixteen pounds, anyway," he gleefully added.

Pernilla heard with dismay their plan of going around the hay-shed.

"I'm stiff as an oar sitting here, father, and cold, too, with my feet down in them nasty fish," she cried. "Let me change work if you're going to fish more." With this she snatched the torch from the hired man, and there was nothing for him to do but take the oars.

They pulled around the northwest corner, and Pernilla's keen eyes detected John Erick's boat off in the shadows. Leaning heavily against the side of the boat, she gave it a lurch, screamed, and dropped the torch in the water.

John Erick, from his perch up in the rafters of the shed, chuckled heartily at the girl's skilful manoeuvre and at the ejaculations of the disappointed men, as they fished around in the water for the old tin cylinder.

Pernilla sat down with a little nervous laugh, saying: "Let's go home, or the boat might tip again, and you'd lose your fine pickerel. I think 'twas him sent the light down."

Home they went, leaving all the fish except the big pickerel in the boat till morning. When Rosengren fastened this great prize to the spear, slinging it over his shoulder, the fish reached below the top of his boots, and was heavy enough to make the way seem long.

Pernilla thought the house never would get quiet, for with cooking coffee for the men, talking about the big pickerel, and with getting to bed, all was not still till after midnight.

Then, tucking a little gilt-edged Testament into the bosom of her dress, she went. As the ladder-like stair from the girl's room in the loft came down in the bed-room, she had to let herself out by way of the shanty roof. She wished the moon were not so bright, but silent as the moonlight itself, she slid down among the morning glories and young wild-cucumber vines. Swiftly she ran down the lane toward the bottoms, filled with unutterable thought. How clear it came to her that not for a moment had she doubted John Erick's innocence. But now, *now*, what was this hideous, stifling doubt? He has run away, *run away* — everyone would think him guilty. He could never be cleared, seeing he had run off.

Breathless, she sank down in a corner of the rail-fence. The whole length of the lane was white with amelanchier bushes — the beautiful Juneberry—all in bloom. Right over her hung its dainty, loose racemes, catching the May dew on their quivering tassels, that vibrated white and fragrant with every river breeze. The faint, exquisite odor seemed to soothe her fevered heart, and the whippoorwills sang incessantly up the bluffs.

Pernilla pulled the Testament from her dress. Every young person in this good Lutheran settlement had one just like it, given as this was by the minister at the time of confirmation. Its brass clasps glittered in the midnight moon, as she murmured:

"He'll surely tell me right by this, surely;" and putting it back, sped on her way. Past fences and gates, stumbling over stones, everywhere brushing off the evanescent white stars of the amelanchiers, she at last pushed out the heavy old boat. As the oars dipped into the cold night waters, she shivered to think she was alone in the dark marshes.

What if John Erick were not there?

But he was waiting for the boat.

"You're a fine girl to come down here."

"Is there a dry place inside?" she asked.

They climbed to a pile of lumber by the large opening for the future door, and she gave him a little pail.

"Here's some coffee for you; I'm 'fraid it's cold."

"Why, what a girl you be! But I ain't agoin' to drink it till I give you that, and that, and that," he said, rapturously kissing her, "for turnin' out that torch the way you did. I seen you."

"Oh, pshaw," laughed she, "'twas the only thing to do."

She sat silent while he took his coffee, then impetuously threw her arms about him and cried as though her heart would break. At last she sobbed out:

"Oh, John Erick, do you know it was four weeks from to-day we was to be married?"

He took off the little shawl she had on her head and smoothed her waving hair, at first fearfully, then with tender confidence.

"Poor girl—you poor girl!"

She could not ask questions; she couldn't say she was glad he ran away, she did not know what to say. What if he were guilty? Then she had better drown herself than be here with him.

"But why did you come to the hay-shed?" she asked. "You couldn't know I'd be down here."

"I was comin' up toward the house after dark," he replied, "but when I seen the men and the boat I knowed I'd have to stay here. And here I set watchin' the light travel 'round among the trees and down in the water, an' all at once I heard you laugh, Pernilla. You can't reckon what that laugh meant to me. It was before the moon came up, and over there in the dark, to the edge of the clearin', I heard my sweetheart laugh. After that, I tell you, I watched every move of the boat."

"But it is dreadful that you, you—" she could not speak on that subject.

"Yes, yes, it is too bad, but it must come out all right," he said, hopefully. "*You* didn't think I took the money, Pernilla?"

"Oh, no, you couldn't," she quickly rejoined. But her tones had that in them which seemed bent on reassuring herself, and John Erick felt every drop of blood tingle with anguish.

"Pernilla, Pernilla, I swear I didn't. I say you must believe me."

"I do. I do. I was longin' to hear you say it." Whereupon, pulling out the Testament, she added, timidly: "Would you be willin' to put your hand on this and say it? I believe you anyhow, but I'd feel so sure."

John Erick unhesitatingly took the book, but for a few moments was silent.

"Come over to the door, Pernilla, where I can look in your eyes and say it—yes, with my hand on the book."

As he fastened and unfastened the little brass clasps, she said:

"It's just like yourn, ain't it? See my name."

They leaned out together into the moonlight to read the inscription, when Pernilla started back in little dismay, for the name was Rozina's.

"I took it by mistake for mine. Poor Rozina, she's real sick."

John Erick started. Vividly came before him that bright winter morning down in these marshes, when she was the picture of health. But a few rods off was the spot where she waited for him, and word for word her wild talk came back.

"Pernilla, do one thing for me. Let me see your long black hair—won't you? I've heard 'em say it's the finest head o' hair they ever seen. Please, I'd like to think of it."

"Why, John Erick, would you?"

"Please do."

"Yes, yes, if you want it."

Quickly she let down two heavy braids, beginning to undo them.

"It's handsome, it is—let me undo one," said John Erick.

Shaking out the rich, wavy mass, it fell to her knees. He reverently lifted part into the moonlight, letting it fall through his fingers, thinking all the while of Rozina's words. At last he said, slowly:

"Pernilla, you're the best girl in the settlement, but you're the prettiest one, too. I'm 'most 'fraid of you with that handsome hair."

"Why," laughed Pernilla, "it's the same hair I've always had." Then, after a brief silence, and very soberly, "Don't forget, John."

"You hold the book, Pernilla."

Severely solemn as a priestess, she stood in the white square of moonlight that shone on the new lumber, shone on her hair, on her brow, on the little Bible. John Erick knelt before her, laid his right hand over the book, while with his other he held one of hers, and sincerely swore that he was innocent.

Then Pernilla bent over him and slowly kissed him as her silky tresses swept about his shoulders, sinking to her knees beside him; and he folded her sweet face against him, kissing the throat as soft and white as a plum blossom, and her lips as red as a cardinal flower.

But the moon sloped toward the western bluffs, and soon the girl said:

"I must go; but tell me, John Erick, what you are going to do?"

"Me? Why, I'm goin' back to the fort as fast as I can," he answered.

"The fort? To jail?" she ejaculated.

"Of course, where else should I go?"

"Folks don't generally run away to —to just get put back again," she rejoined.

"See here, did you think I was goin' to sneak out o' the country like a thief? No, sir! Not havin' done nothing bad, I ain't goin' to sneak off."

"Oh, I'm so glad," commenced Pernilla, but stopped, afraid of betraying herself.

John Erick laughed a little. "Oh, now, that's the worst of all. My sweetheart glad I'm going to jail!"

"Now, John Erick—"

"Pshaw! I just see now what you've been 'fraid of. Keep up heart, Pernilla, I feel so strong and well, and knowin' I'm innocent makes the world bright, anyhow. Can't we live this down? Can't we be happy, anyhow?"

To be continued.

On the road through Dixville notch, New Hampshire

SWITZERLAND—II.

By GEORGE PRESBURY ROWELL*

ONE comes to learn, after a time, that the temperature of a region is not always regulated precisely in accordance with its nearness to or distance from the equator or the north pole. We always think of the North as the cold region and ignore the fact that we are quite as well cognizant that the South is just as much so if taken in the same proportions. Northern New Hampshire is a cold region in winter and a land of frosty springs and early autumns. Nearly every winter there will be days when the thermometer marks more than seventy degrees below the freezing point, yet no point in New Hampshire is as far north as Montreal and no point in Switzerland extends quite so far south as Montreal, which is in the same latitude as Venice.

Notwithstanding its more southerly situation, New Hampshire is a poor country for fruits, producing little in that way, while Switzerland grows grapes, cherries, plums of excellent variety, delicious melons, figs, olives. Its apples, however, are nothing to brag of. It has walnuts of the variety we call English, chestnuts galore and fully ripens the hazel-nut that in New Hampshire rarely or never fills out to full maturity. The frost has killed the delicate garden flowers before the end of September in Northern New Hampshire, but in the most northerly sections of Switzerland, in October even, roses bloom out of doors and the banana plants and small palm trees used so profusely for ornamental purposes are not yet removed to the winter quarters where they will be preserved for embellishing the grounds next year. The principal lakes fail to freeze over in the coldest winters and although of late years the country is becoming a resort for the enjoyment of winter sports, yet the localities thus favored are not many and are mainly situated at altitudes approaching or exceeding that of the summit of Mt. Washington.

Wild strawberries are to be had quite late in August. They resemble the field variety found in New Hampshire in June and early July but do not equal them in juicy deliciousness and flavor, being rather dry and suggesting the taste of the not much thought of flowering raspberry which New Hampshire school children will eat but never gather for the table at home. The delicious red raspberry, which in the White Mountains can be bought at ten cents a quart in August and forms such a delightful addition to a bowl of bread and milk, has a poor substitute, in sparing quantities, but no one ever sees a pail full of them. The same story can also be told of the blueberry. The pretty little mountain cranberry that makes such an appropriate relish for a broiled ruffled grouse, in New Hampshire, seems to abound in Switzerland, but I had no opportunity to test its quality on the table.

Although such a little country, Switzerland is divided into twenty-two States, or Cantons, each as separate and distinct as the States of our American Republic. Some of these are almost pure democracies in their method of government, all the people coming together at specified dates and passing upon questions of moment and policy almost in the precise manner adopted in a New Hampshire town meeting. Some of the Cantons are not much larger than a New Hampshire township but these, like our Rhode Island, have a vote in the upper house of the Federal Legislature quite the same as that accorded to a neighbor with ten or twenty times its area and population. The body that corresponds to the Senate in the United States has forty-two members.

* *We are pleased to be able to announce the authorship of this interesting article as above.*

The lower house has about four times as many, but is still less than half as numerous as the legislature of the single State of New Hampshire although representing ten times as many people. Not everybody knows that the legislature of New Hampshire is the most numerous legislative body in America. Maybe no other similar body in any part of the world exceeds it in numbers. The New Hampshire man who lives out his life without ever having been called upon to represent his neighborhood in the State Legislature has every reason to consider that his merits have been neglected, and that he has, so to speak, lived in vain.

In Switzerland the State owns the railroads and railroads abound there. It would appear that there is nothing that the Swiss are not ready to attempt in the way of railroad building, and whatever they attempt they achieve. If a mountain side is too steep for the necessary grade, the engineer cheerfully tunnels into the mountain itself and fixing the circuit to accord with his desires, describes a spiral, or two or more of them, and comes out cheerfully the necessary number of feet above the track by which he entered, and then if need be repeats the process over and over again. There are places where, from a car window, one may look down on as many as four separate sections of the track over which the train has run and almost within a stone's throw from the position from which the observation is made. No other country is so thickly cobwebbed with railroad track as Switzerland, and no one seems to know that such a thing as a railroad accident ever occurred there.

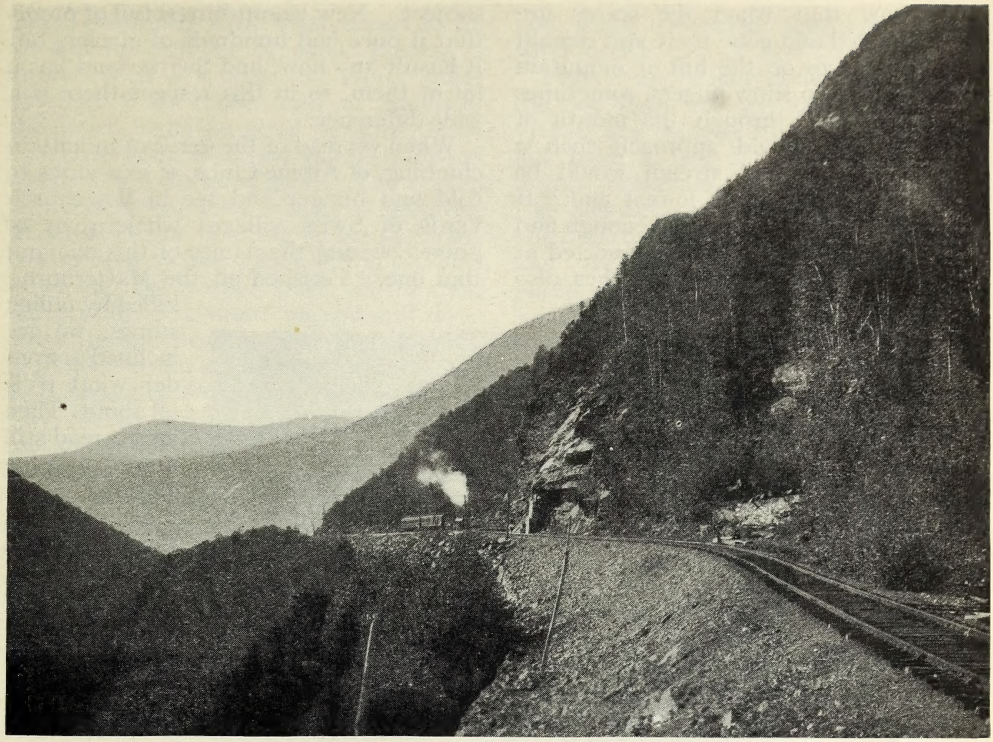
They have one delightful arrangement there to encourage trade. For a specified, not very large sum, one may have a ticket with his photograph on it and with that he may, for a month, for three months or an entire year, ride at will on any and all the roads of the country, or the steamboats on the numerous lakes, until he has satisfied his ambition for moving about or worn himself out in the effort.

It has been said that the Swiss State owns the railroad. In New Hampshire I have observed that the railroad appears to own the State. New Hampshire does not have the system of a ticket that will permit of perpetual riding without increase of cost, but it has something that, for those who can avail themselves of it, seems absolutely more admirable. To such an extent as to be most noticeable, everybody in the State that is of any particular account rides at will on the railroads without any ticket with or without a photograph attached. To such an extent is this the case that it sometimes seems that for a New Hampshire man to buy a railway ticket is to proclaim himself an habitual stay at homer or a person of no particular account. The system has one disadvantage however, for if railways run irregularly, or make a practice of not opening the station until too late for a passenger, if a stranger, to procure a ticket, or if the station is shut up before the train that is due comes in and no information vouchsafed to such as would know the reason why, no man of much influence in the neighborhood can be induced to protest, because according to those who are inclined to comment on the matter, "he knows on which side his bread is buttered."

One thing about Swiss railways is particularly admirable. The windows are made of thick plate glass without frames. They slip up and down in a plush-lined groove which permits them to move easily but holds them firmly in any position desired. A metal handle, conveniently attached, permits instant and easy action whenever desired.

In Switzerland are the largest tunnels which have yet been made in all the world. One exceeds ten miles in length. The traveler has constant occasion to admire the thoroughness with which the work of construction is carried out. Sloping banks are grass covered. Where there may be danger of land slides or falling rocks, solid masonry is put in often to an extent that seems incredulous. The stations are embellished with flower beds and everything is in order. The Swiss appear to waste nothing, but to hesitate at no expense to accomplish whatever will be convenient, useful or beautiful.

Switzerland is a land abounding in rivers, brooks and torrents. This gives it unlimited water power, convenient for



LOOKING THROUGH CRAWFORD NOTCH

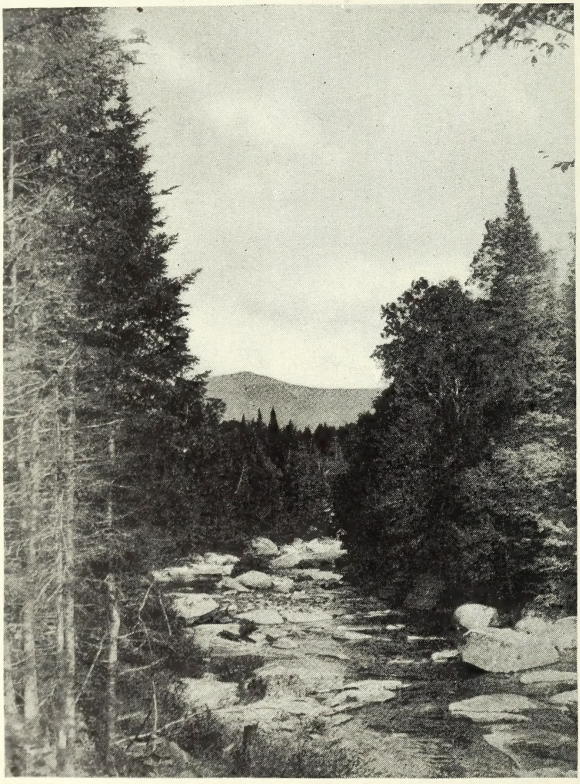
producing the electric power so useful in propelling the numberless mountain railways of the cog-wheel variety, all patterned more or less after the one original, which set the example for all the world when it first accomplished the ascent of Mt. Washington, the king bee of the White Mountains of New Hampshire.

Land is too valuable in Switzerland to make it advisable to leave the streams at liberty to roam about at will. As a consequence they are confined within narrow limits with a thoroughness and an amount of masonry that elicits continual wonder. The banks of the Rhine and the Rhone are paved with great stones, all adjusted with care and nicety, and walled in to a height sufficient to guard against overflow in time of greatest flood. In the case of brooks and smaller streams, and the routes of the torrents that come from occasional storms and the melting snows of spring, not only the sides but also the bottom is composed of solid masonry constructed with so much care as to make it appear indestructible. Doubtless they do need repair from time to time, but if they do they get it, for I saw no case where any immediate repair seemed to be needed or imminent.

It is to its mountains, its glaciers and mountain scenery that Switzerland owes its fame as a resort for tourists. The mountains overrun the State extending beyond. Outside its borders there is the so-called Saxon Switzerland on the north, the Austrian Tyrol on the east, the Italian highlands and those of Savoy on the south. Probably when one thinks of Switzerland the mountain that first suggests its name to mind will be Mt. Blanc, and Mt. Blanc and the famous Valley of Chamonix are not in Switzerland at all, but over the border in Savoy.

New Hampshire has one mountain that is more than six thousand feet high. It has no glaciers. Switzerland has a good many mountains that are more than twelve thousand feet high, and several hundred glaciers that cap them or line or decorate their sides. Those who are familiar with New Hampshire in spring-

time know that when the snows are mostly melted and gone there still remain in hollow places on the hill or mountain sides where deep snow lingers, sometimes for weeks, even through the month of June. If one should approach such a snow patch, a small stream would be found exuding from its lowest end. If that patch of snow were large enough and deep enough, and if it were connected at the top or sides with similar patches, also too deep and wide to permit of being thawed and disappearing before the snows and frosts of another winter should come to not only stop the waste but even add to the accretions of last year still greater accretions, then that patch of snow would rise to the dignity of being a glacier. The nearest to anything of this sort in New Hampshire is the snow-bank in Tuckerman's Ravine which sometimes lasts nearly the summer through but eventually succumbs before autumn.



LOOKING UP THE FLUME — MT. PEMIGEWASSET

Wherever there is a glacier it gives rise to a stream. The lordly Rhone traces its origin to the Rhone Glacier. The Rhine, and maybe every stream in Switzerland, may be tracked to sources in some respects similar. The glacier itself is called a river of ice, and is known to actually move and at a rate possible to determine, being regulated by the formation of the ground that composes its bed. Gravity is, after all, the principal motive power that propels the ice stream. It is a pretty big subject. New Hampshire is full of proofs that it once had hundreds of glaciers but it hasn't any now, and Switzerland has a lot of them, so in this respect there is a wide difference.

When we read of the perils of mountain climbing, of Alpine Clubs, of exposures to cold and hunger and see in the church yards of Swiss villages whole rows of graves bearing the names of this one and that one, "Perished on the Matterhorn" killed by falling stones, we are inclined to wonder what it is all about. Then as we read still more of the glorious views, the sunrise and the sunsets on the mountains, the air and the appetite that adds zest to the enjoyment, we feel tempted to make a trial of the joys of mountaineering, and regret that the present is not a convenient time to make an essay at it. That there is something very real about it no one can doubt, but the cog-wheel railways, with electricity for motive power, are rapidly placing the mountain peaks at the disposal of whom ever has the price of a railway ticket and a capacity to sit still for a few hours.

The saving practiced in Switzerland of everything that would serve as fuel is equalled by the economy to be noted of whatever will furnish food for cows and goats. Wherever a bit of grass grows it is gathered and the process of mowing, drying, raking and housing seems to go on early and late. The short

grass, combined with what seems to be an infinite number of other plants, is mowed with a scythe and swath quite different from those used in America, the swath being no great variation from a straight stick with one handle adjusted where it will do most good. The scythe is precisely the kind which, in pictures, we see old Time carrying on his shoulder. It also used to have place in the pictures which in the earlier part of the last century used to—and maybe still do—illustrate the head pieces that adorned the Old Farmer's Almanac, or the page of it specially devoted to the month of July. That it is an effective instrument cannot be doubted by any one who has seen it in use in the hands of a Swiss woman or man, more often a woman than a man perhaps. It cuts closer to the ground that is common with us—a wide, clean swath. Doubtless no mower has had more or longer experience than Time has had to enable him to choose the instrument best adapted to his work, and certainly no one cuts closer or leaves fewer standing spears after he has passed.

Cows, in Switzerland, are evidenly the staff of life, and they seem to be everywhere, and such beautiful, gentle creatures they are too, and living on such terms of amity and even intimacy with the people. They are large, fine animals, in color suggesting the Jerseys, in size and structure the Short-Horns. In summer they graze on hillsides so steep that it would seem that a misstep would be fatal; in winter they have shelter in chalets constructed in places convenient for housing the hay produced upon land smooth enough and sufficiently accessible to be mowed. The hay rack is by no means always called into requisition for housing the fooder. When enough has been raked together, and is sufficiently dry to be safely stored, a great piece of strong white cloth is used to make it into a mammoth bundle, and a woman or a man, more commonly a woman, elevates it to the shoulders and trudges away, always down hill to the place where it is to be deposited for the winter. One rarely sees horses or oxen used as beasts of burden in Swiss fields, but cows are so used, both in pairs or singly, and very well they do their work, and quite contented they seem to be while doing it.

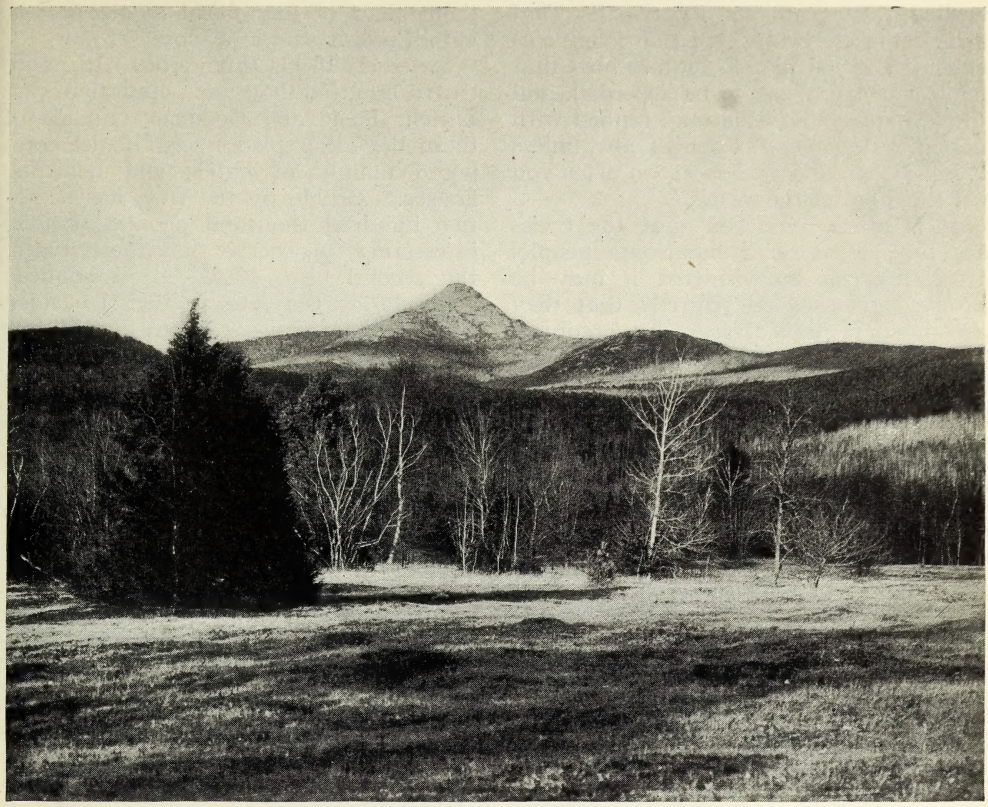
I never saw a cow in Switzerland that did not seem well fed and in good condition, and maybe never one that did not have a bell attached to her neck unless yoked or harnessed for work. The cow bells of Switzerland are an institution to be noted. Different fashions and patterns prevail and in some places they are so large as to be compared to church bells. These are now of the modern pattern such as used to be used to announce dinner in American boarding houses or lumber camps where a considerable number of boarders had to be summoned from varying distances. It is explained that the noise made by cataracts, waterfalls and torrents necessitates these great bells. I had an opportunity to measure some one day and found the opening of the larger ones no less than ten and a half inches in diameter. That still larger ones have been used, and maybe still are, was indicated by specimens exhibited at a hardware store of bells of the older time, one of which I measured and found its bulge to be sixteen and one-half inches across. The strop or belt which supports the bell and the buckle with which it is adjusted were also notable, being of substantial material and workmanship, the strop varying in width from three or four to, in one case that I measured, eleven and a half inches. I never saw any one strike a cow or speak to one in a loud or harsh voice. It is interesting to see the cows come home through the village streets at milking time. Calmly and quietly they make their way, passing fruit stands and venders of this thing and that so closely as to touch or almost touch, but evoking no attention and doing no harm unless one chooses to be annoyed by the everlasting tinkling of the seemingly numberless bells, some of which, however—many of them—have very musical tones.

The streams of Switzerland do not all have the crystal clearness to be noted in those of the mountains of New Hampshire, for a stream of glacial origin is never clear. The glacier in its slow movement crushes and grinds rocks to powder and the water that flows from it has a milky

appearance not unlike the soap suds which the washer woman's tub displays. Such a stream never loses all of this fine sediment until it has passed through or at least rested some time in the bosom of a lake. "Are there fish in these streams?" I ask of a native who speaks a little English. "Yes," I am told, "but they are hard to catch." The streams look very inviting to those who are fond of sport with the rod, and among the thousands of tourists there are many of these. A license is generally required before one may whip the streams, but this is granted on terms not specially exorbitant, and first and last, I think I may say, I watched dozens, yes, hundreds engaged in the fascinating pastime. Not only was this true of the streams, but also equally so of the lakes and lake sides. I lost no opportunity to note the angler's luck, approached, when I could, to note what store had been acquired, and had been six weeks in the country and began to believe I should leave it without once seeing a fish caught or a fish that had been caught; but Fate did not so order, for one evening on Lake Lugano, just at sunset, I saw a man actually land a chub or dace, or something of the sort, of not much less than a quarter of a pound in weight. I devoted much attention to that fisherman then, but history did not repeat itself. He caught no other fish nor did any other man or boy take one in my sight while I remained in Switzerland. And yet there are fish there and good ones too.

On several occasions I was served excellent brook-trout of the square-tailed variety with the carmine dots on its sides, which we admire so much It was the genuine thing. In the White Mountains the brook trout at hotel tables is conspicuous for its absence or its tendency to be limited in size to an ounce or two and in number to the unit. Fifty years ago this was not so, but thirty years ago the condition had begun to exhibit itself. There is no better hotel in the White Mountains or in the world—if you have the price—than the Waumbek at Jefferson. In its early days, when it had passed out of the hands of its founder and had not come into those of its present conductors, I spent a night there, and on the breakfast bill of fare read the words "brook trout." I ordered brook trout and the well-intentioned waitress brought me *one*. It was not a trout but a small chub, something larger than my finger. It was early in the season, the water in the streams was still cold and the fish hard and firm while its multitude of bones were so small as not to be noticed in the process of mastication. It was good and I desired the waitress to bring me another "trout." She reappeared and placed before me a small yellow perch. It had been properly skinned, was nicely browned, the edible part yielded readily to the fork, parting from the strong backbone and the only criticism I had to make was that there was so little of it. Appetite still prevailing, I hesitatingly appealed to the nice-appearing young woman to know if she could procure for me still another trout, and as she seemed quite willing, I ventured to ask that it might be of the same sort as the last, offering the conspicuous backbone as a sample of what was wanted. The man does not know what is good if he is not contented with a breakfast of well-prepared yellow perch, unless, as in my case, the number is limited. The young woman vanished and quickly returned with the tail half of a small pickerel that when alive and well would have weighed perhaps a quarter of a pound. The pickerel, in New Hampshire, if of moderate size, as most of them are, is a delicious fish, and with it I completed the most satisfactory breakfast of brook trout I ever had at a White Mountain hotel.

There are exceptions to all rules and to most statements of fact, and I must not neglect to state that at The Balsams, at Dixville Notch, a New Hampshire resort that is not as much visited as it would be were it not situated some fifty or more miles north of the usual White Mountain resorts, one may have brook trout, all he wants of them, and they will be fresh from the water the night before and have lain stark and stiff in cold spring water during the hours of darkness, and thus acquired sufficient rigidity to enable them to lie still and not curl and double up during the process of frying in the fat of the delicious New Hampshire



MT. CHOCORUA, NEW HAMPSHIRE

hog which is the right and the only right material for frying a trout. Most fishes are best broiled, but a trout should always be fried unless of unusual size; but in Switzerland they insist upon boiling trout even if they are not very large. They come to the table with mouth open, fins protruding, tail twisted around and presenting a horrible, fierce appearance that can only be partially concealed by a plentiful application of the excellent sauce Hollandaise that is sometimes served with it. Fishes that appear in Coats of Arms and other Heraldic devices have, I think, always been boiled. Those that appear in religious devices and on steeples and weather vanes are always fried.

From what has been said it must not be supposed that there is really any deficiency of fish in Switzerland. The Mediterranean is not far away and the Swiss lakes produce great numbers notwithstanding the result of my observation of the ill success of the fishermen I saw attempting to lure them from the water. Lake Geneva is said to furnish no less than twenty-one varieties, among them being as good salmon as can be had anywhere and notably in great numbers one most delicious fish known as the Ferra which seems nearly akin to the delightful white fish taken in Superior and the other great American lakes, and like the white fish, the Ferra, after you have it, cannot be eaten too soon. My meaning will be illustrated by a conversation reported by two disciples of Roger Williams who, while attending a convention of the preachers of their denomination at Chicago, walked by the lake shore and made conversation with a fisherman who was preparing his catch for market. Noticing the silvery sides of a fine specimen, one asked the man what fish it was, and he innocently

replied, "We call 'em Baptists." That struck the clergyman as a curious coincidence and led him to inquire how that name had happened to be accorded, and to his inquiry the fisherman replied with perfect seriousness, "I don't know, unless it is because they spile so soon after you get them out of the water."

It is often remarked that the Swiss are by no means a handsome people. If that much be admitted it may be asserted, on as good grounds, that they are in no respect of repulsive or objectionable appearance. I never saw a Swiss, man or woman, who did not impress me as being in some way a rather attractive sort of personage. Probably their average height is a little less than that of the English, Americans or Northern Germans, corresponding in this respect pretty closely to the French and Italians.

Outside of the cities most of the people one sees are herders or tillers of the soil, and as this work is shared by the women quite as much as the men, the women undoubtedly do come prematurely to exhibit signs of hardship, the marks of overwork, and to seem prematurely old. It does not appear that the absence of men doing field work indicates laziness or inaction on their part, but that the majority of them are away from home, engaged in other work which may be relied upon to procure actual money, which to the farm worker and herdsman would seem to be rather hard to come by.

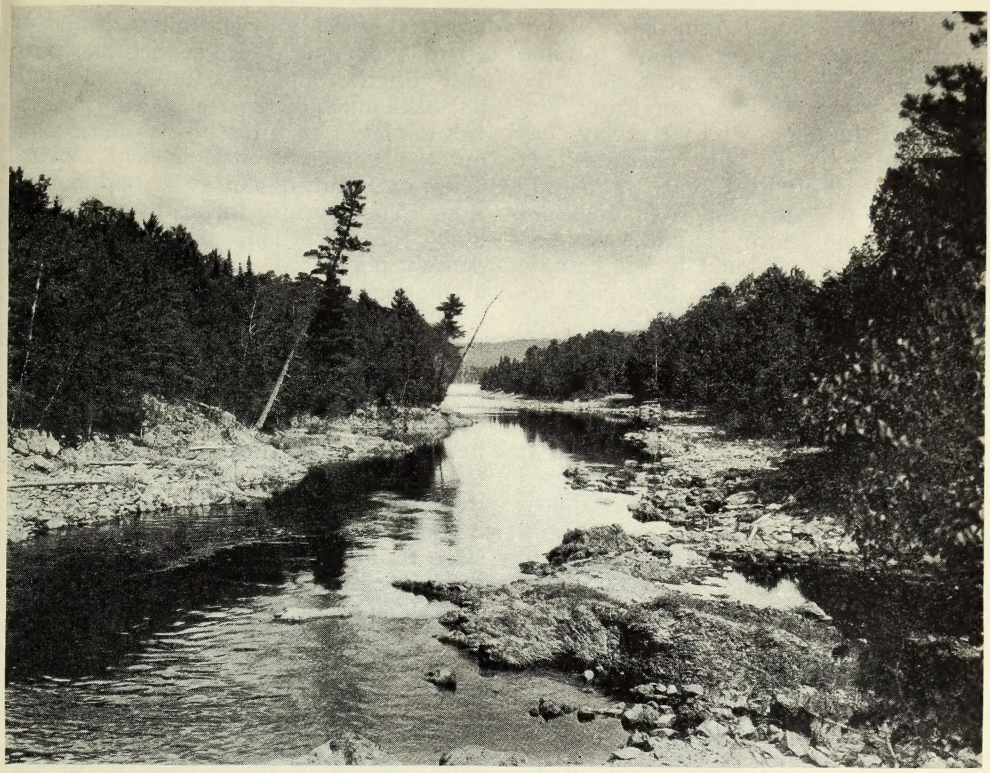
No children seen anywhere present a more pleasing appearance than those of the Swiss. It seems to be an established truism that the prettiest pictures of childhood require humble surroundings, and of such there is no lack in Switzerland.

The Swiss are model hotel keepers. Hotel keeping is the principal source of profit in their country and the art is inherited from father to son. They become used to people from every part of the world and seem to acquire languages readily, which is not to be wondered at when we reflect that in their congress the business is conducted in four languages; that they have for nearest neighbors France, Germany and Italy; that next to the Germans more Americans visit them than of any other single nation, with English people a close second.

Switzerland has three cities with more than a hundred thousand population, viz: Zurich, Basle and Geneva. Outside of these the other places seem to be composed mainly of hotels and boarding houses. Zurich, by the way, has nearly two hundred thousand people. It was interesting to observe that the name of the second city, Basle, is pronounced precisely as the late Samuel J. Tilden denominated or was said to denominate the receptacle in which he kept his funds for political uses—"b-a-r-l."

A good deal has been told from time to time about the cretins of Switzerland, sort of helpless idiots, thought to abound in the remote passes and mountain dwellings and of the horribly objectionable goitre, a sort of gigantic wen of a flexible or semi-movable character of which it has been spoken that the Swiss women carried the goitre over one shoulder and the baby on the other. In my two months of travel over the land I saw no cretin and heard of none, and the only specimen that I thought might be the goitre, that came under my observation, was not on a Swiss but an Italian woman.

First and last the Swiss impressed me as what we in America would call nice people. Many of them live in what might be called poverty, but it is a self-respecting, self-supporting kind of poverty, a system of living upon little but of earning that little, making it suffice and being contented, and maintaining a quiet dignity in the enjoyment of it. Not once did I see any one begging in Switzerland. I saw many that might appear overworked, but none that seemed to be underfed. On the part of the girls and young women there seemed to me to be almost an absence of anything like coquetry. They seem to be of a pleasant and cheerful manner and to look upon marriage and a life of industrious work as a matter of course, to regard an attachment of the sort likely to terminate in marriage as something to be expected as much as the successions of the season, and about which there is no more occasion for concealment or shamefacedness than is felt or exhibited by the birds in



A New Hampshire mountain stream

the pairing season. I saw men and women performing hard, unpleasant, exhausting work, but saw none who appeared to be ashamed of their employment or to imagine that its performance entailed any lack of dignity or self-respect.

The amount of masonry seen in Switzerland is a cause of never-ending amazement. The rivers, lakes and beds of occasional torrents in time of storms and melting snows are walled in and all in a most thorough manner. Where a road approaches too near a steep decline, the exposed side is supported by a wall of solid masonry, and that wall is just as extensive as the case requires whether its height be ten feet or ten times ten. Railroad bridges of stone span streams on arches whose height is measured by the hundred feet. House foundations are of stone. So too are the houses of the towns and larger villages. One is surprised, too, to note to what an extent flat stones are even used for roofing, and very effective roofs they seem to make, although they lead one to wonder what would happen if the rafters should give way some fine day.

When one notes the enormous amount of this ever-abounding stone work and then sees a dozen men engaged upon the building of a wall and notes the slow motion of the hammers and drills, the chipping off here and smoothing a bit there until it seems that a whole day is being devoted to the shaping of a single stone, it would not seem that the world is old enough to permit of the construction of all the work one sees; and yet, if one continues to watch the wall builders he will be surprised to note the considerable evidence of progress which each day's work exhibits. We all know that the busy bee brings an almost infinitesimal quantity of honey as a result of a flight over maybe the space of a mile or two, but at the end of a

season the continued industry of many workers produces prodigious results.

Switzerland is an old country, one of the oldest of which we know anything, and this wall building and terracing has evidently gone on for centuries. It has always been well and thoroughly done, and evidently the frost does not exert the same destroying influence upon such work that it would in the climate of New Hampshire, for there are instances where old castle walls are still erect after withstanding the exposure of more than seven hundred winters of frost and rains and melting snows.

Notwithstanding the enormous amount of stone work exhibited and the fact that the mountains are mainly composed of rock, it is amazing to note an almost entire absence of stones upon or about the cultivated fields. In New Hampshire the fields seem to produce a new crop of rocks every time the surface is stirred by the plow, but this is no longer the case in Switzerland. They have all been picked off and utilized, and one fails to find rock heaps piled up to clear the land or in loosely laid stone walls which tumble down every winter in the Granite State until they become much wider than they are tall. Division walls or fences or even hedges are very rare in Switzerland. The confines of proprietorship are evidently understood and respected without this expensive device which not only costs much labor and money, but occupies and thus withdraws from cultivation much of the surface of the land. It has been said that there are few farms in New Hampshire that could be made to produce at sale money enough to build anew the fences that stand upon them. In Switzerland that expense is almost wholly avoided.

The lakes of Switzerland are among its most charming features. There are several of them that are in the neighborhood of forty miles in length. Even the famous Italian Lakes Como, Lugano and Maggiore have half their area within the borders of Switzerland. The Swiss lakes are, most of them, of great depth, the bottoms of more than one being below the level of the sea. The surfaces of few of them are frozen over in winter, of the larger ones never. In the waters of a lake the grayish milky water of streams of glacial origin become pure and bright, and as the atmosphere partakes much of the Italian characteristics the lakes have the blue so noticeable on the shores of the Mediterranean. They are beautiful almost beyond expression. They furnish means of cheap and easy transportation, their shores are densely populated. The lakes are great attractions to tourists. As a consequence of all these conditions they are constantly threaded by swift, comfortable steamers going hourly from point to point and almost universally black with people. That thing impresses one constantly in Switzerland. Where on earth do all these people come from? Where do they live? How did they get here? What will become of them all? Where can they sleep to-night?

Much as the lakes are appreciated, the waterfalls do not seem to count for much. Not that they are not fine, or that there are not plenty of them. They are vastly numerous and splendid, but there are so many of them. When a considerable brook leaps over a cliff and falls a thousand feet, in a single cascade, to the valley below, one is impressed that its neighborhood would be convenient for a morning shower bath unless a boulder of more or less weight should happen just then to be washed down. When a whole river gushes out of a round hole in the mountain side with the same force and manner that would be expected if delivered from an iron pipe, it is noticeable indeed, but one so despairs of making any one understand about it who has not seen it that one is very little tempted to talk about it. To follow a stream through a gorge the sides of which stand three or four hundred feet perpendicular on each side and come so near together that the two sides actually touch in places may make one gasp and his experiences at places may make him determine to bring an umbrella if he comes again, but when the entrance is blocked by a great hotel and bath house through which he must pay a fee to pass, and in passing see several hundred guests, eating, drinking beer, laughing and experiencing the joys of living, he may decide he would prefer a more quiet glen

not so remarkable, but where his commune with nature would be less disturbed by the presence of too much humanity.

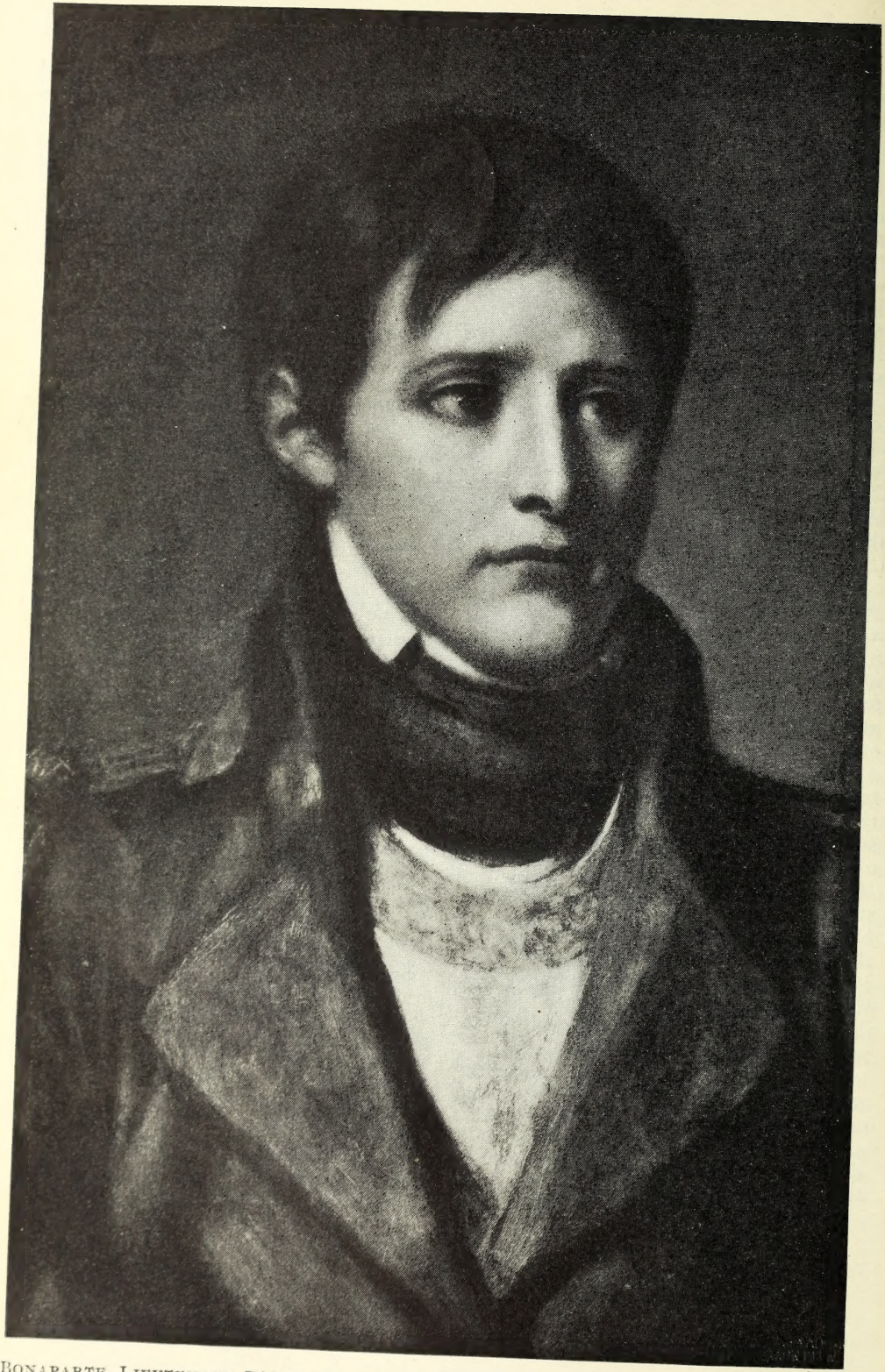
The falls of the Rhine are the most remarkable in Europe and are very grand and beautiful. In the way of waterfalls, and gorges, and lakes, there is no comparison whatever to be made between New Hampshire and Switzerland. The White Mountain Notch or Dixville Notch would never get a star (*) mark in Baedeker's Guide (meaning worthy of special notice) if situated in Switzerland. Lake Winnipiseogee might possibly be so distinguished, but no waterfall in the State would get any special mention if in fact it were mentioned at all. The Connecticut, the Androscoggin and the Merrimac do pretty well for rivers, but they do not stand any comparison with the Rhone and the Rhine.

There seems an almost total absence of wild animal life in Switzerland. On a mountain top in the southern part, on a hot sunshiny day, I saw four lizards and these were the only undomesticated four-footed animals that I saw alive and at liberty. The chamois undoubtedly exists but in limited numbers. He is a small species of wild goat and is never happy unless he can climb up on something. Two specimens confined in a small park under my bedroom window at Chamonix, attracted my attention. Within the enclosure was a steeple-like structure composed of artificial stone. No small boy would attempt to climb the thing without a ladder, but the chamois seemed to devote all their spare time to it and to walk around and up and down not only with ease but apparently without any thought where a foot was to be put down or what should be done with it next. Beside these two I saw or heard of no others. Occasionally a skin was offered for sale, at a considerable price, but it was neither valuable nor attractive.

From the number of carved wood bears made in Switzerland one would conclude that bears abounded there, and maybe they did at one time but that is not the case now. The capital of Switzerland is Berne, and no more attractive place does any one need to see, and bears compose the coat of arms of Berne, and the city has for hundreds of years maintained a bear pit, and still does so, where one may go and see quite a number of well-fed specimens, and may feed them with carrots, bought at his own expense from a market woman who keeps a supply close by for the accommodation of the charitable public. "Are these bears from Switzerland?" we ask of a woman who sells picture cards at a stand near by and talks a little English. "No," she answers, "they come from Russia. There are no bears in Switzerland now."

On the mountain heights there survive marmots of about the size and general appearance of our New Hampshire woodchucks, maybe somewhat larger. They are plump-lookin gfellows. One day I saw a dead one brought down by some hunters. The carcass seemed, he thought, to have a value of about a dollar. The flesh was said to be edible but "better smoked"—probably about as edible as our woodchuck or hedgehog. The skin he thought to be worth about ten cents. I saw stuffed specimens in several museums and two live ones in a cage in a small hotel park. In the same park, in a cage together, were a black and a gray squirrel and nearly a dozen deer, about half of them being white. This was all the wild life I saw in my two months of observation, as applied to four-footed beasts. Not a mouse or a rat came under my observation. I don't believe these would get much to eat in Switzerland, for the people want it all. They do not starve but neither do they waste nor neglect.

(*To be continued*)



BONAPARTE, LIEUTENANT D'ARTILLERIE, FROM THE PORTRAIT BY JEAN BAPTISTE GREUZE

THE POETIC NAPOLEON

By F. P. STEARNS

NO great man is complete without the poetic element. It is to be found in Lincoln's Gettysburg address, and in Sumner's solemn affirmation before the Senate: "Thank God for Massachusetts!" It was in the poetic element that Demosthenes surpassed Cicero, and perhaps Webster. Victor Hugo wrote to Garibaldi in his high-flown manner, "There was a lyre in the tent of Achilles. Æschylus fought at Salamis, and Dante at Campaldino. Frederick the Great sent his verses to Voltaire, Heroes or Poets." There was not much poetry in Frederick, although he was fond of scribbling verses, and Bismarck was also a rather matter of fact character; but Napoleon was charged with it; although he may never have composed a couplet. His ambitions and successes were poetic, and so were his failures; even his misdeeds (or mistakes) have that appearance. His whole life was like the rising and setting of the sun. His actions were poetic; he talked poetry; he was continually meeting with poetic adventures; his whole life was an epic, and some hundreds of years from now it might become the subject of as grand an epic as Dante's "Inferno" or Milton's "Paradise Lost."

The early incidents which Madam Junot relates of him have a poetic character,— the Puss in Boots story, and his mercifulness to Sallicetti because he had taken refuge in the house of Napoleon's friends. Then what a picture we have of this young artillery officer, with the big head and tapering figure, giving the word of command — only one word— which puts an end to the Reign of Terror in France. Again we see him in Italy, like Thor fighting the giants, driving armies before him, two or three times the number of his own. We see him leading his men across the bridge of Lodi, and rescued by his devoted followers from the swamps of Arcole. Homer represents Achilles as fighting in impenetrable armor, which is his way of saying that the hero was protected by divine intervention, and it seems as if nothing less could have saved Napoleon in his eighteen Italian battles.

His Egyptian expedition was like the voyage of Ulysses. He eluded the Polyphemus Nelson, who proposed to shut him up in an iron cage like Bajazet, and looking up at the stars he said to the atheistic scientists about him, "You may talk, gentlemen, but tell me who made all that,"— memorable words. When his regiments were drawn up for the battle of the Pyramids, he said to them: "Soldiers, forty centuries look down upon you." Like Moses of old, he led them across the Red Sea, and saved them from drowning by the miracle of his marvelous brain. He gives up his horse to a wounded soldier, and walks through the desert with his infantry. He learns from an English newspaper of the defeat of Moreau in Italy and the perilous condition of France, and he flies to the rescue of his country, like a lover to his sweetheart. He overturns the incapable directory, establishes a sound government, and scatters the enemies of France to the winds. Five times he does this, in the space of fourteen years.

Crossing over the Alps he stops to listen to the tolling of a monastery bell. "How sweetly that bell sounds," he says, "in this desolate region." Savary found him in the midst of the defeat at Marengo, before the final victory, lying on the ground and quietly studying a map of Italy. He replies to the envoys of the Venetians, "Your government is superannuated. I will have no more Senate, no more inquisitors. I will be

an Attila to the Venetian state,"— including the history of Venice in a single Shakespearian sentence. Soon after he had disposed of their superannuated government the population of Venice doubled its numbers.

One of the finest of the Napoleonic anecdotes, and the most significant in its character, is one that he told Las Casos of himself at St. Helena. He was going on a journey to Italy, when walking beside the carriage up the slope of Mount Talare, he overtook an old woman, hobbling with a crutch, and said to her, "My good woman what are you doing here, in this wild place?" "I have come," she replied, "in the hope of seeing the Emperor Napoleon when he passes by." "What do you care for him," said the Emperor again? "You have only exchanged one tyrant for another. It was formerly tyrant Louis, and now it is Napoleon." "No!" responded the old woman. "There is a great difference. Napoleon is the Emperor of the people."

Here he breaks off and leaves us in the dark as to whether the old dame discovered the identity of her chance acquaintance, but we may presume that she finally did, and that she raised her apron to her face to conceal the tears of joy.

It was Napoleon's practise (and I have never heard of another commander who did the same) to ride over his battlefields after a victory to see that the wounded men were properly cared for. This, of course, greatly endeared him to his soldiers, but it would be thinking evil to consider that he did it on that account. He was riding over the bloody field of Wagram in this manner, when he came upon the dead body of a colonel who had done him an ill turn in earlier years. "Poor fellow," said Napoleon, "there he lies; and I wish he knew that I had long since forgiven him." A little farther he found a grenadier lying on his back with a bullet hole in his forehead, and the lower part of his face covered with dirt from the explosion of a shell. The Emperor alighted from his horse and wiped the dirt from the man's mouth and nose with his handkerchief. The soldier opened his eyes, recognized Napoleon, and wept. What a sight that must have been to him — his last on this earth.

On another battlefield he came upon a dog mourning over the body of his dead master, an Austrian officer, and Napoleon, speaking of it afterward, said, "I was almost ashamed to think that the devotion of that poor dog affected me more deeply than anything else there." Yet many others would have felt as he did; and it is a poetic picture that we have here — Napoleon stopping his horse to reflect on the attachment and unhappiness of a poor dog.

Then, the burning of Moscow! None but the French army and its commander, who called it the grandest, most terrible sight ever beheld by man, witnessed this. It was a presage of their coming misfortunes. Sixteen years of uninterrupted success had reached its climax, and now the change of fortunes was to be sharp and sudden. Napoleon's plans continued to be good, but some accident always interfered to prevent their realization.

Armies alone could not defeat this man. The first battle that he really lost, although he had rather the worst of it at Esling, was the battle of Liepsic, the most terrible battle of modern times. Napoleon was heavily outnumbered, but it was the desertion of the Saxon contingent of fifteen thousand men who went over to the enemy with sixty cannon that did the mischief. The transfer of such a force to the opposite side was of less consequence than the disarrangement of Napoleon's plans, and its disheartening effect upon the French. Yet the first day he gained some slight success and held possession of his ground. On the second day both armies rested from exhaustion, and in order to bury the dead. Napoleon and his marshals rode over the field. It was a terrible sight. Every face was dark, and Napoleon was the first to say, "We shall have to retreat." On the third day he drew up his army* in the concave order, and waited for the allies to attack him. His position was not a strong one, but all the nations of northern and eastern Europe were hurled against it in vain. At nightfall his line was nowhere broken. The battle was lost, but

*Nov. 4, 1813.

From the Tate Collection

THE HORACE VERNET PORTRAIT OF NAPOLEON I.

Napoleon was not defeated. That evening he said to Murat, " I foresee that you will desert me — but I forgive you." At daybreak he commenced his retreat, but the premature blowing up of a bridge left one third of his army at the mercy of the enemy. Murat deserted him with nearly twenty thousand men, and the Bavarian general, Von Werder, with more than that number.

The king of Bavaria even contemplated a hideous proceeding. In order to curry favor with his former enemies, he ordered his army to the Rhine to intercept Napoleon and make him a prisoner; but the French soldiers were so enraged at being debarred from their own country that they flung themselves upon the Bavarians like tigers, slaughtered thouands of them and severely wounded their commander, Von Werder. Murat, who tried a similar game, was also defeated in Italy by Prince Eugene, the magnanimous son of Josephine Beauharnais.

It should always be remembered that Napoleon made overtures for peace, after

the second day's battle at Leipsic, but this customary right of the vanquished was refused him. Neither should we forget the names of his marshals who remained constant to their duty in these dark days of fortune. They were chiefly Davout, Soult, Ney, Bestrand, Berthier, McDonald, Victor, Grouchy, Vandamme, and Gesard. Marsena's heart was true, but he was now an invalid and retired from active service.

Read Thiers's account of the campaign of 1814, all the more poetic from the prosaic nature of the politician, who has here given us the plain, unvarnished facts that speak so eloquently of themselves. That little army of heroes contending against five times their own number, fighting ten battles in six weeks, never fairly defeated, and several times victorious, but losing strength even by their victories — when has history seen the like of it? Under similar conditions the army of Murat melted away like spring snow, but we do not hear of any desertions from Napoleon's ranks, hopeless as his soldiers may have considered the cause, for which they spent their blood. At Montmerail Napoleon captured one fourth of the Prusso-Russian army, and with an adequate force would have utterly destroyed it. At Montreux he defeated the Austrians, and drove them back to the boundaries of France; but his army dwindled from fifty to forty thousand, and from forty to thirty-three thousand.

All this time he was endeavoring to make peace, ready to accept any terms that would be honorable to France; but as often as he agreed to the offers of the allies, they raised fresh objections, until it became evident that their peace congress at Soissons was only intended to throw dust in the eyes of the people. Napoleon must have felt at this time like a man who is hunted by bloodhounds, and the ineffectual dose of laudanum at Fontainebleau was the natural outcome of it.

Again we behold him on the island of Elba. The allies have not kept their faith with him. They have taken his wife and child from him; they have confiscated his property; they have not paid the stipend which they agreed for his support. He has escaped the Count d'Artois's assassin by a trifling accident. Wellington has proposed to the Congress of Vienna to have him removed to the Azores, and to have Murat removed from the kingdom of Naples,— a most shameful breach of trust and good faith, without which the battle of Waterloo might not have taken place. What is Napoleon to do? Shall he submit tamely, and await the fate before him, or shall he make one last desperate plunge for independence? If he can regain his throne, even for a short period, he will be able to provide for his brothers and their families.*

In this hard dilemma he consulted his mother, perhaps for the first time in his life, and she said to him, "Go, my son, and may God be with thee." Every one knows the story of that wonderful return — the most marvelous of his exploits. How he wound his way like a hare through the dangers that surrounded him,— how the army that was sent to capture him went over to him, and his soldiers wept when they saw him again; how the Bourbons and Talleyrand fled like frightened deer at his approach! The army was with him and the people were with him, but the shrewder sort of men feared only too correctly that his triumph would be of short duration. There was no one to receive him at the Tuilleries; and as he entered those great silent halls, he felt a chill come over him, and he said, "This is a fine escapade I have made." Yet it was a triumph in its kind.

After Waterloo, when Napoleon was leaving Paris for the last time, a crowd of mechanics and laborers gathered about his carriage and cheered him as it drove away. "Poor creatures," he said, "what do they owe to me? I found them poor and I have left them poor." Nothing else brings us so near to the heart of Napoleon as this statement — his sympathy for those who labor and are heavy laden, that a large proportion of mankind are destined to this, and that it is impossible to prevent it. The life of a soldier is much to be preferred, even with

*In his last letter to Joseph, in 1814, Napoleon admonished his brothers to observe the strictest economy.

its risk of death or mutilation, to that of the coal miner, the marble worker, or the thread-lace maker.

The German soldiers who had been promised constitutional government if they would conquer Napoleon, were greatly disheartened on their return home to find that the old order of politics was everywhere to be restored. Old Blücher talked about "those rascals," and Goethe's son openly declared that the Germans had driven out their greatest benefactor. It is more than probable that the king of Prussia would have kept his word to the Prussian people if he had not been intimidated by Metternich and Lord Castlereagh. The liberal reforms instituted by the king of Würtemburg and the duke of Weimar were immediately suppressed by the Holy Alliance.

There are many, even among Napoleon's admirers, who have failed to realize the true nature and makeup of the man. Dr. Ropes, whose excellent work on Napoleon always deserves consideration, once said to me: "I do not consider Napoleon personally interesting, and I doubt if he was an agreeable companion. I have friends whom I believe to be much more interesting than Napoleon was. He was a sort of great, rough Silas Lapham." Nothing could be farther from the mark. It is doubtful if any Frenchman would much resemble Howell's ideal Westerner; as for Napoleon, his native gentleness, kindliness, and amiability were almost feminine. Besides this, he was a man of superior refinement. Josephine once thought to entertain him by introducing a diminutive dwarf into his room. The dwarf was brought in in a covered basket, but Napoleon was not pleased at the sight of this abortion of nature. "Take him away!" he said, "It is horrible." What an improvement since the time when a dwarf and a jester were considered essential to a royal household.

His manner became more dictatorial in course of time, but his numerous campaigns did not roughen him up, as they did Frederick the Great. He disliked Rabelais and all indecent conversation.

He was remarkably patient for a man who had such a heavy burden on his shoulders — or rather on his brain. That he sometimes lost patience is not surprising, but his well-known bursts of anger were more often assumed than real. It was the readiest way by which he could produce the impression he desired. He once slapped a soldier in the face and then pardoned him for striking an officer. The fellow had been court-martialed and condemned to be shot.

Readers of the "Voice from St. Helena" will remember that on one occasion Surgeon O'Meara having a fit of indigestion, bled himself for it, according to the absurd medical practice of the time, the consequence of which was, that when he went to pay a visit to Napoleon he fainted and fell flat on the floor. On coming to his senses he saw the Emperor bending over him with an expression of anxious solicitude which he never forgot. As soon as he was in a condition to return to his quarters, Napoleon ordered one of his *attaches* to accompany him for fear he might have another fainting spell on the way.

Napoleon was kind to thousands; but the remarkable part of it is that a man could be so kind and yet see men dying about him on a battlefield without visible effect upon his nerves.

GRANDMA'S CLASS DAY

By MARIE ANNIE FROST

DEAR lady, can you tell me which train to take? I want to go to Cambridge."

Marion turned from the merry group of young ladies standing on the platform to the person speaking, and saw by her side a sweet-faced old lady who seemed to be nervous and troubled and unsettled in her mind where to go.

"Did you say you were going to Cambridge?" said Marion.

"Yes, indeed," said the old lady, brightly. "It's Dick's Class Day at Harvard, and I am going there to surprise him. He wanted his mother and me to come, but his mother is sick and couldn't go. I wrote him that we would have to give it up, but I just can't, so here I am; and I am going to see Harvard if I can only find the way."

"Have you bought your ticket?" asked Marion.

"Yes, here it is."

"Well, here's our train. You stay with me, and I will see that you get there all right, for I am going to Harvard Class Day, too."

As they entered a parlor car, the old lady exclaimed:

"I am afraid my ticket isn't for this car. This must cost more."

"It won't cost you any more. Papa decided to go last night, for he wanted to be sure that everything was all right. Brother Lawrence graduates this year, and we are all going to his spread. You can have papa's chair and then I can look out for you."

"How kind you are to care for an old lady like me, and a stranger, too."

"Please don't think of it," said Marion. "I would want some one to look out for my grandmother, if I had one. Mine died last year. She, too, looked forward to going to this Class Day, but it was not permitted."

During this time the merry party were locating themselves. One young man opposite, Dan Goodrich, seemed to be interested in one of the young ladies. He was dressed in the height of fashion, and had an air as if he owned the car, and every one ought to consider his wishes. He was just remarking to Alice Wentworth that he never saw a young lady like Marion Adams. She always had a dog, a cat, an old lady, newsboy, or some detestable creature to look out for. Marion had gone forward to speak to one of the party, so did not hear this remark, and Alice feared that the old lady might hear, but Dan did not seem to feel anxious.

"Oh, she's probably deaf as an adder; they most always are," said he. "I can't admire Marion's taste, but she has money galore, and everything she does is all right in people's eyes."

"I think Marion does everything with an honest purpose," said Alice, valiantly.

"Perhaps she does," said Dan, "but I have found the people you do the most for are the least grateful. Now, my father just about ran one family, just waited upon them by inches, supported them, in fact; and when the father died, he went to the wife and offered his advice and help, as he was a lawyer, and knew all about her husband's affairs. I think he could have managed her, but an old lady of a grandmother butted in and told him his room was better than his company, and ordered him to take the next train for New York. She stood guard like an Ajax, and wouldn't even let him see the wife. Now what do you think

of that for gratitude? My father could have been of great assistance to her."

A smothered moan from the old lady gave them both a start, but, as they glanced her way, they saw that she was looking interestedly out of the window.

Marion's return changed the conversation to other subjects, and Dan went into the smoker to see some boon companions.

The old lady turned to Marion, asking who the young man was who had just gone out.

"Dan Goodrich," said Marion.

"Is his father a New York lawyer?"

"Yes."

"Where does he live?"

Marion told her. "In a beautiful place in Brooklyn on —— Street."

Grandmother gave a sigh.

"Aren't you feeling well?" asked Marion, as she saw the old lady turn pale and tremble.

"I am all right, but I was just thinking of by-gone days. Is that young man engaged to that lovely lady?"

"Rumor says he is, but Alice has not mentioned it yet."

"Why, what's the matter with him? He's rich, and that's what most young ladies seem to think of now-a-days."

"He may be rich to-day, but how about to-morrow? There's many a slip, you know, and then what would she have to lean upon? A strong breath instead of a strong arm. No! No! She's a pretty miss; tell her to wait a little while; something may turn up."

"Do you know him?" said Marion.

Just then the porter came in to announce dinner, and the old lady did not answer. Marion invited her to go with her to the dining car, but she refused, saying she had brought a little lunch with her. The porter soon returned, however, bringing her a cup of tea which she found quite refreshing.

The old lady's words perplexed Marion, and when she returned, she found her in deep thought, and inquired what troubled her.

"I wish I knew an *honest lawyer*," said the old lady.

"I think my father is one; and if you are in any trouble, I wish you would go to him."

"What's his name?"

"Samuel T. Adams; and my name is Marion Adams."

"Oh, isn't this strange?" said the old lady. "He told us to go to him."

"Who told you?"

"Dick's father, just before he died. He said, if we ever found the paper, to go to Lawyer Samuel T. Adams, for he thought he was an honest lawyer. Oh, dear, I can't wait to see Dick. When will we get to Cambridge?"

"We shall be there very soon. Your ticket takes you to Boston, but arrangements have been made for this train to stop at Allston, where carriages are to meet our party. As your Dick does not know that you are coming, you can get off with us, and drive there without any trouble; and then you won't get so tired. This afternoon and evening will be very strenuous, even for young people; and you want to keep all the strength you can."

"I can never thank you for your kindness, Miss Marion."

Station after station were passed, and soon Marion exclaimed, as she caught a glimpse of Memorial Hall in the distance:

"We shall be there in just a few moments, I want you to take some of my pinks, and then you will look as gay and festive as the rest of us."

Wraps were picked up, the train came to a stop, and in the hustle and confusion the old lady found herself in the little station, clinging to Marion's arm and surrounded by a bevy of young ladies and young men. One Harvard student in cap and gown, who seemed to be quite a favorite, rushed up to Marion, saying:

"This is glorious; I'm so glad to see you. Lawrence had so much to look after, I told him I would take his place and come for you."

Marion blushed and did not seem displeased. The old lady, startled by the sound of his voice, gave him a sharp look and exclaimed, brokenly:

"Dick! Oh, Dick! is it you?"

Dick gave one quick glance at the old lady, and in another moment had her in his arms, and showered kisses on her dear, upturned, sweet face, saying:

"This makes the day perfect, my darling grandmother; but how did you get here all alone?"

"I didn't come alone. Miss Marion, the sweet miss, took care of me; and you'll have to pay her for my fancy easy chair. She said it wouldn't cost *me* any more."

"But how is this, Mr. Dexter? She calls you Dick, and I never dreamed she was speaking about any one that *I* knew."

"That was his pet name that we always called him by when he was a little boy at home, and mother and I still cling to it," said the old lady.

Carriages were soon taking the party off for the festivities. Mr. Dexter and Marion saw that every one was cared for; then, taking Dick's grandmother with them, entered the last carriage, and started for the Harvard Yard. The old lady was so excited she could hardly speak; but just as they reached the dormitory, Marion saw Dick's startled face, as she heard the old lady say to him in a stage whisper, as he was helping her out of the carriage:

"I found the paper, Dick."

Marion had only time to say to him, as he assisted her out:

"Something seems to trouble your grandmother. Don't hesitate to call upon my father, if he can be of any assistance to you."

Everything was excitement and merriment. Marion took the grandmother to the room prepared for her, and was soon arrayed in a lovely gown which made her look like an angel, grandma said.

"I brought my best black silk," said she. "Shall I put it on now?"

Marion told her, "Yes," and helped her dress, arranged her beautiful white hair, put a finishing touch here and there, and a bunch of pinks at her waist; then exclaimed:

"There, you look like a fairy Godmother. Now we are all ready for the fray."

The day was perfect, not a cloud in the sky. Every one was happy. The sound of music floated in at the window. Men were hurrying from all quarters to join their separate classes, preparatory to the march around the Yard to cheer the respective dormitories before going to the exercises at the Stadium; where grandmother found herself right in the center, immediately back of the Prsident's seat; where she could see and hear everything (for she was not deaf as Dan supposed).

How she enjoyed the music, the cheering, the speeches; but when the battle with the confetti began, she was like a child, shouting with laughter, clapping her hands, and even joining in the fray; especially when she saw Dick and Lawrence, who laughed heartily when they saw her enthusiasm. She was fairly showered with bits of confetti; and she exclaimed excitedly:

"Oh, I wish Dick's mother could see this."

The spread followed, the President's reception must be attended, and in the evening she must see Memorial Hall. Was she too tired to go there? Oh, no. She wouldn't miss that. She seemed to have renewed her girlhood; and when Dick led her across the floor, and the strains of a waltz came from the orchestra, she fairly tripped.

"Would you like to take a turn with me, grandma? You know you taught me the waltz."

"Oh, yes," she exclaimed, excitedly; and, unmindful of other eyes, they floated across the floor.

It was a picture long to be remembered, the young man in cap and gown, just about to enter a new life; the sweet-faced old lady, surrounded by a halo of white hair, thinking of her youth. It was harmony of motion; and almost instantly every eye was centered upon them. The orchestra played softly; and for a moment there seemed to be a spell of enchantment, as if grandma were dancing the minuet; and when Dick, fearing to tire her, led her one side, a storm of hand clapping ran through the hall which

startled them both; and grandma exclaimed:

"Who has come? What has happened?"

"It's all right, dear," said Dick. "They are only pleased to see you dance."

"I thought there were so many here, they wouldn't see me."

She was allowed to rest a few moments and watch the other dancers who soon filled the floor, then Dick led her to her room, tired and happy; but not before Lawyer Adams had said he would meet them at ten the next morning.

At the appointed time the lawyer came, and grandma told him how Lawyer Goodrich had made plot after plot, and swindled Dick's father; and, because a certain paper was lost, had taken possession of Dick's old home. The grief and disappointment had caused the father's death.

Grandma told him that she wanted some lining to fix her wrap, and not feeling she could buy it, had taken an old coat of father's that had been laid away. As she was ripping the garment, she felt something inside the coat, and found the long lost paper which had slipped through the pocket, which had afterwards been mended, leaving the paper safe inside. Upon examination, there were found one or two other papers, which were also important, and which proved beyond a doubt that Lawyer Goodrich was a thief, and that Dick would come into his own, and be a rich man. Everything was to be left with Lawyer Adams.

Dick was planning to remain and work in the Summer School, but now Lawyer Adams said he would be needed in New York. As Lawyer Adams was about to leave, Dick asked falteringly if he could speak to Marion upon a subject very dear to his heart.

"I have loved her for years, but never dared to tell her, for I had no position nor money, and little to offer her."

Lawyer Adams gave his permission readily and heartily, saying:

"I will leave that to you and Marion to arrange."

When they reached New York, Lawyer Goodrich was speedily taken care of with the use of the important papers.

Dick returned to his former home, and a year later a mansion in New York was brilliantly lighted. The bride and groom were receiving congratulations.

A sweet-faced old lady stepped up to the happy couple and said, in an undertone:

"I'm just as happy as I can be, and it's all because grandma went to Harvard Class Day."

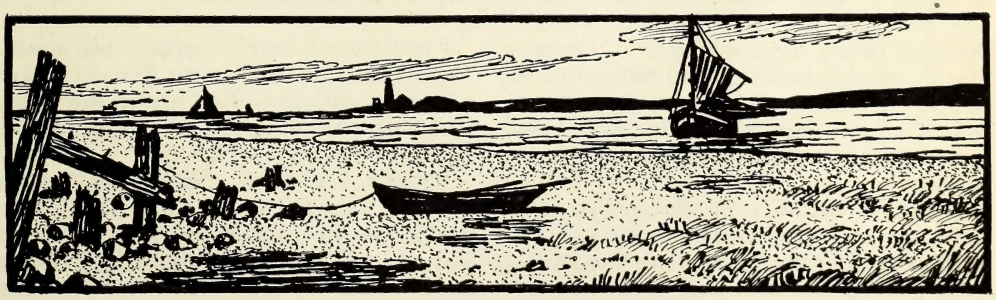


Photo by Ernest Harold Baynes

OSPREY AT DINNER

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP

By MARGARET WENTWORTH LEIGHTON

OUT of the swirling mist and the driving rain comes a shrill scream. It seems born of the wind and the waves. Now high and piercing, now half drowned by the ring of the bell buoy which guards the ledges off Fisher's Island. Is it a peri or a naiad, or some curious singing fish strayed from southern waters? None of these, but the whistle of Osprey, the brave fish-hawk as he sweeps up to his home bearing a glistening haddock which he has just captured. And what a strange home it is that these birds have chosen!

On the twenty-first of March if you had been up early and looking toward the south you might have seen two fine hawks sailing up on their broad, tireless wings.

"Oh, what luck! Hurrah! Hurrah!" you would have heard the fishermen's children shout. "The fish-hawks have come! Spring is here!" And you would have seen the fishermen themselves joyfully bring forth their dories and their nets in preparation for the season's first catch.

"Shall we dwell on the buoy this summer?" asks Osprey. "I see the winter storms have made sad havoc with our nest."

"Indeed we will," replies his mate. "What spot on land, even though 'twere a barren peak just lifted above the tides, could compare with this sea cradle rocked by every passing swell?"

"Right, as you always are," says Osprey, "we will rebuild our nest. The lattice on the buoy's top is still strong and we will pack the sticks well down inside of it. Come let us to work," and away they flew to the shore, one gathering sea weed and marsh grass for a lining, the other breaking large sticks from a half-dead oak and a weather-beaten pine tree.

The first week in May Mother Osprey began her long patient sitting which must last eight weeks before she would hear the first "chip" from her three yellow eggs. The spray tossed over her; the mists and fogs wrapped her in their thick, grey folds; the hot sun beat on her; the buoy bell boomed thunderously in her ears and yet she sat patient and uncomplaining. Ever and anon sounded the shrill, whistling scream that announced Osprey's arrival with a fresh fish.

'Tis seldom in the bird world you will find so faithful a husband as the fish-hawk. After wedding his mate death alone can part them and often if one of the pair dies the other is inconsolable and remains single for the rest of its life. The Osprey is a true sportsman, living entirely upon fish, and never killing wantonly.

At the end of June two of the eggs had hatched and the third, being addled, was cast overboard into the sea. Then there were busy times indeed. Such odd little fellows as those hawk babies were! They looked as if they had been born with all the wisdom of Solomon in their down-covered heads. They were never left unwatched for an instant, Mother Osprey brooding them while their father fished almost constantly to keep their hungry bills filled. After a time came flying, diving and fishing lessons, till at last the young Ospreys were almost as large and strong as their parents, and ready to start with them the fifteenth of September on their long flight towards the southland.

Wonderfully strong is the love of home implanted in the osprey's breast. He will build year after year, generation after generation, on some solitary tree that hugs the wild crag on a rocky headland. He seems to have an inborn aversion to alighting for any reason upon the ground and in collecting material for his nest he invariably flies to a height and drops on to the dead branch which he wishes to break, clutching it with his claws before it reaches the earth. If the fish he has caught, and is carrying home to wife or babes, accidentally falls to the earth he makes no effort to recover it, merely casting after it a regretful look and starting off to procure another.

Unconsciously Osprey furnishes shore dinners for many of the small wood folk. On the outer and lower parts of his huge nest you will often find a pair of grackles, their nest tucked between the great sticks, contentedly rearing their young on the scraps which fall from the fisherman's table. Every night during the nesting season come minks, weasels, skunks, rats and even tiny field mice, who prowl about below the nest and feast on the fish heads and unpicked bones cast down by the fish-hawks.

TWO SONGS

By CHARLES WASHBURN NICHOLS

Ring, red bells of the columbine,
There's a song in your heart
And a song in mine,—
A song of hope and a song of Spring,
And a song of the wind on the hill.
But the tune you sing as you gaily ring
Comes lifting along
In a burst of song,
While the song in my heart is still.

The New England Girl Early In The 19th Century

By PRISCILLA

THE New England girl who entered upon life in the early part of the nineteenth century came to an inheritance of work, but it was all within the home, possibly as varied and interesting as the work in the homes of to-day. Food and nearly all clothing were home produced. The girl was early taught to sew, knit, spin, and weave. She could make the bread, pies, puddings, etc., and superintend the heating of the large brick oven, where all baking was done, could swing the big iron pot containing the boiling dinner, suspended from the crane, off and on the huge fire-place, she could polish the pewter plates and platters, and arrange them upon the snow-white linen, the dinner in the center. The family, after the solemn blessing was invoked, helped themselves and no one, not even the children, were warned of danger or lack of polite etiquette as their knives conveyed their food to their mouths. The decorum and tidiness of the repast might put to blush the manners to be found in many dining-rooms of a later generation.

The broad and fertile prairies at that time were hardly explored, and the young people of New England, looking for homes beyond the paternal roof, went "up country," which meant from the cultivated farms of Massachusetts and Connecticut to the rugged, unsettled forests and hills of northern Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine. Many a bright youth went with axe and ox-team in the Spring, cleared a small spot of ground near a rippling brook, of which none more beautiful or musical are to be found in any couutry. He built a snug log-house and in the Fall returned with his bride and a few household necessities.

Like settlers in all new countries, they were of all sorts and conditions, but true to their Puritan instincts, churches and schools were early established. The district school, always presided over by a man, and often an old man, was "kept" but a few months in the year. Country grammar schools were provided by the state at a few points where sufficient patronage seemed assured. Books and papers were very few, the Bible and almanac constituting the family library. The grammar schools were intended for the education of boys only.

About the year 1815, a certain esquire, as was the custom in those times to call all influential men, gave four of his six sons a college education. He had also an only daughter, and as her brother brought home books to be read during their vacations, she became interested in them, and a thirst for learning was aroused. She timidly went to her father with the request to attend the academy. He was greatly surprised. Could she not read and write and count her skeins of yarn, and why should a girl care to learn more, but as he could see no real harm to come from such an unheard-of departure, he gave his consent. She proved an apt scholar and a devoted student. After a few terms of study she came to her father again with the request that she be allowed to take the position as teacher in a small district school where the committee had consented to give her a trial if her father quest met with a decided refusal—teaching school was the work of men,

was willing. This before unheard-of re- and again reminded her she was a girl, and did she wish to appear like a man? But the daughter was persevering and plead her case so well that he, like many another fond parent, allowed her to have her own way.

She was successful in her work, pleasing her employers and the children, as well as becoming, in a way, "the town talk." When her term's work ended she was informed that there was no money in the treasury, but would be soon, and she would be paid. Weeks passed, and she neither saw nor heard anything of her wages, and she finally ventured to ask her mother why *she* supposed the promised pay was so long delayed. "Why," says her mother, "they paid your father long ago."

"But is not the money mine?" says the girl.

"No, child," the mother replies, "the money is your father's."

Again she sought her father and cited the case of her brothers who taught schools during their vacations and always received their wages.

"But," the father says, "they are boys; you are a girl. You have no use for money, and would not know what to do with it."

But the esquire was an honorable man and soon saw the justice of her cause and quietly drew out his old leather wallet and gave her the first money ever paid her for work.

That Academy flourished and still exists, and honored citizens to-day look back with pride and pleasure to the hours spent within its walls.

In due time other girls found their way there, also taught rural schools, and the old man with the rod and ogre spectacles was superseded much to the delight of the children. In those days the girl who did not marry at eighteen or twenty years of age was looked upon with disfavor. If she had not attracted a congenial mate, she must take some one and make the best of it. The country gradually became more populous, more girls were fitted for teaching than schools to be taught, and the only other way for a girl to earn money was to go among her neighbors and friends, not as servants, or even as hired girls, but as help, who were always treated as one of the family; but the remuneration was small, indeed. As late as 1845 to 1850, girls often worked for a season at fifty cents per week, taught school for seventy-five cents per week, a dollar and a quarter per week being considered high wages. They boarded around in families from where the children came, and were often expected to dress the little ones in the morning and help milk the cows at night.

About the year 1825 capitalists from Boston commenced the erection of cotton mills in Lowell, Massachusetts; also woolen mills for the manufacture of woolen cloths, carpets, etc. The number of females employed fifty or sixty years ago numbered fully ten thousand and the males about six thousand.

It was not long before the girls of New England saw the opportunity to help themselves and their friends at home by seeking employment in this way and they went in large numbers from the homes of respectable farmers, mechanics and often ministers. Descendants of these girls may be found among our people of wealth and culture. The city of Lowell fifty and sixty years ago was very proud of its mills and the operatives. The ten thousand girls pouring from the gates at twelve o'clock was the show of the town and strangers often stood waiting upon the walks to witness the sight. All agents and employers were courteous and kind. The operatives all came through one gate, which was locked and unlocked on the moment. If one was tardy, she must pass through the counting-room and give her excuse. At one time an agent was fitted a fine office in the rear of the counting-room, where he would not be disturbed by the sights and sounds of the operatives. He refused to occupy it, saying, "I wish to be so convenient that any poor man, woman or diffident

child having a grievance can find me wihout difficulty."

Wages were from $3.00 to $6.00 per week, according to place employed. Warpers and weavers received the highest wages. The hours for all lectures, prayer meetings, night schools, etc., were arranged to accommodate the factory hands.

But there was a side to this life that to us seems hard, indeed. The first bell in the morning rang at half-past four, and at five o'clock the speed was turned on and every girl must be at her post ready to take charge of the machinery which was her especial work.

She worked from 5:00 until 7:00 A.M., and was then given half an hour to go to her boarding-house, eat her breakfast, and return to her post. At twelve o'clock she went to her dinner, and was allowed three-quarters of an hour. From that time she worked without a moment's pause until 7:00 P.M., and her supper, of course, was eaten after this. Many of the girls coming from the sweet fresh air of their country home became ill of fevers. The corporation had an excellent hospital, where patients were given the best of nursing and medical care for three dollars per week. The boarding-houses were owned by the corporations and were managed by most excellent women and the food was good and plentiful. The rooms were bare enough and no way of warming them. There was a fairly good bed, but no facilities for even washing one's face and hands,—this part of the toilet was performed at the mill, where there was an abundance of hot and cold water, and long rows of set basins.

The home of General Benjamin F. Butler was in Lowell and he was always a friend of the factory girls. It was the custom of the corporation on pay days to withhold the wages of two weeks, requiring operatives to give notice if they wished to leave. A girl for some reason left without giving notice and demanded her full wages. It was refused. She stated her grievance to "Old Ben," as he was familiarly called. He went to the agent of the corporation and told him that the law would not uphold any such policy, and he had better pay the girl what she had honestly earned, but the agent tossed his head and replied that they were capable of managing their own business without his interference. General Butler walked out and in a very short time an attachment was placed upon the water wheel of the corporation and every spindle, loom and all the machinery of that block of factories came to a sudden stop, and all operatives were idle. Of course, the debt was soon paid. The circumstance caused a sensation and the rule was abolished not only in Lowell, but in all factories in adjoining towns.

It is hard to realize in these days, when so many advantages are open to all girls, what this life meant to those who before had never been fifty miles from home, never had seen a train of cars, anything like a city, and had an acquaintance with a very limited number of people. It meant first money and what money brings. It meant a larger acquaintance with the world, better religious privileges, courses of lectures, which were excellent in those days, and many other things I need not enumerate. Best of all it gave them opportunity to do for others, help the brother in his college course, or a sister to go to normal school, or, perhaps, add her mite towards paying off the few hundred dollars of mortgage on the farm.

For a number of years a magazine, called *The Lowell Offering*, was edited and published by the factory girls. Miss Lucy Larcom, whose gems of poetry are often read in these days, was the editor. All articles were written by factory girls.

Conditions are now entirely changed. Thankful are we all that the New England girls and all girls of to-day have many sources of employment, excellent opportunities for education and a larger and sweeter life.

"All the world is moving forward.
Progress sweeps on every gale."

GLEN NOBLE*

By WINSLOW HALL

CHAPTER XXIII.—*Continued.*

WHEN he arrived at the bars at the side of the farmyard the huge hay-stacks to the left of the barn were raging volcanoes, the dense smoke pouring up in black, coiling columns above them, through which the devouring flames leaped skyward, like red tongues.

Before the house a densely packed throng of darkly outlined figures was gathered, and so intent were they on their work that they did not observe Glen's entrance among them.

Against the door Badessiao cowered, his wild supplications for mercy muffled by his arms flung over his head, his legs pinioned fast by the arms of his wife, who had sunk on the ground, white faced, too terrified for utterance.

As Glen looked a window on the second story burst outward and a great feather bed fell to the ground at the feet of the foremost onlookers. Almost before it had landed several keen-bladed knives were out and the coarse ticking gave way with a sharp, ripping sound. Coincidently all present were made aware of the pungent odor of hot tar, which drifted down on the air from the vicinity of the burning hay-ricks.

Seemingly intoxicated by the noxious smell, a wild cry rose from the crowd, and it surged forward in the semi-gloom toward its prey. At that moment the larger hay-stack of the two fell apart and the whole house and its surroundings were enveloped in a bright, ruddy glow.

Still cowering against the door, which was locked on the inside, stood Badessiao, and at his feet his wife still kept her immobile position, but by them, in the new light of the flame, there now stood another, his form seemingly heightened and broadened in the red glare, his hands clenched, his face set, his shadow, like the shadow of a young giant moving and swaying on the white painted door way with the leaping of the fodder-fed flames.

The leaders of the onset recoiled an instant as the unexpected sight met their gaze, but only for an instant, they recognized who it was, and then with a wild whoop the foremost reached out to clutch Badessiao, who uttered a demoniacal cry and sank down, a huddled heap, on the doorstep.

But before a hand could be laid on the misshapen form Glen stepped forward with the agility and strength of a young lion, and the foremost one of the group of rioters felt himself lifted from his feet and sent whirling back into the arms of his companions.

A mad cry from twenty hoarse throats, and the ill-used leader was again on his feet, cursing and preparing to spring forward.

"Stop!" commanded Glen, but it was more his attitude, in the wild, flaring light, his set face and uplifted arms, that compelled them for a moment to listen.

"In God's name, what are you doing, men of Stonestead?" he demanded, taking advantage of the instant's hush, in which the crackle of the fire and the moaning of the two forms on the doorstep were audible.

The ringleader took a crouched step nearer.

"Back," exclaimed Glen. "Get back. Hear me as fair men. I demand it.

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You shall not take this cowering wretch before I appeal to your judgment unless you do so over me, and I warn you that I'll go down fighting."

His face and tense figure, bathed in the glow of the fierce fire, were ruddy, like burnished copper, and as he paused, with one hand uplifted and the other shielding the huddled heaps in the doorway, he resembled some heroic creation of the sculptor.

"Would you have it heralded broadcast to the world tomorrow that the base traducement of these hill-towns is true?" he continued, his voice, mellow and well controlled, carrying to the outer circle of darkly-silhouetted, nervously-poised figures. "That we have degenerated, and sunk from the proud caste of our fathers into rioters and practitioners of mob law? I have as little sympathy with this movement of absorption of these hills and valleys into the ownership of aliens as any of you, and you know it. But it is by our own shortsightedness and folly that these people are here. We have thrown our rich inheritances to them, spurned our opportunities; left our homes barren, and these people, seeing their opportunities, have availed themselves of our prodigality. As fair men do you blame them? As sane men will you pause before wreaking a reactionary vengeance on them and theirs, and take counsel of your better judgment if I am not right in standing here, willing to hazard all, before permitting such a crime as you contemplate to be fastened on the fair fame of the community?

"There are other means and other methods," he continued, conscious that the sentiment of a considerable portion of the crowd was swaying to his favor, "whereby, if you choose, the same ends may be reached. These people have combined, if not rightfully, then boldly, to control the community. Meet them not only with equal boldness, but rightfully, by combining legally for defence of your homes and free institutions at the polls. You still outnumber them almost two to one. Revive the sanctity of the ballot. Vote according to dictation of your consciences and not at the mandate of an unscrupulous political boss. Leave riot to the outcasts of civilization but acquit yourselves as the sons, as you are, of the proudest aristocracy on earth, and by voice and vote rejuvenate this grand old commonwealth, returning it into the keeping of its native sons and daughters, leaving no foot of it a prey to the greed of an alien clan."

Swayed by the intensity of his own convictions Glen was wholly unconscious of the dramatic drift of his words, and his auditors, it was equally apparent, saw nothing incongruous or forced in his attitude, but were conscious only, and a bit moved, by his sincerity of purpose and belief.

He had scarcely paused when there was a movement in the crowd and in the red light another form appeared by Glen's side, and the bulky form of Will Hepburn, the village blacksmith's helper, faced his late compatriots.

"Glen's right," he announced in stentorian tones, a broad but uncompromising grin wreathing its way across his ruddy features. "We'd a done our cause more harm than good, a blamed sight. If you don't believe me sail in, there'll be one or two cracked heads before you take Old Spaghetti to the tar barrel. We can take these Dagoes into camp at the polls, and to my mind the man to lead us is Glen Noble. To hell with boss rule. A clean man; one that knows our needs is my choice for the Legislature!"

And then, the contagious impulse the most communicative, the impulse to panic—in this instance the panic to retreat from a false position and make restitution—was exerted, and while a few, with a mock spirit of bravado, tried ineffectually to stem the tide, the slogan was taken up, after the impetuous manner of youth: "Down with boss rule; Glen Noble for the Legislature."

Chapter XXIV

It was to be expected, naturally, that the acts and resolves of the midnight gathering, which had convened as a tarring bee and ended a spontaneous political caucus, would dissipate in thin air with the coming of the white light of morning.

Rather to the contrary was the fact.

Glen went home, or, rather, to the

doctor's, and gave a brief account of the night up over the banisters to the dim figure of his host shrouded in a calico dressing gown. In the morning the first thing that Mrs. Marsh said to him after she had greeted and petted him and pinched him to make sure it was really himself, was: "And so, Glen, they're going to make a stateman of you?"

Thus rapidly had rumor and gossip foregathered.

But Glen said "pshaw!" and pinched the good woman's plump cheek and told her not to believe everything she heard.

But the rumor would not down. Tidings of the events of the night traveled up-pike and down, increasing with the telling, until Glen had become a Horatius, slaying thrice his three Curiatii of Alba, and his dramatic little speech in the fire and moonlight had become as of the oratory of Cicero, thrilling all who heard it with its rounded periods and lofty peroration on the duties of citizenship.

So much for the idealistic mysticism, oftentimes, of rumor!

But then, as the day strengthened, men in groups began to question sanely if there might not be something in the scheme. Opposition to the old order of things had slumbered mainly for lack of a man—some tangible name,—upon which the endeavor could centre and focus.

In many of the towns opposing delegations to the county convention at Ludlow had been named, but the independent delegates had been uninstructed, and in that potent fact lay the main strength of the machine-controlled forces.

If we had some one, any good, clean man, to rally round, was the general comment of the opposition; any acceptable name to give life and order to our movement, we could make a creditable showing.

Major Terrill would not stand for the nomination. He said he had made too many enemies in politics to render it expedient, he also held that the situation required a younger man, one who had not been before the public, upon whom the independent Republicans and Democrats could unite with a fair assurance of success.

When the rumor concerning Glen reached Ludlow and the Major's bearing in the afternoon, the old lawyer was evidently pleased, and, after thinking it over and conferring with some of his friends, he publicly announced that the plan had his approval and that he thought that Glen would make a good and generally acceptable candidate.

The district convention was called for the twelfth of the month. Scarcely a fortnight remained in which to perfect arrangements, and with the announcement of Glen's candidacy his friends went to work with renewed vigor to forward his interests.

In his home town he was particularly strong, being favorably known, as his father and grandfather had been known before him by nearly every old-line resident within the boundaries. Then, too, ever since the hour of the trial a sentiment had sprung up, fostered and strengthened by time and events, that the citizenship, unwillingly, in the person of its officials, had done the young man a grievous injury, and individually people harbored a secret desire to make some restitution to him for what he had suffered.

Advocates of his cause volunteered readily, and astute old politicians, like Major Terrill, put forth unsparingly able efforts to secure delegates in his favor, while good Doctor Grey drove hither and yon, leaving, neatly done up in his professional advice to his patients, an admonition to vote early and often for his candidate.

On the day of the convention the Major arrived early on the scene and before long had his plans well laid to circumvent his opponents.

The court room in the town hall, which was to be the scene of the convention, was limited in its capacity, and the door was kept locked to the hour of convening. Long before that, however, under secret instruction, the independent delegates crowded into the corridor to the exclusion of all others, their ranks reaching out through the narrow space into the portico. At the same time, unsuspected by the inexperienced imported leader of the regulars, emissaries of the Major were busy at the village hotel, dispensing cordial hospitality atthe bar to the regular delegates assembled there, under the guise

When the doors of the court room were finally opened, the waiting independent fusion delegates and their adherents poured in and filled the room to more than half its capacity, so that when the regulars arrived a goodly portion of their number were unable to get in and floundered about in a boisterous rabble out in the corridor.

It was a theory of the Major's that, on occasion, it was necessary to fight fire with fire, and that to accomplish beneficent results it was, sometimes, excusable to employ questionable methods. Practical politics, he firmly contended, could be combatted successfully only by practical policies.

When it was discovered by the regulars that the convention had been packed by their opponents, a tumult ensued, which actually rocked the old structure on its foundations. Cries of fraud, and bitter denunciation rose from the rear of the hall and floated in a sulphurous cloud from the densely packed corridor. But, unheeding of these and threats of dire vengeance, the order of procedure up about the platform went steadily on, under the passive direction of the Major, who had his headquarters in the adjoining ante-room.

The roll was called and temporary organization was effected by calling the Major himself to the chair and by electing a secretary. Then the temporary organization was made permanent and the Major delivered a neat little speech, amid cat-calls and vain reproaches from the rear, calling the "boss-ridden regu lars" everything his fertile brain could devise, but in polished adjectives and with the cleanest oratorical delivery.

Then the matter of contested delegations was taken up, and when the chair ruled calmly for the seating of the independent delegates from the first three towns where a division had occurred, it seemed as though the rafters would come down.

Then there was a lull, and some one was heard giving directions out in the corridor, and immediately the "machine" delegates began to rush for the door, carrying out the programme finally arranged upon by the administration management to bolt and hold a "rump" convention elsewhere.

When the noise of the retreating, discomfited host had somewhat subsided, and only angry and discordant voices were heard echoing down the street, the convention proceeded in order and the nominations were made with flowery periods of oratory and seconded and carried without interruption.

Glen, together with nearly all of the county candidates was present, and after the convention had ratified its acts with a rousing affirmation, he, with the others, was presented to the delegates by the chairman.

Glen thanked the convention for its bestowal of honor, and said that it would be his endeavor to merit the confidence by sparing no energy or fair means to accomplish an election. He said that by instincts and choice he was only a plain American farmer, at which there was applause, but that history eloquently recorded that even plain farmers could be of utility to their country in the halls of legislation as well as on the fields of battle.

"The most of you gentlemen," he said, "are interested in agriculture, either as active tillers of the soil or as farmland owners, and therefore I shall have no hesitancy in saying to you that I shall go before the people in this campaign on a platform the chief plank in which is an advocacy of the interest of our farmers—the chief bulwark of all our national greatness."

At this there was a tumult of applause and loud cries of "Good," "Go on" and "We're back of you."

But when he digressed, to tell his hearers that the first uplift of the farmer must come in the personal conduct of the individual himself, and that celluloid collars, rubber neckties, obsolete apparel and careless manners in no way enabled the farmer to grow better crops or elevate his calling to a recognized profession, it was the turn of the lawyers, merchants and village dwellers to laugh heartily and turn to their farming neighbors with nudges of appreciation.

But the delegates from the country districts took the well-meant sally good naturedly, many nodding their heads

in approval, and all joined in the noisy demand that their chosen legislative candidate should proceed with his remarks.

He briefly sketched his opinion of present legislative needs, surprising even the Major with his excellent handling of himself and of his topic, and the well satisfied old attorney settled back in his chair, the twinkle through his half-closed eyes seeming to say: "Well, gentlemen, what do you think now of my choice of this youngster, whom you were so fearful of, because of his age?" And when Glen wound up his advice to his farmer constituency by exclaiming: "Wear store clothes, the best the market affords, give your daughters pianos and your sons good educations and let the rest of the country, that can well afford it, pay for them," the rotund chairman bent double and slapped his knees, while the audience roared its approval.

After the remainder of the candidates had been presented and had spoken their parts in appreciation of the honor conferred upon them, the convention was adjourned *sine die*, after empowering certain committees to do certain things as was customary, and then the delegates dispersed, to see what the other convention was up to, and to prepare in earnest for active prosecution of the campaign.

How, in detail, that same campaign was fought out, does not come within the province of this chronicle. That it was bitter, and left animosities which time only could heal, will be told you even now by citizens of the community, who have not yet ceased to discuss it.

Glen developed early an aptitude for expressing lucidly his beliefs before miscellaneous assemblages, and gained in popularity wherever he appeared in conformity with the programme arranged by the managing committee.

For one thing, he gave the people who heard him and who read his remarks, something to talk about. He hewed straight to the line of procedure he had lain down for his guidance, and though some chips wounded where they hit, it was generally conceded that he was throughly honest and fair in his accusations.

He not only accused the members of the large foreign element which had settled within the county of disloyalty to their adopted State, by willingly selling their votes, and of ignorance and secret rebellion against our free institutions and fundamental principles of government, but held up to scorn, as well, the native born, accusing them of equal culpability in paying for such votes and dragging the fair name of the State in the mire by such degradation of the electorate.

He openly advocated America for Americans, on the thesis that Americans still loved the soil at heart and were only being led astray after non-essentials temporarily, and that the younger generation would yet turn back to the first principles of their fathers and that to that end, the land ought to be maintained inviolate for their benefit.

If it was fact that the American people had, for good and all, forsworn control of the producing soil, and were to remain contented as a people dependent on a foreign-bred population of land owners and producers of necessities, then he would bow to the inevitable, and would then welcome these foreigners, for they knew how to produce the fruits of the earth in their way, and until the Americans finally were eliminated, by process of their civil war after dress, equipage and station, they must, somehow of course, be fed.

But until that time he was an advocate of vigorous immigration restriction, and on that point he came to an announcement which vitally interested his hearers.

He said that, if elected, he should on no account, nor under any circumstances, vote as a member of the Legislature for any man to be a United States Senator who was not a citizen of the State of long standing, familiar with the State's needs and who possessed the capabilities and willingness to wield a potent influence in the halls of national legislation in behalf of vigorous immigration restrictions and for laws beneficent to the producing masses.

He said that no candidate who proposed to elevate himself to one of the most responsible stations in the gift of the republic by means of his money, instead of by proven regard for the needs of the people and ability to serve them,

need expect his support. And all who heard him knew to whom he referred and went away to ponder his assertions.

He had as his opponents men shrewd in the game of politics, crafty, forcible and with an abundance of patronage at their disposal. He matched them by enthusiasm of youth, good counsel and plain honesty of conviction.

On the night of election day, after twelve hours of as lively and acrimonious battling at the polls as the old county seat had ever seen, it was conceded by the opposition that, on the face of the returns, the independent, so-called, fusion ticket had been elected by a narrow margin, Glen, however, leading the victorious candidates for county and town offices by nearly a hundred votes.

The State Legislature, to which Glen had been elected a member, convened on the first Tuesday of the new year. By statute the two branches were to gather in Grand Committee on the second day after assembly, for the purpose of electing a United States Senator.

In the meantime, after receiving the congratulations of his friends and attending a banquet in his honor at the village hostelry, Glen went back to his farm and gave himself up to so arranging its affairs that he might be absent from home in the capital several weeks during the session without detriment to his home interests.

Speaking generally, the machine, so-called, dominated from out of the state, had achieved a victory. But only nominally so. Of the entire Legislature numbering, on joint ballot, 414 members, the regulars elected, of Senators, 21; or Representatives, 192. Five members of the house were apportioned by the returns between the Social-Labor Party and the Prohibitionists, three to the former, and two to the latter. If, as seemed probable, the three Social-Labor votes could be controlled by the dominant party, even if the two Prohibitionists flocked alone, the machine might count on a clear working majority in joint assembly for the election of Burland to the United States Senate.

But such appearances were not wholly satisfying. Three others besides Glen, who were elected as Republicans on a fusion ticket, had publicly announced their independence from boss dictation and, as yet, were unstable quantities. Then, in view of the chaotic condition of affairs, and because of the high state of public feeling over machine methods in particular and local conditions in general, the three representatives from the mill cities down-state and the two cold water adherents might do anything erratic with the category of possibilities, and upset the best laid plans. From almost every view-point, the future held possibilities of interest to on-lookers, and of dire purport to the managers.

It was, therefore, with some degree of satisfaction that the day drew near when the worst would be known and the burden of uncertainty be removed.

The fundamental scheme of a State Legislature is extremely simple—as simple in its principle as all those schemes originally devised by the Fathers of old for a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people."

Under it the mind's eye conjures a body of men,—plain citizens yesterday, lawgivers to-day, plain citizens again to-morrow, — converging, by means of different modes of locomotion, some afoot, some astride, some in stage coach and some in trains, upon a central point. There, with a deep sense of the obligations resting upon them, they propose to make certain rules, under the single, equitable plan of the greatest good to the greatest number. And, under a like simple scheme, those rules shall be binding, when formed, deriving their force from the consent of a majority of the governed, and shall be binding upon all until annulled or otherwise altered in like manner as they were made.

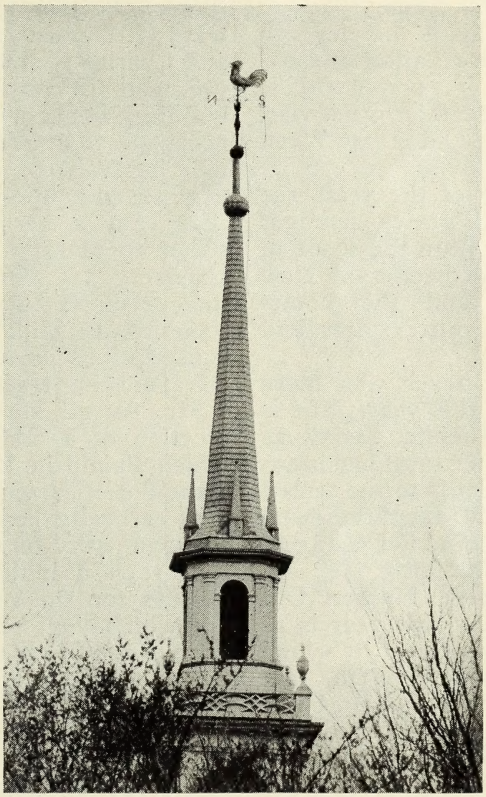
(To be continued.)

IN NEW ENGLAND

OLD HADLEY AND GLOUCESTER TO CELEBRATE

Among the most interesting of this month's local commemorations is that of "Old Hadley," not for the greatness of its history or the grandeur of its celebration, but because of the evidences of awakening life and renewed prosperity which it manifests. For Hadley is an agricutural community. Not a spindle whirls or mill-wheel clatters within its borders.

Beautifully situated on the banks of the Connecticut River, with its typical old New England main street, somewhat modified, it is true, by the enterprising manufacturers of ready-mixed paints, but with the old meeting-house still dressed in its robes of white, Hadley has never left the peaceful tenor of its first ways. And to what can the hearts of New England people respond more warmly than to the revitalization and renewed prosperity of such a community. Let her aniversary bards sing and her orators wax eloquent and her returning sons and daughters discover the needful niche for the placing of their gifts. A good deal of the very best things that we all are hoping for lie wrapped up in the success or failure of just such communities. The celebration will be held the first four days of August.



SPIRE OF THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE AT HADLEY

At about the same time the city of Gloucester will be putting on the garments of gladness in preparation for her great pageant of the Canterbury Pilgrims, which promises to be as popular as it will unquestionably be artistic. The occasion will be graced by the presence of the President of the United States and many other distinguished guests. It will not only attract national attention on account of its unique and graceful program, but will awaken the interest of the country on account of the history of the old sea-town and that connection between romance and commerce, than which nothing is more dear to the hearts of the American people. August 7 is the gala day when the old world-famous pilgrimage will step forth from the pages of great Chaucer's rhyme and march down

the quaint highways of Gloucester. Prizes are offered for the best costumes and the most distinguished scholarship and artistic talent has been enlisted for the preparation of the moving tableaux.

Box seats and automobile standing grounds are for rent and the vicinity of Boston and the spectacular quality of the celebration will undoubtedly guarantee a large attendance.

OLD HOME WEEK IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

Saturday, August 21, to Friday, August 27, inclusive, are the dates set aside for the 1909 Old Home Week in New Hampshire. This is the eleventh season of this unique creation of Governor Rollins', and its popularity is rather on the increase than otherwise. The call issued by the Old Home Week Association is as follows:

"With the passing of the years the hold of this festival grows stronger upon all who come within the scope of its influence, the home dwellers in New Hampshire's heart and the homecomers to her from other states and countries.

"New Hampshire never was more beautiful that she is this year. She is Nature's best loved child to-day as she was when Whittier sang her beauties from the White Hills to the tented beach. The sons and daughters who come back to her will find her changed, perhaps, but for the better.

"The genuine desire of her Old Home Week invitation this year is as sincere and earnest as those to which thousands have responded in the last decade. The welcome home will be as true and warm and heartfelt as ever.

"Children of the Granite State, we want you all back with us for our Old Home Week this year. Whether your absence has been long or short; whether the home scenes are vivid in your memory or dim with the dust of years; come back and enjoy them once again."

N. H. OLD HOME WEEK ASSN.
Frank W. Rollins, Pres't.
Nahum J. Bachelder, Sec'y.

THE ANGELL MEMORIAL BUILDING

The movement to erect in Boston a Humane Building, as a permanent memorial to George T. Angell, founder and late president of the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, is just now attracting wide attention throughout New England and beyond. Contributions are being received from points as distant as San Francisco and Halifax, and the project seems to have every prospect of success. The matter is in the hands of a committee of the directors of the two societies, Messrs. Edward H. Clement, Nathaniel T. Kidder, and Charles S. Rackemann, all of Boston, who are considering what style of building would be best. They find it necessary to determine first what funds may be available, and for this purpose have asked publicly that everyone send such sum as he wishes to contribute either to Messrs. Kidder, Peabody & Company, 115 Devonshire Street, Boston, or direct to the treasurer of the societies, 19 Milk Street. Pledges of subscriptions payable January 1, 1911, are also being received.

Mr. Angell always hoped for the erection of a building in Boston in which should be housed both the Humane Societies which he organized, and it is earnestly hoped that the interest and sympathy of the public will warrant such a building as other cities possess for similar organizations and one which shall be suited to the growing needs of humanitarian work. Mr. Angell's influence in the anti-cruelty movement was not limited to Boston or even to this country, where so many societies exist as a result of his efforts. We earnestly bespeak for this enterprise the hearty support of all friends of humanity everywhere.

There is now available nearly $30,000, which already has been contributed for this purpose. Additional receipts are acknowledged monthly in the columns of *Our Dumb Animals*, the organ of the two societies. We suggest that all persons desiring informa-

tion on this subject should communicate at once with the secretary of the societies, 19 Milk Street, Boston, who will cheerfully answer all inquiries.

"Let the proposed Angell Memorial Building soon become a reality, a practical monument to the great-hearted man who established one of the finest of our charities!"

ART

Although, on the whole, permanent summer exhibitions in our galleries rather emphasize than break the quiescence of the summer season, they often do so, as at present, in a very pleasant and profitable way. THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE would like to call particular attention to two paintings, by Mrs. Adelaide Cole Chase, one on exhibition in the Copley galleries, the other in the galleries of Doll and Richards. Both are portraits of children, one a formal portrait of a little girl in white, the other a study of a tiny tot in a flowing Japanese house-garment.

The sweetness and freshness of the little girl in white is extremely taking. It is evident that in Mrs. Chase, Boston has a painter of children who is a great deal more than a portraitist and a great deal more than a student of the shifting story of light and shade. Here is interpretation, sentiment, insight. The child in the canvas is not merely a diminutive specimen of the *genus homo;* she is a real child, and as we look at her, we know that she has a child's fast-beating heart and a child's brain all teeming with maiden-fancies, for all that she is so demurely settled back in the big arm-chair in which Mrs. Chase had posed her.

Miss Hills, the miniaturist, whose work we have before mentioned, is, in her own medium, a very discerning interpreter of children. It is very pleasant to turn from one to the other in the same gallery.

At sometime in the early part of the Nineteenth Century, Boston, or New England, was the home of an artist, unknown to the writer, who was deeply gifted in the portraiture of children. We have seen two of his canvases in different homes, but in neither case was the artist's name remembered or recorded on his canvas. But the delicacy and subtlety of his work and the directness and truth of his interpretation were of the highest. Sometime we hope to be able to locate his name and work more definitely. At present we are simply moved to record our appreciation as an indication of our sense of the rarity of the highest excellence in that field, and the greatness of the achievement represented by such work as that of Mrs. Chase.

The work is not over-sentimental, as compositions of children are too apt to be. It is straightforward and simple, and does not lay in a mass of extraneous detail in an effort to tell a needless story. There is quite story enough in each of these dainty figures. It will be well worth the reader's while to call at the galleries mentioned, not only to see these but other interesting pieces, and notably two warm and mellow landscapes by Ahl in the Doll and Richards gallery.

MUSIC

Miss Fely Dereyne, the beautiful young soprano who has been engaged by Director Henry Russell for the new Boston Opera House, was born in one of the suburbs of Paris. As a child she exhibited extraordinary talent for music and at the early age of fourteen her singing attracted the attention of one of the professors of the Conservatoire, where she received her vocal training. Miss Dereyne made her debut in a small town in southern France in the role of Marguerite in "Faust." Her beauty and her voice soon brought her an engagement at the

Opera in Paris and subsequently at the Royal Opera House in Vienna. At the latter place she was heard by Mr. Russell, who engaged her for his San Carlo Opera Company. She met with great success everywhere she appeared.

At present Miss Dereyne is singing the principal soprano roles at the Teatro Colon in Buenos Ayres.

The press of Buenos Ayres is unanimous in praising Florencio Constantino, the principal tenor of the new Boston Opera House, who is now sing-

FLORENCIO CONSTANTINO
PRINCIPAL TENOR, BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

FELY DEREYNE, SOPRANO BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

ing at the magnificent Teatro Colon at the Argentine capital. Recently he created a furore in the role of Radames in "Aida."

THE POWER OF SELF SUGGESTION

This booklet, by the Rev. Samuel McComb, D.D., is, presumably, the latest utterance from the leaders of the Immanuel "movement." A foreword explains that its substance has been already given to the public as a lecture. The author's opening sentence invites us to differentiate between "modern scientific psychotherapy" and "unscientific healing cults." He leaves us to make our own inclusions, which is somewhat unfortunate as it leaves the last category very much overcrowded. Both the "scientific" and the "unscientific, however, make use of "suggestion" as their "classic" method. It is therefore necessary for us to know

what we mean by *suggestion*. "We shall do well," says the author, "to reserve the word 'suggestion' for the subconscious and unconscious activities of ideas in us." As to how this activity works we are entirely ignorant and, perhaps, will always be, only that it "works in a subterranean way in the person influenced by it."

This opens a wide field to the imagination. We are left to believe that here is some vast and mysterious force, but newly discovered by modern science. This, of course, is not true. The influence of states of mind on physical well-being is, as a matter of fact, a very, very old topic. We *do* know quite a little about it, and have known somewhat for many years. It is not any more mysterious than any other natural fact. Also, we will know a great deal more about it, as time goes on, and are learning a good deal now, particularly from the mistakes and follies of those who exploit it. All that we have known for years and all that we are learning to-day tends to sharply limit within increasingly narrow bounds its possible usefulness.

This building upon the imaginative appeal of the mysterious and the morbid craving of weak minds for that which is mysterious, does not harmonize well with the implied statement of the first sentence, that this is a *scientific* method which is being considered.

The first distinctly and sharply illogical statement of the book occurs on the seventh page. There it is said that,—"Cure by self-suggestion rests upon the fundamental dogma of modern (*sic*) physiological psychology that mind and body constitute a unity, that for every thought and feeling, however slight, there is a corresponding nervous event. It follows that, within limits, as is the mind so is the body." Why "within limits"? In this respect our Christian Science friends who, presumably, are included among the "unscientific healing cults" referred to in the first sentence, are more logical. Unfortunately, however, it is not possible to reverse causes after the above fashion. It is quite possible for a gun-powder explosion to produce rain without rain producing gun-powder explosions. Still, again, the nerves are not the whole body and a "nervous event" only under the most extraordinary, and usually morbid, condition results in any extensively altered bodily state. There are, then, three respects, not to mention others, in which the above statement is illogical, First, it assumes that causes may be reversed; second, if its conclusion did follow from its premise, it introduces an unwarrantable limitation, and thirdly, it substitutes, in the conclusion, a larger term for a smaller—the word "body" for the word "nerve," which is only a portion of the body.

Upon this faulty syllogism, we are told, "cure by self-suggestion rests." But, of course, it does not. The false syllogism was invented after the practice had been preached. The practice, within the field covered by the book, rests, in reality, upon the energy and enthusiasm of a few individuals who have thought to found a new system of philanthropic endeavor.

It is quite possible to discover empiric rules for doing things the scientific reasons for which may be very faultily understood, as in common kitchen cookery. It is, supposably, on this basis that the reader is advised, under certain circumstances, to apply to "experts" in this line.

It is, therefore, with renewed hope that, having failed to find anything either new or convincing in the first part of the book, we turn to its latter portion, which speaks of some of these practical methods.

We find that a sufferer from insomnia is advised "to repeat silently, and in a quiet, dreamy fashion, such a formula as this: "There is no reason why I should not sleep, therefore I can sleep, therefore I shall sleep. My body is relaxed, my mind is at peace, sleep is coming, I am getting sleepy, I am about to sleep, I am asleep." In some "subterranean" (p. 5) way, this is supposed to answer the purpose better

than the old method of counting sheep going over a wall. It might. But when we reflect that this advice comes from the pen of a pastor, who has at his disposal the noble ritual of the English Church and the exalted teachings of the Bible, we cannot but wonder why we should not be advised to apply to the worries and cares of life some of those lofty truths. Why should it not be as efficacious to bathe the mind and heart in the spiritual sublimities of the Lord's prayer and the twenty-third psalm as to repeat "silently and in a quiet, dreamy fashion," this foolish incantation? Or, have men ceased to have faith in God and is it neccessary that the church should appeal to a faith in "mysterious" physical laws?

After this manner it is taught that we should treat "the worry habit," "fatigue habit," insomnia and a host of moral and physical diseases, and in the conclusion, among other bits of advice, this is offered, that "It is better not *to begin* (the italics are ours) with a statement which your mind rejects as untrue, but to paint such an ideal condition as one may reasonably hope to realize in a short time." After the process is well "begun," we infer, the mind may be tricked into accepting almost anything!

The book closes with a quotation from Emerson—Ralph Waldo Emerson—who, of all men, was most outspoken in his impatience with efforts to steal in upon nature through the back-door!

The book is published by Moffat Yard & Co.

BEST SERIOUS SELLERS

The Philadelphia Press has relieved the monotony of the age by adding to the usual list of best-selling fiction, the following list of "best-selling" serious books:

"Robespierre and the French Revolution," by Charles F. Warwick (George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia).

"Is Shakespeare Dead?" by Mark Twain (Harper & Brothers, New York).

"Robert E. Lee, the Southerner," by Thomas Nelson Page (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York).

"The Marks of a Man," by Robert E. Speer (Westminster Press).

"Automobile Blue Books" (Class Journal Company).

"Alice Freeman Palmer," by George A. Palmer (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston).

OLD ANDOVER DAYS

Under eight interesting captions, "Andover Hill," "The Sabbath of Old Andover," "The Schools of Andover Hill," "Andover Week-day Meetings," "Andover Holidays," "Andover Women," "Andover Trysting-Places," "Sane Men of the Olden Time," Sarah Stuart Robbins writes as delightful a volume of reminiscences as have come from the press in many a day. Herself the daughter of one of the prominent figures in the Andover life that she pictures (Moses Stuart, professor of Greek and Hebrew at the Theological Seminary), she looks back at scenes indelibly stamped in her mind through the impressionable years of childhood and youth. Fortunately, too, she is endowed with sufficient humor for the task. To take serious old Andover too seriously would be too solemn a task for the most of us. In the author's "Firewood," we read:

"The world of my childhood has passed away. Puritanism, with its virile asceticism, its restrained but lofty and concentrated fervor, is not only obsolete but misunderstood. Puritan Andover, once a leader in missions, theology and religious life, by clinging too long to ancient good, has in great measure lost its ascendancy, and is at last wisely turning to new fields of labor. There are few left now, of the world that is gone, to interpret Puritan Andover to the new world of to-day."

To all who understand her task so broadly and well as this, the work must move with smoothness and direct-

ness of purpose, and the result be as instructive as it is entertaining.

"Old Andover Days," is documentary in its value. It is a curious fact that, when we have sifted it all through, the literary material dealing with that epoch in New England life is largely confined to fiction. Of reminiscences such as this there are all too few, which only adds to the interest and value of the work. The anecdotes and descriptions are as intimate as could be desired. The figures of the giants of the hill with their awful exterior and sweet and kindly hearts stand out with the utmost distinctness. The contradictions, the futilities and all that makes up the humanity of the group are made apparent.

The book is brought out by the Pilgrim Press in a pretty and illustrated volume that sells for one dollar.

ADRIFT ON AN ICE-PAN

This brief descriptive sketch by Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell contains all the elements that make books, *books*, that is to say it is a clear, distinct report of a human action of the highest moral worth with every circumstance of interest and intensity of action.

Dr. Grenfell, albeit an Englishman, with Labrador as his field of labor, is something of a New England institution. At any rate, the New England people have taken his work to their hearts and made of his name a household word. You cannot separate a book from the man who writes it, or the man from his work.

"Adrift on an Ice-Pan" is a simple, straightforward account of a single adventure, but it strikes the whole gamut from primal man in his struggle for physical existence to the highest and most unselfish service. If this were a war-time experience it would be hailed as the stuff that epics are made of; if it were an athletic contest its principal would become a popular idol. But inasmuch as the incident recorded has the misfortune to have happened in the course of a purposeful enterprise with the noblest of aims, it takes rank only with that less-vaunted company who are the world's real heroes. However, the book will find many and appreciative readers. It is the kind of thing that expresses more nearly than anything else the latent poetry of American life —the thing that underlies the materialism about which we hear so much from those who understand us but superficially. I am aware that it is rather an astounding appropriation to claim as American anything that Dr. Grenfell does, but, I think, that it is a thing that we have gotten in the habit of doing.

Nevertheless, there are in the book a good many things that are very essentially English. No one could ever forget, in reading it, that this man is an Englishman, anymore than he could fail to connect it with our own new world in many of its qualities of enterprise and optimism. For all its Anglicism it is a New World story.

The book is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The price is 75 cents, and the illustrations and biographical preface add materially to its interest and value, as does, also, the appendix with its interesting view of the same experience from another angle.

NORWICH—AN INSTRUCTIVE EXPERIENCE

Editor NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

Dear Sir: The city and town of Norwich, Conn., have been celebrating a dual anniversary, recently, the 125th birthday of the city and the 250th of the settlement of the town having occurred coincidently. The principal celebration occurred on the fifth of July. In the observance, Norwich has set an example of a safe and sane Independence Day celebration.

By proclamation of the mayor and selectmen the use of fireworks and explosives was absolutely prohibited within the limits of the township, except, as provided, of a public character. There was no record of the slightest violation of the official prohibition. The day was marked by a spectacular parade of military and civic organizations, but the crowning feature was a historical pageant, depicting the various epochs of the town from the early Indian days down to the present time. Participating in the events were the President of the United States, the Governor of the State and four Ex-Governors, the United States Senators and Representatives of Connecticut, 600 midshipmen from Annapolis, two companies of Governor's Foot-guards, Putnam Phalanx of Hartford, together with local organizations.

The varied features of this celebration were worthy extended notice. However, my object in writing you is to call attention to the advertising features by which attention was called to the celebration and the presence of over 40,000 strangers secured.

The Publicity Committee, over six months ago, organized and started to work. The appropriation for this committee was about $400. The first step taken was to have a set of fifty new views of the city taken and reproduced in colors on postcards. An order for 500,000 cards was given. These cards were sold at one cent each, the receipts covering the original cost. These cards were bought by the residents and mailed all over the world and they bore on them in a conspicuous place a few lines calling attention to the dates of the celebration. About 5,000 advance programmes of the events were distributed through the mail or by traveling men who go out through New England.

Both the local newspapers voluntarily placed on every page of their issues conspicuous lines in full-face type advertising the coming anniversary.

One of the most effective features, as well as, perhaps, one to bring most permanent results, was a twelve-page article which was arranged for in the June issue of THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE. This article was fully illustrated and highly interesting, inasmuch as Norwich is rich in historical events of more than local importance. Over 1000 of these magazines were mailed to distant sons and daughters of Norwich and a great many delightful acknowledgements were received from many former residents of the town who received the magazine from friends or who had noticed the article with surprise as the magazine came into their hands from the news-stands or as regular subscribers. The industrial ad-

vantages of the city were so well described that inquiries have already been received from prospective manufacturing concerns.

The Norwich Board of Trade also issued 2500 copies of a history of the celebration and of Norwich, and these were scattered broadcast.

Over 4,000 invitations on heavy paper, printed from an engraved plate, were mailed to distant relatives and friends of Norwich people. Also every editor in Connecticut and nearby towns in adjoining states received an official invitation to be present at the celebration. The press were well taken care of upon their arrival. Over thirty representatives of the New York, Boston and other metropolitan newspapers sent special representatives to write up the event. Large roomy quarters with all the necesary facilities were provided. The Western Union Telegraph Company installed two special operators and the Southern New England Telephone Company placed two telephones at the disposal of the newspaper men. An official photographer supplied numerous photos.

As a result practically every daily paper in New England devoted space to the celebration. The New York Herald and Hartford Courant gave a page write-up with a dozen illustrations, and the Boston Globe and Traveler and other papers in New England, together with the New York Sun and New York Morning Telegraph, had extended reports from two to four columns.

Probably the most spectacular advertising was secured by the action of the Chief of Police of Norwich sending a request to all the other cities of the state for details of police to assist in handling the crowds during the two days. This fact, together with the announcement that President Taft would be present, and that Thomas Scott Baldwin would make the first airship ascension in the state, made it unnecessary to insert paid advertisements in any newspapers, as the details of the celebration were welcomed in the news columns of every daily and weekly in this section.

The results of the publicity campaign were highly satisfactory as the attendance showed. The celebration was so carefully planned that not a hitch occurred and not a serious accident of any nature was reported. The weather was ideal, the thermometer not rising above 75 on either day, and the reliability of the government forecast was never more satisfactorily tested than at this time. In response to a telegram, and given with world-wide publicity, the weather bureau, on July 3rd, sent out a special forecast guaranteeing Norwich perfect weather conditions on July 5th.

The experience of Norwich in handling a celebration may be of interest to other towns who are looking forward to an anniversary.

FREDERIC W. CARY,
President, Norwich Board of Trade.
Norwich, Conn., July 13, 1909.

SPRINGFIELD

Dear Sir: Modern municipalities are beginning to realize that a friendly feeling of co-operation existing between neighboring commercial centers whose business interests and problems are largely identical can be productive of great mutual benefit. Granted that such a feeling is an essential quality to a progressive community, how many cities in New England have right to a prominent place in such a class?

Perhaps because of the close proximity of New England cities one to the other, or perhaps because our interests are so identical, is the presence or the lack of a spirit of co-operation among us so noticeable. At all events, the Springfield Board of Trade believes that both Springfield and New England have much to gain by fostering among the commercial centers of our five states a feeling of helpful interest, and as a testimonial to such belief we recall with pleasant remembrances the recent visit of the Hartford Business Men's Association to this city on July 22d.

By invitation from this Board, the Hartford Business Men's Association, who held their Annual Outing at Riverside Grove, a pleasure ground about seven miles above Springfield, arranged, on their return to Hartford, to visit the new quarters of the Springfield Board of Trade. Led by a band and a squad of Special Police, over 200 of our neighbors from Hartford, headed by the Mayors of the two cities, marched from the boat-landing through our main streets to the Board of Trade and here, mid good-fellowship and some light refreshments, we proceeded to get acquainted. After a very informal time the march was continued to Court Square, where cars were awaiting to take the visitors home.

Now the incident of the visit of the Hartford business men to Springfield was not much in itself, but it gave the business interests of these two centers an opportunity of meeting face to face and of saying to one another, "We are mighty glad to know you better—let's get together more often! Do not such opportunities come to us far too seldom—to us here in New England who need them so much?

C. HENRY HATHAWAY,
Secretary.

PORTSMOUTH

Interest in the work of our organization has been greatly augmented by an increased membership, which now comprises the great majority of the business and professional men of the city.

Portsmouth is known far and wide as an ideal residential and summer city and its summer resort business forms one of its chief assets. The Board of Trade uses its influence for better roads and better facilities for travel and comfort, believing that New England is of right the ideal resort of the nation.

The proper committees are also emphasizing the many advantages offered here for manufacturing and have circulated widely general information connected with the city, etc.

SOUTH FRAMINGHAM

Framingham Board of Trade has always made it a point to aid the neighboring towns to organize Boards of Trade or business clubs of some kind, believing that by so doing, the general business interests of Massachusetts and of New England would be promoted. We would have no one think, however, that we are so unselfish that we do not try to look out for ourselves first, but we believe that anything that benefits our state or New England, will benefit us indirectly. Therefore, first our good old town of Framingham, next our state and then any aid we can give to our sister states of New England shall be freely given. With this in view we wish to see every town have a good live, wide awake Board of Trade, and then we wish to see them all connected with the Massachusetts State Board of Trade, thereby forming a kind of federation where we may meet and discuss questions of mutual interests and plan for larger things for our glorious old state.

We occasionally hear some poor unfortunate pessimists talking about the decadence of Massachusetts. Such are to be pitied. They are perhaps dyspeptic and can't help it. But the Old Bay State and all New England is all right. The $20,000,000 that will be spent in this state alone in the next three years in the erection of new and the enlargement of old textile factories, saying nothing of other industrial enterprises, does not look much like decadence. They tell us great manufacturing establishments are growing up in the South and West and will soon take all our trade. Pray, why shouldn't they build and manufacture there? We cannot do it all! Our country is expanding and our exports of manufactured goods is expanding as no one ever dreamed it could twenty-five years ago. We, here in this little northeast corner of our country, need have no fears of being left out in the cold. We have here the business well established. We have the skill, the enterprise, the money, and the push that is not found anywhere else on God's green earth,

and we need have no fears of being crowded out in the race. Of course, it will not do for us to sit down and go to sleep, and there is no danger of our doing that. We are not built that way. We must and shall be up and doing. Therefore, we urge our business friends in all towns to organize Boards of Trade, that they may become better acquainted with each other, that they may cultivate a spirit of unity, that they may have a central body with authority to aid any prospective new comer, whether looking for a site for business or for a home.

Such has been the experience of the Framingham Board of Trade. This spirit of unity, this working together for the accomplishment of certain things and the having a central body of business men ready to extend the right hand of fellowship to any new comer, that upon investigation we found had staying qualities, has been the means of making the Framingham Board of Trade the power for good to the town that it has been in the past fourteen years.

EDGAR POTTER,
Secretary, Framingham Board of Trade

LEWISTON

Editor NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

Dear Sir: It is with pleasure that we note the enterprise of your progressive magazine, in giving to each city, through its Board of Trade, the publicity unobtainable through other channels.

Manufacturing has been the mainstay of our city since its incorporation, and it is with satisfaction that we look upon the developments now going on about us which will materially benefit our city, as will the new interurban lines of electric railroads just completed and about to be built; also the fact that the Union Water Power Company of this city has recently acquired control of certain privileges on the Androscoggin River above Lewiston, owned by the International Paper Company. The engineer of the company will make careful investigation to determine what amount of power can be obtained by the development of these privileges; it is believed to be entirely safe to say that it will exceed 10,000 horse power, and will probably double the present power capable of constant use throughout the year at Lewiston. The general policy of development will be as follows:

1. The improvement of the present storage owned by the Union Waterpower Company, at the headwaters of the Androscoggin River, and the development of new and additional storage basins, thereby increasing and making more constant flow of water in the river during all seasons of the year.

2. The acquisition of privleges on the river above Lewiston and the development of electric power to be transmitted into Lewiston.

3. The enlargement of the present mills at Lewiston (one already started) and, possibly, the erection of a new mill.

With these developments complete, furnishing, as they will, cheap power for new industries and employment for hundreds of people, Lewiston should show a good, steady, healthy growth in the next few years.

E. L. WELLMAN,
Secretary, Lewiston Board of Trade.

LOWELL

One of the best indications of a commendable public spirit was recently brought to a successful close by the dedication of the Lincoln memorial placed in Lincoln Square, this city. The work was under the direction of the Lowell Board of Trade, who fathered the idea, and a committee of public-spirited citizens who were interested in having a memorial erected in this city to the great Emancipator. The memorial, which is of Westerly granite, was designed by Thomas Mott Shaw, of Boston, Mass., while the bas-relief shown on its face is the work of the eminent American sculptor, Bela L. Pratt. The stone work of the monument and the erection of the same was done by Gumb Bros., of this city.

A sterling lesson of patriotism and public spirit was instilled in the minds of the school children of the city as the funds were in a great measure contributed by them. The work as a whole cost about $2500 and has proven a great incentive here for the furtherance of similar undertakings.

The recent hearings held before the railroad commissioners on the request of the stockholders of the Boston, Lowell & Lawrence Interurban Railroad renewed the interest in this project which was started about two years ago. Several members of the Board of Trade and some of the officers appeared before the Commissioners favoring the improvement. Additional hearings on the same matter will be held in September.

A public improvement, in which the Board of Trade is greatly interested, is the erection of a public comfort station at Merrimack Square, this city.

This is the converging point of all the car lines entering this city and approximately fifteen million people are brought to this point annually by the railroad. Great progress has been shown in making the necessary arrangements, and the city government has a special committee appointed studying the matter. Mayor George H. Brown has had several conferences with President Sullivan of the Boston and Northern Street Railroad, which Company has agreed to share one-half of the cost.

Robert Luce, of Somerville, recently appeared before the Board of Trade and spoke on "The Cost of Government." At the same meeting Hon. Herbert E. Fletcher, a member of the Board of Trade, spoke on "Business Influences and Tendencies."

THE BOSTON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

An interesting feature of the work of a metropolitan commercial body, and one which is of great practical importance in its bearing upon the standards of business honor and conduct, is that of the arbitration committee, of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, which has just begun its great work of organization for Boston and New England.

Differences, disputes, or disagreements among members, growing out of trade or any matter of contract, are brought before the committee on arbitration, at the request of either interested party. The committee consists of a chairman, vice-chairman, and eight other members. This entire committee, however, does not sit in judgment upon cases; the parties in dispute select four members who, with the chairman, make up an arbitration board of five. The committee then hears the case, both contestants appearing, stating their arguments, and cross-examining witnesses. The hearing having been closed, the committee makes its award in accordance with the evidence submitted. Awards of $500 in amount, and also awards in excess of this sum, provided both parties file an agreement to abide with the decision of the committee, are binding.

The arbitration committee of the Chamber, which has just heard and decided its first case, apparently with the cleanest cut justice and the maximum amount of satisfaction possible in any trade dispute, is made up on a broad scale. The chairman and two other members are grain merchants, and there are also included in the committee a fish dealer, a tea and coffee merchant, a stock broker, a steamship man, a wool wholesaler, a coal dealer and a provision dealer. The appointment of this committee has been received very favorably in all quarters, and the belief has been widely expressed that the committee will greatly lessen the work of the civil courts, and will raise the standards of commercial dealings between men.

The Boston Chamber of Commerce will publish, beginning in September, a monthly magazine to be devoted to the commerce, industry and public interests of Boston and of New England. The magazine will be known as the Chamber of Commerce Journal. It will

be standard size, and will contain a chronicle of events in Boston organization, illustrated articles of interest to all New England, a calendar of the public happenings in the East, editorial comment, and other special departments. A hundred dollar prize has been offered for the cover design, open to the artists of all New England. The conditions of this contest are liberal, and it is expected that a large number of amateurs will take part.

The appointment of a committee on agriculture is provided for in the by-laws of the new Chamber, this having been brought about by an amendment introduced at the meeting at which these by-laws were adopted. It is expected that the Chamber will soon appoint this committee, which has been under consideration for some time, and which will have important and far-reaching work to do.

THE GREATER HARTFORD

Of much concern to the manufacturing and business interests of Hartford at present is the development of river navigation from this city to Long Island Sound. The future growth of the community, it is asserted authoritatively, depends to a degree not generally appreciated on the widening and deepening of this beautiful stream and the erection of warehouses and docks along its front in the busy towns and cities bordering it. In the recent report of the Hartford board of trade emphasis was laid upon this hitherto neglected opportunity in the following language:

"Commercial impetus of great magnitude is possible by the widening of the river channel to the Sound and the establishment of city docks. No prospectus of Greater Hartford is complete which fails to include river and river-front development. It is estimated that since 1890 the government has expended approximately $204,000 on the Connecticut river, while during the same period millions have been spent by the federal authorities on the waterways of other states."

It is claimed that forest denudation is steadily decreasing the river flow and as a consequence it may be necessary for power plants in this vicinity to syndicate their interests in a movement toward procuring aid from both the state and nation to check this dangerous possibility.

The present tendency is toward a unification of civic forces in a movement not only for better waterway facilities, but for the opening up of competition in the handling of freight. Already the Board of Trade, Manufacturer's Association and Business Men's Association have their shoulders to the wheel. Through their efforts a bill has passed the legislature which raises a waterways commission to examine into the situation and report its findings to the next General Assembly. A dock bill has also been passed, giving Hartford the right of eminent domain in condemning and acquiring river front property.

We are laying the foundation of Greater Hartford now. Annexation of at least three of the thriving towns at our threshold will be among the initial moves in that direction. This step in expansion, however, must be in unison with the broadening and developing of our natural line of communication with the great markets of the East—the river. The secretary of the Board of Trade, in discussing this problem recently, said: "I venture to say that there is not a stream of water any place in the world that flows past such large factories and such vast interests and industries, that carries so little tonnage or does so little good as the Connecticut River. Where it carries single tons it should carry hundreds of tons. It is capable of it. It is free to all, and yet we sit idly by and let a railroad corporation practically control it. All the vast industries pay from three to five cents per hundred pounds more for transportation of their products and raw material than they would pay if we kept the river open to competition by having public docks and landings and warehouses along its banks."

Hartford, through its Board of Trade

and other civic organizations, is bound to carry this issue to a successful solution. In few, if any, other cities of our size can superior facilities for the successful conduct of manufacturing be offered. We have an army of highly skilled mechanics; an abundant and pure water supply owned by the municipality; an excellent city government; a minimum of labor troubles; efficient banking houses; renowned insurance companies and splendid educational facilities, all backed by a civic pride that inspires and assures progress.

THOMAS J. KELLEY.

NEW ENGLAND SHOE AND LEATHER ASSOCIATION

By Secretary Thomas F. Anderson

The past month has been one of the most momentous in the history of the shoe and leather industry of the United States, for it has brought about a satisfactory solution of one of the most important economic-political questions in which the leather and footwear manufacturing business has ever been interested.

When, on July 26, the Tariff Conference Committee at Washington finally gave way to the pressure from the White House and agreed to place hides on the free list, as orginally provided in the Payne bill, but otherwise voted by the Senate, a remarkable campaign, waged continuously for twelve years, had been won by the shoe and leather interests, and New England, which manufactures 56 per cent of the footwear produced in the country, had especial reason to feel glad.

It was a splendid victory for the people and independent shoe and leather manufacturing conditions against trust domination and monopoly; and, in the words of President Charles C. Hoyt, of the New England Shoe and Leather Association, "Every American citizen should rejoice with the shoe and leather interests that this victory has been won, for it was a battle for the welfare of 88,000,000 consumers as much as for that of the independent tanners and shoe manufacturers of the United States."

President Taft is receiving general and deserved praise on every hand for his action in coming to the rescue of the shoe and leather interests in their great battle against the packers. It is the opinion of many Republicans in the trade that in taking the stand for downward revision and certain free raw materials that he did, President Taft has practically saved his party from destruction.

Be that as it may, his timely and effective aid in connection with the hide matter has made him exceedingly popular here in New England. It is not so much that free hides will assure lower prices of leather or shoes, as that it will impart greater stability to the leather market and make it less an unknown quantity than it has been in the past.

It removes from the mind's eye of the shoe manufacturer, for the present at least, the disquieting spectre of Beef Trust acquisition of the shoe manufacturing business, through control of the leather supply; and to that extent it clears the atmosphere and makes the next few years look like comparatively plain sailing.

That these years are to be busy and prosperous ones, there is not the slightest reason to doubt. With the unsettling tariff question out of the way, every merchant, manufacturer, banker and newspaper and magazine publisher in the country is looking forward to another period of unexampled prosperity in the United States.

As far as this applies to the shoe manufacturing business, you can see and hear evidence of it in any New England shoe center. New companies are organizing, a number of existing concerns are making extensive additions to their plants, and everywhere progress, expansion and optimism are the dominant notes.

Great as has been its development, and marvellous as have been the mechanical improvements made in its processes, the business of shoe manufacturing in the United States is only

just "getting a move on."

Its achievements and its potentialities have never been so forcibly demonstrated as at the First World's Shoe and Leather Fair, in Cambridge, just about to come to a close. From a trade standpoint, the Fair unquestionably has been a great success. To those within the trade it has been a matter of great personal pride; to the thoughtful outsider it has been a revelation.

And this latter statement suggests something: That the industries peculiar to our New England section will never receive the support and the promotion they deserve until the general New England public shows a keener appreciation of their value to New England. Our people are too indifferent to the very things that are the most essential to their well-being and comfort. They don't "get together" like the people of other sections usually do and by their presence and financial aid, give an enterprise like the Shoe Fair the cordial "boosting" that it deserves.

A goodly percentage of New England's commercial and industrial troubles is traceable directly to the people of New England themselves. There is need of reformation from within.

Inspired by this recent victory for free hides, and by the splendid outlook for the trade in general, the New England Shoe and Leather Association, like many other trade organizations in this section, is engaged in a "forward" movement. It feels that it can do even greater things for this magnificent New England industry in the future than it has in the past. It hopes to have upon its membership rolls one thousand of the livest and most progressive shoe and leather manufacturers and dealers in the six New England states. The readers of THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE will be told, from time to time, what the Association is doing and planning in the effort to make the trade it represents impregnable in its own section, in the halls of Congress and in the markets of the world.

WILL DONATE A SITE

Dear Sir: I beg to acknowledge receipt of yours of the 20th inst., also a copy of your magazine for July, containing a very interesting article on Burlington, for which please accept my thanks.

Our Club will soon take up the matter of a Union station to be located near the water front, thus connecting the two trunk lines of railway, the New York Central & Hudson River Lines and the Grand Trunk Railway System, as well as the Champlain Transportation Company and D. & H. Railway. If we are successful in our efforts, instead of large lumber piles, we shall have a fine station with beautiful grounds surrounding the same.

We are also in need of a fine summer hotel, and our president has instructed me to say that the citizens of Burlington will donate one of the finest sites in New England, and the city will exempt from taxation, for a period of ten years, the entire plant.

Again thanking you, I am

Very truly yours,

F. B. HOUSTON, Secretary,
Burlington Commercial Club.

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